Prompts Challenge

by lokidiabolus

Summary

Short drabbles for the challenge "Put a first sentence of a fic to my ask box, and I’ll write a short continuation for it." I got asked for posting it here, so here it goes :D
They are really short and tiny, but some of the ideas were amazing imo :) I'll gradually post it as I'll write it :)

They got much longer up to multichapter ones later so I'm mostly using this as a one shots dump ^^
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

,,I hadn’t walked to school in, well, forever.“

„That’s cuz you’re a lazy ass,“ Minho snickered behind them and Thomas could almost hear how Newt rolled his eyes.

“What I mean is,” the blond pushed Minho away. “I’d love to go with you, Tommy.”

“Awesome,” Thomas let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding and tried very hard to ignore how Minho kept on laughing at them. He definitely didn’t asked Newt out just because he wanted to do something naughty as Minho kept on suggesting with smooching noises and obscene gestures. But spending time with this boy was something he cherished, and it was difficult to get him alone lately. Newt apparently saw it too, and even though they haven’t really get it on yet, or even kissed yet at that point, Thomas felt the tingling in his fingertips and anticipation growing inside of him like a balloon ready to pop.

He almost hadn’t noticed when Minho finally left them alone, but suddenly there was only the blond boy standing in front of him, smiling softly. His brown eyes were so deep and captivating Thomas found himself staring at him like an idiot, noticing all the stupid details like a lovesick school girl, and Newt’s grin got progressively wider.

“So,” the blond said, amused. “Are you going to say something to me or what?”

“Uh,” Thomas gulped loudly, his mind a total mess, and Newt titled his head to the side, smirking knowingly.

“A date?” he offered with a smile and Thomas nodded dumbly.

“Yeah,” he piped.

“Tomorrow at 9?” another suggestion from the blond and Thomas felt his head making the same motion again.

Then a hand appeared, an open palm, an invitation, and Thomas’ brain short-circuited. He reached out, seizing the opportunity, and Newt’s hand felt hot and sure, closing around his.

“You really are a greenie in this,” Newt chuckled and intertwined their fingers. “Show me the way to school. I kind of forgot already. Might get lost in a back alley or something. On an accident.”

Thomas had to hold himself by the power of his sheer will from kissing the air out of him.

Chapter End Notes

A prompt from moonlitskie-s <3
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
No, I'm glad there's two of loving Newmas so much :D So let's see ... Newt's breath hitched immediately when he walked into the room ...

Newt’s breath hitched immediately when he walked into the room, his brain going into overdrive. He must have admit, it took him less time than usual to get to Thomas’ place, but not by that much, so why, why was he now witnessing the boy in his bloody naked glory, parading around his room, drying his hair off, humming something stupid.

Fuck this, you can't do this to me, you bloody idiot, not now!

He felt conflicted between shouting and running for it, and his body just didn’t know to what it should give into first. One part of his brain wanted to stay sane and proper, it told him to stuff it and man up, be the friend, stop having all these thoughts about the boy, but the other part refused such innocent claims and urged him to take action instead.

It kept on repeating Thomas knew about his arrival, he had to be aware Newt was on his way, so walking around naked must have been a plan, right? Right?!

Or maybe he just took a quick shower – he was in his room, wasn’t he. Searching for clothes. He still had time before Newt usually arrived, so there was nothing wrong about it. Was there?

“Oh, hi,” Thomas’ voice pierced the veil of his messy thoughts and the blond stiffened, probably looking like a deer in highlights, because Thomas was looking at him, he was turned around to face him, with his nakedness and Newt refused to look, he couldn’t, he would probably burn in hell if he did, and-

“See something you like?”

“You’re an asshat,” Newt barked, noticing Thomas’ smug smile.

“But you like it,” Thomas smirked at him, the confident bastard, and Newt was done for. The three sure steps the brunet took were all Newt needed, but if it was him who kissed Thomas first, he was ready to deny it in the future.

That clever bastard planned it anyway.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Trots-proud-fier asked:
can I also make a first sentence my self? Because I have this sentence in my head for a while (and it really has to go out of my head) it's out of newt eyes: I can't remember how long I was sitting in this strange little bar with a half full beer in front of me, I don't know why I didn't go out with my friends, I didn't know why I was sad it felt like something was missing that I was empty
(changed it to the 3rd person POV)

Newt couldn’t remember how long he was sitting in this strange little bar with a half full beer in front of him. He didn’t know why he didn’t go out with his friends. He didn’t know why he was sad. It felt like something was missing, that he was empty. A life purpose? Bullshit. If someone had any, it was a lucky guess, something they liked doing and they were successful in achieving it.

He wasn’t. He tried to change, stop being a pessimist, look at things from their brighter side. It didn’t work. Forcing himself to smile when he felt like kicking the person instead, or rolling his eyes because the stupidity reached unbearable levels, it was too much for his nerves.

That was why he ended up here. Minho tried to get him to come with them to the birthday party, and Newt wanted to go at first, he really did. But then he imagined all the drunk faces, and people asking him idiotic questions, and one of them would definitely point at him and say: “That’s that suicidal guy I told you about!” , and it all crashed to him like a wave of understanding, so he refused. Minho tried few more times, but the answer stayed the same, and Newt ended up here to get himself from the confines of his flat.

“One more beer?” a voice interrupted his gloomy thoughts and he glanced up at the bartender, a young man with a friendly smile and big, brown eyes reminding him of the Disney fawn. “Or maybe just someone to talk to?”

“Uh… a beer, please,” he pushed the remnants of his stale beer away and the brown haired bartender gave him another one with a wink. It made Newt go red in two seconds.

“So, you’ve been sighing here for at least half an hour, do you need someone’s ass kicked for making you feel this shitty?” the bartender leaned over the counter, grinning at him, and Newt felt at loss.

“Why do you care?”

“Why don’t you care?” the man shrugged. “You look like a cool guy. Being this down just doesn’t seem right.”

“Is that so,” Newt frowned a little, watching the bartender with suspicion. “For not even knowing me you have some nerve to make such bold conclusions.”

“That’s my life motto,” the brunet smirked. “Conclusions on spot, miracles on wait.”
“So now you’re magic?” Newt tilted his head to the side and the bartender chuckled.

“Anything you need, Blondie.”

“How cool,” Newt bit out. “So why don’t you just… magic yourself away?”

“Harsh,” a small laugh escaped the brunet’s lips. “Oh well. Are you free in, let’s say… 20 minutes?”

“Are you serious?” Newt gaped at him and the bartender calmly looked at his watch and then nodded.

“19 minutes and yes, very. My shift is ending,” he tapped on his watch with a smile. “We can go ice skating!”

“Are you bloody serious?” Newt stared in shock, but it didn’t change anything. The bartender kept on smiling at him with his pretty lips and easy going attitude and… and…

“18 minutes. Hm?”

“Yes, okay. Fine. 18 minutes,” Newt growled and suddenly the day seemed a strangely brighter. Must have been magic.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

misssushicat said:
Hoho sorry but I totally need to do this. So, first sentence in a fic: Newt: *moans*
There you go, Gr-greenie >:D

A loud moan echoed the woods, resonating the area.

“There you go, Gr-greenie,” Newt’s breath hitched deliciously, making Thomas bit his tongue to keep himself from groaning. He would never know the blond could make such amazing sounds, such lascivious moans and little curses under his breath.

He pulled the boy closer to his body, latching his lips on the pulse point on his neck, and Newt whimpered, his hands clutching Thomas’ shirt as if his life depended on it.

Well, maybe it did, who knew? With the maze constantly there, changing and threatening, this could have been the last thing Thomas would ever do, and he wanted to do it properly and now and no one could stop him. No one should even try.

“No m-marks, you shuck-face,” the blond groaned when Thomas’ teeth grazed the skin, leaving a deep red line, pulsing and screaming MINE! He knew he was being selfish, but he couldn’t help himself. He saw so much death, so much misery, tears and sadness; he wanted to cling to life, even if it meant to get ruthless for a while, and grabby and hungry for his own demands.

“I love you,” he whispered to Newt’s lips, kissing him desperately, and Newt moaned again, his hands pulling at Thomas’ hair, and then sliding down to his neck, then shoulders, resting there, holding tightly. “I want you so much, so shucking much, you have no idea, no idea at all-,”

“Don’t be daft,” Newt bit his lower lip in return, smiling at him breathlessly. “Ya think I’m an unwilling participant? Do I even look one?”

Thomas shook his head, his vision floating, an excitement bubbled inside of him like electricity. Newt was right. He looked ravishing, and so lewd it made Thomas almost cry out, so he silenced himself instead, kissing his partner deeply.

This was what he wanted. Newt was what he needed. He was worth to fight for.
Thomas watched Newt pulling on his ripped jeans from the bed, to fly off to another city where he would perform once again. The life of a rockstar is lonely.

„For how long?“ he asked, trying not to sound too whiny about it. Newt jumped on one leg to get the jeans on and then zipped it in one go, turning around to look at Thomas still on the bed.

“A month,” he said with a comforting smile. “I know it sucks, I’m sorry.”

“It’s atrocious,” Thomas pouted and Newt chuckled, walking back towards the bunk and sat at the edge. His hand slowly caressed Thomas’ bare chest, traveling up to his collarbones where he left all those viciously red marks, marking the brunet as his.

“You can always come with me, ya know,” he whispered softly and Thomas’ breath hitched. He quickly caught Newt’s hand, intertwining their fingers together.

“You know I can’t,” he mumbled back. “Even though I really, really want to.”

“I really want you to, too,” the blond sighed, leaning down for a sweet kiss. “Come with me.”

“Newt…”

“Just this once,” Newt pleaded. “Please.”

Thomas’ lower lip trembled and his resolve crumbled to pieces. He nodded hesitantly and Newt’s eyes lit up with happiness.

Even though it was going to bring only problems, Thomas just wanted to see him happy once more.
Anonymous said:
"Stupidity is not a crime, so you’re free to go."

“Stupidity is not a crime, so you’re free to go.”

Thomas thought he would be more relieved to hear that, but it only made him feel shittier. He couldn’t believe he actually decided to agree on that stupid dare Gally made, that he would fucking go and try to steal the BMV trophy from the car parked in front of the fucking police station. He must have been cracked in his head or something, he didn’t know. But he really did go there and he really did try to get it, and now he was sitting in the interrogation room with this young blond cop with him, and the man look so disappointed in him it almost hurt physically.

“I won’t have a record or anything?” he glanced at the blond hopefully, and the policeman only sighed, shaking his head.

“You know, man,” he leaned over the table, looking at Thomas thoughtfully. “I’ve seen lots of idiots here. Some of them were seriously beyond redemption. But you don’t seem like a lost case. So might as well give you a chance to walk away with a clean shirt, eh?”

“Thank you,” Thomas piped, his voice trembling a little.

“Now go,” the cop straightened back, nodding towards the exit. “One more stupid shit and I’ll get your ass whipped, you got it?”

“I got it,” Thomas murmured, rising up. Before he reached the doors, he turned around, looking at the blond curiously. “What’s your name?”

The blond watched him for a while, as if he was deciding whatever is worth it or not, and then smiled a little, absolutely changing his cold composure to a friendly one, almost mind blowing.

“Call me Newt, greenie.”

And Newt he called him. Several times.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"How about you mind your own business?" the blonde said clearly exasperated by the whole situation.

"How about you mind your own business?" the blonde said clearly exasperated by the whole situation. Thomas stopped in his tracks, one of his hands still clutching the shirt of the ruffian, while the other was ready to deliver another blow, and looked at the boy who said it like he was mad.

“Mind my own business?” he asked with furrowed brows. “This guy was hitting you, and you want me to mind my own fucking business?”

“It has nothing to do with you anyway,” the blond responded stubbornly and wiped off the blood streaming from his nose to his sleeve. He wasn’t hurt that bad, Thomas was fast enough to stop the attacker in time, but he still looked pitiful.

“Oh right,” Thomas let go of the shirt and the ruffian fell on the ground and remained there, groaning. “Nothing to do with me.”

The boy adopted a wary look, his eyes locked on Thomas as if he was expecting him to turn against him as well, and it broke Thomas’ heart a little. Why did he let such things happen to him? And even refused the help?

“Well, since you don’t mind people hitting you, how about me manhandling you to the police station?” he decided for a little more forceful approach, and the blonde’s eyes widened in fear.

“No!” he yelled immediately and took several steps back. “Just leave me alone!”

And Thomas had enough. One more glance towards the still groaning ruffian on the ground told him he wasn’t going to move anytime soon, so he shot out, grabbed the arm of the blond and dragged him kicking and screaming away from the dark alley.

Life of a cop was never easy, even when he was off his shift for today. To protect and to serve.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Oh... I didn’t tell you... Then It must be none. of. your. fucking. business!" he said stressing the last words.

"Oh... I didn’t tell you... Then it must be none. Of. Your. Fucking. Business!" he said, stressing the last words.

Newt looked taken back, his hand mid-way to the notebook, and he sat back down, an obedient little nod sent as a reply. Thomas took a deep breath, his nerves pumping on full force, and thanked everyone who watched over them, especially to the one who gave Newt finally some common sense. He was a literal mother hen, fussing around, being nosy and know-it-all, and Thomas just had a super bad day, so he just exploded.

He liked Newt.

Hell, he loved the guy, he seriously did. But sometimes… it was too much. He was aware Newt’s caring was his way of saying he liked people, he could see it clearly when there was someone he cared about and someone he disliked. But in the midst of his fussing he forgot people needed space as well, a breathing bubble, a personal quietness. He rarely granted it, and Thomas reached his limits. He regretted he lash out like this, the sudden quietness the blond fell into was unnatural, but he needed to show him there are borders for both of them.

“Just… give me an hour,” he said with a softer voice. “Go out for a moment or something. Just… an hour.”

“Alright,” the blond replied quietly and stood up. Thomas counted the seconds, and when it reached ten, his hand shot out and stopped Newt from walking, turning him around and kissing him soundly.

“Sorry. An hour. I just… please don’t be mad.”

“I’m not mad,” Newt smiled at him sadly. “I’m going now.”

“An hour,” Thomas reminded him, but Newt hadn’t replied anymore.

An hour.
Anonymous said:
Newt would never admit or deny anything, and Thomas thought it made him so much more interesting.

Newt would never admit or deny anything, and Thomas thought it made him so much more interesting. He always had that little smile of his, but even people who knew him for long couldn’t really say if it was an agreement or if Newt thought it was the stupidest thing he ever heard.

At first Thomas took Newt as somebody who was able to talk to when they were sitting together at the class without Minho or Teresa. Not a person he would search for, but definitely not someone he would mind sitting next to.

He was sort of vague, always somewhat distant and unapproachable, and Thomas didn’t have the urge to chase after the knowledge. Until one day he found out he actually did. He just came to the classroom, and there was Minho sitting at the usual spot, talking to Teresa and Gally. And then there was Newt next to them, with his usual smile, and Thomas suddenly understood that he wanted to know him better. And it happened exactly that day – he started to sitting next to him no matter who was present. He passed Minho’s and Teresa’s offers, and remained seated next to the blond, talking to him about everything that came to his mind, and Newt always responded and never changed his attitude.

It was awesome.

It was maddening.

He gave nothing away. If Thomas thought there were small changes in his behaviour, it was usually just his wishful thinking. If Newt agreed to go with him to the lunch instead of the rest, it was usually because somebody he wasn’t big on tagged along with the bunch. When the blond offered him tutoring math after a terrible test, Thomas knew he couldn’t take it as a sign he tried to get them closer either. He tutored half of their class anyway.

But the smile stayed. And it was a constant, something that reassured Thomas that everything was okay. He was scared of the day when Newt would stop smiling.

Hopefully it would never come.
Anonymous said:
"Good morning to you too, I see the assassins have failed."

"Good morning to you too, I see the assassins have failed."

Newt calmly sat down and poured himself a cup of coffee. A small smile curled the corners of his lips while doing so, seeing the bald man watching him coldly.

“You mean that commando of amateurs? Oh please,” he sipped the black liquid and reached for newspaper. “I thought you can do better that this. It was ridiculous.”

“My deepest apologies,” Janson sat down at the opposite side of the table, his eyes got this dangerous gleam. “Next time I’ll try harder.”

“Good to hear you’re keen on keeping my life interesting,” Newt turned the page, skimming through the headlines with an unimpressed expression.

“Trust me, what I want to keep is you out of the picture.”

The raw honesty made Newt stop reading, and he looked up, giving Janson another provocative smile.

“Well. Sending Bambi at me was a really bad idea, let me tell you,” he took another sip of his coffee, noting how Janson’s eyes widened comically. “For how pampered he was by you, he sure has some dirty mind on his own.”

“What have you done to him?” Janson hissed, his expression stormy, and Newt chuckled.

“Nothing that bad,” he shrugged as if it was no big deal. “I don’t think you know, but he’s really good at giving head. Repeatedly.”

Janson’s expression turned to stone, his fists suddenly hitting the desk with such force, that all of dishes jumped soundly at it. It made Newt stood up, smile gone, only darkness in his face remained.

“You do that one more time, Janson. One more bloody time. And he’s dead. You understand? Don’t. Underestimate. Me.”

Only silence showed him out.
I really liked this one :D
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"We're friends... Right?"

"We're friends... Right?" Thomas whispered, his hands trembling. Newt was close. So very close. He could count his eyelashes if he wanted from this proximity, and it was scary. He couldn’t say why, but he was suddenly afraid of this, and the question was his last resort.

It took Newt about 2 seconds for the fire in his eyes to dim, a sudden understanding coming over him in a one big tidal wave, and he looked away, taking a deep breath, and it was even worse. Thomas didn’t know what to do – he knew this boy for several years already, hell, he considered him his best friend. They shared everything. This sudden change was… he hadn’t seen it coming at all. Just, one moment they were talking about holiday, and suddenly Newt was there, close, and… and…

“Yeah,” the blond finally spoke, his voice a little broken. “We are friends.”

“Newt...”

“No, I mean… yeah, sorry,” Newt skimmed quickly towards his face, offering a weak smile that looked unnatural for him, too pained and forced.

“I just… is this…?” Thomas gestured towards him lamely and Newt shook his head.

“No, it’s just me.”

“Do you… um. Like me?” Thomas asked with a careful tone, not really sure what he wanted to hear. If he was ready to hear that. It was going to change everything, wasn’t it? He never thought of the blond like this – or any guy at that matter. Of course, he took him as the closest person, they knew everything about each other.

Well, apparently not everything.

But still.

“Of course I like you, you tit,” Newt sighed, and it was better, more like him, and Thomas could breathe again. “Just… differently.”

“Differently,” the brunet repeated and suddenly Newt stood up, reaching for his bag and walking towards the door of Thomas’ room.

“Just forget about it,” he looked at him from the door. “I’ll see ya tomorrow at school, yeah?”

“Newt-,”

“Wipe that shock from your face, you look like a tart,” Newt smirked at him, but there was sadness behind it. “Tomorrow.”
With that he was gone.

But why Thomas still couldn’t breathe?
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"And so we meet again."

"And so we meet again."

„What a coincidence,“ Newt uttered. Of all the people and all the places in the bloody word, this guy had to be right in this one, on his bloody team no less. Life hated him, it must have. It probably thought it’s an immense fun to make him suffer.

“Either I’m still catching you on your pissy days, or you’re just a generally unpleasant person?” the brunet with big brown eyes and his stupid hair and idiotic button up shirt that didn’t suit him at all, said, and he had the nerve to actually look exasperated about it. Newt had an urge to kick him away from their table, he really did. But he managed to control himself and looked down on his nametag instead, noting “Thomas” on it.

“Look, Tommy,” he snarled at the boy, earning a confused look in return. “You either shut the hell up, or go search for another group, cuz I’d kick you from this one in a heartbeat.”

“Alright, alright,” Thomas raised his hands to the air, giving up. “You’re the boss, Newt.”

“How do you-,”

“Everyone calls you Newt,” Thomas shrugged. “Or is that off limits too?”

“Can anyone be more annoying than you are?” Newt grumbled and Thomas hmphed.

“You called me Tommy and I haven’t said anything, so what’s the big idea?”


“Newt.”

“You two are both annoying,” Gally groaned, just to shut them up. “You make a pretty good pair.”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I'm sorry I kissed you." he lied.

"I'm sorry I kissed you," he lied.

Newt kept on staring at him like a deer caught in highlights, his mouth half opened in a silent scream or maybe an accusation, or just a pure shock. Thomas couldn’t say anything more, he felt like he just dug himself a grave that was getting deeper and darker with each passing second.

“You’re sorry?” the blond finally croaked out and Thomas bit his lower lip, wondering what approach would be the best. If he was honest with the blond, he would have to tell him this embarrassing truth, to spill the beans and then probably take a plane to Iceland, build an igloo and talk to penguins about how he fucked up with his best friend. The best friend he fell in love with, and about whom he kept on thinking all those naughty thoughts, and maybe even did some more freaky things that he should never know about.

What was he even thinking? Why the hell he thought kissing him was a good idea? With tongue on the top of it! He just fucking frenched him, and Newt was now staring at him and probably waited for an explanation, or maybe he was just picking the right weapon to kill him with, who knew?

Thomas couldn’t tell. His brain short-circuited when he did it, when he actually kissed him, tasted and licked and maybe even bit him a little – oh god, he bit him too, didn’t he, what the fuck was wrong with him, seriously, this was unforgivable – but it was amazing, and this fucked up part of his brain kept on telling him he would do that again if the time winded back.

“Oh my god, are you frying your brain with regrets?” the blond nudged him with his hand, successfully getting him out of his misery. “Because all you should bloody think about is when you can do it again.”

“Wha…?”

“Like right now, you tit.”

Thomas was glad his brain stopped working, because at least his body knew what to do.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Trust you? I don’t even know you!"

"Trust you? I don’t even know you!" Newt yanked free from the grip this weird person had on him, and the momentum threw him back hard, so he landed on the ground, groaning at the impact.

“I’m sorry for the lack of etiquette, but this really is not the time for pleasantries!” the man in black clothes and a hood barked out and snatched at him one more time, pulling him back up forcefully. Newt gasped at the strength, trying to break free once more, but the stranger was having none of it and just strengthened his grip on a board of painful.

“Let me go!” the blond shrieked, pushing him away, and then yelped when the movement got too fast for him to comprehend, and he found himself suddenly slammed against the wall, a knee between his legs pushing him up, and he was gasping for air like he was drowning, his hands trying to find a leverage.

“Calm. Down!” the stranger gritted through his teeth, his big brown eyes fiery and suddenly super close, and Newt held his breath and forced himself to get deadly quiet.

“Good boy,” the man purred and the grip eased a little, now only holding, not crushing his wrist. “Now be a dear and come with me. Quietly. I promise I won’t do you any harm.”

“You already did,” Newt growled at him, his inner equilibrium already crushed. “If you hadn’t noticed, this is against my will.”

“It’s for your own safety,” the man replied impatiently. “You stay alone, you’re dead. You understand?”

“Oh please,” Newt rolled his eyes and earned a tighter grip again, hissing at it.

“You come with me,” the brown-eyes devil said coldly. “Or you die. You trust me on this. Or you die.”

Newt didn’t. Couldn’t. But when another pull came, he let himself to be dragged, cursing along the way.

What had he gotten himself into this time?
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Congratulations Tommy," he snarled. "Was it worth it?"

"Congratulations Tommy," he snarled. "Was it worth it?"

Thomas didn’t know. His hand was still holding Newt’s hand in a death grip, unable to let go, while the plane was slowly starting on its track, circling the runway to take off.

He did it. He stopped him from leaving. It was a terrible thing to do. But he did it anyway, unable to part.

“Yes,” he replied shortly. “It was worth it.”

He definitely earned the slap that landed on his face.

But he did it.
Anonymous said:

"That’s what I thought." Newt said with self-assured smirk. Thomas wanted to wipe it off his face, he really did, but he was helpless under him, dying in embarrassment, probably redder than a tomato now, and Newt had no mercy.

He just promptly continued to sit on his lap, even though he had to feel Thomas’ current condition digging where it definitely shouldn’t, and smirked at him smugly. The day just couldn’t get worse, Thomas thought, but immediately regretted the thought when the blond pulled out his phone and made a photo of his flushed face.

“Newt, oh my god, have mercy,” he whimpered, trying to get the phone from him, but he only made him move around more, and it was worse, so much worse, oh my god, stop moving, stop it!

“Mercy? On you?” Newt gave him a slightly annoyed look, something Thomas didn’t expect. “For holding this-,” he wriggled, making Thomas moan involuntarily, “-a secret?”

“Newt-,”

“For how long?” the blond cut him off, frowning, and Thomas gulped loudly, his body tensing.

“A half a y-year m-maybe?” he stuttered hesitantly and Newt stared at him as if Thomas just grew another head.

“You bloody idiot,” he growled at him. “The thought we could have been-! Ugh, nevermind.”

Thomas watched him how he put his phone on the night table and then reached for the hem of his shirt, lifting it up, making Thomas’ mouth water.

“You have a work worth half a year to do. So don’t stare like a tit and kiss me.”

No one could ever say Thomas didn’t listen when it mattered.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I’m not gonna ask him that!” Thomas almost shrieked, already trying to shush giggling Minho with his hands.

"I’m not gonna ask him that!” Thomas almost shrieked, already trying to shush giggling Minho with his hands.

„Don’t be a scaredy-cat, what’s the worst that can happen?” Minho avoided his hands masterfully, unable to stifle his laughter. “He’d say no, you’d say thanks, the world won’t end, so do eeeeet!”

“You’re apparently not seeing the fact that I’d have to live with an eternal embarrassment!” Thomas grumbled. “And then he would forever see me as the guy who wanted to take another guy to prom!”

“As if you were the first one, or the last one on that matter,” Minho grinned and patted him on his back. “Not to mention you two get along like an old married couple already.”

“That doesn’t mean anything!” Thomas insisted. He really liked Newt, but the possibility of getting on his bad side just because he couldn’t stop the craving to get closer to him, was haunting him like a poltergeist.

“What doesn’t mean anything?”

Thomas froze and Minho fell off his chair, laughing. Newt was standing at their desk with raised eyebrows and a bag slung over his shoulder, apparently ready to go home, and Thomas suddenly felt like the biggest coward ever, even thinking of ditching the blond for some stupid excuse, just to avoid the topic.

“Soooo, how about you and the prom?” Minho suddenly shot out and Thomas wanted to stomp him to the ground again.


“I, ah… yes?” Thomas stuttered out, his eyes wide like saucers, and Newt ruffled his hair with a smirk.

“Cool. Let’s go home. I’m hungry I could eat a cow.”

Thomas refused to look at Minho. He could hear his giggling all the way outside the classroom anyway.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

blo0dynewtmas said:
Argh misha Im really bad at this. "You're mine." Thomas growled. "No one else can make you scream like I can."

"You're mine," Thomas growled. "No one else can make you scream like I can."

Newt’s breath hitched in his throat, unable to fill the silence with any comeback, he just couldn’t get his brain to function. Thomas was pressing against him from behind, sucking probably tenth hickey on his neck, and he just gasped and hoped, oh my god he hoped with all his will, that no one was going to come to the toilet now, that no one would hear them.

“Don’t m-make me scream h-here, you immense p-prick,” he gritted out, trying to fight the man off, but with no luck. And to be honest, he wasn’t trying that hard anyway. When Thomas pulled on his jeans, he whimpered, but didn’t resist. Thomas was apparently a jealous type and Newt shouldn’t have tested him like this.

Even though it meant having an angry sex on the toilet, as it seemed.

“You think you are in a position to make demands?” Thomas bit his ear, earning a moan in return. “Because I’m sure as hell you’re not.”

“I’m sure as hell I can do-ah!”

“Think twice,” Thomas pushed harder and Newt gave up.

He would never tell him, but this was hot as hell. And maybe, just maybe, a little intentional as well.
Anonymous said:
"I trusted you." Newt whispered so quietly Thomas almost missed it.

"I trusted you," Newt whispered so quietly Thomas almost missed it. It was heart-breaking and utterly painful, and Thomas didn’t know what to say. So he remained quiet, only hugging the blond tightly to his chest, hoping it’d convey the message. It was painful enough to tell them the truth, to admit he was the one who put them here, to this hell hole.

But seeing Newt suddenly so shaken by it, even though he told him before that what was now mattered, it just made Thomas hate himself even more. The memories were still hazy at the best, not something he could really use as a certainty, but the main thing stayed, and Newt took notice.

“I’m sorry,” it took all his courage to respond. “I’ll make it right again. I will. I promise.”
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Go be friends with someone else." Newt said, rolling his eyes.

"Go be friends with someone else," Newt said, rolling his eyes. This guy was like a lost puppy, begging for attention. He hated those kinds of people, so clingy and annoying. You couldn’t even go take a piss without them standing behind you, cheering you on.

He didn’t even remember when this started, when Thomas decided Newt was the best person to hang out with. That he needed to drag after Newt everywhere, to assure they were sitting next to each other, to eat lunch together, hell, he probably even wanted to braid each other’s hair or something. Or making friendship bracelets. Or probably swore some blood oath for brotherhood.

He just didn’t need a person to follow him around like a pup eager for petting, or treats, or whatever he wanted (being new or not, why had he had to latch himself on Newt, that was beyond him. Newt was unsociable, kept on sassing him and he still came back for more).

“Because I’m hella sure I don’t want to be one of them,” he added, waving him off.

“Good,” Thomas replied, stopping Newt from retreating. It wasn’t a response he expected. “Because I’m even surer I don’t want to be your friend either.”

“What the-,” The sentence got cut off when he got slammed to the wall and his lips got busy with a ravishing kiss, waking up every sense one by one, burning his body like a holy fire. It was insistent and hot, and it definitely shattered the image he had in his head to tiny pieces no one would be ever able to get back together.

“You are not a puppy!” he gasped, his eyes wide while staring at the brunet in front of him. “You’re a bloody wolf!”

“Woof,” Thomas grinned and dived once more.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Let's go with a classic sentence in this fandom :D "Please Tommy, please."

Hahahahaha, no.

"Please Tommy, please."

„No,“ Thomas refused immediately.

„Please!“

„Get your own!“ he stuck his tongue at the blond and Newt sighed, pointing at Thomas accusingly.

„See this Scrooge McDuck?“ he said to Minho. „Not even a single bite. I’m breaking up with him."

“You had been going out?” Minho lifted his head from his phone and sighed in defeat. The whole stupid drama scene was only because Thomas refused to share his bagel. “Really? You two are worse than Chuck.”

“I’d break up with you,” Newt glared at Thomas. “If we were going out.”

“I’d sex you up and you’d change your mind,” Thomas shot back and Minho groaned in the background.

“I’m calling Gally if you don’t stop,” he informed them sternly.

It worked.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Had a really bad day, had to take 3x my usual dose of calming meds =___=. Could u pls do one with: I never watch the stars, there's so much down here. ?

„I never watch the stars, there's so much down here. “

Newt’s throat went dry and his hands trembled. He was never big on being cheesy, saying all those I love yous and You’re my only. Even when it crossed his mind (and if he really wanted to be honest, it happened more and more lately, with Thomas next to him), he buried it inside of him and just smiled, or kissed the guy to convey the message. He thought words are not important, at least not as important when you know how to deal with situations.

He was wrong. So much wrong.

At first dating this guy was something he was afraid of. If he was good enough, if Thomas would understand his little personality quirks (and he had a lot of them, really), if the pressure of their environment won’t change their minds. But gradually he understood Thomas did love him a lot. A much more than he deserved, really. And because he was so bad with words, because he literally sucked when he tried to get on the romantic note, he just did things. He showed Thomas what was important to him, what he never showed anyone before. Small things, unimportant for someone maybe. But Thomas always smiled and complimented it, kissed Newt’s forehead and said it was beautiful, and Newt always wondered how he could say it so easily.

So he took him here. To the countryside, on the hill he spent majority of his childhood at, just staring at the sky at night, filled with stars.

“Do you watch stars sometimes? It’s not really the same in the city, is it?” he asked him there. Thomas pulled him close and they were face to face, so close they were breathing each other’s air.

“I never watch the stars,” Thomas replied. “There is so much down here.”

And if Newt was ever lost, literally lost in the maze of his head, it was now.

“I love you,” he blurted out, unplanned and uncoordinated, but honest. And it was a little painful, and probably bitter, but Thomas smiled at him still and kissed his lips sweetly.

“I love you too.”
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Fucking hell, I hate you!" he didn't mean it, but he was so pissed off, he didn't care, not right now.

"Fucking hell, I hate you!" he didn't mean it, but he was so pissed off, he didn't care, not right now. Newt was standing in front of him and from his previous fiery rage only wide eyes and startled expression remained.

“Ah,” he voiced after several seconds. “That would explain a lot, actually.”

Thomas blinked, such simple statement boring into his consciousness like a hot knife to butter, and felt almost physically sick of the image that unfolded in front of him. Newt’s shoulders sagged a little, his eyes darkened, as if all the energy was suddenly sucked out of him.

“No, I- Newt-,”

“Don’t bother,” the blond mumbled. “I get it.”

He didn’t wait for anything else, but turned around and left the room like a ghost.

“I didn’t mean it…” Thomas whispered, but he was already alone.

And hurting.
Anonymous said:
"How about I just leave..." he cringed at how harsh his voice sounded.

"How about I just leave..." he cringed at how harsh his voice sounded.
„How about no,“ Thomas frowned at him. “You’re always leaving. All the fucking time, leaving!”
“Oh, maybe cuz I have a reason?” Newt shot back, his body automatically falling into a defensive position.
“Or maybe because you think leaving will deal with this fucking problem?” Thomas gestured towards both of them, and Newt hissed.
Not this again.
“We’ve talked about this-,”
“No, we haven’t,” the brunet bit off. “Cuz you always ran away.”
“Fine,” Newt sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose in exasperation. “Have it your way. Having a bloody drunk kiss doesn’t mean either of us is into the other, you get that?”
“No,” Thomas crossed his arms on his chest. “Because for me it means I am into you. And for fuck’s sake, just be brave enough to tell me, me personally, that you’re not interested, and I’ll let it go.”
“You will?” Newt gave him a look and Thomas nodded.
“I will.”
“No more remarks?”
“No nothing,” the brunet assured him and took a deep breath. “Go on.”
“I...” the blond trailed off, clenching his fists. “I don’t...”
“Like me...?” Thomas offered and Newt stared at him, startled and without breath.
“I like you,” he breathed out. “Fuck.”
Anonymous said:
“I was just trying to ask for directions!” Thomas exclaimed, both hands in air, before the guy changed his mind and finished the job. He felt his eyes water from narrowly missing the pepper spray.

“I was just trying to ask for directions!” Thomas exclaimed, both hands in air, before the guy changed his mind and finished the job. He felt his eyes water from narrowly missing the pepper spray.

This was what happened when he decided to venture all alone around England, during the night, just to prove a stupid point to the party of idiots (aka his friends) that he is, indeed, a moron who got offended very fast and the best way of showing that to them was stomping off to the night.

And naturally, get lost.

And even worse – get mistaken for a bad guy, getting a pepper spray as a reward, even that he only wanted to ask which way was his hotel – it was innocent! He saw this blond guy walking in front of him, so he paced after him to get this one question out of his chest, and what did he get? Pepper spray.

It didn’t hit him fully, but holy crap, it stung like crazy and he thought this was probably how people got blind in a lot of cases. What was worse (or maybe better, he wasn’t sure) the guy ran away before Thomas was able to function again.

He got to the hotel by a miracle and refused to leave it for two days.

On the third day Brenda dragged him out sightseeing (thankfully he really did see again), and he actually enjoyed himself after those terrible days in his room, cursing the blondie to the black pits of hell, until they settled in Caffe Nero.

“I’m not sure what I want,” he mumbled, staring into the coffee menu, and Brenda hummed.

“I’ll take latte,” she said casually. Thomas snorted and raised his head to tell her she can have such ladies drink even in US when he realized she wasn’t talking to him, but to the waiter.

A blond waiter.

A very familiar blond waiter.

“You?!” was all he could breathe out and the blondie, his nametag showing *Newton*, looked at him with raised eyebrows until a sudden realization dawned on him as well.

“So latte for a lady,” he spoke up, his accent clearly British and sound, “and a peppercinno for the gent?”
“How about fuck you for-,”

“He’ll take cappuccino,” Brenda quickly stopped him and Newton smirked, leaving them both with their orders.

Thomas fumed like a locomotive the whole time before the blond got back with their drinks. When he actually got his order, he contemplated whatever he should just calm down a bit, but then a glass with water got placed in front of him as well, and when he looked up to the blond, that damn guy had the nerve to actually wink at him and say:

“That’s for the burn, mate.”
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
“That’s enough! I’ve had enough now! It’s been a long day and I’ve had bloody enough!”

“That’s enough! I’ve had enough now! It’s been a long day and I’ve had bloody enough!”

“Alright, just calm down,” Minho raised his hands in defeat. “I was just asking.”

Newt didn’t bother answering; he seriously didn’t have the strength for it. There was this creeping exhaustion trying to sway him and conquer his whole body, and it corrupted his mood like a poison. Minho’s smart remarks were seriously the last thing he was willing to listen to, so he just took his jacket and left the flat, leaving all the gaping faces behind him.

He was just so tired. Two jobs, day after day, with minimum sleep; his body was trying to crumble already. He didn’t know what held him up still, what kind of supernatural strength played with his strings, moving him like a marionette.

Even now, for all his fatigue that was gripping him, he still walked forward, still needed to get out, to breathe. He didn’t know for how long exactly he walked, or even where, he just found himself in a park, and his legs carried him towards a bench, where he promptly crashed, breathing out a long, tired sigh.

Where had he gone wrong? How did it even ended this way? Not having time for anything. Sleeping for three hours a day. As if all the joy suddenly disappeared, leaving him depressed and going on automatic, not enjoying his life anymore.

How did-

“Teresa!”

A sudden pawing on his trousers shook him off his thoughts, and he was staring at a small dog, probably some kind of terrier, waggling its tail excitedly, trying to nose Newt’s hand and lick it.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry,” a brown-haired boy appeared right after, catching the hyperactive dog and tried to calm it down. Without much avail – it wiggled in his arms like crazy, just to be able to get to Newt. “She’s not usually like this, I don’t know what’s the catch, she prolly likes you.”

“Is it a she?” Newt extended his hand to the dog and she happily sniffled him, trying to jump out of the boy’s arms.

“Teresa,” the brunet answered with a little embarrassed smile. “She’s not mine, I just… took her out, she belongs to my mom.”

“She’s a cutie,” Newt felt his lips widening in a smile, and it felt good. He was actually glad when the boy let her go, so she could jump on the bench and then on Newt, happy to play. The bad mood lifted from his mind like a curtain, leaving him delighted.
He didn’t know how long he played with her, and talked to the owner, but suddenly he wasn’t tired anymore, and the world seemed a better place.

“What’s your name?” he asked the boy when he finally stood up, ready to leave.

“Thomas,” the brunet answered, smiling happily at him. “We are here around the same time, if you’d like to talk more maybe?”

“Maybe,” Newt returned the smile and decided immediately.

He will be here tomorrow as well.
Anonymous said:
For your sentence thing "I came to you in pieces so you could make me whole, not break me even more" Thomas whimpered whilst clutching his bag and looking at best one last time.

"I came to you in pieces so you could make me whole, not break me even more," Thomas whimpered whilst clutching his bag and looking at his best friend one last time. Newt remained quiet, like a statue which only happened to be present in the same room.

All the words could be said, fallen. All the poison that could have corrupted them, injected itself to their bloodstream. There was nothing more that could have been done.

There was no reaction, no apology, no forgiveness. Only dead silence, which told Thomas what he needed to know.

It was over.
Anonymous said:
"Is this for real?" Thomas heard him mumble with a clear English accent "Are we both robbing the same house- oh, fuck!"

"Is this for real?” Thomas heard him mumble with a clear English accent "Are we both robbing the same house- oh, fuck!"

A loud banging noise shook the room, followed by the sound of a glass breaking. He cringed, waiting for any indication of the owners waking up, and when nothing came, his shoulders dropped from the defensive position, glaring at the blond guy standing in the same room with a vase broken under his feet.

“Oops?” the robber tried and Thomas wanted to kick him, not just because they were really attempting to rob the same house, but because he almost got them caught. But then a door opened somewhere in the upper level, and that was the indication to get the hell out.

He probably never sprinted so fast in his life, followed closely by the blond guy, until they were away from the house, then the street, and in the end of the whole block.

“My god,” Thomas croaked out, gasping for air. “That was the worst thing ever!”

“At least some adrenaline, no?” the blond grinned at him, breathless as he was, and Thomas wondered why the hell did he laughed at it, instead of getting pissed off.

Must have been the sound of his laughter.
Anonymous said:
"Summertime Saaaaadnesss~" the guy sang looking from the teacher in charge of their detention to the big windows. Newt wanted to snicker, but there were only three of them in the classroom and he didn't want to get the brunets attention.

"Summertime Saaaaadnesss~" the guy sang looking from the teacher in charge of their detention to the big windows. Newt wanted to snicker, but there were only three of them in the classroom and he didn't want to get the brunets attention.

“Got that summertime, summertime saaaadness~”

“Thomas,” the teacher called at the boy with an exasperated tone. “Can you just sit quietly for half an hour more, not driving rest of us crazy?”

“Sorry?” Thomas looked at the teacher without an ounce of honesty in his voice. “I can’t help I’m feeling so sad for being here.”

“Guess you should have thought about your summertime sadness before you decided to blow up the chemistry lab.”

“It was an accident,” Thomas opposed. “The mood was a little… explosive.”

“Oh my god,” Newt couldn’t stop himself and had to bite his hand to stop laughing. He wasn’t even surprised when a folded piece of paper landed on his desk several minutes later.

It said: **What are you here for?**

Newt quickly glanced towards the brunet who definitely threw it, and found him looking back at him, smiling a little.

He quickly scribbled down: **My good looks.** And threw it back.

**Is that illegal now?** Came a reply.

**Apparently.** He wrote back.

**I need to check its justness.** The paper flew back and Newt stared at it for a tad longer than the previous one, because another paper hit his arm a several seconds later.

**You in?**

He glanced back at Thomas and snorted. It made Thomas laugh a little, and it unfortunately also attracted the attention of the teacher.

“30 more minutes for you two lovebirds,” he pointed at both of them. Then nodded to the third kid, who was trying to act invisible for the whole time. “You can go, Aris.”
The kid couldn’t be out fast enough.
Anonymous said:
"You’re doing that thing again." he sighed.

"You’re doing that thing again," he sighed.

“Sorry,” Thomas mumbled, trying to stop himself. Doing unconscious gestures were the worst, if his focus slipped, even a little, his body automatically resumed what was a habit for it – and in his case it was licking his lips or gnawing on them. He wasn’t even sure why he did it, but he could barely catch himself without Newt poking him, or just blatantly informing him it had been going on once more.

Lately Newt was getting annoyed by it more than usual, at least that was what Thomas understood from it. So he tried, he really did, but nothing really worked.

“Thomas,” the blond growled and Thomas didn’t even need to ask why.

“Look, I’m really trying!” he barked back, irritated. “I just probably need something to much on, or I dunno-mphff.”

Sometimes Newt had the best ideas ever. When Thomas had the craving, he always remembered the blond, and munched on his lips instead.

It always worked.
Anonymous said:
We all have different reasons for forgetting to breathe.

We all have different reasons for forgetting to breathe.
Sometimes it’s something far simpler. Like a kiss.

Thomas wasn’t a greenie when it came to kissing. He never found it very exciting though, more like a required activity to show he cared. Girls usually liked kissing a lot, even though it was more like pecking than actually investing energy in it.

Maybe that was why he suddenly couldn’t breathe. Because this wasn’t a small, cute kiss he was used to receive from time to time. It wasn’t even a kiss he would describe as the one labelled “I guess I love you”.

It screamed “I want you”. “I need you”. “You are mine.” It was overpowering, hungry and demanding. Thomas could hardly focus, his mind completely blank.

He was forgetting to breathe.
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Wait, no, that made more sense in my head." Thomas said squinting.

"Wait, no, that made more sense in my head." Thomas said, squinting.

„I hardly doubt that, greenie,“ Newt replied with a snort, flicking Thomas’ forehead. “Unless you think with your arse, that is.”

“Rude,” the brunet rubbed his forehead with a frown and Newt chuckled and waved him off.

“Worth a shot,” Thomas mumbled to himself and took a deep breath. He should write it on a piece of paper next time. Asking this guy out was the biggest challenge ever, and he just kept on completely blowing it each and every time, sounding like an idiot who couldn’t count to five.

“Next time,” he said resolutely. “Next time for sure!”

If Newt could take him seriously after the 5th idiotic attempt.
Anonymous said:
"What is gonna happen to us?!" Thomas screamed to the blond. "Tell me Newt! Are we just gonna pretend nothing ever happened? I fucking trusted you! I fucking did and you crushed all my hopes!" (P.s. do you always do these prompt things? :) )  

(Yes, I always do the prompt things, but it's slow. I have 70 of them in my ask box atm QQ)

"What is gonna happen to us?!" Thomas screamed at the blond. "Tell me Newt! Are we just gonna pretend nothing ever happened? I fucking trusted you! I fucking did and you crushed all my hopes!"

„Oh my god, listen to yourself, ya bloody drama queen,“ Newt barked back. „Crushed all my hopes, ya sound like a squealing school girl!“

„Of course, just fucking insult me, how original,“ the brunet shot back, his body trembling with rage. „But just for your fucking concern, it was you who kissed me!“

“Oh my, I should be arrested for it,” Newt uttered. “A deadliest sin, to kiss somebody, wow! Call the police!”

Thomas bit his tongue before another rush of mingled thoughts shot out of his lips, taking it further than it was already. He wanted to shout at the blond. He wanted to shake some sense to him. But what was the point?

“You said you love me,” he croaked out, a defeat lacing his voice, his body losing the momentum. Newt sighed and ran a hand through his messy hair, a pure image of exasperation.

“Of course I bloody love you, you tit,” he said, his voice dropping lower as well. “But this doesn’t have any future, and we both know it.”

“So you just… what? Run away?” Thomas looked at him tiredly and Newt avoided his eyes.

“Yeah,” he said after a moment. “Yeah, I’ll just run away.”
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Bright?" Newt snorted "I’ve seen rocks brighter than him."

"Bright?" Newt snorted "I’ve seen rocks brighter than him."

„Ooooh,“ Minho immediately reacted, snickering into his sleeve. “I should tell him about your love then.”

“Oh sure, also tell him the best gift for the wedding would be leaving me the hell alone,” the blond clicked his pen, glancing at the general direction where their victim of gossip was sitting. Thomas was turned with his back to them, completely oblivious, and Newt wasn’t sure what exactly pissed him off more. If the fact he paid too much attention to him at times, or that he didn’t even look at him at the other situations. Sometimes it was like dealing with two different people, especially when the black haired chick was around. With her Thomas suddenly stopped being cheerful and puppy-like and his face became grim and concentrated, focused solely on her.

Sometimes Newt wondered who exactly was her to him, but he was too proud to ask. Or actually show he gave a shit. Because he didn’t.

“Try not to bore a hole into his skull with all this staring,” Minho nudged him with his elbow and then pointed at the girl next to him. “You’d have to fight Teeresa first anyway if you wanted any.”

“Are ya daft?” Newt pushed him away, snarling. “Even if he was a gal, I wouldn’t touch him with a 5 miles long pole.”

“You keep tell yourself that,” Minho patted him on a shoulder and started taking notes again. Newt wanted to say something nasty to him, but noticed Thomas was glancing towards them, and actually smiling.

Too bad Newt’s first reaction was to smile back.

Stupid, stupid reflexes!
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Oh, the wedding's great actually" Newt said keeping his phone in tight grip
"Remember that guy I hooked up with two years ago?" He didn't wait for the answer
"Well now he's seated right next to me!" he hissed, looking around to make sure no one was listening.

"Oh, the wedding's great actually," Newt said, keeping his phone in a tight grip. "Remember that guy I hooked up with two years ago?" He didn't wait for the answer. "Well now he's seated right next to me!" he hissed, looking around to make sure no one was listening.

A burst of laughter flooded the line and Newt wondered how cool it would be to have the possibility to strangle the person on the other side just by his sheer will.

„Can you stop laughing like a hyena?“ he growled into the phone impatiently. „This is bloody serious, ya prick!“

„I’m sorry!“ Gally hiccupped on the other side. „It’s just too much, ow ow, my stomach, good grief!“

“Well, I’m glad ya have fun, now what?” Newt barked, feeling his left leg starting to jump with nerves.

“What what? Sit somewhere else!” Gally offered the most stupid solution in the whole world and Newt rolled his eyes.

“Genial, really. You’re a prodigy of original ideas,” he bit out. “This is a wedding. There is a seat order. Idiot.”

“Tough luck, buddy!” Gally snickered. “Give him a BJ. That may break the ice!”

“You bloody tit, go die,” Newt growled and ended a call with an annoyed snarl, just to realize he was already not alone at the table, but his worst nightmare was watching him with raised eyebrows.

“Aren’t you all sunshine and bunnies,” the brown haired man commented Newt’s current state and sat down back at his spot – right next to Newt, accidentally brushing their forearms together. Newt wanted to bite him.

“I just hate weddings,” Newt grumbled, hiding his phone back to the back pocket.

“I know,” the brunet said. “Commitment, eh. Such a hardship.”

“Shut up, Thomas,” Newt growled. Washing their dirty laundry here was not even on the bottom of his list, and there were many shitty things at the bottom, that for sure.

“Ah, but my silence is expensive,” Thomas shot him a cheeky smile, and Newt wanted to kick him
through the overdecorated window, right into the small pool with swans. There was no way he would touch this guy again, ever.

***

“You’re feeling it more,” Thomas whispered hotly into his ear and Newt couldn’t even answer. His vocal chords probably burned through the first round, after the series of moaning and groaning and shouting Thomas’ name.

He wanted to call him a tit, a prick, an idiot, a moron, a total fuckass, but all he could do included whimpering, maybe also a bit of sobbing, and an embarrassing amount of begging, even though not with words. He was holding on, clutching Thomas’ shirt as if his life depended on it, and forced himself not to think.

He couldn’t think of this. He didn’t want to fall into that stupid abyss named Thomas ever again.

Probably.

Maybe.

Fuck it.
Anonymous said:
"We-e-ell" he drawled. "It’s 3am and I’m drunk as shit and there’s your number on a public bathroom wall..."

"We-e-ell," he drawled. "It’s 3am and I’m drunk as shit and there’s your number on a public bathroom wall..."

“My god, who is this?” Thomas groaned, checking the time on his alarm clock. It was really 3AM, and he already hated the person who just woke him up.

“Call me Newt,” the boy answered and giggled, a sound of something crashing in the distance almost gave Thomas a heart-attack. “Oopsie.”

“Are you alright?” he sat up, rubbing his eyes and stifling the yawn. “That sounded close.”

“I’m fiiiine~”

“Hey Newt,” he looked out of the window, noticing the heavy rain falling like a curtain. “What are you doing outside so late? The weather sucks.”

“Bit wet, yeah?” Newt hummed in response and then the speaker flooded the noise of the rain, probably when he left the cover. “Wooooah. It wasn’t this.. like this. Before.”

“Do you have a place to go?” Thomas asked, wondering himself why exactly. But the voice sounded pleasant, even that he called at 3AM and terribly drunk.

How did Thomas’ number got on the public bathroom wall anyway?

“Suuuuuure,” Newt answered. Then quiet. Then a sigh. “Man… life sucks, ya know?”

“You think?” Thomas blinked and got out of the bed, already too awake to be able to sleep again.

“Yeah…” the other man replied more quietly now. “I though drinking is fine, eh? Problems was..washed..washed away. But it just feels.. eeh. Like worse..? Or something.”

“You wanna talk about it?” Thomas offered, going through the hallway to the kitchen, making himself a hot cocoa. Good thing no one was home now, his roommates always judged him for it.

“I think… I want to barf.”

“Ew.”

(An hour later, two throw-ups lighter and a strange talk heavier, Thomas took his car and drove all the way for Newt to the city. Newt hated when Thomas kept on telling this story to people, when they asked where exactly he met his boyfriend).
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"He killed me!" he protested heatedly, gesturing towards the screen.

"He killed me!" he protested heatedly, gesturing towards the screen. Thomas chuckled, throwing the controller towards Minho.

“You want to kiss it better?” he offered to the pouty blond, dragging him closer to his own body. Newt only grumbled something, but then put the controller away as well and snuggled closer.

“Just for the record,” he mumbled when Thomas let out a happy sigh. “I’ll destroy you next time.”

“Keep dreaming,” the brunet snickered, earning a bite to his neck in return.

Well, two could play a game. For some games they really didn’t need the controllers.
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You look homeless" he paused, surprised at his own words.

"You look homeless," he paused, surprised at his own words.

“What a surprise,” Newt grumbled, trying to get his hair at least to a presentable state, and failing.  
“I spent the whole fucking night in this shirtstorm.”

Thomas felt a pang of guilt that dragged him under, but batted it away, taking a deep breath.

“Well, and you live. I won the bet, right?” he extended his hand and hoped Newt hadn’t seen it  
trembled slightly, how he held himself back from reaching out and hugging him, trying to comfort  
him and make him a little warmer. The blond boy really looked pitiful.

“Bloody wanker,” Newt bit out and smacked a 50 bank note into his hand, growling in the process.  
“Hope you choke on it. Now fuck off, let me take a shower.”

“I can wash your back?” Thomas let out, almost as an automatic response, and froze, as well as  
Newt did, turning around, squinting at him.

“What?”

“What?” the brunet repeated, shaken inside – or terrified, really. He just didn’t say this aloud, did  
he? Please let it be just a bad dream!

Newt snarled at him, thankfully, and left him embarrassed to death there. Even though Thomas  
really wouldn’t mind helping him in the shower.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Shit, you really are tone deaf." he chuckled.

"Shit, you really are tone deaf," he chuckled.

Thomas cleared his throat shamefully and rather went completely quiet, avoiding his eyes. He knew it about himself, of course, but since Newt insisted, he tried, for the lolz. Now it felt a little embarrassing.

“Aw, but it’s cute, don’t worry,” Newt cooed at him, worming his way to Thomas’ arms, snuggling like a teddy bear. “I think you are vocal enough in the bed, and that’s waaay hotter.”

“Flatterer,” Thomas snorted and hugged the blond close.
Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You have /no idea/ what I’m capable of." he growled.

"You have no idea what I’m capable of," he growled.

Thomas should have been terrified. It seemed like a common sense, really. His instincts were shouting at him to fuck it and run, but his legs refused to move. He just stood there, holding the blond guy by his jacket at the wall and the barrel of the gun was poking his stomach.

“So why don’t you shove your hero act up to your ass and save your pitiful life?” the blond hissed at him. Thomas heard the sirens passing them. Wild steps of running people close, and yet too far. And he still hadn’t moved.

“You think you have a chance?” he forced himself to speak, making the runaway look at him with furrowed brows. “It’s full of policemen out there.”

“And that’s why staying here with a tit like you is a waaaay better,” the blond gritted out. “Get away from me.”

“No.”

“I swear to god, I’ll shoot you.”

“Try it,” Thomas challenged him and he couldn’t understand why. His blood was roaring in his head, heart pumping like mad, and yet he still held this unknown criminal here, in a dark back alley, away from the cops waiting for him.

The blond growled again, annoyed.

“You have guts, greenie,” he uttered then and the pressure from the gun disappeared. “I give you that.”

“I’m Thomas,” the brunet mumbled and his grip eased as well.

“Alright, Tommy,” the blond pet named him with a smirk. “You wanna play a saviour? Then save me.”

And Thomas did.
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Legna (it's Angel backwards)
"You have to take care of this fake baby with your partner, who is also your seatmate, for the term project" the teacher said.

"You have to take care of this fake baby with your partner, who is also your seatmate, for the term project" the teacher said.

That was like a death sentence, Thomas thought. You see, normally he would be sitting with Minho, promptly laughing his ass off with him about such thing. But Minho was absent today and Thomas was an idiot, sitting next to the blond guy he shared few classes with, because he seemed smart and the teacher loved to give them stupid assignments for the lesson.

But this!

There was this terrible doll on their table, and batteries next to it, just ready to be plug in and bring out their worst nightmares. Thomas felt the cold sweat breaking on his forehead while looking at it.

“This is gonna suck,” the blond guy uttered.

“I want to throw up,” Thomas added.

“If that’s your normal reaction to responsibilities, I’d hate to share close quarters with you,” his unwilling seatmate commented and grabbed the batteries, putting them at the slot with a cringe. Thomas just rolled his eyes and stopped the teacher while he was going around them.

“Sir, I’m usually with Minho, you think I can change partners for this?”

“Imagine it like this,” the teacher looked at them both, smiling sweetly. “You got drunk. You had a one night stand. And you made him pregnant. You think, if he would stop at your doorstep with a kid, that you could say: I’m sorry mate, I’m usually sleeping with Minho, you think we can change partners for this?”

“I’m pretty sure he’d try,” the blond snorted and his voice got highpitched and girly. “I mean, he didn’t even call back!”

“Have fun,” the teacher smirked and continued his round.

“I hate you,” Thomas grumbled towards his new partner, and the boy put a baby doll in front of him.

“I hate you more. You got me preggo. Now deal, daddy.”
Anonymous said:
Thomas squinted a little "It’s like a warm, wet hug." He said finally, making Newt furrow his brow at the stench of the alcohol still lingering in his mouth.

Thomas squinted a little.
"It’s like a warm, wet hug." He said finally, making Newt furrow his brows at the stench of the alcohol still lingering in his mouth.

„Please, don’t use American Horror Story references or me or I’m gonna throw up,” he made a gagging noise to prove he was not kidding and Thomas chuckled, apparently a little wobbly on his feet.

“I’ve just kissed you, and this is all you have to say?”

“You started with shitty quotes,” Newt uttered.

Thomas was drunk. He could taste it still. Taking the kiss as something more than a hey, my brain thought it’s a good idea, but will erase it in the morning thing was above Newt’s powers – or patience at that matter. So he batted away Thomas’ grabby hands and pushed him instead on the sofa, throwing a blanket over him.

“Sleep it off, you drunkard.”
Anonymous said:
"My father thinks you’re evil." he whispered.

"My father thinks you’re evil." he whispered.

“I probably am,” Thomas whispered back, but didn’t let go. It felt probably a little too exciting than it should, he mused. Like spoiling something pure and untouched, even though Newt wasn’t really the most pristine being in the world – at least he didn’t think so.

“You’re not helping,” the blond pushed to his chest, but only half-heartedly, so Thomas didn’t budge. “You know how he gets.”

“Overly protective?”

“Painfully preachy,” Newt grumbled, but snuggled closer anyway. Thomas cradled him like a little kitten and kissed his head.

“Just you wait. He’ll come around, and call me son.”

“Anything but that,” Newt chuckled. “It would be the most awkward thing to explain to my mom, ever.”
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Of course, my horse." he snorted.

"Of course, my horse," he snorted.
“You spend too much time with Minho,” Newt commented, flicking Thomas’ forehead. “He had already corrupted you.”

“Your’re just jelly I don’t use your phrases more,” Thomas stuck out his tongue, and Newt rolled his eyes, turning back around to the white board.

“As if I bloody have any.”

“Like right now,” Thomas nudged his chair with his feet. “Your trademark phrase.”

“Shut up, ya tit.”

“And another one,” the brunet chucked, earning a growl as a reward. “But don’t worry, my dear Newt. I still like you the best.”

“Not listening!”

“Like the most, alright?” Thomas continued, snickering. “You are the prettiest, okay? The bestest!”

“You hurt my brain!” Newt whined, hiding his face in his sleeve and Thomas grinned like an idiot, noting how Newt’s ears turned red.

As if it wasn’t the most endearing thing in the world.
Naive - 1

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You’re so naive." he said, looking like Christmas came early.

"You’re so naïve," he said, looking like Christmas came early.

“That’s my trademark,” Thomas replied, holding the confusion stacked away, and pretend like it wasn’t a big deal. No one called him naïve since he was 5 years old and thought he could become a dragon if he tries enough and eat all the vegetable. Being called this now, just because he said asking a person you like out was not a rocket science, was new. Their lunch just got more interesting, and he had to admit he understood Minho’s and Newt’s decision to remain quiet for a good reason.

“I’d really like to see you try then,” Ben suggested. “If it’s so easy.”

“Or he’s just too confident he won’t get turned down, eh?” Gally added. “So he thinks it’s easy.”

“Well, what’s the worst that can happen?” Thomas frowned at them. “You’ll get either yes or no.”

“Like getting a no is easy,” Gally snorted. “All sunshine and bunnies.”

“You man up, you move on,” Thomas grumbled.

“Can you believe this ray of sunshine?” Gally looked at Ben in exasperation.

“You have someone you’d ask out now?” Ben looked at Thomas challengingly. “So you can man up and ask them?”

Thomas felt his throat tighten at it, and wondered if it was a good idea to even start at that topic. But then again, saying no now and chicken out would be hypocritical of him, and judging by Gally’s expression he was waiting for threw it into his face.

“Yeah,” Thomas said then, even though his belly churned at it. “I do.”

“You do?” Minho finally spoke up, a hint of surprise in his voice, and exchanged a look with Newt.

“Go on then,” Gally cheered. “Ask them out. Even if it’s by a phone.”

Thomas nodded, more to himself than to Gally, and stood up. He could say their table was fully focused on him, everyone apparently wanted to know. So he manned up. Circled the desk. And stopped at Newt.

He could see his eyes going wide when he realized what it meant, and tried to filter out the gasps around.

“Will you go out with me?” he breathed out, probably very lamely, but for some reason it put a
great deal of weight off his shoulders. Newt stared like a deer caught in highlights, and Gally on the other side said something like: “God, have mercy on us.”

“Are you serious?” the blond asked with a strange tenseness in his voice, and Thomas nodded, bracing himself for the inevitable refusal. Newt was a good friend from the moment they met at school, along with Minho and the rest of the gang. They talked normally when they could, and Thomas was pretty sure there was no give away of his true interests at any point. The shock was very well expected, even from Minho, who was undoubtedly his best friend. He was expecting to hear about this from him later anyway.

Newt cleared his throat and then stood slowly up, looking everywhere but Thomas for several seconds. Then he finally made up his mind, because he focused back on Thomas’ face and nodded.

“All right. I will.”

The hollering their table started right after was probably heard even outside of the cafeteria.
tetila said:
“You do know that wolves and vampires don’t mix well, right?” he warned, needlessly maybe, body ready to spring into action in the blink of an eye, but the corners of his mouth twitching all the same.

“You do know that wolves and vampires don’t mix well, right?” he warned, needlessly maybe, body ready to spring into action in the blink of an eye, but the corners of his mouth twitching all the same.

Thomas wondered if the bite hadn’t killed all his logically thinking brain cells, because his body refused to back up still – it actually took a step closer. He could see the blonde’s body crouching even more, it screamed back up, or I’ll tear you apart! But Thomas ignored it. His body burned, all the unnecessary senses springing to live – the smell, rich and maybe a little wrong, provoking the caution; the unnatural quiet that engulfed the creature – no heartbeat, no breath hitches, only the cold, overwhelming presence; the non-matching features of his – eyes that told many tales, pains and joys, ages, centuries even, all the hidden knowledge that could kill a man, with his young, so young appearance, so elegant and pale, and lethal.

He knew, he was aware – vampires were dangerous. They were deceiving and wrong, balancing in-between two worlds, as if hell spitted them out and heaven closed their gates, so they wandered the earth, searching, always searching and alone, and from all this spite of being denied the life – or the death – they turned darker and bloodthirsty. He was warned of them, he was educated not to antagonize, not to search for them, just leave them alone if a meeting happened.

And yet, here he was. Cornering this creature in the dark alley, his mind reeling and heart rabbiting in his rib cage, a sound that almost deafened him. Fear? He doubted it. His inner wolf, the terrible, unforgiving beast that ruled his senses – and his body when it wanted to – was enticed. Obsessed even. It wanted to reach out and seize the creature, to taste and own, and Thomas couldn’t stop this effect bleeding into him as well, intertwining with his own attraction, and it made a deadly, and utterly stupid combination.

“You’re going to regret this, pup,” the blonde’s voice flooded his thoughts. “Believe me, one step closer and I’m going to lose it. And then you’ll regret this for the rest of your pitiful lifespan.”

“Because wolves and vampires don’t mix well?” Thomas taunted him, feeling stupidly bold and excited at the same time, and the pale creature smirked at him, all pointed teeth and seductive shape of his lips, and Thomas wondered who the hell they had been even trying to convince. All those meetings - coincidental, then curious, then hungry – they were mutual and probably also a little feared or despised.

They fought it, they failed.

This was the aftermath without any proper possibility to change the outcome, and they both knew it. So when Thomas took the one remaining step towards, his body mere inches from the blond, his wolf would probably be wagging his tail now, all happy and satisfied.
The blond tilted his head, his chin tipping up, and there was something literally mesmerizing in his eyes, capturing and maybe hypnotic. But when the corners of his lips turned upwards again, it seemed genuine, pleased to the point of matching Thomas’ satisfaction of how those things unfolded.

“Go on, pup,” he jeered him. “Let’s see how well we mix up.”

“Don’t call me pup,” Thomas growled, but it had no real bite in it, just the point, an inside joke, and the blond chuckled, his slender fingers catching the collar of his shirt, pulling at it.

“A wolfy then?”

“I’m Thomas,” he informed the blond sternly and realized they never really introduced to each other, which made him laugh right after, dropping his head on the vampire’s shoulder, trying to stifle his giggles. “I don’t even know your name!”

“Well, Tommy,” the blond purred, his hands raking up to his hair, ruffling it as if he was memorizing the texture, the feeling of touching. “I have so many names it’s not even funny. But you can call me Newt.”

“Newt,” Thomas repeated, his voice dropping again, seizing the opportunity to flicker his tongue towards the bare skin of Newt’s neck, tasting and appraising, earning a hum in return. “I think we are going to mix perfectly.”

Newt seemed to agree, especially when he pulled Thomas’ head to the line of his sight and pressed their lips together.

*Perfect.*
Anonymous said:
"Leave some room for Jesus!" someone snickered.

This is a lil continuation of chapter 45 :) 

"Leave some room for Jesus!" someone snickered. Newt was pretty sure it was Minho, but it could have been Obama for what he cared at the moment.

Thomas was basically bending him backwards against the railing at the bus station and kissing the air out of him without an ounce of shame. There wasn’t an inch of space between their bodies, and zero care about the people around, only two of them, kissing as if their life depended on it. Newt should have known Thomas was this kind of person, overpowering and dominant, and that he would sway Newt without hesitation if he says yes.

And well, he hadn’t said yes per se. He said alright. But consent was consent, even though Newt wasn’t sure at first (and had his doubts right after, and then a day after, and guys kept on watching him like he grew the second head, and it wasn’t really helping, not to mention Minho kept on pestering him he didn’t know Newt had hots for Thomas, and truth to be told Newt hadn’t known either, he just said yes because Thomas wanted to prove a point, and suddenly they were a pair and… and… yeah).

So, this was the third bloody day after that challenge Gally and Ben threw at Thomas, and three days after Thomas asked Newt out, and Newt was just so out of it this actually happened without him properly noticing.

Well, kissing was a pretty normal occurrence, was it not? Between people who dated. And they dated. Because he didn’t want Thomas feel like a shit. And truth to be told, he wasn’t even sure Thomas wasn’t bluffing, so he thought: aah, he’s making a point, I should nod and smile and just go with the flow.

But this wasn’t a point anymore. This was Thomas really wanting Newt, really meaning the asking out thing, not fooling around, just going straight for it.

And that was probably the breaking point where Newt said to himself: well, fuck it. And kissed him back.
Anonymous said:
"Ask me again when you learn some manners." Newt rolled his eyes, taking a sip from his coffee.

"Ask me again when you learn some manners," Newt rolled his eyes, taking a sip from his coffee. He had enough of those cheeky brats coming to this coffee shop too often for their health. If Gally hadn’t been working here, Newt would never set a foot to the place ever again.

He saw in the corner of his eye how Gally snorted behind the bar, and the brown-haired boy who looked like he maybe just finished high school, blinked in confusion at such blatant refusal of his advances. Or whatever his question was supposed to be.

“It wasn’t a no though,” he pointed out, his face breaking into another smirk, and Newt groaned and put down the papers he had been filling.

“Look, Bambi,” he glared at the boy unhappily. “For how pretty your face is, your brain needs some upgrades before you can even think of talking to me. So run along, boyo. Stop bothering me.”

“Grouchy,” the brunet responded, and instead of actually getting the memo he promptly sat down next to Newt, peeking into his papers like a curious child. “I see you here every day.”

“Congratulations, you have good eyesight,” Newt uttered and folded the papers neatly, hiding it from the boy.

“Visiting your barista boyfriend?” the brunet kept on asking and Newt heard how Gally sputtered somewhere behind them, overhearing the conversation.

“Yeah, my barista boyfriend,” Newt confirmed it anyway, sending Gally into a coughing fit, but thankfully playing along. The boy sent a strange look behind Newt, and then quietly nodded.

“Lucky guy,” he said only and Newt had to bite his lip to stop from laughing out loud.

“Yeah, he so is,” he snorted anyway, and at that point Gally appeared at their table, looking exquisitely murderous.

“Your order?” he gritted through his teeth at the brunet, and the boy cleared his throat before speaking.

“I’m all good, thanks,” he responded and stood up, ready to leave. “Was just saying hi.”

“Say hi to my door as well,” Gally nodded towards the exit. “It’s dying to see you.”

The boy hadn’t said anything more, just nodded towards Newt and left the coffee shop without another word.

“Perfect,” Newt piped, patting Gally’s arm appraisingly. “You’d make an amazing boyfriend
material, Gally, my cutie pie.”

“I’m sure my wifey agrees,” the barista snorted and glanced back towards the door, not seeing the brunet anywhere anymore. “Be careful, yeah? These guys are unpredictable.”

“Of course,” Newt smiled at him happily. “He was kinda cute tho…”

“I’m not listeniiing,” Gally raised his hand to the air and rather returned to his work. Newt giggled and took the papers again, just to realize there was something stuck in between them as well. He took out the small piece of paper and unfolded it, watching the unfamiliar hand writing on it in confusion.

There was a telephone number, signed with “Thomas” on it, and he was pretty sure it hadn’t been there before.

“You clever bastard,” Newt chuckled and decided to keep the number

Just in case.
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Go ahead," he shouted "get mugged and left for dead!"

"Go ahead," he shouted. "Get mugged and left for dead!"

“Anywhere is better than here!” another shout sounded and Thomas stopped in his tracks, staring at the suddenly bright doorway of one the houses along the street, until a blond guy appeared in the light, getting his bag angrily from the ground.

“If you leave this house, Newton, I swear to god you stop being my child!” a man’s voice sounded from behind the door, and Newton only growled something incoherent and took off.

Three seconds later an older man appeared there as well, his expression a pure anger, and shouted: “Come back here!”

Then he noticed Thomas standing there as well, too shocked to move, and his face distorted into an ugly snarl.

“Ah, so you are that little bastard, huh. Get away from my sight, you disgusting homo!” his voice was rough and sliced right into Thomas’ brain like a knife. “Stealing my son from me, how dare you-!”

“Come with me,” a sudden pull on Thomas’ hand returned him back to reality, and the blond boy was standing next to him, urging him on. “Just leave with me, or he will explode, come on.”

Thomas followed him, too stunned to react differently, and his shouts chased after them for too long for his comfort. When the street grew quiet again and they were far enough, the grip on his arm disappeared, and the blond sagged to the ground, sitting at the edge of the pavement, his face hidden in his palms.

“Sorry,” he whispered towards Thomas, his voice painfully broken. “I’m so sorry you had to… go through that.”

“Are you alright?” Thomas asked carefully, his hand twitching at his side, wanting to reach out and offer some comfort.

“I will be,” the blond glanced up, smiled a little. “Thank you though.”

“Um…” Thomas shuffled around a bit, unsure how to proceed. “You… have a place to stay?”

“I’ll find some,” the boy replied, seemingly calming down. “Anywhere is better than there.”

“You can crash at my place if you need,” Thomas offered, not even sure why. It was a person he didn’t know a thing about, and yet he felt like he needed to do this, like he was able to help. The blond stared at him a little taken back, and there was hesitation written all over his pretty features, disbelieving.
“For real,” Thomas assured him. “I have a big flat, it’s fine. And it’s cold, if you don’t have a place to stay, feel free to come with me.”

“But you don’t even know me,” the blond breathed out. “Isn’t that a little irresponsible?”

“I’m Thomas,” he introduced himself. “And you are Newton, right? See, now I know you and you know me.”

“It’s Newt,” the boy mumbled. “I… thank you.”

And, well. That’s how it all began.
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You sound hoarse." Minho said and Thomas almost snorted coffee out of his nose.

"You sound hoarse," Minho said and Thomas almost snorted coffee out of his nose.

“You sound like a horse,” Newt shot back, his voice very gruff and almost scratchy, and rather quieted down again, only sending a death glares towards both of them.

“Any idea why he sounds like this?” Minho winked at Thomas who was cleaning the spilled coffee off his desk, and the brunet only shrugged, maybe too fervently.

“How am I supposed to know?” he made a vague gesture. “A concert maybe?”

“In your bed you mean?” Minho suggested, bluntly now, his grin so wide Thomas thought it would split his face in half.

“No,” Newt growled. “In mine. His bed is bloody filthy.”

“My bed is not- what!” Thomas exclaimed and Minho started to laugh like a hyena. Thomas wanted to kick his shin for it at least, but then he noticed Newt’s smug smile, and wondered who he should kick first.

A double yelp resounded the room and Thomas felt at least a little satisfied.


Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Aren’t you sick of me yet?” Newt asked the guy.

"Aren’t you sick of me yet?” Newt asked the guy. He didn’t know his name or basically anything important, and that was probably for the best. They were stuck in that stupid cave for hours now and Newt was only happy for the warmth that ruled the weather. He read too many stories with hypothermia to be comfortable with such position.

“I’m sick of this place,” the brunet answered back, hissing a little when he moved. His arm must have been broken, Newt thought. Or at least hurt a lot. It was bleeding a little as well after the fall. “But you’re a nice addition, so keep it up.”

“Flatterer,” Newt snorted, desperate to fill the silence. He knew his forehead was bleeding a little and it made him slightly nauseous. But talking helped to keep the bad feeling out of his mind, at least a little.

“The rescue party should be here soon,” the brunet mumbled tiredly. “Or at least I hope so. Getting a little sleepy.”


“Maybe,” the other man shrugged with his healthy shoulder. “Oh well. Anyone told you that you’re pretty?”

“I-what?”

“Pretty. Really pretty,” the brunet smiled, his eyes half lidded already. “I mean… it’s gonna sound weird, but I’m glad it was you and not some other guy I ended up here with. Not that I wanted you to end up in a cave… Just. Yeah.”

Newt blinked several times, staring at the man in silence. Pretty he said. A description he hated. It was too often during school, during work, pretty boy, like a bad joke, an accusation. From this guy it sounded… nice though. Like a well meant flattery that meant no harm.

“You’re pretty too,” he replied after a while, earning a chuckle.

“Thanks I guess,” the brunet said, his voice dropping a little. His eyes fell closed and Newt panicked, crawling to him, trying to wake him up.

“Oh c’mon, don’t do this to me!” he shook him a little, careful not to hurt him more than he already was. “Wake up!”

A groan filled the cave and the brunet blinked, his eyes unfocused while he was looking up to the blond.

“Don’t want to sound rude, but it’s customary to wake up person with a kiss, like in a fairy tale,” he
informed Newt sleepily and the blond growled, ready to say something back, when they suddenly heard a heavy machinery from the outside, and voices shouting they were getting them out right now.
"That’s the thing. I trust you,” he sighed looking at the other. “Even after all this shucking mess with the Creators. I do trust you.”

Thomas felt his throat tighten. Hearing this from anyone else made it sound like they didn’t have another chance. But hearing it from Newt, it suddenly felt right. Like he hadn’t trusted him because Thomas could get them out thanks to his bad connections. But because he trusted him for the sole reason of Thomas being Thomas. The greenie that made a mess out of their lives, and yet left a huge impact on all of them. And Newt seemed to acknowledge that.

“Thanks, Newt,” he croaked out, trying to make his voice work properly again. “I won’t disappoint you.”

“You could bloody try,” Newt snorted, looking towards the ruckus further from the slammer. “It’s getting louder there. Just… get ready.”

“Yeah,” Thomas nodded, his fingers twitching in anticipation. He had this crazy idea to stop Newt from leaving – to curl his fingers around his wrist and pull him closer to… he didn’t even know why. He just... wanted.

“Tommy,” Newt’s voice made him look back up. “Good luck.”

He just wanted to protect him.
Anonymous said:
"You're... not Minho." Thomas said catching his breath and looking probably pretty unattractive. The blond, wearing baggy sweatpants and a sleeveless shirt chuckled and gestured behind Thomas "Just across."

"You're... not Minho," Thomas said catching his breath and looking probably pretty unattractive. The blond, wearing baggy sweatpants and a sleeveless shirt, chuckled and gestured behind Thomas:

"Just across."

“Fuck,” Thomas uttered, glancing behind him to see Minho laughing his ass off there. There went his attempt to embarrass the guy – instead of it he munched on someone he hadn’t seen before, and who was actually super attractive, and apparently very amused, and Thomas just wanted to crawl into a hole and stay there forever.

“Can we… forget… this happened?” he tried and the blond shrugged.

“I can,” he replied. “Dunno if your friend can though. Since he recorded it whole.”

“Oh my god, kill me now,” Thomas dropped his head on the blonde’s shoulder, before he realized what he had done again, and quickly straightened up with a whimper.


The smile the unknown boy gave him was going to haunt him forever.
"We got drunk, and I think we ate the hamster?"

“We did what?” Newt groaned, his head hurt like hell. “Shit, Teresa is going to bloody kill us if we won’t find that rodent before she gets back!”

“There is also a huge hickey on my neck,” Thomas continued, pointing at the viciously looking mark on his throat.

“Did you get it on with the hamster?” Newt gave him an annoyed look. “Because if it left because you said it has no future, I’m going to kill you.”

“Ha-ha,” Thomas glared at him, rubbing the mark as if it could come off if he tried enough. “I think you just started to think you’re a vampire and tried to suck my blood.”

“If it was only blood I tried to suck, then you’re safe,” Newt uttered and crawled towards the wardrobe, looking under it.

“No comment,” the brunet grumbled and started looking as well. They both knew if they couldn’t find the hamster until the afternoon, their life would probably end by Teresa’s hand.

After all, she loved her little Rat Man.
Anonymous said:
"I heard you scream and thought you were getting killed..." he trailed off looking at the tiny spider.

"I heard you scream and thought you were getting killed..." he trailed off looking at the tiny spider. Thomas had the dignity to look ashamed, so it felt a little wrong to laugh at him, but when the spider moved and Thomas whimpered, Newt burst laughing with tears streaming down his face.

“Just kill it!” the brunet pointed at the creature. “Every time I get close it moves!”

“That’s what spiders do,” Newt hiccupped, trying to stifle his laughter.

“But this one also jumps!”

“The horror!” the blond snorted and looked around, noting the Sudoku paper on the washing machine, taking it. “Move away, or it may eat you.”

“Not funny,” Thomas nudged him with his hand, but really took his leave, grumbling something to himself. Newt just shook his head and helped the tiny spider on the paper, carrying it outside the flat.

Sometimes he wondered if Thomas was even real.
Anonymous said:
"Don't look at me like that! I just tried to get /my/ candy bar for which I fully payed for!" his hand twitched, stuck in the vending machine.

"Don't look at me like that! I just tried to get my candy bar for which I fully paid for!" his hand twitched, stuck in the vending machine. Newt groaned, Minho rolled his eyes and Gally took a photo.

Thomas was pretty sure it was getting uploaded to every possible social media already, judging from Gally’s smirk, and was grateful when Newt and Minho actually decided to help him out.

“Are you five years old?” Newt grumbled when he crouched next to him, analysing the situation. “Who does this anymore?”

“Someone without a brain,” Minho commented while he pushed the vending machine back, balancing it so Thomas could wriggle his hand out with Newt’s help. It hurt a little, but it was definitely better than waiting for firemen or someone to come and help. When he was free again, his wrist was viciously red, but thankfully no blood or any worse injury occurred.

“It hurts,” he mumbled, glaring at the machine unhappily.

“You want to kiss it better?” Newt smirked while checking the mark. “Can you move it?”

"It’s fine,” he assured the blond with a sigh. “Thank you.”

“You’re never gonna live this down, greenie,” Gally informed him with a grin. “Neeever.”

Thomas believed it.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You keep using that word." Newt said "I do not think it means what you think it means."

"You keep using that word," Newt said. "I do not think it means what you think it means."

“Psh, of course I know what it means,” Thomas waved his hand. “I’m not daft.”

“Well, you’re not Edison either,” Minho snorted. “Just sayin’.”

“Inconceivable!”

“I’m gonna kill him,” Newt groaned. “Hand me the pen.”

“Are you gonna write him to death?” Minho raised an eyebrow, but handed him the pen anyway, much to Thomas dismay.

“I’ll just make few more holes in him,” Newt uttered. “And then sew his mouth shut.”

“Incon-,”

“I swear to god, one more time and you’re sleeping on the couch tonight!” Newt growled at him. It worked like a charm.
Anonymous said:
"I think it will work" Thomas said and at the same time Minho snorted "It will take a miracle."

"I think it will work," Thomas said and at the same time Minho snorted: "It will take a miracle."

“Stop being so pessimistic,” the brunet squinted at him. “It’ll work!”

“It’s 7 floors, stop being so optimistic,” Minho shot back, but he readied the contraption anyway. Thomas only smirked and helped him, before they were sure it was all set, and nodded to each other, pulling the trigger.

Good thing was – it worked. The several balloons with coloured water dropped from their balcony like it was planned. The bad thing was – it dropped on somebody, who was just walking back to the house.

A litany of vulgarities filled the air and Thomas laughed at first, until he realized who was now painted pink, blue and green.

“Oh my fucking god,” he yelped. “That’s the guy I have a crush on!”

“Oops,” Minho looked down at the raging blond (well, former blond), and then back at Thomas. “Well mate. We just diminished your chances for success to zero. Congratulations.”
Chapter 59

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"In case I chicken out, I want to know where all the exits are."

"In case I chicken out, I want to know where all the exits are."

“I’d advise you against pulling at any of those once we depart, sir,” Newt said with a professional smile, even though he felt like the IQ of this guy had to be somewhere very, very low. “Since it’s a plane. But don’t worry, before we take off, my colleagues will show you all the needed information.”

“All of the exits?” the brown haired man croaked out, as if the mentioning of a plane reduced his IQ even more.

“Yes, all of the exits,” Newt assured him, holding by his sheer will from rolling his eyes, and straightened up again, ready to deal with another problematic passenger. A hand on his wrist stopped him though, a trembling grip that made him blink in confusion.

“I’m… really sorry,” the brunet choked out. “I… guess you get this often, but can you… maybe show me personally…?”

“The exits?”

“Y-yeah,” the brunet nodded, his hand not letting go, and Newt frowned a little. This was unexpected.

“How about you come with me? Talk with a captain and all, I’m sure he’ll put your mind at ease,” the blond offered, not really seeing any other solution than this or putting sleeping pills into this guy’s drink.

“Oh god, no,” the man shook his head fervently. “I don’t need to see it from so close…”

“Look,” Newt turned back to him, closer now to accommodate other people passing through the alley. “You can’t really use any of those exits when we take off. You’ll get informed, and that’s it. Just keep calm, take a deep breath. It’s gonna be fine. You want me to get you a blanket? Something to drink?”

“What if the plane crashes?”

“The plane won’t crash,” Newt responded.

“The probability-,”

“It. Won’t. Crash,” he gritted out, and it apparently finally sent the right memo, because the brown haired man shut up and nodded. “Now be a good boy and keep quiet. Alright?”

“Alright,” the brunet took a deep breath and let go of Newt’s wrist.
Newt could already tell this flight was going to be problematic.
"This is so not the time to be yourself," he swatted the other's head playfully.

“I think it’s actually the best time to do so," Thomas shrugged. “Those people are crazy anyway. I’d fit right in!”

“A lil more crazy and you get the nice white jacket,” Newt nudged him with his elbow, and sighed when Thomas grinned at him. He rather snatched another glass of champagne from the passing waiter and gulped half of it down.

“I can’t believe you dragged me here,” he grumbled after. “You should have taken Teresa.”

“Nah,” Thomas shrugged. “She would be too happy about it.”

“So you take a guy who isn’t happy at all about it,” the blond glared at him and Thomas offered a sheepish smile.

“I just wanted to take you out somewhere… fancy,” the brunet gestured towards the great hall, all sparky in its nobility, with people in robes and tuxedos. “Cuz you deserve nothing else.”

“Oh shut up, ya bloody tit,” Newt rolled his eyes, gulping down the rest of his drink. “I want to eat tacos after this.”

“Of course,” Thomas chuckled. “If caviar and all the fancy stuff doesn’t smell good enough for you.”


“Tacos then.”
Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"So much for anonymity." he sighed, feeling their stares.

"So much for anonymity," he sighed, feeling their stares.

“Well, we tried,” Thomas shrugged. “Kudos for that.”

“I just wanted one innocent night out-,”

“We can have one not-so-innocent night in?” Thomas wiggled his eyebrows, making Newt snort – and that was better, much better. Newt had been so tense lately Thomas thought making him go out for a bit – incognito – would help. But since it failed now, there was only his humour as the last resort, and thankfully that never missed.

“You know what,” Newt sighed, looking at his watch. “Screw this. Let’s fuck.”

“Oh my god,” Thomas groaned, hearing the whispers around. “You could have said it a little better-,”


“Alright, I got the point, let’s go, sheesh,” Thomas put a hand on the blonde’s mouth, glaring. “I don’t even wanna know from where you know all those phrases, really…”

“I’ll tell you in bed,” Newt grinned at him once he got free. “You haven’t heard the best ones yet.”

“God, have mercy.”
Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You're a bloody idiot."

"You're a bloody idiot."

“I thought they're dating?” Brenda said while watching Thomas and Newt arguing in the hallway, and Minho slowly filled the half empty glass of wine.

“They are,” he confirmed the fact. “For… half a year?”

“Yeah, half a year,” Teresa confirmed, sipping her own drink. “Time flies.”

“Feels like yesterday when I introduced the greenie to our little mother hen,” Minho chuckled and offered Brenda a re-fill. She nodded silently and returned back to the scene unfolding in front of her.

It seemed serious, somehow. They weren’t yelling, or making a drama, just… it was like a crackling static floated around them, ready to explode with a single spark. If she hadn’t known them, she would have thought they were rivals, ready to pounce and hit each other.

“He called him a bloody idiot?” she pointed out in a low voice and Minho snorted.

“Their form of sweet talk,” he informed her. “You’ll get used to it. Newt is a lil daft with these love things. Like telling Thomas he loves him or something? Doubtful.”

“So he calls him an idiot instead,” Brenda raised an eyebrow and Minho hummed in agreement.

“Like I said. Daft.”

Brenda sipped her wine thoughtfully. Her relationship usually was filled with sweet talk, being called a cutie pie, darling or honey. But an idiot? That sounded like something she would slap the partner for. Surely they…

“Oh.”

One more look towards the hallway told her that indeed, it worked for them. Although the kiss looked more like a bedroom material than a public scene.
"Can I have this dance, Tommy?"

Thomas felt his palms sweating, his legs shaking and his throat unable to let his voice out. He was ready for this. He trained for this. He actually tried to learn how to dance, because he knew, he was aware that this situation would happen.

But it was different in his head. It made more sense, it was easier, without the unnecessary stares from others, without the wildly beating heart and the buzzing in his head.

But here it was – the extended hand of this blond devil, waiting for Thomas to grasp it, to accept the dance, and be a target for gossip for few months.

He took a deep breath and reached out, feeling the strong grip and then a pull, and suddenly it whirled around him and they were dancing, really dancing, together. And the stares intensified, but who the hell cared? He was dancing, and he was dancing with Newt, and it was glorious.

“Just for a good measure, this is an engagement dance,” Newt whispered to his ear, his body close and leading, and Thomas nodded mutely.

He knew. He was prepared for it. He wanted it.

“They are judging every step you make. It depends a lot on how you move. They can refuse you,” Newt continued sweetly, making Thomas pale and scared. “No pressure.”

“You’re enjoying this,” the brunet gritted through his teeth when he heard Newt chuckle, and the blond prince only shrugged, swaying him around.

“Are you not?” he asked with a mischievous smile, and Thomas felt his lips widen as well.

He was enjoying it too much. And wished it never stopped.
Chapter 64

Chapter Summary

newtmastical said:
"God damn it Tommy! how oblivious can you be?"

"God damn it, Tommy! How oblivious can you be?"

“What?!” Thomas whirled around, fed up and really, really tired of all those riddles Newt kept on throwing at him. Why just couldn’t he say what he wanted? Just once in his life, once for Thomas’s mental health sake!

“I don’t know if they dropped ya as a baby or something, but I’m pretty sure my bloody signals are very clear and loud, so what else do ya want from me?” Newt paced around the room, clearly agitated. “A bouquet of roses? A serenade? A kneeling love confession?!”

“A love confession?” Thomas stared at him blankly.

It stopped Newt in his tracks, looking at Thomas with wide eyes as if he hadn’t expected such reaction – and, well, he probably hadn’t.


“No, no no, what?” Thomas immediately blocked the exit when Newt attempted to leave, and there was a hint of desperation on Newt’s face that made Thomas anxious, and maybe also a little excited, because it meant something big, something serious, and not completely bad.

“Just… leave it, seriously, sorry I called you an idiot, you just… didn’t know, it’s my bad,” the blond shook his head, his voice pleading, and it finally struck Thomas with full force.

“Oh my god, you’ve been flirting with me!”

“For half a year, thanks for noticing,” Newt avoided his eyes, biting his lower lip. “Now, if ya please let me leave?”

“No,” Thomas refused immediately. “You’ve been flirting with me!”

“We already established that.”

“Because you like me!” Thomas exclaimed victoriously, and the look Newt gave him could have been considered annoyed at the best.

“Flash news,” the blond only sighed. “Can I go now, or are ya planning on humiliating me further?”

“I actually planned on kissing you,” the brunet opposed. “Like… right now. A lot. With a tongue.”

Newt opened his mouth, and then closed it again. He repeated it about four times before he just let out a shuddering breath and nodded.
“Okay. Alright, that… sounds amendable.”

“Good,” Thomas grinned and did exactly what he proposed. Several times.
Chapter 65

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Is the prompt challenge still open bc I would really really like it if you write something starting with "If I can live anywhere, it'll always be your side". Hehehe

"If I can live anywhere, it'll always be by your side."

“Can you be even more cheesy?” Newt eyed him with a sigh. “Because that wasn’t stupid enough.”

“Harsh,” Thomas sighed, pulling back from the position he was, ready to give Newt a nice, sweet kiss. “It was supposed to be romantic.”

“It sounded like from a crappy red library.”

“You have no sense of romance,” Thomas accused him and Newt rolled his eyes and reached for the remote controller, ready to un mute the television Thomas so masterfully muted before. “Nononono, no TV.”

“But why?” Newt whined and Thomas had an urge to just throw the small velvet box at him and shout: **cuz of this, you immense prick!** But he took a deep breath instead to calm himself down and caught Newt’s hand, taking the remote away from him.

“Pretend for 5 minutes to be a sap who wants to hear his equally sappy boyfriend out, yeah?” he begged and Newt snorted, but nodded anyway. “Thank you.”

“You should, there are Mythbusters on.”

Thomas sighed, exasperated, but refused to give up. So he reached under the pillow, searching for the box and… found none.

“What the-,”

“Searching for this, Casanova?” Newt smirked, and when Thomas looked at him in confusion, he immediately spotted the little box in his hand, and a smug smile playing on his lips.

“How did you-!”

“I saw ya, you big sap,” Newt poked him to his shoulders and dropped the box to Thomas’ lap. “Was wondering what face would you make if it wasn’t there.”

“Oh my god,” Thomas groaned, the whole scene shattered. “That’s… so lame!”

“Nah,” Newt ran his fingers through Thomas’ hair and kissed his forehead. “It’s actually funny. So?”

“So it’s just terrible anticlimactic, but I want to marry you and you already know, and you’re making that face again, and…” Thomas took a deep breath, looking into Newt’s eyes. “… will
“Yep,” Newt grinned and Thomas couldn’t stop another groan.

“Yep?” he repeated. “That’s just…”

“I’ll marry you, you tit, now gimme a kiss and stop grumbling!”

And Thomas did. Even though he dreamed it would be totally different, this was actually pretty cool too.
"Please Tommy, please... Kiss me."

There were many kinds of requests Thomas got during his life. Some were annoying, some were nice. But none of them was so unbelievably sweet and hot at the same time, and Thomas’ thoughts couldn’t even quite catch with his body, because before he even realized, he was pulling Newt towards him and mashing their mouths together in a hungry kiss.

What made Newt openly beg like this Thomas wasn’t sure. And at that moment he didn’t even wanted to know, because all he could think about was the heat coming from the lean body, hands that were gripping him close as if he was afraid Thomas would leave if he let go. There were pliant lips and curious tongue, and so much searing hotness Thomas’ brain almost short-circuited, until someone cleared their throat loudly.

“Guys, don’t want to spoil your fun, but you’re still in a centre of the shopping mall and kids are starting to ask things…”
Anonymous said:
"Who the fuck are you?" "Who the fuck are you?" "I asked you first." "I asked you second."

"Who the fuck are you?"
"Who the fuck are you?"
"I asked you first."
"I asked you second."

“You seriously think this is how Tybalt and Romeo met?” Minho sighed, staring at the two boys who were apparently ready to kick each other’s butt soon.

“He started it,” Gally opposed, glaring at Thomas. “What the hell should I have said? The Fuck I’m Tybalt, nice to meet you, assbutt?”

“That would be original,” Newt chuckled from his hiding place, perched on decorations of a castle. “We should make a parody instead of the proper version.”

Minho groaned and threw the papers behind him.

“I’m done working with you all.”

“Your Romeo sucks anyway,” Gally muttered towards Thomas and Newt almost fell off the castle how hard he was laughing.
Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"It's so beautiful out here." "Yeah, it's just me, you, and the moon." "Hey, you two should kiss!"

"It's so beautiful out here."

"Yeah, it's just me, you, and the moon."

"Hey, you two should kiss!"

Thomas gritted his teeth and glared at Minho, who was grinning widely at them from distance with his phone up.

“How’s possible his timing is always this good?” Newt stared at the black haired boy as well. “It’s like he has some kind of radar…”

“Japanese has all kind of stuff in their blood,” Thomas mumbled, grouchy, and Newt chuckled.

“Minho is Korean, you tit,” he nudged him with his shoulder. “And he was right by the way.”

“Right?”

“We definitely should kiss,” Newt smiled softly and Thomas’ heart almost stopped at it. He immediately reached for Newt’s cheek, caressing it gently.

“Just so you know,” he whispered to Newt’s lips. “All fucking school will know about this tomorrow.”

“Cool,” Newt replied playfully. “It was time for them to talk about something else than your faceplanting on the yard anyway.”

“Ha-fucking-ha,” Thomas snorted, and when Newt took a breath to add another remark, he sealed his lips with his own.

In the end, that one stupid fall he had happened a year ago. No one should have talked about it already.
Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I am really special cuz there's only one of me~" he beamed drunkenly, taking another one of those tequila shots.

Part of the Strings series.

"I am really special cuz there's only one of me~," he beamed drunkenly, taking another one of those tequila shots.

“You’re really special cuz there is only you who can get drunk so easily,” Newt retorted but didn’t stop him from taking another shot. He even offered the salt from his wrist again, just because it was kinda fun, and hot at the same time. Thomas always licked it like an affectionate cat and his tongue was hot, and Newt definitely shouldn’t have been enjoying that as much as he had.

“I’m not drunk!” Thomas protested after he bit the lemon and downed the tequila with a cringe. “I’m festive!”

“No doubt about that,” Newt confirmed it with a smirk, and Thomas blinked owlishly, picking the salt.

“I want to lick the salt from your collarbone,” he informed the blond seriously.

“My collarbone?”

“Or a belly button. Your pick,” the brunet pointed at Newt’s stomach and his expression morphed into a dreamy one.

“We are in a bar, love, that’s really not something you should do in public,” Newt chuckled, but that idea appealed to him, he wouldn’t say no.

“You didn’t say no,” Thomas grinned at him, pleased, that smug little bastard.


“Cuz it’s the sickest thing I’ve ever heard,” Gally sighed from behind the bar and gave Newt an evil eye. “You either take your loverboy outside again, or I’m gonna smack you both with newspapers like two dogs in heat.”

“What, you wouldn’t enjoy the show?” Newt teased him, but didn’t really have much chance to add anything else, because Thomas abruptly stood up, took Newt’s hand, put money on the bar and dragged the blond out.

“Wise choice, boy!” Gally shouted after them and Newt couldn’t stop the laughter. It died out when Thomas pushed him against the door of the toilet stand, but that was another story entirely.
"Well, then, I was all like 'no', and then he was like, 'you are!' And then he was all like, 'No, but then you are!' And I was all like, 'I kind of am.'" Thomas explained. "So long story short he's kind of my boyfriend right now." Minho never looked so confused in his whole life.

"Man, no wonder you fail your classes with these explanation skills," the Asian eyed him suspiciously. "And here goes all my remaining hope Newt was actually teaching you math, not French."

"He can do both," Thomas grinned like a love sick idiot. "He’s great in multitasking!"

"Spare me details, buddy," Minho waved his hand. "I have enough nightmares as it is."

"Mean," the brunet chuckled. "I just wanted you to know."

"Now I know, I’ll order you a just married cake later, but now, please, let’s finish this stupid essay or my head is gonna explode, and who do you think would need to clean up all the mess?"

"It would be your head," Thomas pointed out.

"My body tends to get uncoordinated when I leave my head home, so I suppose the explosion would have the same effect," Minho rolled his eyes and tapped his fingers impatiently against the book.

“Alright, alright, essay.” Thomas sighed and grabbed his notebook as well. “At least I know I’ll get a good job kiss when we are done…”

“Shut. Up.”
Anonymous said:
"Welcome to my happy world, now get your shit and leave!" he snarled.

"Welcome to my happy world, now get your shit and leave!" he snarled.

Thomas remained standing with mouth hanging open, almost as if liquid nitrogen covered his body and froze him like a statue. He never thought of Newt being snappy – snarky, yes, of course, but not openly angry, and on top of that towards Minho from all people. It made him shocked, and also a little sad, because Minho looked equally shaken for a second, before he gathered the remaining pride around him as a shield and left the room without a second glance back.

Newt grumbled to himself for a while, until he just threw the closest thing he grabbed at the opposite wall. It was his phone, and naturally it broke to pieces.

“Fuck,” the blond hissed, but left the small device lying where it was.

“Newt…” Thomas got brave enough to say the blonde’s name, but earned only disinterested noise in return. But he still entered the room, slowly closing the door behind him, and sat down on the bed, next to the blond.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No,” Newt bit out. “Why don’t you go comfort Minho?”

“Because I want to be here,” Thomas replied calmly. It was cheesy and probably stupid, but he thought getting it out of his chest was better than playing daft.

“No one wants to be here,” Newt uttered. “So why would you be different?”

“Why not?”

“One reason,” Newt glared at him, his eyes a little red, and it hurt to see him like that.

“I like you,” Thomas shot out immediately. “A lot.”

“Liar.”

Thomas couldn’t stop the chuckle, and it made Newt to look at him suspiciously.

“Say what you want. But I’m not leaving.”

And maybe there was that tiny smile on Newt’s face that Thomas loved to bits, and that told him it was the right decision.
Chapter 72

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
'A pessimist is an optimist with experience.' Newt thought.

“A pessimist is an optimist with experience,” Newt thought. It made sense, really. Seeing everything colourful and dandy just couldn’t compete with harsh and cold reality. The person unable to realize that led a hard life, just asking for a painful downfall.

He knew that. Yet that strange naivety Thomas had in him made Newt happier, his world a little brighter, always seeing the smile that made him smile as well, probably like an idiot, but still. It wasn’t like Newt saw the world in dark shades only. But he just knew about possible dangers, and learned not to keep his hopes up too high, so the possible fall wouldn’t be as painful.

Thomas didn’t do that. He took everything high and mighty, and when it didn’t work out, he just laughed it off and moved on.

So, if the pessimist was an optimist with experience, what was an optimist? The forever child? Never ending happiness?

“You look so thoughtful,” Thomas’ voice flooded his thoughts and Newt smiled, resuming the movement of his fingers through Thomas’ hair. “Something’s bothering you?”

“Not at all,” Newt assured him and leaned over, kissing him on lips gently. “My happy snowflake.”

Maybe a pessimist just needed an optimist in his life to be balanced.

He sure was.
Anonymous said:
"My best mate somehow fucked up my TV and tonight is the season premiere of this show I really, really like and no livestream will work on my computer so will you please let me watch it on your TV I promise I’ll go back to my flat once it’s over" he blurted out in one breath. The blond looked confused at first but then he chuckled a little gesturing for Thomas to go inside.

"My best mate somehow fucked up my TV and tonight is the season premiere of this show I really, really like and no livestream will work on my computer so will you please let me watch it on your TV I promise I’ll go back to my flat once it’s over," he blurted out in one breath. The blond looked confused at first but then he chuckled a little gesturing for Thomas to go inside.

The flat was about the same size as theirs, only cosier, and somewhat warmer. There was a huge, comfortable couch in the middle of the living room, and a nice wide TV, glowing to the darkness.

The blond circled the couch, picking up clothes dropped on it, and threw somewhere in the bathroom (or at least Thomas thought it was the bathroom, it was located almost the same as in their flat).

“Sorry for the mess,” he apologized while gesturing towards the couch. “Didn’t really expect anyone over.”

“Sorry for bothering you,” Thomas took a seat, looking around out of curiosity, until the boy sat next to him, handing him a remote control.

“So what is it?” he asked, nodding towards the TV. He was kinda pretty, this guy. He had blond hair, but also deep brown eyes. Thomas thought it was a strange, but complimenting combination, like a test that could have been mass produced anytime.

“Oh,” he let out when the man cleared his throat, probably because Thomas was staring too long. “Oh, yeah, new season of Grimm.”

“Oh,” the blond blinked. “Never heard of it.”

“You never heard of Grimm?” now Thomas got interested. It was usually a time for him to go on a rant about how good it was, and the reason why was the best idea to watch it.

“Like the guy who wrote fairy tales?” the blond offered, a little lost, and Thomas grinned.

Oh yeah, this was worth it.
Anonymous said:
"Do you remember what you were doing?" "I was trying to read..." he trailed of, looking at the ball rather than out of breath and oh-so-attractive blond.

"Do you remember what you were doing?"

"I was trying to read..." he trailed of, looking at the ball rather than out of breath and oh-so-attractive blond.

“Do you know your name?” the blond tried again, a genuine concern written all over his pretty face. Thomas blinked few times at the ridiculous question, but then he realized he must have looked really confused to be asked this, after he was hit by the ball square into his face.

“Thomas?” he tried, and the boy wiped blood from under Thomas’ nose, frowning a little.

“Okay, Tommy,” he watched him carefully. “How about you come with me? We will make a small trip to the infirmary; get you checked out a bit?”

“I feel fine,” Thomas opposed, even though his head felt a little dizzy. There was strange ringing in his right ear as well.

“I’d feel fine as well if you came with me there, hm?” the blond suggested again. “Do it for me, will ya?”

“Okay,” Thomas nodded and the ground waved a bit, making him a little unfocused. It was a pity, because the blond was really nice to look at. “You’re really pretty.”

“You’re really going to regret saying that later,” the boy smirked at him – or was it a smirk? He couldn’t say for sure. “Come on, hold onto me.”

“No hardship.” Thomas swung his arm around the blonde’s shoulders, letting him prop him up. The ground shook a bit. Or did he shake?

“Wow there, steady,” the blond gripped him firmer around his waist.

“I’d go steady with you anytime,” Thomas blurted – why did he say that? Well, why not.

“Let’s discuss this after we will get you patched up, how about that,” the boy winked at him and Thomas felt his lips widening in a stupid smile.

“Deal!”

He fainted in the middle of the way.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"That’s beyond your skill level." he snorted.

"That’s beyond your skill level," he snorted. Newt gave him an annoyed look, but kept his mouth shut.

Beyond his skill level. What did he think it was? A game? A *skill level*. It was just a stupid math problem, not a bloody RPG or whatever this moron thought.

Sometimes Newt really couldn’t understand Minho’s friends. He would understand Teresa or Brenda, they were at least cute. But Thomas? It was like a hyperactive hamster without a proper brain. If Minho was a girl, he would say he got swayed by this guy’s big brown eyes and pretty smile. But Minho definitely didn’t fancy those types, and yet here Thomas was, sitting with them every day, making smart (aka absolutely idiotic) remarks, and today he just killed it.

Newt gave up. He was *not* going to comment it anymore, just to get insulted in another different “nerdy” way about a bloody skill level.

“No comeback?” Thomas sounded surprised and Newt bit his tongue, staring into his paper stubbornly. He was not. Going to. Comment. Or talk. To this. Huge. Colossal. Idiot. “Aren’t you sick? You feel alright?”

*Not. Going to. Say. A bloody thing!*

“Minho, I think he’s broken.”

“Nah,” Minho reacted with a shrug. “He’s just absolutely done with you.”

“Aww,” Thomas cooed, and it was the worst sound out of everything Newt ever heard. It made him want to punch him. With a chair. Repeatedly. “Hey Newt. Hey. Don’t be mad.”

He even had the nerve to reach above Minho and actually ruffle Newt’s hair, and that was the last thing that made Newt snap.

“Will ya shut your bloody trap already!” he barked at him with a deadly glare, ready to use his pen if needed, even if he was going to be framed for stupid murder. The world would be a better place anyway, it would be like contribution for society, getting rid of this much stupid Thomas represented.

“Oh good, he talks again,” the brunet grinned, that bloody loon, and sat back on his place, looking annoyingly pleased with himself. “Was afraid you swallowed your tongue or somethin’.”

“Allright, that’s enough,” Newt bit out and stood up, taking his bag and the notebook. “My IQ drops drastically just listening to your bloody voice.”

“Aww, you say the sweetest things,” Thomas smiled happily, and Newt had to hold himself by his
sheer will not to pounce him and punch the living shit out of him.

“Keep him away from me,” he hissed at Minho, his eyes screaming murder, and Minho just snorted:

“Whatever you say, lovebird.”

Newt didn’t have the strength to comment on it, so he just left the desk and found another free spot, far from those two dorks.

“Noo, come back, Newtie!” he heard Thomas whine, and then a mass of giggling followed, and that was the moment Newt decided he bloody hated this guy.

If he only knew…
Chapter 76

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I’m trying to avoid socializing and I'm counting the hours until it’s acceptable to leave, but now you've come over all cheerful and happy and started talking to me and now i can’t escape!" Newt hissed in a quiet voice.

"I’m trying to avoid socializing and I'm counting the hours until it’s acceptable to leave, but now you've come over all cheerful and happy and started talking to me and now I can’t escape!” Newt hissed in a quiet voice.

“I don’t know if it’s a compliment or an insult,” Thomas blinked in confusion, holding the offered beer rather awkwardly, because Newt somehow hadn’t seemed to be happy to take it from him. Or basically anything including his presence, so the confession came as a surprise for sure.

“Take it as a plea for leaving me alone,” the blond mumbled, his expression pure unhappiness, and Thomas felt an urge to pet him like a grumpy cat, and tell him it would be fine. He was sure it would earn him something painful in return though, so he kept it for himself, taking the offered beer back.

“Ah, um… sorry,” he apologized profusely, taking a step back. “You just seemed kinda… lonely. I’m not a big fan of parties either, thought I’d at least try to get us feel a bit more at ease.”

“Wait!” Newt suddenly snatched his sleeve, pulling at it. “At least… get me out of here. If I leave with you, they won’t grumble about it.”

“Oh… sure?” Thomas blinked, and then offered his hand without thinking. It occurred to him few seconds later and thought of dissolving into a puddle of goo, or maybe digging himself a nice grave, but Newt actually took his hand in a firm grip and nodded towards the door.

His hand was warm and Thomas’ brain probably short-circuited a bit, but he still had enough of functional brain cells to actually get them out of the crowded apartment, earning curious looks in return.

“Have fun!” he heard Teresa calling after them, and Newt’s grip grew stronger, almost painfully, and Thomas quickened his pace.

They both needed to get the hell out. He only regretted Newt was going to get targeted for it the next day in school, there was no doubt. He wanted to apologize for that when they got outside the flat and into the elevator, but all words died in his throat when Newt pushed him against the wall and kissed him as if he was drowning and Thomas was his air supply.

Well. Maybe the gossip wasn’t going to be a problem after all.
"It's just... He gets under my skin, you know?" Newt mumbled staring at his half full cup of coffee, avoiding looking at Minho, not wanting to see his expression. It was already shameful as it was, talking to him about another guy. Newt was never bi-curious, not even slightly, and yet with Thomas… everything crumbled. This guy just waltzed into their lives – all of them, not just Newt – and changed everything they took as granted, absolutely fucking up their habits. The bad (or maybe the good, Newt wasn’t sure) thing was no one really minded. It was a change, a new direction, something worth checking.

Minho became very good friends with the greenie, sharing similar interests, as well as Newt did. They were a good trio, always doing stuff together. But Newt slowly realized he wanted more, felt more, and it scared him. But talking about it with anyone seemed like a bad idea – a terrible idea actually, until Teresa came to the picture.

This gal was smart and pretty. Maybe like… gorgeous. All big blue eyes and dark hair and fair skin, like those fairy tale princesses imprisoned in the castle, waiting for their Prince Charming. And she was there, right there, with Thomas, smiling prettily at him, and earning smiles in return, and the longer Newt watched, the more he was falling into deeper and deeper shit, until he reached the bottom and needed to let it out of his chest.

So there was Minho now, sitting with him in the café, listening to his rambling, and not saying a word. It was a bad sign, Newt was aware. But looking at him, and seeing the disgust in there, or god forbid pity, that was something Newt hadn’t had the strength for.

“Well,” Minho finally spoke up. “What else is new?”

“What?” Newt raised his head, seeing Minho having that fed up expression he often adopted when someone seriously amazed him with their stupidity.

“You think I hadn’t noticed your heart eyes? Geez,” the Asian sighed, toying with his spoon. “Only someone without eyes would miss that. I’m pretty sure even Thomas knows, and he’s not the brightest at some points.”

“What do you mean he knows?” Newt’s eyes widened, a panic flooded his veins. It was not something he wanted him to know, not now, he wasn’t ready.

“Well, if someone watched me like you watch him, I’d be sure as hell aware of it,” Minho waved his hand. “Not to mention your stupid smiles. Just tell him.”

“I can’t tell him!”

“Yes you can,” Minho rolled his eyes. “You get either yes or no. End of your dilemma, and your
torture.”

“He’s with Teresa anyway,” Newt avoided his eyes and Minho sighed.

“Possibly,” he admitted. “You know why? Cuz she had the balls to ask him out. Something you’re apparently missing.”

“Geez, Minho,” Newt glared at him unhappily, but the Asian was looking annoyed already.

“Look, buddy. I get you’re conflicted about this shit, but really. Man up,” he said with a serious tone. “It’s painful to watch. And it doesn’t suit you as well.”

Newt wondered if Minho had an idea how difficult was to man up in this situation, but he kept his mouth shut and nodded silently.

He was screwed anyway.
Anonymous said:  
"The snow always reminds me of you." Newt said giving Thomas a sweet smile, maybe even too sweet. "Because it’s pretty?" "Because it’s cold and always in my damn way."

A lil continuation of the chapter 75 :)  

"The snow always reminds me of you," Newt said giving Thomas a sweet smile, maybe even too sweet.  
"Because it’s pretty?"  
"Because it’s cold and always in my damn way."  

"Ouch," Thomas voiced out, barking out a little laugh. “That was little uncalled for.”  

“On the contrary,” Newt turned away from him, returning to his book. “You had it coming for some time already.”  

“Fine, I give up,” Thomas sighed, raising his hands in defeat. “What’s the deal? What exactly is that irks you so much about me?”  

Newt glanced back at him, one eyebrow raised in a silent question.  

“Nothing about you. Just you. As a whole,” he responded coldly, adding a sneer to the mix, and Thomas wondered how exactly this person could be the same sunshine he was seeing smiling at Minho, or Gally, or basically anyone else, except Thomas. It was as if someone turned the page every time Thomas got to the close vicinity, or flicked a switch inside of him – he turned darker and antagonistic, and lately literally hostile.  

Yes, Thomas knew he had been teasing him the whole time. But it was an automatic reaction – when someone was grumpy for no reason, he tended to drag him out of his shell with remarks that irked them, making them snap and reveal themselves. It usually worked like a charm, one initial argument and the barriers fell. Thomas was a friendly guy, he had his way to get along with everyone.  

With Newt… he just couldn’t find the right angle. He tried to be nice at first. It failed. He tried to nag him – it backfired. Sweet – denied. Mean – frowned upon. There was no way he could approach him without the unhappy look or a literal animosity.  

“I see,” Thomas mumbled.  

“I’m happy you do,” Newt shot back, getting back to his reading. “Now go play somewhere else. Stop bothering me.”  

Thomas found himself out of the room before his mind caught with his body.
It felt a little hollow.
"Don’t talk to me about trust, like I don’t know what I’m missing out on," Newt growled "I know what happens when you trust!"

"You become a normal human being, that’s what happens,” Thomas barked back. “But if you feel like pretending being alone is your calling, then by all fucking means.”

“Well aren’t you all Freud,” Newt rolled his eyes, trying to keep as calm as possible. Of course Thomas had to be his naggy self, not leaving him bloody alone. He just didn’t understand what no meant, or basically any form of negative response Newt let out of his mouth, and even had the nerve to give him a bloody moral speech about trust.

“Just with a common sense,’’ Thomas bit out. “Which you apparently missing.”

“If it means having your opinions, thank god I do,” Newt shot back, and it seemingly made Thomas to lose it. Suddenly Newt found himself pushed against the door, his back painfully connecting with the unforgiving surface, and with Thomas hovering above him like a menacing shadow, eyes fiery and angry.

“Give me one fucking reason you treat me like garbage,” he hissed at the blond, hands balled into fists. “I have done nothing to antagonize you, what the fuck is wrong with you? Do you have a territory problem? Are you fucking jealous Minho is talking to other people as well? Or what’s your fucking game?!”

“Don’t fancy yourself, greenie,” Newt said back, mustering all his zen to deliver it calmly. He couldn’t deny it shaken him a little, a sudden overpowering strength coming in waves from Thomas dulled his receptors for a second. It was strangely dangerous and dominant, and even though Newt didn’t think he would hit him or anything, he hadn’t seem to be the type, it still shut down the hostile side of him in a careful prison, to defend himself from the sudden wrath. “You and Minho can marry each other for what I care.”

“This is not fair,” Thomas grumbled. “It’s not fair you hold a grudge for something I hadn’t even done. Why?”

“There is no bloody reason, just drop it and let me be,” Newt nudged him to get away, but Thomas hadn’t budged an inch.

“You’re nice to everyone else,” Thomas continued, his voice dropping low, almost growly. “You’re smiling at everyone else. So what have I done I’m an exception?”

“What?” Newt blinked, staring at the focused face in front of him, all unhappy and conflicted.
“This is why you act like ten years old? Because I don’t smile at you?”

“You know what I mean,” Thomas replied gruffly, and Newt couldn’t help but stare.

“No, I don’t know what you bloody mean,” he nudged him again; this time stronger, and it made Thomas move a little, but not enough. “People aren’t the same, you tit! Some just happens not to like other people; they just don’t tick right to them! You don’t tick right with me, and that’s the end of the story. Now let me go!”

“Then try!” Thomas demanded. “I’m not fucking asking you about a love confession, just… a normal human conversation!”

“Oh?”

“A hello, and good bye. If I ask a question, you answer it shortly, but at least answer without trying to kill me! You don’t need to keep it nice, but make it at least civil,” the brunet suggested and finally, finally letting Newt go. “Is that too much to ask?”

“You’re weird,” Newt breathed out, not really understanding a point of such request. It was pointless, and stupid. He just wanted to be left alone, not deal with this idiocy. So why pretend?

“Just try,” Thomas repeated, and there was something strange and vulnerable in his tone, and Newt hated it. It made him agitated and itchy.

“Fine,” he waved his hand. “Have it your way, Tommy. Goodbye.”

“See you tomorrow,” Thomas replied, his features a little lighter and it made Newt groan internally, and roll his eyes.

Well, it was a start.
Anonymous said:
Minho chuckled. "Let’s get one thing straight; you’re not straight."

Continuation of chapter 75, 78 and 79 ;)

Minho chuckled: "Let’s get one thing straight; you’re not straight."

“Excuse me?” Thomas raised his head, looking at Minho in an honest confusion.

“Well, at least not only straight,” Minho pointed out. “I’m not saying you wouldn’t bang a girl too.”

“What are you talking about?” the brunet stared at him in shock. “I’m bi? Since when? Why no one told me?”

“I dunno, had Newt told you?” Minho shrugged, and his grin was making Thomas nervous. There was some terrible punchline coming, he could sense it.

“I don’t know if you hadn’t notice, but Newt’s mostly telling me to fuck off,” he pointed out rather grudgingly. Even though their interactions got a little better since the talk in the dressing room, Newt actually filled his part of a bargain and every morning told him hello, even though it sounded like please die. He was even able to answer simple, non-threatening questions with one or two worded responses, and even though it still felt unfriendly, it was a progress, and Thomas could feel a little better.

“Oh yeah, I noticed he has an undying love burning for you,” Minho snickered, patting Thomas’ shoulder. “But man, I also noticed how you’re trying to get his attention all the time.”

“I just want to understand why he’s so hostile to me, while others are fine,” Thomas grumbled.

“Does it have to include your worshipping starry eyes?”

“Very funny,” Thomas pushed the Asian away, frowning to himself.

“Is it? I dunno. Just want to express my condolences for picking such a fort to siege when it comes to dating.” Minho responded happily. “He is not insurmountable, but man, there is a loooong road ahead of you.”

“What are you talking about?” Thomas gave him an evil look. “Just because I want us to be friends doesn’t mean I want to fuck him senseless?”

“I didn’t say anything about fucking,” Minho opposed. “I said dating.”

“And how is dating included in trying to befriend him?” Thomas glared, Minho’s remarks were sharp like needles.
“Well, it’s a good start,” Minho offered. “But hey, we’re friends and you’re not making a heart eyes on me, so think about it.”

Thomas only groused more.
Chapter 81

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"They don’t know about me? What am I, the illegitimate child you had with your high school sweetheart when you told your wife you were on a business trip? For Christ’s sake, I’m your fiancée!"

"They don’t know about me? What am I, the illegitimate child you had with your high school sweetheart when you told your wife you were on a business trip? For Christ’s sake, I’m your fiancée!"

“I know, I know, please lower your voice,” Thomas hissed, pulling Newt behind the door, closing it carefully behind them. “It’s complicated!”


“Sort of…?” Thomas cringed at it and Newt’s face got darker. “I just didn’t have a chance to tell them, that’s all!”

“Amazing,” the blond growled. “Just so bloody precious. You’re such a moron, I don’t even understand why the fuck I agreed on that stupid engagement in the first place-,”

“Newt-,”

“Don’t Newt me! So what, are you afraid to tell them you get it on with guys better than girls? Or is it that I’m not presentable enough? Or what’s your bloody problem?”

“It’s not a problem,” Thomas tried to pull the blond closer, but got a hard shove back in return. “They just don’t know, it’s nothing important-,”

“What!”

“I didn’t mean the engagement!” Thomas quickly added, a horror of the badly formulated sentence quickly unfolding. “I mean that their not knowing yet isn’t an issue.”

“It is an issue for me,” Newt grumbled, and avoided another attempt of a touch from Thomas. “So you ether deal with this mess. Or I’m telling them myself.”

Without a wait for Thomas’ response he opened the door and left the room, only to almost crash into Thomas’ mother holding two mugs with tea, looking surprised by such stormy exit.

“Oh, you okay, dearie?” she immediately asked, giving him one of the steaming mugs. “I made you tea; you looked like you need some warming up, since Thomas is doing such a bad job at it.”

“Wha-,” Thomas’ voice got silenced with his mother’s knowing wink, before she focused back at dumbfounded Newt in front of her.
“Is he sleeping on the couch today or his room is sufficient for both of you?”

Newt almost spilled tea with how hard he laughed.
Chapter 82

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Love is a strong word…" "That’s why I used it."

(Sorry, this one was just a poor attempt of Thominho ^_^)

"Love is a strong word…"

"That’s why I used it."

“You can’t be serious,” Thomas shook his head, trying to get rid of the unpleasant ache that settled on him this morning. Thinking about this topic now made it only worse. Teresa kept on looking at him, her expression somewhat intense, and it just didn’t suit her.

“Thomas, it’s obvious, how can you be so blind?” she insisted, her voice getting louder. “He has that kicked puppy look every time you step in the room!”

“I’d have noticed,” the brunet refused, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Of course I know he likes me, we know each other forever. I like him too, a lot. He’s my best friend, but-.”

“He wants to be more, you know,” she pointed out. “Shutting the possibility down only because he’s your best friend is stupid.”

“It’s not Minho’s style to keep quiet about it anyway,” Thomas mumbled. “If there was something like that, he would kick me off the bed in the morning, tell me without a flinch and then act like nothing happened, leaving me to deal with it.”

“Maybe he’s not ready himself?” she offered, making Thomas sigh.

“Let me put it this way,” he glanced at her, already slightly annoyed. “Don’t try to solve it for us. If there is anything, we’ll deal by ourselves. Got it?”

“Fine,” she grumbled. “But don’t come crying to me when it comes bite you in the ass.”

Thomas only shushed at her, took the bowl with popcorn and returned to the living room.

“Finally, have you been growing the corn there first or what?” Minho immediately shot at him with a grin and Thomas flipped him off with a laugh.

Minho in love with him? Yeah right.

Right…
Chapter 83

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
“This is hardly romantic” he snorted.

“This is hardly romantic,” he snorted.

“What? It is!” Thomas protested, pointing at the shining city under them. “See? It’s perfect!”

“It would be if I was fourteen,” Newt informed him with amusement. “With cotton candy and all.”

“You can still get cotton candy,” Thomas protested.

“We are kinda high in the sky for that,” Newt smirked, looking down again, making the cabin move a little. “A Ferris wheel, really. Are you a kid?”

“I always thought it’s cute…” Thomas shrugged, not feeling so hot about it now. He had it all planned, he really did. It was a small thing, but he thought it was really romantic, taking his boyfriend up to the Ferris Wheel, watch the dark sky and blinking lights with him, hugging him close, then kissing him softly, maybe…

But yeah. Newt wasn’t really a romantic type. Sometimes Thomas tended to forgot about it. He tried not to act disappointed though, it wasn’t the end of the world. The pang of it still ached in his chest though.

The cabin moved again when Newt changed seats and dropped next to Thomas, slinging an arm around his shoulders, kissing his cheek gently.

“It is cute,” he whispered to Thomas’ ear softly. “Thank you, love.”
"Filling his entire door with post-it notes is hardly being subtle," Minho chuckled.

“I haven’t left my fingerprints, it means nothing,” Thomas opposed, but the corners of his mouth were twitching upwards.

“You think he won’t know it was you?” Minho gave him a doubtful look, tapping on his phone and then showing it to Thomas. It had a photo of Newt’s front door sent via a text from the concrete blond, and under it a caption: I WILL KILL THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

“I’m screwed,” Thomas breathed out, his eyes going wide.

“You must save me!” Thomas turned to his friend with pleading eyes. “I fucked up!”

“We all know you did,” Minho shrugged.

“Minho!” Thomas whined. “Minho, pleaaase. You know he hates my guts, this will get him back on the start, I can’t take it!”

“So why the dick pic?” Minho pointed out. “You knew it would piss him off.”

“I thought he would laugh!”

“You’re hopeless,” Minho sighed. “You owe me a big time for this, buddy. Just so you know.”

“Saviour,” Thomas beamed, his heart almost jumping off his chest with the wild pace. The fact Newt would get back to hateful glares and poisonous talk scared him shitless – especially now, when they actually were able to communicate without offending the other. Mostly.

The moral of the story was simple – drawn dick wasn’t funny. At least not to Newt.
Chapter 85

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"What if they don’t like me?" he said his hand making it's way to his tie for what it felt like for the millionth time in the last hour. "Then we’ll kill them."

"What if they don’t like me?" he said his hand making its way to his tie for what it felt like for the millionth time in the last hour.

"Then we’ll kill them."

“You have some wicked sense of humour, Newt,” Thomas grumbled and Newt batted his hand away from the tie.

“What, you’ll share this opinion once you meet my sister, bet on it,” he smirked at the brunet and Thomas’ jaw dropped.

“You have a sister?!”

“Yeah, haven’t I told you?” the blond raised an eyebrow, but Thomas noted the mischievous glint in his eyes, and pushed into Newt’s shoulder with a frown.

“Not funny, you smartass,” he grumbled, touching the tie again, just for the good measure, but Newt suddenly caught it before him and pulled him forward, until they bodies mashed together.

“What-mpfh-mmmm.”

“Every time you freak out,” Newt whispered to his lips, dropping small, gentle kisses at the corners of Thomas’ mouth, then his lower lip and then upper. “I’ll do this.”

“Even in front of your parents?” Thomas replied breathlessly, his eyes glued to Newt’s smirking lips.


“Sounds like you’d be the main dish though,” Thomas barked out a laugh and Newt hummed in response, diving again.

Thomas considered freaking out more often.
My Dearest Enemy - 6

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"His face was white as marble and his eyes sunken and empty."

Continuation of My Dearest Enemy mini-saga :)

"His face was white as marble and his eyes sunken and empty."

„If that’s how your boyfriend looks like, I’m kinda afraid,“ Thomas commented, making Brenda grumble something incoherent.

“Can you stop commenting my work?” she asked him with a frown. “You’re really annoying.”

“I can’t help it, it’s like Twillight all over again,” he grinned at her. “Does he also sparkle?”

He couldn’t really say anything more, because suddenly there was glitter everywhere, snowing down at him without mercy, and Brenda was laughing like crazy and Thomas sneezed and it came out all glittery and colourful.

“Well, now this is some Twillight shit,” he heard Newt’s voice behind him, and before he could turn around, a hand ruffled his hair, sending the rest of the glitter everywhere. “Hello, Sparkle.”

The blond circled him, holding an empty can of glitter, smirking smugly.

“Thank you!” Brenda gave him a high five. “He had been trying to sabotage my work the whole lesson!”

“I’m not sabotaging!” Thomas squeaked in defence, trying to get rid of the sparkly stuff from his shirt – without success. Damn Newt and his sense of revenge, really. “Was this really necessary?”

“It looks good on ya,” the blond shrugged, clearly having a ball with it. “All manly and stuff.”

“Fuck you too,” Thomas grumbled, sneezing again, sending Brenda into another laughing fit.

“Aw, but I thought we are playing it nice now?” Newt mocked him unmercifully. “What’s with that ugly language?”

“You give me a bath and I’ll consider being nice again,” Thomas fumed and Newt’s face went through several changes until it settled on a wicked smile.

“So no bath, no need to be civil with ya?” he smeared the glitter off Thomas’ cheek, his touch burning, and somewhat sending a dangerous streak down Thomas’ spine. “Because I’m totally up to it.”

“The bath?” Thomas tried, who knew why, maybe he just hated his life, and Newt rolled his eyes as expected.

“Seeing you naked would give me a trauma for the rest of my life, so no. Thank you. Don’t want to
go blind this young,” he uttered with a sneer and Thomas cringed internally. He just couldn’t keep his mouth shut when it mattered, could he. Sending Newt back into this insulting phase, which was really something he didn’t want to happen. And yet, voila.

“He actually has a nice body,” Brenda added to the conversation casually. “I really like his treasure tr-,”

“Yeah, thank you for your input, now shut the hell up,” Thomas covered her mouth in one swift movement, and she only shrugged, so he let go again.

“Only telling the truth,” she responded without care. Thomas wanted to add something, but seeing Newt by the corner of his eye going all disgruntled, he thought better of it and rather left it unanswered.

“An information I was not asking for,” the blond bit out, turned around and left them to it. Thomas wanted to go sit in the corner and weep.
“Make me,” he purred. Thomas wasn’t afraid to say that it was the moment his last ounce of self-control crumbled in a heap of unimportant trash. He shoved the infuriating boy against the wall hard, probably knocking the air out of him, and immediately followed, latching his mouth on his neck and sucking, biting, marking this unimaginable being that could make him so angry too easily.

The anger wasn’t enough now though, it was just a tiny, almost invisible piece of everything that coursed through his body. There was hunger now, need and desire, and he just wanted to own this person, to possess him, to make him obsessed with him. He And if it meant to play it rough now, to show he was not fooling around, but he really wanted it, so be it. If it could have been done only by breaking the shell, tearing apart the walls that kept them apart, he was ready to invest everything in it.

He wondered if Newt was aware. If he knew he was in danger now, that this was the last jab he ever made for Thomas to tolerate, if he really understood what he unleashed with those two simple words.

Make me.

Because Thomas was more than ready, he was basically striving for it, he needed the contact, and he refused to let the blond go again, ever again. So he pushed him stronger against the wall and bit deeper, and then kissed the air out of his pretty mouth, and repeated it as long as it was needed for Newt to gasp and writhe and beg him for more.

With his eyes darkened and lips red and swollen, and moans filling the air, all the pleas were the best thing Thomas had ever heard, and he touched him more, pressed him against the wall stronger, and earned even more primal noises, pushing into him, thrusting in earnest, and Newt kept on repeating his name, breathing out curses and held on as if his life depended on it. And here it was the amazing feeling of connection, the warmth and shared pleasure, and Thomas couldn’t stop himself from kissing him more and wanting him forever, and it Newt wanted him too and he whispered into his ear sweet nothings, then bit his ear and said-

“Wake up you lazy ass or we are going to be late for school!”

Thomas jerked awake, almost falling off the bed, and earned honest laugh from Teresa, who was standing in his room already fully clothed.

“Now that’s some nice wake up call, eh?” she smirked at him smugly and threw his jeans at him. “Get dressed. Your jerk friends are waiting outside for you for at least 15 minutes already.”
Thomas didn’t have any strength to tell her something nasty. He felt like a truck hit him, and Teresa gave him a curious look.

“You were trashing like crazy by the way. You are welcome,” she noted. “Since I woke you up from a nightmare.”

“You’re a nightmare,” he growled and that finally made her leave. Even though laughing like crazy.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You’re like a disease" he said rolling his eyes.

(This is for the ask for alpha/omega verse)

"You’re like a disease," he said, rolling his eyes.

“Sweet talker,” Thomas said, tucking the shirt behind the waistband of his jeans. “You know how to make someone hot.”

“If it means you’ll self-ignite, I can sweet talk you until tomorrow,” the blond growled at him and Thomas’ lips widened in a pleased smile.

“Stop being so damn cute, Newt-,”

“It’s Newton!”

“Newt. Or I’m never going to leave,” Thomas ignored him, grabbing his jacket from the ground. It had its back clawed and ripped apart. Useless now.

The blond opened his mouth again, but then thought the best of it and stayed quiet sulkily. Thomas couldn’t help himself, this little puppy was so adorable he wanted to eat him up.

He threw the ruined jacket aside and crawled onto the bed once more, making Newt draw back to escape the sudden proximity.

“Join my pack,” Thomas whispered, nosing the fidgety boy. “I’ll protect you, just c’mon.”

“No,” Newt hissed in response. “I already told you no before and it won’t change.”

“I know you want me,” Thomas countered, and the rich smell of arousal doubled its intensity. It was mixed with a not a little amount of self-loathing, no doubt about that, but it got beaten over and Thomas decided to ignore that negative part, just because he could.

“That doesn’t mean I want you as my alpha,” the blond uttered. “Now get out of my house.”

“How cold,” Thomas smiled sweetly. “What do I need to do for you to change your mind?”

“Leave,” Newt said and then a hard shove landed and Thomas toppled over and fell on the floor. He remained sitting there with a sigh.

“Fine,” he mumbled after. “But I’ll be back.”

“God have mercy,” Newt grumbled in response and turned his back to the man, successfully ending the conversation.

*Stubborn pup.*
Anonymous said:
"You’re not alone. I don’t mean that in a sentimental way, I mean you’re being watched."

"You’re not alone. I don’t mean that in a sentimental way, I mean you’re being watched."

“That’s… not creepy at all,” Thomas mumbled, staring at his clasped hands. How did this even happen to him? He went for lunch, he sat down, and opened his lap top to work on his essay while at it, and suddenly there was this blond boy, sitting next to him with an enigmatic smile and all the kind of questions he couldn’t really answer, and suddenly this?

“I’m sorry I can’t help you more,” the blond said apologetically. “But this has to suffice for now.”

“So who’s watching me?” Thomas refused to let it go, and the boy sighed, gesturing vaguely around.

“People.”

“Right.”

“I mean our people. Also their people. Every move you make,” the blond added.

“And suddenly you’re here, talking to me? Isn’t that somehow against the rules or something?” Thomas questioned him.

“I just got fed up with only watching,” the foreign boy replied, smiling a little. “You’re intriguing, I wanted to know you better.”

“So now it’s a date?” Thomas raised an eyebrow and the blond chuckled, shaking his head.

“Now it’s just me finally meeting you in person.”

“Because…”

“Because I’m the one watching over you,” the boy said, tilting his head curiously. “Unless you don’t want me to?”

“I… what’s your name?” Thomas couldn’t really say what he wanted to ask before, so he just went with the flow. All the things that kept on happening to him lately – it had to be something bigger. Maybe this guy would be able to explain if he lets him?

“Call me Newt,” the boy smiled again. “Tommy.”

So Thomas did.

He didn’t regret that choice.
Newt grabbed his arm.

"Wait!" He called.

“He’s getting away!” Thomas shouted in response, trying to jerk away from the hold, but Newt had surprisingly lots of strength stashed away and his grip didn’t budge.

“And what are you planning to do? Kill the guy?!”

“Yes!” the brunet growled, turning around to face the blond, his face distorted into an angry scowl. Newt’s eyes raked over his features, but there was no fear in his eyes, only defiance Thomas didn’t like.

“And what do you think you’ll gain by taking a life? Blood on your hands,” Newt said firmly, his voice like steel. “Neither of us needs that. Let him go.”

“He made you suffer!” Thomas tried again to get away but a violent movement of his arm earned him only a painful squeeze in return and a flash of anger in those brown eyes.

“Years ago!” the blond barked back. “Now calm down!”

There was something in the tone Thomas felt like obeying, and his body suddenly lost its momentum and power to run after the criminal. He let the tenseness seep away and his shoulders dropped in defeat.

“I want you to be safe…” he whispered only. The hand on his arm eased away until there was no contact, and Newt just stood there, looking tired.

“Then stay with me,” he mumbled back. “That’s all I need to be safe.”

Thomas clenched and unclenched his fists in order to gain some inner equilibrium, but it was useless. There was still something burning inside of him that wanted out and-

-a sudden touch on his cheek cut the thread in half and he forgot everything.

“Tommy,” Newt said quietly. “Stay with me.”

It meant the world. He could only obey.
Chapter 91

Anonymous said:
Just an idea, if you like it: "Thomas was definitely the Alpha male in their relationship and he had a good way of showing it."

Thomas was definitely the Alpha male in their relationship and he had a good way of showing it. It wasn’t just the way he controlled the flow of the relationship, how he kept Newt to himself and made it well known, or how he utterly dominated the events in the bedroom. It was mainly the fact he made Newt not minding it.

Newt was never a person who let people control him. He stood his ground and he had his own opinions. But since Thomas barged into his life, there was a mightier shadow, stronger presence, something Newt felt he had to obey. Not because had to, or because he was scared.

Because he wanted to. He desired to.

“You okay?” Thomas’ voice flooded his mind, and he couldn’t stop the moan coming up his throat when the brunet moved just right, making him almost see stars.

“F-ine,” he breathed out, reaching for his lover and hugging him tightly.

“You looked like you weren’t even here,” Thomas kissed his ear and thrust again, making Newt gasp and squeeze him tighter.

“I’m always h-here,” the blond panted, angling his hips a little sharper, and hummed in contentment.

“Always?” Thomas teased him, his lips widening in a cheeky smile, and that was it, what Newt loved so, so much. It made him breathless and dizzy, but also absolutely deliriously happy he just couldn’t put it onto words, so he kissed Thomas instead and tried to pour everything he felt into it.

And since Thomas completely stilled and then basically melted into the contact, Newt was almost sure it had been a success.
Anonymous said:
Freezing water poured over Newt's head, and soon, it ran down his body. He had just
realised he opened the door so carelessly, he got pranked on.

Freezing water poured over Newt's head, and soon, it ran down his body. He had just realised he
opened the door so carelessly, he got pranked on. Not to mention the laughter that came right the
moment the water dropped, if he just wanted to think it had been a coincidence, those laughing
hyenas proved him wrong anyway.

“Shut up, morons, that’s not Gally!” Thomas’ voice shushed them unhappily, and Newt wiped the
water from his face before approaching his seat as if nothing happened. The fact he was completely
drenched couldn’t escape anyone’s notice, but he decided not to give them the satisfaction and just
sat down quietly.

“You okay, man?” the brunet was immediately at his side, handing him a towel he snatched from
who knows where (or maybe already had prepared, therefore it was him who organized the prank).
“I’m sorry, it was meant for-,”

“Gally, yeah,” Newt said with a shrug. “I probably saved you a beating then. You’re welcome.”

“I’m really sorry,” Thomas had the nerve to look ashamed, and Newt sighed, taking the towel. “Let
me make it up to you.”

“Sure,” the blond uttered. “You can start by lending me your hoodie.”

“I-yeah, sorry, sure,” the brunet quickly stripped the garment, smoothing it a bit and then handing
it to the blond delicately. “Here. Really sorry.”

“Thanks,” Newt mumbled, shedding his own hoodie and replacing it with the red one from his
classmate. It was warm and comfortable, and it made him forgive the boy a bit. Thomas watched
him carefully, something strange brewing in his eyes, and then tapped on Newt’s book on his desk.

“How about we go grab lunch together after class? My treat,” he let out quickly and Newt blinked
in surprise.

“Lunch?”

“Yeah, your choice,” the brunet nodded, smiling a little. “As compensation for this.”

Newt thought about it a little, contemplated the reason Thomas could have for this, and found none
that would be offensive, so he nodded in agreement.

“Sure Tommy,” he replied. “Why not.”

Bad thing was he just felt into another trap.
Well. Maybe not as bad.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"We don’t know anyone like that." he said trying to plaster an innocent look on his face.

A little continuation of chapter 6 :)

"We don’t know anyone like that," he said, trying to plaster an innocent look on his face.

“Of course you don’t.” Newt sighed deeply, giving all three boys in front of him an exasperated look. “Look, if the kid is in trouble, I’m here to help him, alright?”

“Right,” the Asian boy snorted like he knew something. “Cuz that’s what cops usually do, right. Protect and serve.”

“That’s exactly what we’re doing,” Newt uttered, hiding his badge back to his jacket. “And it’s admirable you’re trying to protect the boy, but I already met him, and he was just stupid at that point, so that’s nothing bad. But this is not small anymore, and I want to help him.”

“He didn’t do anything wrong,” a tall, blond boy retorted defensively. “You just need a scapegoat.”

“That’s precisely what I don’t need,” Newt opposed, frowning at the trio. “Fine… never mind. Just tell Thomas he can come to me anytime. And we will deal with it.”

With that he turned around, searching in his pocket for a phone, a bad feeling creeping up on him unpleasantly, when the Asian boy stopped him.

“Wait a moment,” he said thoughtfully. “Are you Newt by any chance?”

“Yes?” Newt turned around, surprised. His ID didn’t have the nickname in it, naturally, so the boy must have known from Thomas.

“Thomas talked about you,” the black haired boy informed him with a sigh. “If anyone could help him… I guess it is you.”

“Do you know where he is?” Newt felt the surge of hope inside, and the Asian nodded, looking around and then approaching hesitantly.

“If I tell you… will you help him get out of this mess?”

“I will do everything I can for it, yes,” Newt confirmed it honestly, and that seemed to have the right effect. The boy pulled out the paper with something scribbled on it and handed it to Newt with a serious expression.

“Find him here. I hope I’m not making a colossal mistake by trusting you with this,” he mumbled unhappily and Newt took the paper with a grateful smile.
He was going to be very busy tonight.
"You've never cared before," Newt scoffed, already wanting to change the topic.

“I care now,” Thomas retorted, and he was angry already, disgruntled and he really, really needed Newt to understand this. “So let me help you.”

“No,” the blond shoved him away, his thin, lean body having a surprising strength. Well, maybe not as surprising, with him being a werewolf and all too. Sometimes Thomas forgot, he was so… human. He was snarky, he kept on pushing him away, and he was basically immune to the calling, to the sole presence of an alpha. When others crouched in a corner, hiding her faces and whimpering, Newt was able to stood his ground and maybe even kick Thomas in the shin, or a bit higher.

But his stubbornness was difficult to deal with, and sometimes impossible to try things the nice way. So Thomas kept on pushing, or pulling, trying all kind of approaches that could work on this particular creature, mostly not being successful, but at least moving forward a bit.

He didn’t hide he wanted him in his pack – he told him so many times, in a joke, in full seriousness, as an order, as an plea. Newt refused every time. He didn’t care for a pack, which was for a lone omega very unusual. Thomas was taught omega were there to obey, they had it coded in their genes, and yet Newt ‘s master was no one but him alone, and that made Thomas crazy. He never wanted anyone in his life so strongly, so desperately – and not just because the sex was great. There was his calling, his need, and he knew this blond was it, the big IT, the mate that he wanted to protect and coddle and own forever.

If he just let him.

“What’s the problem?!” Thomas tried again, his body ready to pounce, all tense and agitated.

“There is your life at stake, and you just keep this fucking stubborn attitude up like a spoiled brat!”

“How dare you calling me a spoiled brat!” Newt snarled at him, his eyes burning with fury. “You of all bloody people! All demanding and ordering around! Like I bloody care your eyes are red when you get all pissy, I didn’t ask for your presence in my bloody life! So take you sorry butt out of my house and never show your face here again!”

“You’re going to die,” Thomas hissed, just a tiny step from exploding in rage. “They ‘re going to fucking kill you!”

“Fine!” Newt shot back, gesturing wildly. “Let them! At least I’d never need to see your bloody face again!”

Everything Thomas had prepared as an argument died in his throat at this confession, and he just
remained silent and staring, absolutely numb.

“You… would rather die than…”

“Get out,” Newt growled. “Get the fuck out!”

Thomas did. He was the Alpha, the one who lead all of them. And yet a simple Omega ordered him to get the fuck out, and he fucking did, like an obedient puppy. Leaving him alone. To die.

He had never felt this empty in his life.
Chapter 95

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
(alright, so this is a quote from my favorite video game The Last Of Us, but honestly I feel like it could work for Newtmas) "Everyone that I have ever cared for has either died, or left me. Everyone- fucking except for you!"

“Everyone that I have ever cared for has either died, or left me. Everyone- fucking except for you!"

Thomas shouldn’t let that stop him. He knew it was manipulative, and honestly heart breaking, and absolutely desperate, but he was better on his own, not with this guy with a limp who couldn’t hold a gun. Years in this hell taught him better – never trust anyone if you want to survive long enough to thank yourself for it.

And yet it stopped him like a brick wall. He just ceased his departure like a guillotine cut and turned back around, looking at the pitiful blond man still remaining where he left him before. The half shattered room provided a little protection and they both knew it.

“Since when you care for me?” Thomas asked, his voice tired. “You wanted to kill me in my sleep just two days ago.”

“It was a reflex,” the blond muttered, hunching to himself to get warmer. “It… didn’t mean anything personal.”

“But now it does,” Thomas pointed out, not keen on moving – closer or further. He just stood there.

“Now it’s different,” the man responded, gesturing towards his injured ankle. “You helped me.”

“You get too easily attached,” Thomas mumbled, chiding himself the same way. Easily attached. They both did. Maybe searching for another hopeless soul to share the misery with, maybe just another body to lean on when things goes bad.

“I don’t have anyone else,” the blond said with a sigh. “Anyone else. Just you. I… don’t want to be alone anymore.”

Thomas knew *alone* was safer. Faster. More reliable.

But he was alone for so long. He just couldn’t imagine to let this man go, slowing him or not. He just couldn’t.

“Yeah,” he said, allowing himself a small smile. “Me neither.”
Chapter 96

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Newt's body was slender, actually on the edge of being slightly underweight as Thomas could clearly see the blond's ribs when he arched his back... and maybe Thomas just simply loved how flawless and soft looking the pale skin was, thus leading to an urge to touch him.

Newt's body was slender, actually on the edge of being slightly underweight as Thomas could clearly see the blonde's ribs when he arched his back... and maybe Thomas just simply loved how flawless and soft looking the pale skin was, thus leading to an urge to touch him.

When he spread his fingers on Newt's waist, noting the burning skin and lean curves, the blond sent him a pleased smile, his lips an enticing shape and colour, and Thomas wanted to kiss him, to taste, to dominate, and Newt must have known, because he lowered himself atop of the brunet, reaching for Thomas' face, his thumb gently caressing his lower lip.

“You look at me as if I was your deity,” he whispered softly, making Thomas' breath hitch in his throat at the raw truth that rang in those words.

“I look at you because you're my everything,” Thomas breathed out and pulled the blond down to him, capturing his lips in a searing kiss, and Newt let him, humming happily.

It took them some time. But they were here now. And Thomas tended to never leave.
Anonymous said:
"I can't believe you didn't tell me." The next thing Newt knew was Thomas throwing the picture of his CT scan and hugging him tightly, almost painfully, as he whispered, barely audible, sounded desperate and hurt, "I don't want you to die, Newt."

"I can't believe you didn't tell me." The next thing Newt knew was Thomas throwing the picture of his CT scan and hugging him tightly, almost painfully, as he whispered, barely audible, sounded desperate and hurt, "I don't want you to die, Newt."

“I’d probably be offended if you threw a party and celebrated it,” the blond murmured, his wicked sense of humour felt like a knife wound, and he knew he was making Thomas bleed all over, gasp for air, making everything hurt. But weeping into his bed and telling him he didn’t want to die either… that was worse. Much worse.

“Please,” Thomas hiccupped and Newt felt the warmth dropping on his shoulder, tears drenching the white hospital gown unmercifully. And it was painful, even more than the sole truth he was going to die sooner than he wanted, or expected. It was agonizing because Thomas hurt. Because he suffered by the sole knowledge of this, and Newt was scared, he was terrified of this guy being suddenly alone.

“Tommy…” he muttered, hugging him back. “It’s gonna be fine, it’s alright.”

“I can't lose you,” Thomas whimpered, the hold getting stronger, more desperate. “This is not fair…”

“Yeah,” Newt let out a sigh, kissing the top of the brunet’s head. “But since when is life fair?”

“I love you,” Thomas sobbed. “So… so much.”

“I love you too,” Newt smiled a little, even though it hurt, even though it was painful. He had to be strong.

For both of them.
“Well, how are you going to explain this,” Newt muttered while getting angrier every second that passed. One thing was pretending things were fine and dandy, and the other actually getting caught while at it, a bloody cheating bastard.

He knew things were bad already between them. Cold and probably often unpleasant, but every relationship had its problems, right? So if they worked on it, it could have been resolved without stupid shit like this.

Like this fucker munching an unknown girl, getting handsy with her, making Newt’s blood boil, and probably leading him to be a bit irrational. But he couldn’t help himself, he just walked in, towards the table where this stupid idiot was sitting, and stopped in the front, waiting to get noticed. While it happened, and his boyfriend’s eyes widened in shock on who he saw, Newt grabbed the glass that was resting on the table and turned it the bottom up, spilling its contents on the head of the fucker, feeling a little better at it. The girl squealed, he sputtered, and Newt just left without a word.

He felt strong and free, everything was over now, he didn’t need to stress about it, but once he left the club, the sadness slammed into him painfully and he stopped at the stairs, sitting down with a loud sob, and remained there.

Three years of his life and for this? It hurt. He wanted to pretend it didn’t, but he couldn’t deceive himself anymore. So he sat there and his eyes burned, and the cold was creeping on him, but he didn’t want to move. What for?

“Hey, you alright?” a sudden voice interrupting his desperation, and he quickly looked up, noting a brown eyed boy in front of him, his face worried. “I saw what happen back there… you wanna talk about it?”

“What?” Newt hiccupped, wiping tears from his face shamefully. “Why?”

“Cuz talking helps?” the stranger shrugged, sitting next to him slowly. “You look like you need it.”

“Why would I talk about it with you?” Newt shot back, sniffling to keep the tears at bay, and the brunet only smiled gently.

“Why not?”

Bullshit, Newt thought. Why would he? As if it was anyone’s business. Let alone some random guy who saw that ridiculous scene.

“I just didn’t think he would be able to cheat,” he uttered despite all his thoughts against it. “After three bloody years. Just this.”
“He’s a dickhead,” the brunet piped. “He deserved the drink on his head.”

“I wanted to smash the whole glass against his stupid face,” Newt growled, rubbing his face. “All that bullshit about trust, seriously. For a while I didn’t know if I wanted to throw up or kill him.”

“I felt the same,” the man sighed, kicking away small pebbles lying at their feet. “Today sucks.”

“What?” Newt raised his eyebrows and the brunet gave him a small, sad smile.

“The girl he was with?” he mumbled, nodding towards the entrance of the bar.

“Are you shitting me?” Newt’s jaw dropped and the brunet only shook his head slowly, sighing.

“It’s not like it worked out much anymore, but… she could have at least broken up with me first?”

“Yeah…” Newt whispered. “I had the same thought…”

“I’m Thomas by the way,” the brunet held out a hand and Newt grabbed it without hesitation.

“Newt,” he introduced himself with a smile, and it was easier than he expected.

He didn’t feel so alone anymore.
“You know it’s shucking impossible to concentrate on my final art piece when some nerd is staring at me.”

“Well, at least it’s a handsome nerd,” Brenda mused, looking the same direction Newt did, noting the brown haired man standing there, watching them curiously. “Also. Stop being so selfish. He may be staring at me.”

“Whatever, be a dear and tell him to stop? If you caught his eye, maybe he’d be delighted you think he’s handsome and you both can go away,” Newt uttered, changing the brush.

“What, you don’t think so?” she raised an eyebrow. “Look at him. Such a cutie.”

“A boy band style,” the blond shrugged. “Not my type.”

“Lately I’m afraid your type is only the colour pallet,” she sighed, jumping off the table she had been sitting on until now. “Maybe you need a change.”

“Maybe I need to finish this first,” he glanced at her unhappily. “So how about you go to him, drag him away somewhere?”

“Such a grumpy,” she teased him, but actually did what was told and Newt could finally get back to work. He was giving this final piece so much time and motivation he just couldn’t afford to mess it up now.

“Wow, it’s even better up close!”

Newt stopped at the unfamiliar voice suddenly too close for his comfort and turned around, staring at the brunet and Brenda that were standing right behind him.

“Hey! I’m Thomas,” the man introduced himself with a smile. “I just can’t get enough of your work, man!”

“Charmed,” Newt uttered. “Can you get enough of it somewhere away from here? I really need to finish this shit.”

“Oh… right, sorry, sorry,” Thomas’ enthusiasm dropped immediately and Brenda gave the blond an evil eye.

“What he means is just stay silent while he works,” she responded calmly. “Right, Newt? He can stay.”

“Sure, whatever, just quietly,” he mumbled, turning back to the canvas. What was up with that guy
anyway, can’t get enough of my works, right.

“Just wanna say I really like the Midnight Sun from you,” the brunet piped. “Sorry, quiet, right.”

“You know the Midnight Sun?” Newt blinked, turning back around and Thomas’ face lit up again with a happy smile.

“Yeah! It’s just so detailed, and the colours are fabulous, man,” he nodded fervently, surprising Newt immensely. “I mean, I tried to find out how you do it, but it was just too good! The way it blends to the other shade, it’s just… amazing.”

“Are you an art student?” Newt watched him a little taken back and Thomas nodded shortly, smiling like a shy school girl.

“We had this lecture, and you got mentioned, and I just… fell in love with the art, literally. And then I heard you hold an exhibition and that you’re actually here and… sorry, I’m babbling, it’s just… so great, that I met you and saw this new thing and…yeah,” Thomas quieted down, gesturing towards the canvas nervously. “Sorry. Don’t let me bother you. Just watching is enough for me.”

Newt noticed Brenda’s smug smile, but he didn’t care. This man, no, boy, just literally made his day a lot brighter. He wondered how. But he liked it.

When he was done for the day, Thomas asked if he could come tomorrow as well.

Newt said yes.
Anonymous said:
"Before Thomas could even contemplate what he was doing, what the consequences would be, he grabbed Newt's shirt by the front and smashed their mouths together in an awkward uncoordinated embrace." your writing is amazing btw, I hope this is ok, idk why but I was kind of scared to post this haha :)

Before Thomas could even contemplate what he was doing, what the consequences would be, he grabbed Newt's shirt by the front and smashed their mouths together in an awkward uncoordinated embrace. It was like there hadn’t remained the time to think, like the sole action was what mattered, and if he didn’t do it, everything would just crash and burn, and he along with it.

So he kissed him – desperately, needly, hungrily – he tried to convey his deepest fears and wishes and hopes, and everything else disappeared. In his focused endeavour where he all he could feel for was the warmth and the right vibe he almost didn’t realized Newt was kissing him back with an equal passion, his hands gripping Thomas’ shoulders firmly, his body close, basically without an inch of space between them, opening up to him and receiving everything Thomas had to offer.

It was right. It was what they both wanted, what they needed. And Thomas refused to let that go – not now when he finally found it.

An appreciating hum Newt let out a moment after was like a confirmation.
Anonymous said:
Thomas happily sat and watched the golden haired boy kick around the football with the team, well that was until the ball hit him square in the face.

Prequel to chapter 74 :)

Thomas happily sat and watched the golden haired boy kick around the football with the team. Well that was until the ball hit him square in the face.

He knew coming here was a bad idea – he could have pretended he read all this time, but all he accomplished was a stupid staring at this blond guy, not even knowing his name, and then getting hit by the fucking ball so hard his ears rang like someone put little bells in it.

He felt his body dropping backwards slightly, vision darkening a bit before it got back again, even though it swam a little when he tried to focus.

There was a huge crowd around him, boys and girls, all of them trying to get him back up, worry on their faces apparent. There was also him, sitting the closest to Thomas, out of breath and completely pale.

The ball was just a feet from them and Thomas looked at it in confusion for a moment. Right. He got hit. By a ball.

This day just couldn’t get any better.
“I thought you would like it...” Thomas whispered, sad and confused. He really wanted Newt to like it, he tried to plan it carefully and surprise him. The fact it backfired like this made him absolutely devastated, especially when Newt got angry instead of happy as he thought.

“Thomas, you have to talk to me about this stuff first!” Newt chided him with a frown, his body language openly hostile, and Thomas felt like shrinking and disappearing from his sight, just to stop this sudden anger flooding from the blond.

“I’m sorry,” he tried, quietly, and Newt groaned, turning away from him in exasperation. He paced few times before getting back to the brunet, pointing at him accusingly.

“This was the last time you pulled shit like this, deal?” he bit out and Thomas found himself nodding fervently, desperate for the situation to improve once more. It apparently made Newt calmer, because he breathed out, his face lost the anger gradually.

“Alright,” he said after, reaching for Thomas’ hand, squeezing it in his own. “You scared me, you tit.”

“I won’t do it again,” Thomas promised honestly. “Sorry.”

“Yeah, it’s all good,” the blond pulled him closer, hugging him in response. “You’re idiot. But you’re my idiot.”

Thomas agreed. Even though it wasn’t the most flattering in the world, he so, so agreed.
Chapter 103

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Newt love the time when Thomas gets possessive over him

Newt loved the time when Thomas got possessive over him. Of course, having a sweet, caring boyfriend was all nice, no doubt, but there were times this raw primal force of someone being selfish about the other had its charm.

Of course Thomas was a nice, friendly person. But he had his dark side, and when someone got handsy with Newt, his bad self came to light – and he suddenly seemed bigger and darker and less puppy like and more Rottweiler like, all sharp teeth and growling. At that point no one should have stood against him, because he was able to get physical when he needed, not afraid to shed some necessary blood, throw a punch, and deliver a painful blow.

For how scary it actually was Newt couldn’t deny it was also hot, and an occasional proof of his power made Newt even crazier about him.

He wouldn’t tell him, of course. He didn’t want him to get all rough just because he knew his boyfriend liked it. But sometimes… it was pleasant. To be defended, to be taken care off, to be protected.

When Thomas came out of the fight with bruised fists or cut lip, Newt always scolded him for it – fondly, but he did. It was stupid, of course it was. Thomas knew it; he had always apologized for losing control.

Then Newt rewarded him later.
Chapter 104

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:

"I've been sitting in this seat all semester why did you decide to sit in it today?"

"I've been sitting in this seat all semester why did you decide to sit in it today?"

“Oh, sorry,” the blond boy blinked at him from the chair and stood up, taking his bag with a sheepish smile. “I never noticed, sorry.”

“No, it’s… fine, you can stay there,” Thomas quickly assured him, not even really knowing why. He just hated making people awkward or sad, and this seemed both cases, so he thought backing up was better now. “There’s plenty of room around.”

“Why don’t you sit next to me?” the blond offered with a smile, and it changed him a lot, made him warmer and friendlier. Thomas couldn’t say no, even if he wanted to, so he took the spot right next to him, trying not to stare much.

He didn’t really remember this guy from here, and if, only vaguely. He must have been sitting in the back before or something, since Thomas was relatively close to the board.

He was kind of… pretty? Was that the right word? Maybe not the best one, he mused. Since it was still a guy, and not some chick with ponytails. And yet he still had the first adjective of him in his head as pretty. Blond with dark, brown eyes, an unusual combination at least, and sort of… cute face. When he smiled, it made him somewhat younger, as if he didn’t even belong there.

“My eyesight got kinda crappy lately,” the blond sighed. “Thought it would be better to move closer and not just guess what is on the board.”

“Oh,” Thomas let out. “Sounds logical.”

“I’m Newt by the way,” the blond introduced himself, smiling softly again, and Thomas had to remind himself to keep his mouth closed, even though his jaw wanted to drop like a lead.

“Thomas,” he blurted out. Another smile and a nod and Thomas gulped down loudly, averting his eyes to be safe.

The chuckle made him even more nervous, but somehow… nicely.

*I’m screwed.*
"Wait, I actually have a competent lab partner?" Newt thought, looking at the brunet who was actually getting the right ingredients. He didn’t need to tell him so, to correct him or to just whip him up for working. This brown haired boy did what he was told by the teacher without a single word, putting everything as it should be, and Newt wondered from what planed he even came from to actually having a functional brain.

“What’s up with all the staring?” the brunet asked without even raising his head, and Newt blinked, quickly looking away and clearing his throat.

“Sorry, just… wondering,” he mumbled, starting his own part of the experiment. “I usually get guys who don’t know what a Petri dish is.”

“Then you should probably start dating smarter guys,” the brunet glanced at him with a smirk and Newt rolled his eyes, the thought of this guy being actually clever abandoned.

“Yes, thank you for your input,” he grumbled, focusing on his work instead. He really should convince the teacher he is capable of working alone…

“You need to put it into solution first,” the brunet piped suddenly and Newt stopped what he was doing, just a centimetre from the petri dish. “Or it won’t work.”

The blond thought through the whole process he did and realized that this smug bastard was right. He almost skipped one important step and messed up the whole work, while pointing out just a minute ago most of the guys were stupid.

Such a let down.

“Right,” he mumbled, changing the movement towards solution grudgingly. “Thanks.”

“No problem, man,” his partner grinned, pushing his finished experiment sideway to watch Newt like a kids show. ”So what’s your story?”

“Excuse me?” Newt blinked, glancing at the boy in confusion.

“With you getting only dumb guys and all.”

“For lab work,” Newt growled, making the brunet go oh.

“Then maybe you should try getting them for more than a lab work?” his classmate suggested, all smiles and innocent eyes, and Newt had had enough.

“Sure,” he looked at him, forcing on a smirk. “So how about I start with you?”
“How about yes?” the brunet shrugged, and if Newt wasn’t piqued by that, he would probably think about it a little more. But since it pushed his buttons so well, he just barked fine! and an hour and half later found himself cornered in a yard during PE and asked for a kiss.
Chapter 106

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Umm, I found your USB drive still in the computer." "How did you know it was mine?" Newt asked and the brunet started to blush furiously.

"Umm, I found your USB drive still in the computer."

"How did you know it was mine?" Newt asked and the brunet started to blush furiously. “Oh no, you didn’t…”

“Sorry, I just… needed to find out whom it belonged to, right?” the boy fidgeted, handing Newt the small device.

“No, you most bloody definitely didn’t!” Newt barked and snatched the thing away, heart rabbiting in his ribcage like crazy, and throat going unpleasantly dry.

“I haven’t… read it all, if that makes you feel better,” he heard the brunet saying, and no, it really didn’t make him feel better. More like really, really bad, having his bloody crush read all this stuff he wrote about him there, all the stupid shit he needed to get out of his chest- “I’m Thomas by the way.”

“Charmed,” Newt growled, squeezing the USB drive to the point of destroying it with the pressure. Well, basically the same way his self-esteem just got crushed.

“Also, it’s a maze;” Thomas continued and Newt gave him an unhappy look, not really catching his drift. Probably not even wanting to. He was fine with watching from distance. Not talking. Not knowing. Just… thinking. This was something else, and he was nervous and couldn’t think straight.

“The tattoo on my hip you wanted to see,” Thomas explained and Newt’s mind stuttered to halt, his face on fire. “I can show you. If you… still want to.”

“God, have mercy…”
Anonymous said:  
"I'm not letting you go anywhere," the blond said "We're under a tornado warning."

"I'm not letting you go anywhere," the blond said. "We're under a tornado warning."

“My girlfriend is out there!” Thomas hollered, trying to push past the man, but he shoved him back with surprising strength for his seemingly weak build.

“I’m pretty sure your girlfriend is a smart girl and understands what a tornado warning means, unlike ya,” the blond told him with a warning tone, and Thomas growled in response, backing up a little. He just couldn’t leave Teresa out there alone, not knowing what’s going on, even though technically they weren’t a couple anymore. He still cared though, breakup or not, and a tornado threatening the entire city was a big enough concern.

“Sit your ass down, Bambi,” the blond called on him from the door, trying to secure it, even though the lock was already rusty and barely holding together. “Don’t make me tie you down.”

“I’m Thomas,” the brunet grumbled unhappily, but doing what he was told, sitting down on an unappealing mattress in the dark cellar.

“Cool,” an answer came. “Thank you for sitting down, Tommy.”

“Thomas.”

“Oh man,” the blond turned to him, rolling his eyes. “Out of all people I have to end up here with a grumpy.”

“You could have let me go and be a smartass here alone,” Thomas barked back, making the other man chuckle.

“I like making people miserable, it’s a hobby,” he said back and focused at the lock once more, finally managing to get it to work, sealing the doors safely.

“Fuck you,” Thomas hissed and the blond sighed, turning back towards him and looking him dead in the eye.

“Maybe later.”

Thomas couldn’t come back with any smart remark, so he shut up and sulked.

As if.
Chapter 108

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
“So you’re the twat who stole my shirt from the laundry room!”

“So you’re the twat who stole my shirt from the laundry room!” Newt accused the brown haired boy without pleasantry, seeing him carrying his own AC/DC t-shirt to the washing machine and looking terribly ashamed about it.

“Oh… was it yours?” he skimmed nervously towards the piece of garment he held and back to Newt. “Sorry, I just… needed a shirt, I hadn’t meant to steal it – see? I’m returning it right now-,”

“That doesn’t change the bloody fact you stole it before!” Newt snatched it away from him, making a disgusted noise at the state of it. “Bloody prick, I can’t believe this!”

“Sorry,” the thief mumbled, fidgeting on a spot. “It was sort of an emergency…”

“Like I care,” Newt grumbled, throwing it to the washing machine with the rest of his clothes. “It’s my favourite shirt, you immense tit.”

“Oh… um. Sorry,” the brunet averted his eyes apologetically. “My ex threw away all my clothes and I had an interview…”

Newt stopped in his tracks, glancing at the brunet with a frown.

“How touching,” he grumbled. “So you just came here and stole my shirt with AC/DC on it, for a job interview?”

“There wasn’t anything else… presentable,” the boy confessed nervously. “Just girl’s stuff. And then… this.”

“You went. For a job interview. In an AC/DC shirt?”

“The boss said he likes my taste?” the brunet tried shyly. Newt couldn’t help himself and burst in laughter.

Three days later he met this guy again at the same place, with a smile on his face.

“I got the job,” he said only. “Thanks man. Your shirt saved me.”
Chapter 109

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I-I was unaware that there was an organized zombie crawl going on and I didn't realize you were in a costume and I screamed in your face because I truly thought I was facing a zombie invasion." Newt vomited the words, still clutching his hand over his heart trying to make it beat more slowly.

"I-I was unaware that there was an organized zombie crawl going on and I didn't realize you were in a costume and I screamed in your face because I truly thought I was facing a zombie invasion," Newt vomited the words, still clutching his hand over his heart trying to make it beat slower.

The guy in a costume stared at him like on an idiot until he snickered, smearing the paint off his cheek.

“Yeah, I must disappoint you, mortal, but I’m not a zombie,” he informed him with pure amusement dripping from his features. “You can keep your funny brain.”

Newt sighed, his body slowly relaxing from the spasm, and shook his head.

“Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” the fake zombie assured him. “At least you haven’t shot me in the head.”

“Could maximally beat you up with a baguette,” Newt couldn’t help but chuckle at the notion, and the boy laughed with him.

“Well, at least the costume works,” the brunet noted, looking pleased. “Although I must say this made me rather… hungry.”

“I can share half of my baguette if you wanna?” Newt offered. “As a compensation for the screaming.”

“The screaming was fine,” zombie replied, still snickering. “Very manly.”

“I practice in front of the mirror every day,” Newt shot back and then nodded towards the bench on the other side of the road. “We can sit there?”

The zombie watched him thoughtfully for a moment, and then smiled gently, nodding.

“Would be cool.”

Well, who could say they shared a baguette with a zombie? Newt put the photo on Twitter the next day, earning appraising comments, and in the evening set off outside.

He had a date with a human for a change.
Anonymous said:
"It's raining," the brunet said tilting his umbrella just a little. "No shit, Sherlock" Newt snarked quietly, tucking himself more into his coat, impatiently looking out for the first sign of the bus.

"It's raining," the brunet said tilting his umbrella just a little.

"No shit, Sherlock," Newt snarked quietly, tucking himself more into his coat, impatiently looking out for the first sign of the bus.

Thomas sighed, stepping closer to the blond and manoeuvring the umbrella just enough to shield both of them from the rain.

“I don’t understand why are you still so antagonistic lately,” he mumbled, giving Newt an exasperated look. “It’s not like we need to start a war just because we broke up.”

“Oh trust me, war would look very different,” Newt uttered, pulling the collar higher. He was already drenched and feeling the shivers starting, traveling from his spine to every other part of the body. Normally he would just lean into Thomas’ warmth, but he vanquished the reflex unmercifully, standing on the spot without moving. He couldn’t do that now. It was already off limits. Unpleasantly, terrifyingly out off limits.

“Newt…”

“The bus is here,” the blond stopped him swiftly when he saw the first sign of the vehicle arriving. He couldn’t get away fast enough, but before he disappeared in the bus, he glanced back momentarily. “Say hi to Brenda for me.”

He didn’t wait for a reaction. He just wanted to get away.
Chapter 111

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
... and the only thought going through Thomas' head was 'Shit, I fancy my sister’s boyfriend.'

... and the only thought going through Thomas' head was: *Shit, I fancy my sister’s boyfriend.*

It was probably just a different way of how to say he was utterly fucked. There was nothing in between. He was done for. The end. He couldn’t even look in his sister’s eyes for how ashamed he was about it. Not just that it was a guy, but a guy who dated his sister and Thomas wondered how the hell could that even happen?

Newt was a regular guy. There was nothing special about him. He was thin and lean and not even overly tall or manly. Just a boy, Thomas would say. Of course, he had charming smile and really enchanting eyes and, Thomas had to admit, also a great sense of humour. But other than that – what was there so interesting about him?

Thomas always liked girls. Dark haired ones on top of that, preferably. With nice, soft parts, gentle voices, short skirts, long legs. This guy hadn’t have any of those, he hands weren’t small and gentle, but big and rough, his hair not long and dark, but short and blond, and he definitely didn’t have those soft, squishy parts.

But every time he smiled Thomas felt those stupid butterflies in his stomach, and tingling in his fingertips that tended to reach out and wanted to touch, to connect, to do something absolutely stupid. Like playing with his hair or caressing his cheek, or touch his neck, trace the collarbones, and even go lower, to map *everything*, and not just with his fingers, but his lips and tongue and…

He was done for. He needed to get out. He had to run away and stop slobbering after someone he could never have – who he should never have – but it was so difficult! When he arrived, Thomas wanted to get out, but instead his body turned to stone and rooted into the floor, and his mouth started to blabber, brain going offline, and the blond just decided to go along, because he was nice, *too nice* and chatty, and he laughed every time when Thomas tried to be funny. And Thomas doubted he was funny, and it was absolutely terrifying for how considerate and kind this boy was, how blissfully oblivious and sociable, while all Thomas wanted was to kiss the air out of him, and mark his skin with something viciously red and raw, and basically *own* him, and then his sister came to the picture and Thomas shrunk back, retracted claws and morphed into a rodent, or something equally small and pitiful.

And then Newt smiled at him and said: “Talk to ya later, Tommy.” And Thomas could only nod silently and go back to his room, absolutely, utterly and unmercifully fucked.
Chapter 112

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I swear I would have told him this time. I swear. He was the one to change the subject this time and say he wants to buy a bloody starfish as a pet!" Newt said defensively as soon as Teresa opened the door and before the latter's eyes could widen, Thomas was next to her in the doorstep wondering, "Tell me what?"

"I swear I would have told him this time. I swear. He was the one to change the subject this time and say he wants to buy a bloody starfish as a pet!" Newt said defensively as soon as Teresa opened the door and before the latter's eyes could widen, Thomas was next to her in the doorstep wondering, "Tell me what?"

At that point Newt just wanted to go sit in the corner and weep. Teresa cleared her throat and nudged Thomas nervously.

“How about we go put the groceries to the kitchen?” she tried to save the situation somehow, but Thomas seemed to settle in a stubborn mode, staring at Newt without a flinch.

“Tell me what?” he repeated, demandingly, and Newt thought he turned into a goldfish with how much he kept on opening his mouth but no words came.

“Then I’ll go alone,” Teresa piped and seemed apologetic when slinking around Newt who couldn’t plead her more with his eyes than he just did at that moment. He knew it was impossible to throw a stupid excuse at Thomas now. The brunet was waiting and he wasn’t letting him go without the reason.

Well. Newt was meant to tell him anyway, wasn’t he.

“Alright,” he mumbled. “This was supposed to be better, with… other stuff involved, like… calmer and shit, not like this, suddenly, I’m not really mentally prepared, and you aren’t either, and-,”

“Newt.”

“I love you,” Newt shot out, squeezing his eyes shut. “I’m sorry,” he whispered as an addition.

“But I already know that,” Thomas responded calmly, a no big deal tone, something Newt definitely wasn’t ready for.

“You… know?” the blond breathed out, carefully opening his eyes again, seeing Thomas looking back at him.

“You aren’t exactly subtle,” the brunet shrugged. “And I’m not exactly stupid.”

“I never said you’re stupid,” Newt countered immediately. When Thomas hadn’t said anything for too long, and Newt felt how his courage and sanity are starting to disappear, he scrambled for the first thing he remembered. “The starfish!”
“The starfish?”

“Have you bought it?” Newt asked nervously, and Thomas frowned a little, like it displeased him, and it was confusing as shit.

“Are you seriously asking for a starfish now?” he stared at the blond doubtfully and Newt seriously panicked, because hell no, his tone was so pissed off, and he knew it was going to end like this, that he messed up, and that was why he wanted to do it differently, calmly, not in between doors.

“I guess-mmphff!”

He never said Thomas was stupid. He was actually genial – words usually accomplished nothing, but acts always did.
Chapter 113

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
From the looks of it, Newt guessed, they were both unwilling participants in a professors teaching example.

From the looks of it, Newt guessed, they were both unwilling participants in a professor’s teaching example.

“Because if they decide to study together, but let’s say Thomas,” the teacher pointed at the brunet who frowned at the hand unhappily, “decides his hormone fuelled brain is right and the logic of his grades is not sound, and drag our poor Isaac with him,” he nodded towards the blond who was trying to hide behind his book in embarrassment, “then what do we have? Two horny teenagers making out in the bedroom and grades dropping like lead.”

“Oh my god,” Newt groaned, banging his head over the desk.

“But if they decide it’s not worth it and they can have safe sex later, I’m sure studying in two people can get you better results as well,” the teacher continued, apparently pleased with the reactions he got (mostly giggles or groaning). “That’s about it. Think about it.”

“I’m trying not to think about it,” Newt heard Thomas growl and wondered how big the probability of the ground opening and swallowing him was. But since he had to suffer through the rest of the class, it was apparently zero.
Anonymous said:
"Oh please, it's not like you have a chance with Sonya... I mean, she's all over that nerd Newt guy!!!". Thomas' eyes shot up from his notes as he heard Teresa scolding Aris over his ridiculous crush on the cute girl who was now entering the lab with Newt at her side, the two of them engaged in what seemed like a serious conversation.

Newt and Sonya? Riiiiiiiiight.

He had to stop himself from snorting out loud and rather got back to his notes, counting seconds before a loud thump next to him sounded, and he glanced back, smiling at the blond who just sat down next to him.

“Hey babe,” he teased him with a smirk and Newt shoved him with a roll of his eyes. “Had fun with the Red?”

“It was terrible,” Newt muttered. “The whole half an hour listening to her stupid crush on that boy band idiot, trust me, you’d rather suffer in hell than this again.”

“You mean Aris?” Thomas blinked in surprise, glancing towards Teresa and the mentioned boy who got very quiet once Sonya arrived, studying a blank page as if it was an enigma.

“Yeah,” Newt sighed. “I need a therapy. Are you up to it?”

“Oh you can bet I’m up to it,” Thomas grinned, quickly stealing a squeeze of Newt’s thigh under the desk. “I’m expensive though.”

“Can I pay with my body?” Newt cooed back and Thomas couldn’t wait for the lesson to end. Before that he texted Brenda though, because her matchmaking abilities were legendary.

He wasn’t surprised Aris and Sonya walked together to the class the next day. As well as he wasn’t surprised how Newt cursed walking and sitting at every possible occasion after spending the night at Thomas’ place.
Anonymous said:
"Alby, put me down!" Newt chuckled despite the pain in his ankle as Alby lifted him up bridal-style but all laughter died in his throat as he saw a fuming Thomas staring at the two of them from the end of the corridor; Oh boy, Newt just had to go and sprain his bad leg's bloody ankle....

"Alby, put me down!" Newt chuckled despite the pain in his ankle as Alby lifted him up bridal-style but all laughter died in his throat as he saw a fuming Thomas staring at the two of them from the end of the corridor; Oh boy, Newt just had to go and sprain his bad leg's bloody ankle...

“Am I going to die a horrible death now?” Alby asked in a quiet voice and if it wasn’t painfully probable, Newt would laugh at it. But Thomas looked murderous and Newt wasn’t sure.

“Just put me down,” he whispered back to Alby. “He seems like he’s able to make two out of you.”

“Thought so,” Alby agreed, slowly lowering Newt back down, first on his good leg, and then supporting him so he didn’t need to even step on the bad one. It hurt like bitch, Newt couldn’t deny that, but it was still better to suck it up than seeing Alby impaled somewhere later.

“He sprained his ankle,” Alby said once Thomas was close enough to hear. “Get him to the infirmary maybe?”

“For sure,” Thomas barked back and Newt had to stop himself from groaning in misery at that. Thomas was a sweetie, he always had been, but around Alby it was like he changed into Terminator, ready to destroy. Newt gave up explaining long ago, so Alby always rather left them alone, and Newt was grateful for it.

“You really should stop doing this,” Newt grumbled anyway, reaching for Thomas' shoulders to support himself. “He’s a friend.”

“He’s your ex,” Thomas uttered. “And he likes getting handsy with you still.”

“I sprained my ankle,” Newt pinched Thomas’ arm, earning a yelp. “What did you think he should have done? Lift me up with the power of his will?”

“Call for me,” the brunet mumbled unhappily.

“Your only luck is how adorable you are when jealous,” Newt sighed, tapping his fingers on Thomas’ shoulder. “So what. Am I walking or should I call for Alby to carry me?”

“Cheater,” Thomas stuck his tongue at him and pulled him up, bridal style.

Because why the hell not.
"What have I done to you?!” Thomas's voice was full of anger. Newt felt his throat tighten, a painful barrier that didn’t let him to speak up, to explain, as if all the words were lost somewhere, forgotten and scattered.

“You could have fucking tell me, I’m not made of sugar!” Thomas continued, making wide, angry gestures with his hands, and it was like warning sign not to come close, not to even try to make it better with needless touches.

“I just couldn’t say no,” Newt sighed, staring out of the window on the school yard. Minho hummed in response, apparently contemplating the consequences. “I mean, that poor bastard was manning up there, trying to show them, yeah?”

“Like it matters to those two dorks,” Minho snorted. “Gally forgot about it an hour later and Ben just doesn’t care in overall.”

“I didn’t like how they attacked him for it,” Newt mumbled. “It felt kinda wrong.”

“And lying to him doesn’t feel wrong?” the Asian pointed out, his tone a little accusing. Not something Newt wanted to deal with.

“Lying is a subjective term,” he grumbled.

“It’s pretty objective,” Minho uttered. “I mean, it was kinda noble of you, saying yes. But that guy likes you. And you don’t like him back. There has to be some middle ground, man. Toying with him is bad.”

“And you can do better?” Newt hissed. “Look, it happened fast. I’m still processing that shit.”

“Then tell him you don’t want to date,” Minho pushed.

“Tell him you don’t want to date,” Newt parroted him with a snort. “Like that’s super easy peasy.”

“It’s fair. You should do it,” the Asian sat in front of the blond, giving him a determined look. “He’s my friend too, you know. And this is wrong.”

“No,” Newt refused sternly, making Minho roll his eyes. Somewhere in a distance doors banged closed and they both froze, looking at the exit of the classroom in wonder.
“A wind I suppose,” Minho mumbled, raising up quickly and looking into the hallway. When he seemingly found it empty, he closed the door with a sigh.

“It’s gonna be worse when he founds out you’re playing with him, you know,” he pointed out rather reproachfully.

“No it won’t,” Newt looked back out of the window, watching the darkening sky thoughtfully. “He got under my skin already. I’m not with him cuz it’s an ordeal, you know.”

“For real?” Minho blinked in surprise. “You? Fell for him?”

“He’s a good kisser,” Newt argued, glancing back with a grin. “That counts for something.”

“You two are made for each other,” Minho made a vague gesture, like he was so done with them. “Both idiots.”

“Mean.”

“Tommy-,”

“No, I get it, just… you should have fucking told me,” Thomas waved his hand as if he gave up completely, and Newt’s blood ran cold. “It’s not like I want to force you to date me, for fuck’s sake.”

“You’re not forcing me to do anything,” Newt finally found coherence again and grew bold enough, or maybe desperate, to take a step closer. Thomas posture radiated agitation, but Newt just couldn’t let him stay in oblivion. “I’m dating you because I want to.”

“Cuz that’s exactly what you told Minho,” Thomas uttered. “Don’t think I’m an idiot, Newt. Cuz for what Gally thinks of me, or Ben on that matter, I’m fucking not.”

“That’s exactly what I told Minho!” Newt barked out, his patience running out. “And you’re also bloody rude to listen to someone’s else conversation!”

“Oh, so now I am the bad one!”

“Yes!” Newt stepped even closer and even managed to give Thomas one hard shove before the brunet caught his hands, stilling him with a glare. “Stop glaring! Either kiss me or let go of me!”

A shock passed Thomas’ face in a second, until his eyes suddenly darkened and Newt had that crazy fleeting thought that he was going to get shoved back and abandoned, but then hot lips captured his and everything disappeared into the spiral of joy.

Oh yes. Thomas was a brilliant kisser. Newt promised to himself to explore it better in detail and as often as possible.

There was definitely not any room for Jesus anymore.
Anonymous said:
"So what do you say Tommy? Should I ask Harriett or Sonya to go to the prom with me?" Newt asked, feeling quite amused judging from the smirk on his face.

"So what do you say Tommy? Should I ask Harriett or Sonya to go to the prom with me?" Newt asked, feeling quite amused judging from the smirk on his face.

“Ask whoever you want,” Thomas grumbled back unhappily. He didn’t even have any strength left to pretend he was all jolly about that stupid event while the only person who he would be happy to go with was just asking him about two stupid girls.

“Ah man, why so grumpy?” Newt sat in front of him.

“’m not grumpy,” Thomas opposed with a frown. “Just fed up.”

“That’s basically grumpy,” the blond shrugged. “Care to tell me why?”

“No,” the brunet refused strictly. “If you haven’t noticed by yourself, it’s kinda pointless.”

“Really,” Newt gave him an annoyed look. “Because I’m not a mind reader, it’s pointless.”

“This is not a fleeting thing, so stop sassing me,” Thomas hissed and stood up, really not keen on dragging this conversation any longer. He just needed a place to mope at, to feel like an idiot and get over it somehow. It was not like the world was ending, these things happened in high school all the time – crushes, unfulfilled love interests, disappointing answers to hopeful confessions.

When he tried to leave, Newt’s hand shot out though, holding him at place, and his face was a little angry, and probably also little disappointed as well.

“That’s it?” he asked Thomas with a frown. “Stop sassing me and go ask whoever you want?”

“What else?”

“I’m trying to get you realize this stuff for weeks now,” Newt sighed, letting go of his hand. “And you keep on dodging and getting pissed off and then dodging again. So I guess I’m waiting for you, and you on other hand are waiting for me.”

Thomas blinked, the realization slowly dawning on him.

“You mean…”

“I mean.”

“With me?” Thomas breathed out, making Newt roll his eyes.

“Yes, you tit. With you,” he answered back, exasperated, but strangely fond, and Thomas gave up.
Maybe he had enough strength to *drag* this a bit longer.
Chapter 118

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Well, that's a chester's smile." professor Paige pointed out as she greeted her co-worker and Newt just pouted in response.

"Well, that's a chester's smile," professor Paige pointed out as she greeted her co-worker and Newt just pouted in response. “Had a good night I assume?”

“Maybe I just had a really good breakfast,” he countered, putting his coat down. “Why does it have to be night?”

“Mainly because your neck can tell many stories,” she gave him a knowing smile. “And also because I can recognize happy people and people after breakfast.”

Newt only muttered something under his breath, looking over in a mirror, noticing vicious red marks peeking out from under his collar, and sighed in defeat.

“Well, great,” he commented, giving Paige an exasperated look. “The class is gonna have a field day with this.”

“I’m sure your little pupil will sort them out,” she smirked. “And defend you.”

“My little…” he stared at her a while longer, contemplating if she had been bluffing or actually knew, but she only smiled back at him enigmatically.

“Coffee?” she asked nicely and Newt sat down to his table, still staring at her suspiciously.

“It’s okay,” she assured him. “I know this Thomas boy had been trailing after you for very long like a lost puppy. It’s not something I should support, but I’m happy it has a good effect for both of you. Have I told you his knowledge of literature improved immensely? Keep up the good work.”

Newt would tell her why, but he definitely didn’t want to support her suspicion (or knowledge), so he kept quiet.

Yes, he was dating his student. Yes, Thomas had been chasing him for half a year at least, before Newt finally gave in. And yes, he spent night at Newt’s place yesterday, and of course they made love, because Thomas’ libido was insatiable and he couldn’t leave Newt alone when he had him all for himself. He also had pretty good marks lately, and that was why Newt indulged him without feeling bad about it – the deal stood strong. Good grades, they could see each other. Bad grades, all they had was a classroom time. Thomas was at first fully against it, calling it unfair, since his grades were rather unflattering lately, how his attention towards classes dropped and focused on Newt. But when he realized the blond was serious and he wouldn’t budge without good results, he submitted to it and the grades improved.

As did their relationship.

Newt decided to ignore the smugness his colleague aimed at him and rather got ready to see his
young lover again, but now in all seriousness. He just had to hide the hickeys somehow…
Chapter 119

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
The only sounds in the hospital room were the heart monitor and the two friends' heavy sobbing... "I don't want to go yet Tommy" his little angel whispered bitterly.

The only sounds in the hospital room were the heart monitor and the two friends' heavy sobbing...

"I don't want to go yet, Tommy," his little angel whispered bitterly. Thomas couldn’t stop the tears falling from his eyes, and the pain in his chest was almost as palpable as if someone stabbed him with a knife there.

Newt was dying. They knew this day would come, but no one was truly prepared for it either way. Definitely not Thomas, even though he wanted to stay strong for the blond, to support him. But his mind was shattering like a house of cards, and he couldn’t stop it.

“I w-won’t let you,” he let out, squeezing Newt’s hand in his, shaking like a leaf. “This is not f-fair.”

Newt offered a small, weak smile, like a comfort, even though it must have cost him all the willpower he had. He was hurting, he was weak and he couldn’t really do anything anymore.

It was breaking Thomas’ heart.
Anonymous said:
i’m not sure whether you’re still taking the prompt challenge or not, but here i am
anyway ;) "There's no way i’d ever let you go again." thomas said sternly. "Oh yeah?
Try me." Newt replied mockingly.

(A part of chapter 10 per request of greenFuneral :))

"There's no way I'd ever let you go again," Thomas said sternly.

"Oh yeah? Try me," Newt replied mockingly. He was already on his way, his hand almost touching
the door knob, when Thomas leashed out, seizing Newt’s arm and pulling him back forcefully.
What he wasn’t ready for was Newt expecting it, so he suddenly found himself thrown around,
landing on the ground painfully, with the blond perching above him like an eagle.

“If that’s the best you got, I seriously doubt Janson’s choices,” Newt uttered, his hand squeezing
Thomas’ throat dangerously – not enough to choke him, but enough to make him feel endangered.

“You know very well I don’t want to hurt you,” Thomas mumbled, staring up to his captor. “I just
don’t want you to go.”

“And what’s your plan? Handcuff me to the bed and keep me there forever?” Newt snorted, his
grip unrelenting. “Because as you can see, there is no way you’d win that one.”

“Just stay in, at least tonight,” the brunet pleaded, brave enough to sneak out a touch on Newt’s
thigh above him. “I swear you won’t regret it.”

“Look at you,” Newt smirked, his eyes having a dangerous gleam. “A sweet little puppy offering
his body to me. Didn’t Janson teach you better?”

“He taught me enough,” Thomas commented. “About you. Enough for me to know he had been
lying about most of those things.”

“Like what?” Newt taunted him. “That I’m an apprentice that had gone rogue?”


“That’s not a lie.”

“I think you just need someone to keep up with you,” Thomas opposed, his touches more confident
now, slowly inching towards Newt’s waist.

“And you’re doing such a marvellous job on it,” the blond finally released his grip, sitting
shamelessly on Thomas’ legs. “You can’t even stop me from getting you on the ground every time
you try something stupid.”

“Maybe I just like when you get forceful with me?” Thomas tried, all innocence, making Newt
laugh.

“Maybe you’re just very, very much attracted to me,” Newt leaned over the brunet, a threatening, yet arousing pose. “And can’t help yourself?”

“There’s no maybe, that’s a fact,” Thomas whispered, staring at Newt’s lips like hypnotized, and when the blond opened his mouth to comment on that, he seized the opportunity and kissed him in a second.

The fact he hadn’t been pushed away was counted as a win.
Anonymous said:
Newt shook his head weakly. "It's too late now, Tommy." He added bitterly. "Then I just gotta prove you, it isn't."

Part of assassin's mini-series.

Newt shook his head weakly.
"It's too late now, Tommy," he added bitterly.
"Then I just gotta prove to you it isn't."

“You’re a stubborn ass,” the blond sighed, but there was something fond in his voice, like he appreciated it, even though he said the opposite. He could barely stand, Thomas could see it on him, but he was too proud to not act strong, even though he was wounded and dead tired.

“I just need you to trust me a little,” Thomas urged him. “I can take care of you. No one will hurt you.”

“You can’t even take care of yourself, brat,” Newt chuckled, but it didn’t have real humour in it, the sharpness that was his own trademark. Just a strange statement, like resignation or something equally terrifying when it came to Newt. “Messing up what you touch.”

“That’s not true,” Thomas opposed, trying to get a hold of his partner, but the blond pushed him away, suddenly angry and frowning, like he just realized this was not what he wanted.

“You messed me up,” he accused him roughly. “You bloody corrupted my instincts, you good-for-nothing-!”

“I tried to save you!” Thomas hissed back, but it only made Newt bark an ugly laugh, mocking and disgusted.

“Save me,” he repeated, uncovering his black jacket to show the bruised hip and gushing wound on his side. “This is what happens when you save me, you arsehole.”

“This is what happens when you don’t listen!” Thomas growled, gripping Newt’s wrist in his hand, earning a dissatisfied grunt and several attempts to break free, but the strength was already drained from the blonde’s body, so after a minute he just remained limp in the hold, panting.


“Good,” Thomas said and pulled the blond into a hug, just to lift him up a second after, feet dangling and a groan slicing the air.

“At least be more gentle, you fucking tithead!” Newt scolded him, trapped in a bridal style prison, gripping Thomas around his shoulders firmly, even painfully. Thomas considered it the last ounce
of defiance from the blonde’s part, so he ignored it and set on their way.

He needed to patch him up. He needed to make him go to sleep for a while. But mainly he needed him out of the picture for few days. And deal with Janson alone.
Chapter 122

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I touch myself whenever I think about you" Newt said looking Thomas straight in the eye "More specifically, I rub my temples because I get a headache cause you’re so bloody awful."

"I touch myself whenever I think about you," Newt said looking Thomas straight in the eye. "More specifically, I rub my temples because I get a headache ‘cause you’re so bloody awful."

“Thank you for your input,” Thomas shot back. “I’ll write it into my diary while crying, if that makes you feel better.”

“Amazingly better,” the blond uttered. “That’s the only thing you’re good at anyway.”

“Oh really,” the brunet snorted, giving the blond an evil eye. “You wanna know what’s your forte? It’s-,”

“How about you two just break it down,” Teresa stopped them with urgency, her eyes wide as saucers. “This is not even bickering anymore, what the fuck? A piss off contest or what’s your problem?”

Both of them just grumbled something, glaring at each other as if they were planning a murder, and Teresa was on the edge of desperation, probably even contemplating making them friendship bracelets, just to get them along.

“You seriously had to be so m-mean, you f-fucker?” Newt whimpered, clawing the curtain and biting his knuckles to keep quiet. Thomas was unmerciful and slammed into him even harder when he saw the blond was trying to hold any noises in, so a loud groan filled the air, followed by litany of curses.

“You started it, don’t forget about that,” the brunet yanked the blond up by his hair, growling into his ear. “Telling me I’m bloody awful, so fucking rude.”

“You were annoyin-ah!”

“And you were a little shit, so now we are even,” Thomas thrust into him again, eliciting a loud lustful moan from the blond. Newt leaned into his chest, one hand sneaking up, grabbing him from the back of his head, and mashing their mouths together in a lewd, messy kiss.

“Can’t believe I fell in l-love with a prick like y-you,” he gasped into Thomas’ mouth, throwing his head back after, leaving his bare shoulder open for another biting attack.

“Must be fate,” Thomas nibbled on the crook of the blonde’s neck. “Cuz I love you too, even when you have those nasty moods.”
“You enjoy it anyway,” Newt groaned. “Or else you wouldn’t p-participate.”

“Touché,” Thomas chuckled and nuzzled into Newt’s cheek. “You’re still a prick though.”

“As are you.”
Anonymous said:

"Not you too!" Newt sort of screamed as soon as he and Alby approached the table Thomas and Teresa were taking their coffees, his eyes on the Fifty Shades of Grey copy on the table between them. Both Thomas and Teresa raised an eyebrow (although they did so for different reasons) while Alby added "He's just mad the whole university is reading... 'Fifty Shades of Stupid' you called it?".

"Fifty shades of What The Fuck Is Wrong With The Author," Newt growled, picking up the book with a snarl. "If any of you read this shit, I’m officially not knowing you, because you’re probably going to be an abusive pair of disgusting idiots."

“Ouch,” Teresa piped. “I’ve just wanted to know what the halo is all about.”

“About people having no bloody taste!” the blond threw the book away, almost hitting passing group of people that were just leaving. “If you really don’t know what you want to do on Valentine’s day, for fuck’s sake I’d rather take you both somewhere outside and give you a stupid flower than knowing you willingly went to see the movie or read the book.”

“Deal,” Thomas said suddenly, putting down his coffee and turning towards the blond. “Where are we going?”

“Smells like a date,” Teresa smirked, picking at her cup mischievously. “Too bad I already have mine. Would totally want to see these two cooing somewhere.”

“You mean Newt calling him a tit and Thomas trailing behind him like a puppy?” Alby opposed with a laugh and Newt couldn’t even tell them to shut up for how shocked he became. Thomas was still looking at him, basically staring, challenging him to say something, and Newt just couldn’t think fast enough of what the heck was he just getting himself into.

“More likely,” Teresa agreed. “Although from the state Newt just fell into I think Thomas is going to drag him around instead of trailing behind him, look at them.”

“Must be love,” Alby sighed dramatically and left them to it, going to get his coffee for the day.

Newt kind of wanted to cry.
Anonymous said:
"Just breathe," Thomas said, cringing at the words at the same time, not knowing what to do with his hands, "how can I help?" They were in an old elevator which decided to stop working in between the floors, and the blond was having a really bad panic attack, getting paler with each second.

"Just breathe," Thomas said, cringing at the words at the same time, not knowing what to do with his hands. “How can I help?”

They were in an old elevator which decided to stop working in between the floors, and the blond was having a really bad panic attack, getting paler with each second, and Thomas really didn’t know what to do with him. He never went through something like this and barely knew what would be the best course of action, so he asked dumbly, even though he probably wouldn’t get a very happy answer.

“Just d-distract me somehow,” the blond croaked, his hand blindly reaching for him, and Thomas immediately offered his own hand, getting gripped in a firm squeeze and wow, that guy was strong like superman. His whole body was trembling and his fingers were cold as ice and Thomas just didn’t know – he couldn’t even talk about anything because his head just became a blank space of nothingness and he probably also forgot how to speak, so he just held his hand in return, trying frantically think of something.

“G-good job s-so far, g-greenie,” the blond attempted a laugh, but his voice was weak and shaky, and yes, of course this didn’t help him a bit, Thomas was just standing there like a tit. He wanted to help, he really did, but goddamn, all he could think about was those lame elevator scenes of people having sex, and he just couldn’t push him against the wall and fuck him senseless, could he.

But the trembling got stronger and breathing harsher and Thomas just thought fuck it and lunged forward, pushing the boy against the mirrored wall, earning a yelp, and then swallowing any other noises by his own lips.

He felt the blonde’s body tensing up, hands grabbing Thomas’ shoulders in an almost painful grip, and then the lips got pliant and willing and opened up and Thomas hummed in surprise when there was a curious tongue begging for entrance. But he complied anyway and deepened the kiss, because why the hell not, he started it and it helped, and then there was a hand in his hair, dragging through it, and other hand on the back of his neck, just resting there gently, and he realized his own hands started roaming and mapping the contours of the body pressed against him, and apparently really liking what they found. It was surprisingly gentle and slow, like a deliberate peace offering, and Thomas found himself humming even more, but now in satisfaction, and it was probably slightly embarrassing, but he couldn’t stop until he really, really had to because air supply got too low and he started to blacken out.

They grudgingly parted, both breathing heavily, and the blond was staring up to him with wide eyes, his lips red and swollen and Thomas felt an urge to wipe that shocked look and just dive in again, to show him it was pretty cool and there was no need to look like someone just told him
Santa Clause didn’t exist.

“Distracted enough?” he asked instead, a little breathlessly, and the blond just nodded mutely, his fingers twitching in Thomas’ hair. “Cool. Happy Valentine’s day.”

“Smooth,” the boy finally chuckled and pulled on Thomas’ hair a bit. “One more time?”

Thomas didn’t even think of refusing.

Several times.
Anonymous said:
"Okay, so I'm texting you now like I promised instead of drunk-texting Newt and telling him how badly I want his cock tonight. Aren't you proud?" Thomas typed to Minho, taking at the same time another sip from the glass. After a moment his phone announced a new message: "This is Newt. Hi."

(I admit this prompt doesn’t have the healthiest theme of all, since I hate cheating in general, but it fit. Also, I think Newt was probably either not in the relationship already, only Thomas thought he was - or all of them thought, or just on a verge of breaking up… who knows. Not justifying it, just saying. Also - Minho wasn't his BF xD It was some unknown chick :)

"Okay, so I'm texting you now like I promised instead of drunk-texting Newt and telling him how badly I want his cock tonight. Aren't you proud?" Thomas typed to Minho, taking at the same time another sip from the glass.

After a moment his phone announced a new message: "This is Newt. Hi."

“Fuck.”

“What is it?” Brenda peeked over Thomas’ shoulder and let out a groan. “Thomas, you absolute pig, have you texted him again?!?”

“No!” he refused immediately, banging his forehead over the table they were sitting at. “I texted Minho!”

“You horny bastard, seriously, stop thinking at least for one minute with your dick,” Brenda slapped him over his head and stomped off to order another drink at the bar, leaving Thomas weeping there alone.

This thing with Newt, this… this whatever they shared got a little out of hand lately. It was like self-destructive practice he loved to torture himself, since Newt was taken and he was happy with that arrangement. But they still did what they did when it came to it, and Thomas knew it was wrong and low, and Newt was aware of it too. So he tried to stay away, even though he couldn’t get enough and his mind kept on repeating the nights, the kisses, the touches, and it made him absolutely unsatisfied and pissy most of the time. So he got this rule from his friends – if he had the urge to go and text this blond bastard, he should text them first and they’d endure it, just to keep him away.

But – it backfired as it seemed. Thomas felt the familiar burning in the pit of his stomach when he knew, he knew the blond was there and aware of his condition and actually responded.

“Well,” he started texting back, glancing towards the bar if Brenda was still far enough, “and are YOU proud?”
The phone remained silent for a moment and then lit up with another answer, making Thomas hot just by thinking about it.

“Of you getting all hot and bothered by thinking of me? Very.”

Thomas forced down the primal growl that wanted to crawl out and his fingers trembled a little when he was answering:

“You need to do something about it. I’m at my limit. How busy are you?”

“I’m at my friend’s place playing Monopoly, so let’s just say not busy at all.”

He tried not to ruin the image of Minho forcing Newt to play Monopoly and he texted almost instantly back while taking his jacket and slinking out of the bar without Brenda and the others noticing.

“30 minutes, my place.”

He didn’t even need to look at the reply, but it made him go faster when he took a peek.

“Deal.”

(He got an angry text from Minho the next morning, who called him an idiot for using his own phone for sexting with Thomas' cheating lover, and expressing a wish for Thomas and Newt both to burn in hell for it. Thomas just smiled and buried himself back to covers, nosing Newt’s neck lovingly. Screw them, this was the right thing to do.)
Anonymous said:
"Since when do you jog?" "Since hot shirtless guy that lives across the street jogs."

(This prompt had that immediate effect of me thinking: yeees, that's 1000% Minho there :D And here you go :D)

Thominho pairing

"Since when do you jog?"

"Since hot shirtless guy that lives across the street jogs."

“Look, Thomesa, you can’t just change your hormones overnight. Who are you and what did you do with Thomas?” Brenda gave him a look, pushing her reading glasses higher up her nose, and Thomas just stretched and smiled at her happily.

“You haven’t seen him,” he informed her. “Otherwise you’d be there along with me.”

“I highly doubt that,” she made a face. “Your taste and my taste are two completely unrelated things.”

“But he’s hot,” he argued. “Like, super hot. And even hotter when sweaty.”

“Name?”

“Minho,” Thomas immediately responded and that gave her a pause.

“Wait, you already know his name?” she stared at him in shock. “Is it really just a guy who jogs or does he jog every evening straight to your bed?”

“I wish,” he sighed and peeked out of the window, checking the street. It was still empty, even though it was already time for him to go. Strange. “I overheard him talking to a guy before they left his house.”

“Taken then?”

“Don’t think so,” he shrugged. “Can’t really say though. Would be a sin if not.”

“You’re hopeless,” she shook her head and stood up, going to take her sneakers out, and Thomas smiled at her retreating figure. It wasn’t like he planned on asking him out or anything, but he couldn’t deny just watching him gave him a happy feeling, even though only platonic.

Brenda was back in two minutes and cleared her throat meaningfully.

“There is somebody asking for you, jogging boy,” she nodded towards the hallway. “Seems you’re late for your running lesson.”
“What?” he blinked in surprise and when she led him back to the entrance, he almost swallowed his tongue at the sight of Minho standing there in all his glory, grinning straight at him.

“Hey bud, noticed you’re late, thought I’d fetch you up. You in?”

Thomas didn’t blame Brenda for laughing for how vehemently he nodded.
Anonymous said:
“No, we didn't date." Thomas said softly, looking at the blond who was now talking to Teresa, the years only adding to his charm. "Technically he wasn't an ex-boyfriend. But he was an ex-something, an ex-maybe. An ex-almost.”

(This prompt just... made me so sad. I don't know why, like... melancholic sad, for the first time I read it, it was strangely powerful. Thank you for this one, and sorry for making it so depressing.)

“No, we didn't date," Thomas said softly, looking at the blond who was now talking to Teresa, the years only adding to his charm. "Technically he wasn't an ex-boyfriend. But he was an ex-something, an ex-maybe. An ex-almost.”

“That’s a sad thing to say,” Minho mumbled, looking the same direction with a glass in his hand. “All this time I thought you were like… a pair, you see.”

“Funny thing is,” Thomas glanced at him with a sad smile. “Everyone thought so. Even my family. I guess… even me at that time. Sort of. Or maybe I just hoped.”

“So what didn’t work out in the end?” Minho inquired, sipping the golden liquid slowly. Thomas shrugged, focusing back at the blond, wondering if deep down there still was the ache that made him always wide awake at night, contemplating what did he do wrong, why was he abandoned why did Newt…

“He got married, remember?”

“Yea, but why, when he had you?” the Asian wondered. “He just decided one morning that you won’t give him kids, so he should get a woman instead?”

“Well, that’s maybe exactly what happened,” Thomas pondered for a moment. He never actually got an explanation. He never got anything. Except the wedding invitation, that is. It hit him like a bullet that time, made him crumble, crash and burn, and he couldn’t get back to his feet for a week. “Although I never heard about kids from him. Or about him having a kid when he was still married.”

“That’s just plain weird,” Minho sighed and nodded at the passing waiter for another drink. She took the empty glass and returned few minutes later with a full one.

“Such is life, eh?” Thomas said as if it was no big deal, but deep down he knew it left a scar somewhere inside of him, a notch that didn’t want to go away. When he looked up again to take a last glimpse of the blond, he found himself staring into these familiar brown eyes he often got lost in, and yes. Yes, it still hurt.

The funny thing was – Newt seemed to be hurting as well.

Thomas wondered why, but had no courage to ask.
Anonymous said: "The truth- it hurts," Newt admitted. "But I'd rather be in constant pain than lied to my entire life."

(Part two of Ex-almost - chapter 127. Sorry again. I seem to drag it, eh. Just felt weird for them to kiss and make up T^T)

"The truth- it hurts," Newt admitted. "But I'd rather be in constant pain than lied to my entire life."

Thomas watched him quietly, not really sure what to say, and taking the silence as the best option than blurting out something equally stupid. He thought talking to Newt after all those years would be… easier. It wasn’t. It actually made him anxious and unreasonably angry at the same time, even though there was no reason for it. But he just… felt that way. As if them talking somehow offended him, after the zero explanation he got after the break up, just… sudden Hey, haven’t see you in a while. How are you? Newt decided to open with, to their sudden closed off spot they sat at, away from people, with Newt telling him about his fucking marriage. Like he cared? Like hadn’t suffered enough? Was this really necessary?

“Sorry,” the blond mumbled, taking a deep breath. “It’s not… this is not why I dragged you over here, really. I know you don’t care about my fucked up love life.”

“That’s one way to put it,” Thomas uttered. He probably shouldn’t have drunk that much. It made him bolder and mean.

Newt watched him for a moment, as if he was trying to solve him like a puzzle, and then just nodded as if he agreed to an invisible voice somewhere between them.

“I just… I was waiting for you,” he said quietly. “To say something… the whole time. We weren’t even official, and you never… It just wasn’t enough.”

“What are you talking about?” Thomas stared at him with brows furrowed. “Waiting for me?”

“For you.”

“You are not making any fucking sense today,” Thomas grumbled and gulped down the rest of the liquor in his glass. It burned his throat unpleasantly, but at least it made him think of something else for a second.

“We weren’t even dating,” Newt commented, looking away. “It thought you want us to be like that. Without commitment. I… didn’t want to.”

“What, you thought we were fuckbuddies?” Thomas glared at him angrily. “Really?! You know my fucking parents! They thought we are lovers, for fuck’s sake!”

“And yet when anybody asked if we are dating, you said no,” Newt responded calmly. It was strange and probably little dangerous for him to be this quiet while Thomas was practically
shouting.

“Because you always made that face,” Thomas hissed. “Like I was bothering you when I wanted to spend time together outside the fucking schedule!”

“That’s ridiculous.”

“You’re ridiculous!” Thomas barked and stood up with such strength the chair tipped behind him and crashed to the ground.

He drank too much. He was angry, he wanted to shout profanities at him — at anyone who would try to talk to him — and moreover he wanted to throw up. He left the hall fast and didn’t even bother looking back.

When he was sitting next to the toilet 15 minutes later, he felt the anger slowly dissolving away, making the image clearer. He couldn’t help but wonder what exactly Newt meant with the waiting part, when all he did was leaving and marrying to somebody else. For all Thomas knew, he was the one waiting for something miraculous to happen all this time.

He didn’t mean for it to happen like this though.
Anonymous said:
"Whenever I said your name you screamed 'Polo!' and did another shot."

(Thominho. At first I somewhat read it as "whenever they said my name" and started with: "but your name isn't Marco... No, it's Minho, but you didn't care", and then I noticed it's not what it says xD Go go me! xD Anyway, yeah, shameless Thominho, sorry for the lack of deeper plot :D Was fun!)

"Whenever I said your name you screamed 'Polo!' and did another shot."

“But my name isn’t Marco…” Thomas piped and the Asian gave him an exasperated look.

“No, but you apparently didn’t care,” he uttered and Thomas groaned in disbelief. He got so wasted yesterday he barely walked – hell, he barely even crawled. How he got to his own room, his own bed - that was a miracle. But since he found Minho when he woke up in his living room, playing Destiny, he deduced it was him who brought him home somehow. He also had one of Thomas' shirts and his sweatpants and Thomas was a little afraid to ask why.

“If you’re wondering why I have your clothes,” Minho revealed his mind-reader abilities and put down the controller to give Thomas a look. “That’s cuz you threw up all over mine.”

“I’m so sorry,” Thomas whimpered, his head killing him even after Tylenol and two litres of water.

“I hope you are, it took all my might not to throw up back at you, you disgusting pig,” Minho uttered and stood up, eying Thomas like a judge at a trial. “So?”

“So…?”

“You threw up at me, I had to drag you home and nurse you until you stopped vomiting and fell asleep – for an hour by the way – I expect some sort of compensation,” the Asian crossed his arms on his chest and Thomas probably paled even more than before.

“You can’t possibly mean…”

“I think I can.”

“But I have a terrible hangover…” Thomas tried, but it meant nothing, and he knew it. He whimpered once more and then took a deep breath and nodded slightly. “You’re a slaver though.”

“I am a slaver?” Minho raised an eyebrow and followed Thomas back to the bedroom, and the brunet just fumed under his breath and fell back into his bed.

“One day,” he managed to say before Minho crawled after him, “you will get smashed and I will get to top you.”

“Keep dreaming, sunshine,” Minho grinned and Thomas knew it was the end of the conversation
for very long time.

(He didn’t really complain.)
Anonymous said:
"Just make an assumption," Newt sighed, not even glancing at the guy, "that’s what everyone else seem to do."

(This is a continuation of Ex-almost 1 and 2. Aaaand still not over. Thank you runeraccoon for inspo! <3 I swear I'll try to get them together in the next and hopefully last part, haha)

"Just make an assumption," Newt sighed, not even glancing at the guy, "that’s what everyone else seem to do."

“I’m not really big on that, you know,” Minho shrugged and remained standing at the same spot, leaving a wide space between both of them. “I’m just curious. Thomas spent the whole night throwing up after he stomped out of the hall, and I’m wondering what made him so mad.”

“Me, of course,” Newt mumbled, finally turning around, his posture somewhat stiff. “Because I’m an idiot and decided to try talk to him about… stuff.”

“The not-dating stuff?” Minho offered and the blond rolled his eyes and sat down at the table with breakfast, not even touching the food, only pouring himself a cup of black coffee.

“He never said he wanted to date,” he uttered after first sip, like he needed time to gather courage to speak up. “And I wasn’t sure. I wanted to. But he seemed he was fine with just… meeting.”

“You wanted to date him?” Minho blinked in surprise, because hell, that would change everything, wouldn’t it?

“Of course,” Newt snorted as if it offended him. “But anytime I started at the topic, he dodged it. So I left it be. Then started getting agitated, then angry. Then I just couldn’t bear it anymore, so…”

“You left him.”

“I tried to show him it wasn’t what I’ve wanted. I tried to give him a chance to… to…”

“Chase after you?” Minho filled the hesitation softly and Newt just let out a deep, defeated sigh before he nodded.

“But he never did.”

“So you decided to get married instead?” Minho eyed him a little doubtfully and Newt barked out a pained laugh.

“Would you believe me if I tell you I hoped he would show up there at the: Speak now or forever hold your peace…?” he said bitterly, his fingers slowly tracing the cup as if he found comfort in it. “It’s pathetic.”
“I sense a serious case of miscommunication here,” Minho commented. “So why had you divorced with her?”

“Because the marriage sucked,” Newt deadpanned. “It sucked, it was annoying, it made both of us feel bad. So we just parted ways.”

“Yeah, it is kinda pathetic,” Minho nodded in agreement. Newt offered a small smile in return, unhappy one, and got back to his coffee as if it held all the answers for him.

Minho wondered if it did, as much as he wondered how long Thomas had been listening, standing behind the door. He hadn’t seen him there anymore after all.
Anonymous said:
"Why is it important?" Thomas pushed, trying to look him straight in the eye, but Newt kept avoiding his gaze.

(One more part of Ex-Almost. Sorry. So sorry.)

"Why is it important?" Thomas pushed, trying to look him straight in the eye, but Newt kept avoiding his gaze. It was maddening, really. It annoyed him to no end and he felt his fingers twitching anxiously at his sides, wanting to grab him and shake some sense into him, or at least have that satisfaction of holding onto the person who gave him so much fucking pain over the years and now apparently returned to finish the job.

It seemed unreal, pathetic and absolutely terrible to hear what he did secretly behind the door. He didn’t want to hear it like this, he meant to get it from Newt for years somehow, but no – of course he hadn’t told, him, but Minho. He had to tell a guy who didn’t need to hear it, who could maybe give him a pat on his back and call him sad nicknames, but what about Thomas? It was about him the most and yet nothing really came, only this fucking lame excuse of them colliding once more, all alone, and Thomas felt like exploding. He wasn’t sure if it was a good or a bad thing, but there had been lots of rage, immense amount of sadness, and this small, flickering hope getting slowly stumped over by each passing second of the blond not looking at him.

“Newt!” he hollered, his patience ran out, and his companion flinched at the tone, but finally, finally looked up. “For fuck’s sake, at least talk to me! If you hadn’t had the balls to actually say something back then, I seriously hope you grew some now!”

Newt looked taken back for a moment, apparently shaken by the sudden table turning, but Thomas didn’t mean to give him any space to think. He needed him to spill the beans now or to keep his mouth shut forever and just get out of his life, for once and for all (there was a small, yelling part of his self that kept on hitting his inner defence walls, telling him it was not what he wanted, but he just grew really tired of getting played with he just didn’t care anymore).

“I bloody loved you back then!” Newt spoke up, his voice strong, but still strangely vulnerable and raw. “Are you happy now?! You immense prick!”

“Well, that makes two of us,” Thomas growled. “But if you think you waltzing back here solves this-,”

“Oh please,” Newt waved his hand, cutting Thomas off with a snarl. “It’s not like I’ve crawled back here to beg you for your love, don’t fancy yourself.”

“Wha-,”

“I know it’s too late,” Newt’s voice grew a little quieter. “I just wanted you to know why. I still owed you an explanation. Maybe I was also morbidly curious as well, if I… had had waited for a bit more. If… it would change anything.”
Thomas felt his throat getting dry and painfully scratchy. He didn’t know how to react – as if all the anger slowly seeped away from him; he just stood there and stared.

“Would it?” the blond asked. “If I gave you more time. Would you… I don’t know. Asked me to live together or…”

“I don’t know,” Thomas croaked weakly.

“I see,” Newt mumbled, looking away once more. “Did you want to? Back then.”

“Yes,” Thomas shot out immediately. There was no hesitation, he didn’t even think about it. He just wanted. Back then, he craved for it, but he was scared of asking, because that thing they shared… he couldn’t really name it. But god, how much he wanted to be able to claim Newt as his own, even if it sounded barbaric, he just wished so, so much for it to happen. But he chickened out, he always did. Not the right time, not the right place, later, tomorrow, the next morning, I will ask him, I will… and suddenly Newt was gone and Thomas wanted to bury himself somewhere and die.

“I wanted it too,” Newt offered a small smile. “Ironic, isn’t it.”

“It’s not fair,” Thomas said lamely.

“Yeah,” the blond nodded and reached for his jacket, pulling it over his shoulder. “Life is never fair.”

He reached for the handle and opened the door. Thomas knew he was leaving for good this time.
Newt stared at him with wide, wondering eyes, as if he saw him the first time, and Thomas admitted it was maybe a little harsh to shoot out after him like that and yanking him back inside by his arm like a disobedient child. But Thomas decided to be selfish for today, self-centred and demanding and just let it all out now, no more hiding, no more what if.

“You left, and you were always leaving and I don’t want you to leave anymore,” the words poured out his mouth like avalanche. “And it was all only because I kept my mouth shut, but I’m not going to be quiet anymore.”

The blond blinked few times, his posture a little stiff and Thomas couldn’t even say if it was bad or not. It would definitely be easier if he would say something, but maybe it was really a time for Thomas to talk, for Thomas to explain.

“You appeared here out of the blue and you looked so fucking sad, I just… couldn’t…” he took a deep breath, calming his wildly beating heart, but it was no use, it hammered in his chest like crazy, wanting to get out – maybe just to jump to Newt and stay there, to get owned again. “And it’s so fucking bizarre now, because it had been years and I thought I got over it, I really, really did. But I saw you and it was nostalgic and… then you were talking to Minho and I had finally forgotten how bad it was, but then you left…”

“Tommy…”

“Wow,” the brunet let out a chuckle, even though it sounded more like a sob, and maybe it even was, who knew. “You haven’t called me that forever.”

“You haven’t talked to me like this even longer,” the blond offered, and suddenly it was there, the smile, the warmth, the little something Thomas was so desperately searching for, and he couldn’t stop himself from reaching out – he trembled a little yes, his fingers twitching and body shivering – but he reached out and touched, and Newt didn’t pull away. So he touched more, his hand slowly tracing the face he knew for so long, all the contours and soft lines, and Newt tilted his head and let out the tiniest sigh of contentment that made Thomas to lose it completely.

“I’ve missed you so fucking much,” he blurted out, completely unguarded and brutally honest and Newt looked back at him, his hand suddenly covering Thomas’ and he was nodding, his body moving forward until they collided, crushing each other in a firm hug that felt like eternity.

It felt like coming home.
“Guess what I'm doing tomorrow?" "Becoming a productive member of society?"
"Minho, come on!"

(Soooo... a poor attempt of Harry Potter-verse as requested. I'm terribly sorry, it sucks T^T Also, Thominho!)

"Guess what I'm doing tomorrow?"
"Becoming a productive member of society?"
"Minho, come on!"

“What,” the Asian gave him an unimpressed look from his notes, and Thomas knew he was still too mad to actually engage in a normal conversation, no matter how hard Thomas tried. It was not like Thomas had been fully in fault. Teresa had been taunting him the whole Potions class, sending ridiculous notes and making faces, and that exploding bottle had been meant for her. Not for Minho. Not like Minho cared after, he just seemed so mad he almost stuffed Thomas into his cauldron and poured something very acidic on him to dissolve his stupidity.

Not to mention they lost 10 points.

“I already told you I’m sorry,” he tried once more, attentively sitting next to the boy, just to earn a hard shove that sent him flying onto the floor.

“And I told you to stuff it and send it to your mama, now stop bothering me,” Minho hissed, and his tone was angry, which proved even better when he snapped his quill in half without actually trying and ink poured over his fingers. Thomas was pretty sure he considered that his fault as well, and found it better to retreat to safe distance before a punch would land.

It was Teresa who found him half an hour later roaming hallways, and even though he expected her to have this victorious smirk on her pretty face as always, she almost seemed apologetic.

“Heard your loverboy is pretty pissed at you?” she started the conversation with a gentle tone and Thomas didn't have the heart to stay angry with her like that, so he just shrugged, not even getting mad she called Minho loverboy. He came to terms with that already, since probably the whole Hogwarts thought they were a thing.

Even though they weren’t. Which probably sucked a little, but Thomas had been trying, and failing miserably these past few weeks. No matter how hard he attempted it, it always came out wrong with Minho getting either annoyed or just really fed up with him.

But it wasn’t really Thomas fault! Well, maybe it was a bit, but he was naturally awkward when there was someone he cared about, and he cared about Minho a lot. He just found out three weeks and five days ago, and even though they were pretty good friends from the first year in here, it suddenly became… different. Minho probably realized it too, because he became more distant, so
quite the opposite of what Thomas wanted, and all those helpless cries for attention just fuelled it further.

“Guess I should just give up,” he mumbled, sitting at the bench with a tired sigh, and she sat next to him, nudging his shoulder gently.

“I don’t think you should,” she offered. “I mean, you gave him an explosive bottle of goo, of course he’s angry, yeah?”

“You know it was an accident,” he grumbled and she had the nerve to actually laugh about it.

“Yes, it was meant for me, I know,” she winked at him. “Fuelling this ridiculous housing war, really, Tom.”

“You started with the notes,” he accused her and she just shrugged.

“You looked down. Wanted to cheer you up.”

“I’m just so hopeless,” he mumbled.

“Ask him out,” she suggested.

“He’d say no,” he immediately replied and she gave him a look.

“And how do you know that? Taking the visionary class or what? Read it out of the tea bag?” she mocked him unmercifully and Thomas just waved his hand.

Asking out Minho. What an idea. He could already hear the blunt not in million years, you butthead from him, and he didn’t know if he had the strength to accept it.

At least not yet.
Anonymous said:
"You forgot to say the magic word."

(A continuation of chapter 133 - Explosive, Harry Potter verse. Sorry it's somewhat... not very fun? I was actually thinking about this when I read the prompt, with Minho being pragmatic and sort of realistic, what if it kind of bothered him, not being normal? I mean, I know people would immediately go for being able to do magic and all. But what if... right? Sorry T^T)

"You forgot to say the magic word."

“Alomomora?” Thomas tried and cringed when Minho rolled his eyes, exasperated again.

“I swear to god, I should have just stayed oblivious,” the Asian sighed and tossed Thomas his notes he was so begging for just a moment ago. “This whole magic thing is just making my head a mess.”

“What do you mean?” Thomas blinked and sat down next to him, clutching the book tightly to his chest like a child. At least he reminded Minho of one, no matter he was already fifteen and not the eleven years old wide eyed kiddo that kept on bouncing back and forth and telling stories about elves.

“Forget it,” Minho shrugged, offering a small, consoling smile. “Just lots of stuff on my mind lately.”

“I can help,” Thomas offered. “I’m a good listener you know. And I can offer a good solution as well.”

“An explosive one, you mean?” Minho teased him and Thomas seemed a bit sheepish after it, like he wasn’t sure if Minho was joking, or reprimanding him.

“I’m sorry about that…”

“You already said that like… a hundred of times,” Minho nudged him with his shoulder. “It’s fine.”

“You sure you don’t want to talk about… stuff?” the brunet asked hopefully and Minho felt like a jerk when he shook his head a no. And even worse when Thomas piped just oh, ok and sat there like a sad sack of potatoes.

But there was nothing much to talk about. Well… yes, of course there was, but not a topic for a boy like Thomas had been, the magic loving, a pureblood raised in this for his whole life, not even thinking how it could have been if things were different.

Minho came from a normal muggle family. He fell into this world without any proper knowledge and he was absolutely shocked and overwhelmed, and lately, how years progressed, also kind of
agitated. There was no doubt he loved Hogwarts, loved magic, loved people he met, things he had done. But a normal life… it called to him strongly at times. He often found himself wondering how it would be if he never got his letter, never boarded the train, if he stayed oblivious to this all.

He always tried to force the magic part of his life out of his mind when the holiday occurred. He just wanted to stop thinking of spells and potions and magic wands and howlers. He wanted to pretend to have math homework he didn’t know what to do with. He wanted to go out running, to get sweaty and tired, and not use anything to bolster himself up.

He wanted to forget. And stay that way.

But he couldn’t say that to Thomas, because Thomas wouldn’t understand. Was there anyone like him in Hogwarts? Wishing the letter never came? Or maybe decided to not focus on being a wizard and just returned to his normal life?

Or was he just weird?

“Minho,” Thomas’ voice called to him softly and he quickly pulled out of his jumbled thoughts and gave the brunet a look. “I just… wanted to ask you…”

“Yeah?”

“Would you…” the brunet gulped down loudly and fidgeted. It was kind of adorable, really. Like he never really grew up and stayed the innocent kid, which was endearing. Not that being fifteen meant they were suddenly adults, Minho noted to himself.

“Go with me…” he forced out again, and Minho had an urge to shake him and told him to spit it out already.

“Go with you…?” he tried to help him somehow and Thomas paled and cleared his throat.

“To H-hogsmeade.”

“What are you stuttering for?” Minho rolled his eyes. “You looked like you wanted to propose, geez. Yes, Hogsmeade sounds fine, you dork.”

Thomas nodded, no real enthusiasm in his eyes and Minho wondered what was up with that guy. But then again – they were fifteen. If magic couldn’t fix moody hormones, then what could, right?

So he shrugged it off and let Thomas be a big baby for a bit more.
Anonymous said:
"Love isn't something to be done, but something to fall into!" "Just like Hell."

(I like these sassy combacks :D Anyway, this is Thominho and... and... yeah. Sorry, haha :D)

"Love isn't something to be done, but something to fall into!"
"Just like Hell."

“I’m trying to cheer you up here, man,” Minho let out a long, suffering sigh. “Work with me a little.”

“I just got turned down,” Thomas uttered. “Sorry for not being all happy.”

“Good riddance,” Minho noted. “She seemed like a bitch anyway.”

“All girls seem like that lately,” Thomas pointed out, all grumpy and unhappy. “Maybe I should just try to get a guy.”

“Yes, that’s definitely gonna solve your life crisis,” the Asian rolled his eyes.

“Well, why not?” Thomas turned to him, suddenly all lively again. “What if I’d such a bad luck all this time because I just needed a guy!”

“Of course, must be it,” Minho uttered. “You just missed one more dick in your life.”

“Two dicks, twice the fun!”

“You’re an idiot,” Minho deadpanned, giving the brunet an evil eye. “Seriously. You think you can decide with one snap of fingers? Just because a girl turned you down? You do realize a guy is a different thing, right?”

“And that’s what I need!” Thomas nodded vehemently. “Different!”

“Sure you do,” Minho waved his hand. “You don’t even know if you can kiss a guy without chickening out.”

“Oh, right,” the brunet’s face morphed into a thoughtful grimace for a while and then he smiled again, a little eerily. “Kiss me.”

“No,” Minho immediately refused. “Don’t drag me into this.”

“Stop being a pussy and kiss me,” Thomas ordered him resolutely.

“Stop bossing me around and go suck somebody’s dick.”
“Minho-,”

“I said no.”

“Please,” Thomas whined. “Pleaaase. Once. Just once. If it’s bad, we won’t speak of it again.”

“Go ask Gally,” Minho flipped him off, crossing his arms on his chest defensively.

“Are you nuts?” Thomas gaped at him. “He hates me!”

“Might be a good start.”

“Minho, you’re my best friend, you gotta help out,” Thomas begged like an obtuse child. “Once!”

“Will you shut up after that?” the Asian barked and Thomas’ eyes lit up like a Christmas tree while he nodded happily. “Once, you fucking idiot. God, your ideas sometimes, I don’t understand how you’re still ali-mmmmph!”

All there was came out as pressure. Nothing really fancy or nice, Minho thought. Just Thomas’ lips pressing against his, almost unmoving, and Minho started counting to ten before he wanted to break it off, kick his shin and call him names. But then Thomas’ lips moved – slowly and deliberately, but they did and Minho responded, probably out of curiosity, to see how far was this idiot willing to take the joke. It was surprisingly gentle and soft, until Minho felt curious tongue swiping over his lower lip and it made him rebuke his initial wonder and sound a red alarm. Thomas’ hands somehow found their way up to Minho’s shoulders and inched closer to his neck, and it was really, really weird, but somehow familiar at the same time. Then a nibble landed and Minho gasped, almost breaking away, but Thomas just took a step closer and latched on his mouth once more, this time absolutely without any shame or borders. Minho found himself being kissed in a French fashion, feeling the tongue and hands and all the happy curiosity that poured from Thomas to him, and his brain just went completely offline and he pushed back, overruling the kiss immediately, and earned a deep, guttural moan from Thomas for it.

Thomas was a good kisser, he had to admit. He was very thorough and challenging, and Minho knew if he was just a bit less stubborn, Thomas would have led the whole thing easily. But he didn’t let him, and suddenly his own hands were gripping the back of Thomas neck, deepening the kiss hungrily, and they were inching closer to each other, hands slowly mapping the contours and dips, and all the hotness poured into them from one simple lip lock that turned filthy and lewd.

Minho wasn’t really sure who ended it, but suddenly they were panting into each other’s mouths, their hands gripping the shirt of the other, hearts beating wild and pupils wide blown and consuming.

“Yep,” Thomas laughed a little breathlessly, his grip slowly easing its intensity. “Gay now.”
An hour 2

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Hey, could u write a short continuation for Chapter 8 from your Prompts Challeng?
Thx and take care :)  

(Continuation of chapter 8. This prompt made me think very hard about it, because I never thought of continuing it before. But here you are, hope it's alright <3)

It had been six hours.

Thomas was livid. He asked for an hour, not for giving him a heart attack by staying out the rest of the day – somewhere – not picking his phone, not answering his texts, not responding at all. He called everyone he knew – Minho hadn’t seen Newt at all today, Teresa started searching along with him, Brenda wasn’t able to even talk because she had been on a job interview, Gally called him a dimwit and hung up.

“It’s all my fault, what if something happened?” Thomas whimpered while mashing another number to his phone. “I told him to get out for an hour, why did I even do that?!“

“Calm down,” Teresa ordered him while on her phone. “He probably just wants to give you some space.”

“He never gives me space,” Thomas muttered. “He never, never does, because he doesn’t know how, and why the fuck I lashed out at him for it like this? It’s normal for him to be this way-,”

“Thomas, seriously,” she sighed. “Calm down. Try to call his parents.”

“They’d freak out,” Thomas mumbled.

“Or they’d tell you he’s there, spending the night or something,” she opposed. “Geez, give it a shot.”

Thomas didn’t.

Two more hours later Teresa left the flat after asking for a hundred of times if he really didn’t want her to stay, and Thomas staggered to Newt’s room and curled on his bed like a distressed kitten. The bed smelled like him, and it was warm and comforting, but not enough, never enough without the blond, and it hurt him inside.

He called everywhere, to everyone, hospitals, police, school, Newt’s job, but no one told him a thing he wanted to hear. He didn’t call his parents though, because he knew that particular place was off limits. If Newt went home, it meant it was very bad between them, and his parent’s house was something like a sanctuary – unapproachable. If he hid there, he had a reason.

And Thomas admitted he gave him one.

He didn’t even know how he managed to fall asleep, but he realized he had after he felt soft
touches landing on his head, fingers dragging through his hair, gentle lips pressing against his forehead. It was familiar and warm and absolutely relieving, and Thomas reached blindly and pulled the person next to him into a crushing hug.

Newt yelped at the movement, but remained trapped in his embrace without a fight.

“You’re back,” Thomas sniffled, burying his face in Newt’s shoulder, and heard a chuckle from the blond.

“Yes, of course,” his voice sounded, and it was absolutely the best sound in the world. It soothed Thomas nerves, it made him calm, almost serene.

“I thought something happened to you…”

“No,” Newt mumbled and nudged Thomas a little, so the brunet laid back and they both found a better, more comfortable position. “I just wanted to give you some space.”

“You gave me a scare,” Thomas whispered. “You didn’t pick up the phone.”

“I left it here,” the blond answered, his fingers slowly smoothing over Thomas’ hair. “Sorry.”

“I hadn’t heard it,” the brunet opposed and squeezed the boy firmer. He was cold and his hair was wet, and Thomas wondered where he had been and what had he been doing all this time.

“You know I have it on silent,” Newt mouthed Thomas neck, and it was better, pleasant, alive.

“I’m sorry I yelled at you,” the brunet muttered. Newt fidgeted in his hold and then let out a sigh.

“I’m sorry I haven’t got back sooner,” he said apologetically and Thomas nodded.

“No more space,” he noted. “I had enough space from you for a lifetime.”

The sound of Newt’s soft laugh was enough to put him at ease.
Anonymous said:
Meeting for the first time when our mutual friend (Minho) calls us to bail him out of jail AU

(This prompt made me laugh a lot, because I could clearly imagine Minho doing something stupid to end up in a jail, and calling both of them to bail him out, even though they were living pretty far :D It was fun to write it, as well as having Newt being kinda happy-going :) Thank you! <3)

Newt couldn’t believe it. He knew Minho had been an idiot at some point, pulling all kinds of stunts, but ending up in a jail was hardcore even for him, not to mention having the nerve and calling Newt to come and bail him out.

He told him no. But then went there anyway.

When he arrived, one more guy was already standing in front of the cell, his posture a little agitated, shoulders tense, and Minho was looking a little sheepish. Not much, but it definitely counted for something.

“You’re a moron, I can’t believe it!” the guy was just saying, no, shouting, at the Asian, his voice rough and a little heavy, as if he was just pulled out of the bed. The state of his hair confirmed it. “Do you even realize you’re going to have this on your shirt forever! In a fucking jail, you nutjob!”

“I love you too, greenie,” Minho answered boldly, only to get a snarl in return and then the guy turned around – maybe to leave, Newt wasn’t sure – and noticed the blond standing there rather awkwardly.

“Oh,” he voiced, and wow, he was actually kind of pretty? He had those big, brown eyes and really dark, endearing eyelashes that made him even more attractive, and pouty lips that Newt really liked. They were about the same height, but this brown haired Bambi was definitely sturdier and had wider shoulders and broader back, probably on a similar lever of fitness as Minho was.

“Hey,” Newt decided to break the ice and offered a smile, even though the fact why he had to get his ass here wasn’t the most pleasant. “Thanks for calling him names for me. At least I can just glare and not say anything.”

“Newtie!” Minho called at him happily. “You came after all!”

“Shush, adults are talking,” Newt glared at him and Minho really did quiet down, probably guilty enough to let his ego deflate a bit.

“Thomas,” the brunet introduced himself, and yes, yes he had such a cute smile, as expected. His eyes were warm and friendly and Newt decided he liked him as a whole.

“Newt,” he said back and it was nice, really. Like a mutual understanding, an immediate reaction that sparked between them, and Newt adored it a lot.
“How about we grab breakfast and some coffee?” Thomas suggested and Newt let himself to smile widely, because hell, that was the nicest thing he heard this whole week.

“How about yes please?” he replied easily and Thomas seemed pleased by the reaction, and Newt was even happier about that.

“There is a nice café two blocks from here,” the brunet pointed out. “Let’s keep his ass here a bit longer and make a nice morning?”

“I’m all for it,” Newt agreed with a smirk in Minho’s direction and the Asian whined sadly and went back to the bench of his cell, apparently feeling really guilty for not fighting against it.

Newt noted to himself to buy him a coffee on their way out, and maybe some chocolate, for behaving nicely. But it had to wait, because Thomas was already leading them outside and Newt was pretty sure it was going to be a very nice morning.

He hadn’t regretted going after all.
“It was like the perfect storm of bad decisions.”

Thomas smirked to himself when he heard Newt saying that, even though he didn’t know who he was talking with. The sound of his voice was soothing and definitely something he wanted to hear every morning like today.

“No, it’s fine,” Newt continued and Thomas wondered who he was calling to at such early hour. He tossed in the bed and buried his face in the pillow, intending to sleep a bit more.

“Of course not,” he heard the blond saying. “He’d be mad at me. Hope you’re not planning on doing anything stupid.”

Thomas turned his head to the side, blinking in confusion.

“Shut up, you jerkface, we’ll deal,” another set from his lover. It sounded fairly close, so he was probably in the kitchen. “Thanks though. For yesterday. I needed that.”

For yesterday?

Thomas sat up, his insides churning. Yes, Newt hadn’t told him where or with who he had been all those hours he had been missing. It made him uneasy just to think about it, because he called everyone and no one had seen him that evening.

So who was it?

“Mhm,” the blond hummed and Thomas could clearly hear the small smile in the tone. “Yeah. Thanks again. I will see ya later, yeah? Bye, man.”

He heard a soft clang how Newt probably set down the phone and then footsteps leading further form him – a bathroom probably. He jumped out of the bed before he could think otherwise and padded to the kitchen in hasty pace, peeking around the corner to make sure the blond was gone.
When he found the kitchen empty, he quickly found the phone and reached for it, just to hesitate with his hand above it.

It wasn’t fair to do this, was it. It was Newt’s private matter. But… who he was spending time yesterday? For so long? Thanking him for it?

He glanced up to the doors and then back to the small device and made a choice. He quickly unlocked the display and didn’t even need to browse it, the screen opened on the last calls and Thomas’ breath hitched in his throat.

The first name was Alby. Newt’s fucking ex-boyfriend Alby.

They had a stupid disagreement and Newt went to his ex. What the hell!

“Tommy?” the soft voice called him from the door and Thomas looked back up, frowning automatically, even though the being he was watching was the most lovable person in the world.

“Alby, really?” he let out unhappily, retreating his hand from the phone. “You spent all that time with your ex?”

“How did you-,” Newt stopped once he realized where exactly had Thomas been standing, and his phone being all lit up, and his face immediately hardened. “My phone, Thomas? Really?”

“I heard you calling him-,”

“Yes, since when is that a crime?” the blond uttered and grabbed his phone angrily, looking at the screen with narrowed eyes. “So what, you read my mails, went through my calls?”

“I’ve just looked-,”

Newt let out an impatient noise and glared.

“I’ve just looked at the last caller!” Thomas finished the sentence anyway, because he wasn’t a fucking obsessive maniac that had to have an utter control over his partner, for god’s sake. “Because I heard you thanking him for yesterday and I didn’t know where you were and now found out it was him-,”

“Like it or not, I am able to still communicate with my exes, thank you very much,” Newt gritted through his teeth, but his shoulders trembled and Thomas had to bite his tongue to keep his mouth shut. He didn’t want them to fight. He didn’t want them to shout and be nasty.

But he was upset and he wanted to understand why even Newt would go there, what they did for him to stay for so long.

“Do you want to l-leave me?” he managed to dig out of himself, watching the blond all agitated, and Newt’s expression changed immediately into a state of pure shock.

“Are you daft?!”

“I just… want to know,” Thomas looked away, suddenly all self-conscious about the fact he was standing there just in his briefs, the floor making his feet cold and body shiver.

“Tommy,” Newt was suddenly there, so close, touching and it was warm and absolutely the opposite of the anxiety and fear he felt, and he couldn’t stop his own reactions and immediately seized his lover in a crushing hug.
“I asked him…” Newt whispered to his ear, his voice gentle again, soothing and soft. “About this… thing I’ve been doing. This… overbearing, not giving enough space. If I had been doing that all the time or… just with you.”

Thomas buried his face in the crook of Newt’s neck and hummed.

“What did he tell you?” he grew bold enough to ask and Newt let out a sigh.

“I wasn’t doing that before… I started with you,” he answered with embarrassment dripping from his voice. “Sorry… I understand it’s annoying-,”

“No, it’s not,” Thomas quickly assured him and pulled him closer, almost lifting him up. “I’d lock you up if it was purely on me, so we are even.”

“You’d lock me up?”

“So you’d be only mine,” Thomas muttered. He knew it sounded terrible. Possessive and probably also a little insane. But Newt clutched him firmer as well and his body pressed against him tightly.

“I like that,” he whispered to Thomas’ ear and Thomas was lost.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"I want to fuck you on the side of the bed tonight." "Babe, don't say it like that!" "I'm sorry, I want to penetrate you on the edge of our sleeping quarters this evening."

(I laughed so hard at this prompt and immediately thought of Star Trek and Spock :D)

"I want to fuck you on the side of the bed tonight."

"Babe, don't say it like that!"

"I'm sorry, I want to penetrate you on the edge of our sleeping quarters this evening."

Newt let out a groan and banged his head against the table he was sitting at.  

“I shouldn’t have let you watch Star Trek with me yesterday,” he mumbled, giving Thomas an evil eye, but the brunet only smiled wickedly and dragged his chair closer to Newt. His hand immediately sneaked around the blonde’s waist and he nosed his cheek teasingly.  

“You love me anyway,” he whispered to his ear. “And you’d love me as Spock as well.”

“Totally,” Newt snorted and pulled himself up to Thomas’ lap, pressing close. “So why on the side?”

“Because you’re going to lie on the edge and I will pou-,”

“I got the idea,” Newt rolled his eyes as revenge messed his hair up, earning another grin. “You’re such a perv.”

“I won’t deny it.”

“You want me only for my body,” Newt countered, making Thomas hum appreciatively and slide his hands to Newt’s butt, squeezing it. The blond smirked at him and pressed even closer.

“It’s a very nice body,” Thomas nodded solemnly. “I’d be stupid not wanting that.”

“Yeah?” Newt mouthed his neck hotly. “Prove it, big boy.”

“With pleasure,” Thomas immediately agreed and stood up, holding the blond close while walking them both to the bedroom.

Now only which side of the bed would be the best?
robin-nohood said:
Voila :) ! Here is another prompt : "You are /so/ gay..." Newt snorted right before turning his back on the other boy.

(So gay... I imagined Thomas wearing a pink shirt xD)

"You are so gay..." Newt snorted right before turning his back on the other boy.

“Do you really think turning your back to me is wise then?” Thomas replied sweetly. “Why don’t you bend down for something when you’re at it?”

“Why don’t you make me?” Newt shot over his shoulder and yelped right after when Thomas actually grabbed his hand and spun him around with such strength, he landed on his chest with a loud oof.

“With pleasure,” Thomas purred to his ear and nibbled his ear, earning an unexpected moan that made Newt froze immediately.

“Can you please ignore you heard that?” he piped, suddenly all self-conscious, and Thomas grinned even wider which was an answer enough.

He won’t. Ever. Newt just lost the bloody bet.

“You’d have to kill me for me to forget about that sound,” he whispered to Newt’s ear and that was it. The blond was lost, and he was aware of it, there was no point in denying. So he let another lustful moan out, because there was no point in hiding now, and Thomas exploited those sounds to the fullest, mouthing at his neck, marking him viciously, until Newt’s legs gave out and he fell on the floor with him. There was no stopping him, no excuse available, and Newt refused to fight it. He let himself to be pressed against the door, he let Thomas to catch his arms and pull it above his head, pinning him at one place, and he let him ravish his mouth with his. The hotness spread and the defiance was useless and dissatisfying outcome.

“I can’t believe I won,” Thomas growled into his mouth lustfully. “I can’t believe you’re mine.”

“I can’t believe you’re still talking,” Newt bit out and nibbled on Thomas’ lower lip to get him see red – and it worked. The brunet let out a whine and pressed against the blond fully, their bodies connecting, hotness spreading like a wildfire, and Newt whimpered at the pressure, but loved every second of it.

No one could tell him he didn’t try to fight it.

He just lost, that’s all.
Anonymous said:
"So you and I are?" he asked. "Pronouns?"

(This prompt is so cool :D I mean, the answer is so witty and sassy :D Amazing :D Thank you for it, even though I didn't use the comedy potential T^T)

"So you and I are?" he asked.
"Pronouns?"

Thomas forced down the urge to roll his eyes, because goddamn, this guy was difficult. He couldn’t even understand why was he so captivated with him – he wasn’t anything special, really. Thomas liked girl for his whole life – dark haired girls on top of it. If he suddenly wanted to kick for other team, why wouldn’t he pick Minho? He was dark haired, he fit the profile the best.

But nope.

Thomas’ brain had to decide that perfect curvy lines of Teresa were not enough, that beautiful eyes of Brenda just didn’t cut it, and that all his attention must have been focused on him. On this thin nothing, this blond somebody, this big eyed, long legged smartass, who couldn’t even say one nice thing to Thomas even when the world was ending. This guy who wanted to fuck up his life a big time, whose touch was fucking enough to make Thomas stutter and whine, whose long fingers were always tracing his face, his neck, playing with his hair, and Thomas couldn’t say no, couldn’t push him away, and he didn’t know why. Because all they were doing included nagging each other, being mean, rude even, and then also touching and there was this fucking kiss that made Thomas breathless and moany and also unable to fit in his jeans, just because this insufferable blond idiot had to shove his tongue to his mouth and show him that kissing could have equal sex already.

But even after all this, after Thomas actually spent the whole night tossing and turning in his bed, not sleeping at all, just thinking and wondering and also getting really fed up with his sudden interest in a person with another set of tool he had, he decided to go and ask.

It just didn’t go as planned and Newt was looking at him with his big, brown eyes and his face was full of irony, it was fucking mocking him for even trying, and Thomas felt like he needed lots of caffeine and maybe also a gun so he could shoot himself on the spot. Because this stupid face was staring back at him, his mouth curved in a weird, almost pleased smile, and Thomas thought that yes, yes of course, just laugh you fucking prick, you earned it, you outplayed me well.

“Anything else you wanted to ask, Tommy?”

Thomas bit his lower lip and counted to ten. Another thing – this worked like a charm, it really did. No one called him Tommy, not for at least 12 years of his life, because he wasn’t cute, he definitely didn’t look adorable, he was taller, stronger, he was ready to kick anyone’s butt. And yet Newt did, he always charmed him with it, he sapped all his strength with one ridiculous pet name, and Thomas couldn’t say stop, he didn’t even want to, and it pissed him off.
“You’re a bad person,” Thomas said, because his brain didn’t work and it degraded him to a 9 years old that couldn’t swear, but could point a finger and accuse anyone. Newt blinked few times, the smirk was gone, and he seemed taken back a little, as if this immature accusation worked somehow.

“Charming,” he uttered after a moment, Thomas could see the moment he pulled himself back up again, and he sensed the small victory slipping away again. “Anything else you wanna call me?”

Thomas gritted his teen and clenched his fists. He was so, so mad, and yet he couldn’t do anything. He took a deep breath and spitted out only one word before leaving:

“Mine.”
Anonymous asked:
“He is too shy to open his mouth,” the Asian guy said, giving his friend a pat on the back.

(Taken from the submission about the previous part, chapter 141. I hope it didn't disappoint :)

“He is too shy to open his mouth,” the Asian guy said, giving his friend a pat on the back.

Newt wondered how this even became a thing. He understood that Minho had been trying to make him feel more welcomed, but he wasn’t very keen on getting out of his misery. Or… misery. It wasn’t like he suffered, or beaten himself over it. But that thing with Thomas…

Mine he said. Just like that. As if it was no big deal, just mine, because why the hell not, why not to fuck up Newt’s self-defences with one stupid word. He wasn’t sure how exactly Thomas thought he should deal with him. Should he swoon or tell him to stuff it? How could he even think it was a good idea? Just openly demand something, you and I.

How could he even think Newt would take him seriously? He was all over girls all the time, he was probably even worse than Minho in those hunts. All those soft looking beauties he slobbered after, how he flirted with them, how he flattered them, because that was what he had been, always. It didn’t come as a surprise when another girl appeared in his company just two days after their clash, like he just forgot what he said and got back to his usual self.

Newt wanted to say I thought so or maybe even smack him over his head, but he didn’t, he just stared at the girl in silent fury, and it grew inside of him with each look Thomas gave her, each smile he flashed her way.

“So you’re Thomas’… friend?” she asked, all sweet smiles and pretty eyes, nice, curvy lines that seemed perfect next to Thomas, and Newt just couldn’t really think of anything proper to say, not to mention his own name, and his brain stuttered unhappily into halt.

“He and I are… um,” he took a deep breath, searching for the proper word, but nothing normal came. What were they? They definitely couldn’t be called friends. They were never really nice to each other, for how bad it sounded, they mostly fought. They fought, they were nasty, and then they also kissed and couldn’t stop. And Newt was aware it meant something big – it probably even was big, huge, enormous, but he couldn’t put a finger on it, and it made him agitated and itchy just thinking about it. “We are-,”

“Pronouns, right?” Thomas cut into it unmercifully and Newt felt like he just reached the edge of crashing and burning, and this was the final push.

“Pronouns?” Sonya - that was her name, right - raised an eyebrow and looked at Newt questioningly, then back at Thomas, and ended at Minho. The Asian seemed as baffled as she was, but Thomas held the cold expression on and Newt felt he paled a bit at that, and all proper words
died in his throat.

“Excuse me,” he forced out and left the group in haste, his body trembling.

That’s what they were. Pronouns. Just… not related. Not labelled as a thing. Nothing at all.
Anonymous said:
"Well, have you considered not being a jerk?"

(A continuation of Pronouns 141 + 142)

"Well, have you considered not being a jerk?"

Thomas had to do a double take, staring at the blond who said that, because hell no, he didn’t just do that, did he. It was like he decided to start the war all over again, like he picked up his weapons and got ready long time ago, and now had to taunt Thomas to do the same. He should have expected it, really. It was inevitable for them to fall into the same pattern again, to get back into getting degrading, unpleasant, constantly arguing pair of idiots, because they just couldn’t be anything more, or anything less.

He saw how Minho rolled his eyes at his seat and could pinpoint the moment he decided to stop paying attention, and Thomas had to give him kudos for that. No one should be participating in this piss-off fest they could orchestrate so perfectly.

“No, because it would make you happy,” Thomas uttered viciously. “And that’s not something I’m keen on giving to you.”

“Of course,” Newt shot back, but he seemed less into it, more like reconciled with the situation. It definitely hadn’t been how they usually went, and Thomas thought it should give him a pause.

Of course, since Sonya appeared Newt turned very sour. Thomas thought it should give him some sort of satisfaction, because it wasn’t his fault she decided to take interest in him. She wasn’t even his type, she was too fair, too thin, but had a pleasant sense of humour and he needed to turn off his brain a bit and give his jumbled emotions some order. He wasn’t sure if he succeeded, but at least he could finally get some sleep at night without waking up either sweaty or horny.

Too bad all those things connected to him.

“Of-,”

“Please, stop talking,” Newt stopped him before Thomas could even form a coherent thought – he just felt he needed to blurt something out, because he didn’t want to leave the blond with having the last word. It sounded a little tired maybe, or just really fed up – the differences weren’t as palpable. “Just leave it be.”

“You started it,” Thomas informed him sternly. He didn’t even remember what he was talking about before Newt decided to call him a jerk, but it probably wasn’t even justified. As always. Thomas thought he just enjoyed playing on his nerves, as if he was categorizing all his reactions for future references by being an immense prick.

Newt didn’t say anything back, didn’t even looked Thomas’ way, and that made him unreasonably angry. All he was getting from him included mixed signals. He was able to touch him like a lover,
calling him in the sweetest voice, kissing him and leaving burning trails, making Thomas crazy and so damn wanton, and then he just threw a bucket of ice water at him to wake up, to show him the proper game, and in the end he had the fucking nerve to act offended. Thomas had only one set of nerves, and those were getting shorter and shorter by each passing second.

“Come with me,” he hissed and stood up, the chair rattling behind him loudly, and he didn’t even care it attracted unwanted attention of their classmates. “Now.”

“No,” the blond reacted immediately. He didn’t look at Thomas again; he just dropped the refusal like a bomb and left it to explode.


“No,” Newt said again, staring into his book stubbornly, but he could see how his hands were gripping the edges almost painfully, and how his shoulders got tense. “Go ask her if you need to blow up some bloody steam.”

And that was it. The last straw, the final fucking piece that made Thomas to blow up, to stop caring about appearances or good behaviour. This guy was the worst nightmare, he was the biggest prick he ever met – he played him like a game of chess – with brutal tactic that took time, but delivered a deadly check mate when he wasn’t expecting it. He had to be born with such gift, this couldn’t be learned, and Thomas couldn’t stop from needing this person out of his fucking shelter he hid in at times.

If he had to drag him out like a spoiled child that screamed and kicked around – so be it.

When he grabbed Newt’s wrist and pulled him up, he couldn’t missed the wide eyes and shocked gasp, and also couldn’t help but thinking the so-called struggle the blond tried was only half-hearted and weak.

This was his game now.
Anonymous said:
"I wanted to kiss you."

Continuation of Pronouns. Yup.

"I wanted to kiss you."

Newt let out a whimper and took another step back – just to collide with a wall behind him. The unforgiving surface didn’t let him retreat anymore and he was screwed, so unbelievably doomed into oblivion, because Thomas didn’t seem he wanted to go anywhere, he was just getting closer and he definitely wanted to fuck Newt up, and probably not the good way.

The ten minutes arguing in the storage room was ridiculous and made his head buzz with headache. He wanted to slap him and tell him to stuff it – hearing all those curses and accusations were just too much for Newt now, but after all the shouting and comparing him to a butthead and egoistic idiot, Thomas suddenly let out a defeated sigh and dropped the deadliest bomb out of all.

*I wanted to kiss you.*

Newt just couldn’t handle it. There was one kind of getting over it, and that was what he tried to live by these past few days – ignoring. Self-loathing. Beating himself over the fact he completely blew his chance, if he had any, with this guy. He wasn’t even sure he wanted it. He didn’t know if Thomas actually thought about it the same way he did – all they were good at included cursing at each other. And kissing. Kissing seemed to be quite good for both of them, as if they were completely compatible, no buts, no maybes. When they kissed, it was like being struck by lightning, completely paralyzed by the act itself, and everything else disappeared. Newt hated how he remembered it still clearly as if it happened only few minutes ago, the sounds Thomas was making, how his hands refused to stay still but travelled all over Newt’s body, mapped it and searched for weak spots, and how his mouth was pliant and hot, and how he overruled the kiss fast, but the best possible way. Those things were difficult to forget, but Newt wanted to, he really did.

If he just let him.

“And I know you wanted it too,” the brunet continued, his voice so low he barely heard it. “You wanted it, and you still want it, don’t you.”

“Just shut up.” Newt echoed weakly. “Stop talking already.”

“I still want it,” Thomas ignored him. His eyes were intense and dark, so dark, his pupils were fully blown and Newt found himself drowning in them, even when he desperately tried not to. It was not fair, this just didn’t make any sense. Why this rational part of his mind couldn’t take over? For once in his bloody life? Just say no, just push him off, just deal with it like a man!

“I don’t want this,” he croaked. “I don’t want this.”

There was a hand right next to Newt’s head. The brunet leaned over him like a threatening shadow,
looming there dangerously, and Newt couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t think, his brain short-circuited into oblivion.

“You’ll break me,” he cried quietly, more to himself, desperate and so, so small he could barely understand the meaning of it.

“I’ll put you together again,” Thomas whispered to him, his voice rumbled and echoed in Newt’s ears, and Newt found his own hands clutching the brunet’s shirt, holding it in spasm and shaking, trembling with rage and fear and every possible pain that he was so afraid to live through, but he wasn’t strong enough anymore.

He couldn’t fight any longer.
Observant

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You’re not very observant, are you?" Minho chuckled at his friend.

(The first thing that came up after reading this prompt was exactly what I wrote. The
"what do you mean observant? There is nothing going on, I checked!" Thank you for it
:) Sorry it's kinda... bland :/)

"You’re not very observant, are you?" Minho chuckled at his friend.

Thomas frowned a little, looking back at the blond boy that stood kept on talking with Alby, and
his mind was reeling.

Observant? But… there was nothing, was there? He wouldn’t miss it if it was, because he was not
that ignorant person who tripped over his own feet while somebody else kept on flirting with him.
And Newt definitely hadn’t been flirting with him. That guy was friendly, yes. He called him
Tommy, yes. He smiled at him, he laughed at his jokes, he offered his company when no one else
would.

But he did it with everyone. Thomas had probably never seen friendlier person than this guy,
helpful and selfless – of course, sometimes his remarks had a strong bite, but it was justified, he
used it only when the other person had been a moron.

Thomas had been a moron too often for his own taste, but Newt was never angry with him. He was
patient, he explained everything Thomas needed to know, he showed him around the institute as
well, and he always stood by him.

But it was normal, because even Minho did that, and Newt did it for Minho and Gally and Alby
and basically all his friends when they needed him. He was like a mood booster, Thomas thought.

So the fact he had been flirting with him all this time because he was interested, that sounded like a
strange joke Minho just made up. Thomas couldn’t thought of a single moment Newt was hitting
on him – anyhow. He never asked him out, never complimented him in this looking good,
handsome fashion – nope. He was more like a mother hen.

You okay? He asked.

Take care of yourself. He would tell him on his way home.

Have you been eating properly? He nagged him when Thomas stomach rumbled.

You’re such a dork. He would tease him when they were alone.

It was friendly. It was nice. It was caring. Because Newt always cared, but he cared for everyone.
Thomas was nothing special, he knew it. Thinking the opposite seemed selfish and just missing the
whole point of Newt's personality.
Sharing is caring, that would be his label.

“What’s the spacing out for?”

Thomas blinked the haze away, suddenly in shock Newt was standing next to him, watching him curiously. He had such a pretty face, Thomas thought. All those soft lines and deep brown eyes with boyish blond hair and adorable smile – something like a trade mark, really.

“He’s probably thinking about how slow he is,” Minho answered instead of Thomas and there was the smirk in his voice, Thomas didn’t even need to look at him to know he was grinning like a loon. “At understanding when someone is hitting on him.”

“Oh?” Newt raised an eyebrow, and there was the curiosity again, now very focused. “And here I thought I’m too obvious. You haven’t picked it up at all?”

“At all,” Minho agreed, because Thomas wasn’t able to say a thing. He was too busy staring in disbelief, and it must have looked terrible, because Newt started to snicker and Minho already laughed.

Not very observant?

He was probably already blind.
Anonymous said:
"Can you pretend you didn't notice?" he asked in a hushed voice.

(For the suggested prompt from jointhemoriparty :) I took away the blushing though :D You can find the original prompt here: http://jointhemoriparty.tumblr.com/post/112340116215. I hope it didn't disappoint, I will try to make continuation for it to fill the prompt completely :)

"Can you pretend you didn't notice?" he asked in a hushed voice.

Thomas blinked. Then blinked once more, but the sight hadn’t disappeared, it stubbornly remained set in front of him like canvas and he couldn’t take his eyes off it.

“I’m pretty sure that’s a no,” he heard Minho chuckling at the other side of the room, but oh man, who cared? This blond apparition basically stole all his focus – he absolutely blinded him. He knew him from Minho, of course he did. He stole few glances here and there as well, but he never met him like this, he never spoke to him personally, he never stood so close and saw all those small details.

He was adorable and seemed soft and huggable – that was the first thing Thomas thought when seeing him. So huggable. He had those big brown eyes and long eyelashes, like a pretty doll that was made exquisitely for high ranked client. His face was all soft lines and enticing lips, and there was blond hair peeking from under the beanie which made him even younger-looking. His eyes kept on darting around and pink tongue peeking out in full concentration and Thomas desperately wanted a camera to capture the spirit, to keep the picture fresh and not just in memory.

“Nothing wrong with that,” he quickly reacted. “But… you look so familiar. Didn’t we take class together?”

“Class…?” the blond boy glanced back at him, his eyes wide and a little nervous, and Thomas couldn’t hide the grin.

“I could have sworn we had chemistry,” he delivered the line smoothly and heard Minho choking in the background, while the blond blinked and then let out a chuckle. It was a sweet sound, really, and it lit up his features like a Christmas tree, as if the world was suddenly a better place.

“Smooth,” the art student commented, and it relaxed him immediately, his body losing the tenseness. It was a lot better, his shoulders dropped naturally, corners of his lips turned slightly up, and Thomas could have sworn he would get addicted too easily to this image. “So, I gather you’re… Tommy, right?”

“Tommy,” Minho snickered and sounded even further before, but Thomas refused to acknowledge him, because hell no, this was the most adorable thing ever, Tommy, he was done for already.

“That’s me,” he offered a happy smile. “Newt?”
“Yeah,” the blond nodded. “Minho keeps talking about you.”

“Minho keeps talking,” Thomas finally shot a look towards the Asian boy who was just fiddling with his phone, but still had the nerve to flip him off without even raising his head. There was a wide grin playing on his lips though, so Thomas counted it as a confirmation.

“That I can agree with,” Newt chuckled, and really, the sweetest sound ever. Thomas could have just sit there and listen to him forever – the British accent definitely made him hotter – but the time was unmerciful and he despised the fact he already skipped too much classes to be able to ditch this one as well.

“Have class now, but it was nice to meet you, Newt,” he risked the fleeting touch, a gentle tap of fingers on Newt’s forearm, and couldn’t stop from smiling when Newt followed the gesture with his eyes, just to look back up curiously.

“Oh, okay,” he responded shortly, and hell, if that wasn’t disappointment dripping from the tone, Thomas could ditch the drama classes entirely. “Likewise.”

“Maybe you’d like to grab a coffee sometime?” he offered just when Minho finally stood beside him, ready to take off, and he couldn’t miss the smug smile the Asian boy had on his face. He was just so full of himself lately, and Thomas had been giving him ammunition for years ahead.

“Yeah!” the blond immediately answered, and there was enthusiasm in his big eyes that made Thomas almost melt on the floor.

“Well, I’ve lost my phone number, can I have yours?” he winked at the boy and Minho next to him snorted.

Well, no one couldn’t say he hadn’t tried, right?

Newt gave him his number anyway.
Anonymous said:
"Usually, I am a fully operational human being; you just caught me during system updates."

(Second part for the suggested prompt from jointhemoriparty :) I took the liberty and changed a little, took away the um... things I didn't really fancy. You can find the original prompt here http://subjecta5-thecutie.tumblr.com/post/95639064190/newmas-college-au-where-newt-is-an-art-kid-and)

"Usually, I am a fully operational human being; you just caught me during system updates."

“It was just a question,” Newt chuckled and leaned over the backrest of the sofa, looking at Thomas with a little, and almost private smile. “It’s not like I gave you an order.”

“Would you like to give me an order?” Thomas wriggled his eyebrows and it hit the jackpot, Newt’s eyes widened comically and then he quickly shook his head, eyes darting everywhere. So damn adorable.

“I’m not a dominant type…” the blond mumbled and goddamn, he kept on throwing those super lines at Thomas and what could he do? Let the chance slip past him? No way!

“That’s fine,” he shrugged nonchalantly. “I am.”

“My god,” the blond apparently gave up, because he hid his face behind his hands and whined, probably more embarrassed than Thomas expected him to be. What was with him anyway? He kept on teasing him, even that he didn’t really want to, it just happened. But Newt made the most lovable expressions when frustrated Thomas just couldn’t resist. “F-forget it, really.”

“Nope,” Thomas offered a wide grin and unzipped his jacket, alerting Newt by the sound with a jerk. Crap, too cute. “Draw me like one of your French girls~“

And there was it – Newt stared at him wide eyed, mouth lips slightly parted and oh-so-kissable and Thomas admitted that it was the moment he was completely done for, latched onto this boy like a leech, but the good one - really, the nice, symbiotic one that just wanted to be loved and maybe also made love to (well, not maybe, for sure, and lots of love, preferably long and messy and hot).

“You’re impossible,” the blond breathed out, but it was better now, not so shocked anymore, and Thomas took it as a good sign – he knew people needed to get used to him at first. He was either too curious, too talkative, never shutting up – and it made people either love him, or hate him. Mostly nothing in between.

“I know,” he smirked and pulled the jacked down. “But I’d love to be drawn by you, seriously.”

“Like one of my French girls,” Newt added and there was the smile, all brilliant and amused, and Thomas found himself nodding on reflex, thankfully, because his mind short-circuited by the sight.
“So how do you want me?” he threw the line between then like a gauntlet and waited if Newt would pick it up. He didn’t need to, it was just Thomas’ nature to spark a reaction in people, and he was pleasantly surprised when the blond nodded towards the couch.

“On your back,” he just said and it sounded so nice Thomas did it without a single word, lying there in anticipation – even though he knew there were no sexy times involved. He wouldn’t mind them, really, but if this had to work, he wanted to do it properly.

Newt looked him over and then winked.

Thomas had to bite his lower lip to stop himself from moaning and pouncing the boy like a prostitute.

This was going to be a long day for sure.
"I’ll never unsee that," Gally said, blinking rapidly. Thomas heard him only as if from a distance for how many fucks he gave about his opinion. He was kissing the most perfect being in the world, and this person kissed him fervently back, and for how fucking shy he always acted with his beanies and messy hair and nervous laughs, he definitely kissed like a pro. Thomas felt like should have been ashamed for it, really. He kissed his share of people during college, but no one kissed like Newt – deeply, without shame, with tongue, demandingly and with so much care.

Who minded that they were in the middle of an art class? Not Thomas, definitely. He vaguely heard giggling of girls somewhere around, Gally groaning and Minho saying something about unbearableness of both of them during all those days where they wanted to touch but kept on holding back like ten years olds.

But really, he didn’t care at all. He was kissing Newt back with as much love as he could pour into this small gesture, and Newt was making those happy noises in the back of his throat and it definitely exceeded everything Thomas hoped for.

Not to mention his portrait got so much praise Thomas was probably even redder than Newt who actually drew it. It was probably the main thing that told him Newt was really, really interested, because they were talking the other way about what he likes do draw – and all Newt said was: only what I like a lot. So when he offered Thomas he would do it for him… yeah. So much yeah.

And if he was unsure until now, the kiss dissipated all the doubts he could have muster.

Goddamn, he loved this guy to death. Then he felt him grope his butt.

It was settled, they are going to get married tomorrow.

(Gally ran away from the room.)
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
'Hello, wreck. This is your train calling.'

(A tiny bit of continuation of "Huggable" ficlets. Based on an anon I got and that just made me want to write it :)) Sorry, it's Gally x Ben (well, not really, just a hindsight.)
The anon is here:
Anonymous asked: Read your last prompt and all I could think about was: "Gally? Taking ART classes?? >:D" hahahahahaha well, maybe someone (Ben) suggested different means of expression to him (rather than fighting). Maybe, he found it therapeutic even if embarrassing in the beginning. Till the shuckface (Tommy) started sucking faces with that another slinthead (Newt) and left him horrified, scared for life and questioning his existence and sexuality (Ben might help with that^^)

“Hello, wreck. This is your train calling.”

“That’s not funny, fucktart,” Gally snarled back into his phone, out of breath and with a deep urge to smash that little device over the wall.

“Man, who ate your bento today?” he heard Ben from the phone asking and finally slowed his pace down until he was just walking, his lungs finally starting to catch up again.

“Your fucking art class!” he growled into the phone, agitated.

“What about it?” Ben inquired, sounding too relaxed for Gally’s current mood. He really wanted to ruffle him up somehow – fighting would make him a bit more himself after all, just to think of something else than those two idiots making out in the middle of the class, as if they were fucking alone there.

“I thought you liked it,” Ben added and it gave Gally a serious pause. He liked two guys shoving tongues to each other’s throats? What the fuck?

“What?” he bit out, already pumped to call him names, when Ben hummed.

“The art class,” he answered, taking the steam away from Gally’s reach. “Why are you so worked up, man? You haven’t been so angry in weeks.”

“I’m not angry,” Gally grumbled, taking a turn on the street to end up near the gym. He could at least get it out of his system that way. “I’m just…”

“Just angry?” Ben sighed into the phone, and he sounded so disappointed it made Gally stop and frown to himself. It wasn’t like he hadn’t been trying, right? And Ben helped him a lot; taking it out on him was really unfair.

“Just a little fed up,” he decided to calm down and took a deep breath. “I’ll work it out in a gym.”

“Need a buddy there?” his friend asked, and Gally could totally imagine his smile now, as if he
saw him in front of him. Bright and happy, his eyes shining, or maybe there would be a little smugness in it, because that was what Ben loved to do – pulling the so smug card over him, because he knew Gally always huffed and puffed after it, but never complained.

“Only if you let me to beat the shit out of you,” he chuckled, his mood lightening, and hell, that guy should be a therapist – no one had such a good influence over him in years.

“Beat me?” Ben laughed and there was rustling coming from his side. “How mean. And here I thought we have something special.”

“Don’t fancy yourself, Blondie,” Gally snorted, looking around the place. He could come in already and start, but he felt like waiting for Ben better, even though there really wasn’t reason why.

“You fancy me enough,” Ben shot back and he heard doors closing and then fast steps, probably as Ben left the flat and went down the stairs.

Of course I do, Gally wanted to say, to keep the banter, but it got stuck in his throat uncomfortably. A banter? Really?

“You there?” Ben interrupted his thoughts and Gally made a noise of agreement, rubbing his eyes in exasperation.

“Just move your ass here,” he uttered and Ben called him a buffoon, laughed it off and hang up. Gally felt like there was something big going to bite him in the ass, and for the sake of it he blamed that idiotic drama student that thought coming up to the art class and Frenching his boyfriend was a good idea.
Anonymous said:
"He never says it!" Thomas argued. "Didn't he say it when we were leaving?" Minho asked with a scrunched brow. "He said not to drink coffee under any pretenses, because, and I quote 'will get hyperactive, trip over my own feet and die breaking my neck'." "Dude, you're so slow sometimes." [Where Newt says 'I love you' in many different, often snarky, ways and Tommy is slow]

(I love this - not saying I love you directly, but using "how are you?" "Slept well?" "Want me to come with you?" things, beacause it's caring and it's so sweet :) Thank you! <3)

"He never says it!" Thomas argued.

"Didn't he say it when we were leaving?" Minho asked with a scrunched brow.

"He said not to drink coffee under any pretenses, because, and I quote 'will get hyperactive, trip over my own feet and die breaking my neck'."

"Dude, you're so slow sometimes."

"He told me not to drink coffee! That's not I love you, my god," Thomas grumbled and grudgingly sipped his tea, since coffee was a no-go from that mother hen.

"Okay, you’re not slow," Minho gave him an exasperated look, an exact version of I'm done with your shit, man he used far too often lately. “You’re just stupid.”

“Mature,” Thomas shot back, frowning. His tea was already cold. He hated cold tea. Newt would probably go and make him a new one, but Minho would just flip him off.

No love there, really.

“Sometimes I wonder how easy it must be to live with your bird brain,” the Asian started playing with his phone as if he lost an interest in Thomas’ troubles. Well, to be honest, he probably did. “Like, life must suddenly be so easy!”

“Very funny,” Thomas stuck his tongue at him, but he probably hadn’t even seen it, fiddling with the small device absentmindedly. “Newt is never this mean to me. You should learn from him.”

“I don’t love you like he does,” Minho uttered.

“That’s right,” the brunet snorted and then it hit him. Those small things – stupid things if you had to call it somehow - asking about Thomas' day. Telling him to be careful on his way back home. Giving him extra sugar to his latte because he knew Thomas had a sweet tooth. Calling him names that didn’t have any bite – dork, dimwit, puppy.

“He loves me.”
“Obviously,” Minho finally looked up from his phone, but only for rolling his eyes to show Thomas what he thought of his perception skills. “C’mon, there is a limit for how slow a person can be.”

“But he never…” Thomas tried, and failed. He never told him – he never actually asked him out, never showed deeper interest than taking care of him. Was that love? Wasn’t it just him being nice? The mother hen of their group? He always had been caring. Of course Thomas wasn’t blind – he saw that towards him it was stronger, he did him more favours, smiled warmer.

“You know what,” Minho focused at him with a serious expression on his face, successfully pulling him from the confusion. “Stop relying that others will do everything for you, or point you out to it. Man up. Do the first step.”

Thomas wondered if he could even do that.
Anonymous said:
"That's just so bloody cliché. There's not even a reason for you to be jealous." Newt smirked as Thomas gritted his teeth "I - am - not - jealous."

(There was supposed to be a homophobia message hidden somewhere, but then I changed my mind and just made him oblivious - or reluctant maybe. This idea is still sitting in my mind though. Thank you for the prompt <3)

"That's just so bloody cliché. There's not even a reason for you to be jealous," Newt smirked as Thomas gritted his teeth.

"I - am - not - jealous."

“That’s why you dragged me outside like a doll while hissing at the girl?” the blond raised an eyebrow, clearly amused, and Thomas fumed and avoided his eyes. Yes, it was stupid. Ridiculous even. But he saw red the moment he noticed her touching Newt’s hand, as if some white fire burned him and he had to act, to get the blond away from her before… before… he didn’t even know what. Now they were standing outside of the bar like two idiots while the snow kept on falling heavily around them, and Thomas slowly felt the anger draining out of him, leaving only shame.

“Maybe it’s time?” the blond cocked his head to the side.

“For?” Thomas glanced back at him, unhappy and a little frustrated, just to find him looking back curiously.

“Telling me?”

“Telling you what?” he demanded, and Newt’s eyes clearly dimmed out a little, corners of his mouth dropping just a bit, but it already meant Thomas just messed up.

“Telling me nothing,” the blond sighed, tugging his jacked closer to his body. “Like always.”
Anonymous said:
"Have you taken an interesting in writing /honey/?" Thomas looked up from the documents to see Newt standing at the door of his office. "Excuse me?" "I think I accidentally took your laptop with me today and in your favourites, there was a link to a story posted online called Strings. I think it must be based on true events." Thomas had never blushed harder in his life. ;)

(Lololol, thank you for this, Strings like this are really nostalgic xD)

"Have you taken an interesting in writing, honey?" Thomas looked up from the documents to see Newt standing at the door of his office.

"Excuse me?"

"I think I accidentally took your laptop with me today and in your favourites, there was a link to a story posted online called Strings. I think it must be based on true events."

Thomas had never blushed harder in his life.

“You weren’t supposed to see that…” he mumbled, his face hot and probably red as a tomato, and Newt grinned wickedly and closed doors behind him. Thomas heard the familiar soft click how the lock fell in place and wasn’t even surprised when Newt’s sauntered to his desk, circled it and then sat on his lap.

“But I’ve seen that,” he lowered his voice, sending delicious shivers down Thomas’ spine. “I’ve read that. And I really liked it. So how about… we write another chapter together?”

He whispered the last words directly to Thomas’ ear and the brunet gave out an involuntary moan, responding immediately.

“W-what do you have in mind?” he forced out, his hands already firmly set on Newt’s hips without even thinking about it – his body already reacted automatically to Newt’s advances, and it was pretty amazing.

“How about…” Newt nibbled on Thomas’ earlobe and then pressed a short, sweet kiss on the side of his throat. “A smut chapter?”

“Naughty,” Thomas chuckled, his body relaxing, and Newt wriggled on his lap provocatively, just to keep him on the edge.

“You’re the writer,” the blond brushed their lips together. “So write me.”

Thomas didn’t need pen and paper for that.
Best Mate

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"Tommy I said no! I'm already at Moira's house!" Newt whispered as he talked with his best friend on the phone. "So, you'd rather spend your Saturday night with a 91-year-old woman than your best mate?" came the answer. #Newtmas
#MaybeConfessionOverPhone #WhateverYouLike #LOVEYA

(I had so much fun with this one :D 91-year-old woman, lolol. Thank you! <3)

"Tommy I said no! I'm already at Moira's house!" Newt whispered as he talked with his best friend on the phone.

"So, you'd rather spend your Saturday night with a 91-year-old woman than your best mate?" came the answer.

“You prick, it’s my granny!” Newt hissed and nervously peeked around the corner. Moira was still nursing the old lady with a sweet smile on her face and he wondered for how long that expression will remain if he was going to get delayed by Thomas like this. She was already running late to her date night, and he knew she could turn into a chimera when denied sexy times with her boyfriend.

“Well, and I’m love of your life, so where is the problem?” Thomas shot back, and Newt could imagine his smug smile even without seeing him – it was his trademark, really. Always those mischievous brown eyes and his mouth curled up in amusement - and hell, Newt really shouldn’t be imagining him right now, he had to take care of a senior!

“End of the discussion,” he growled into the phone and earned a chuckle that made him even more impatient. “I’m not spending my Saturday night with your lazy ass!”

“You like my ass!” Thomas immediately replied and Newt let out a long, suffering sigh.

“Yes, of course I love your ass, now please,” he peeked around the corner again, just to see Moira staring back at him, her mouth an angry thin line. “Fuck…”

“Oh, already?” he heard Thomas saying. “Well, we had several years of foreplay, so why not.”

“What?” the blond blinked when he finally processed the words and Thomas hummed on the other side. Several years of foreplay?

“Well, you see, I was thinking…”

“I’m really in hurry here-,” he mumbled, hearing footsteps approaching. “Can’t we talk later?”

“Oh,” the brunet let out, sounding strangely disappointed. Not pouty or just playfully stubborn, but really down, which confused the blond a lot. “Alright. Have fun?”

“Tommy,” Newt frowned to himself. “I swear I’m gonna hang out with ya tomorrow, yeah?”
“Yeah,” Thomas agreed, but there was no happiness in his tone. “Tomorrow.”

“Hey,” Newt started, just when Moira showed up around the corner, her eyes fiery and screaming murder, tapping her foot impatiently. “I’m probably going to die now, thanks to you, so I hereby leaving you my PS4 and you can have my PC, but only if you burn down the main HDD. Also, don’t look under the bed.”

She made a face at him and he tried to offer an apologetic smile, which she just brushed off without interest, showing him her wrist watch. She was running 15 minutes late. He made eyes at her, but only getting a raised middle finger as a response.

“Mmkay,” Thomas finally sounded a little happier, which should have probably offended him – it was about his death after all. “Before you die, just wanted to say I love you and I’ll hopefully muster more courage to ask you out in the next life.”

“Wha-,”

“Newton, I swear,” Moira growled. “I’m really pissed off now!”

“See ya tomorrow, sweetcheeks,” Thomas was just saying and then the phone grew quiet. Newt thought he needed to reboot his brain.
Anonymous said:
'He thought survivor meant never having to go through it again.'

(I think the song "Survivor" from whoever it was kept on playing in my head during this, lol. At first I thought of making it somewhat apocaliptic, but meh xD Thank you for the prompt <3)

He thought survivor meant never having to go through it again. But apparently no one could guarantee such outcome, no one could predict the future, ensure the peace of mind. Having broken or aching heart sounded melodramatic, as well as thinking about it this way. But apart from physical pain, this aching came from the inside, and even though he tried to fight it off, it stubbornly stayed and refused to move.

Loving somebody who didn’t love you back was difficult for everyone. Of course, it could be dealt with the easier way, if you were a stoic person, and maybe didn’t care as much – like a pessimist. You didn’t care if the object of your love smiled at the other person like they were their sun, their stars, their everything, you just waved your hand if they said I love you to them and not to you, you played your part as a friend.

Newt played his part as well, even though it hurt. His luck of falling in love with people already taken was legendary – but in this bad, sad sense. He always thought it must have been some masochistic side of him, getting wounded this way over and over again, knowing how it hurt, and yet repeating the process. The bad thing – and also the saddest one – was he got so good at pretending everything was alright that no one could actually tell. Sometimes he couldn’t tell either. He smiled, he said all those awaited words yes, go for it. Yes, she is the one. Definitely somebody you were destined for, he refused to say anything that could ruin the fragile balance of friendship he maintained. It was… manageable.

Until Thomas.

Thomas was different in all kind of senses. He was curious, he was lively, he was friendly and supportive. He cared about people and when he saw something was wrong, he tried to help. Newt felt it was going to end bad if he wouldn’t keep his distance, he knew his luck, and yet he stayed and he fell again.

Suddenly smiles were more difficult to maintain. It wasn’t as easy to pretend anymore. He felt his smile crooking into this fake grimace when he had to show support to Thomas and his girlfriend, he could tell his voice didn’t sound pleasant when he delivered those taught lines of support, and he definitely knew his eyes spoke volumes of how he felt. It was difficult to be around Thomas. It was suffering when he had been away from him. It was hell when he had to be there, and had to watch him holding hands with Teresa.

He couldn’t stand it.

“You okay, man?”
Newt glanced up, seeing those big, brown eyes full of concern, and there was this familiar ache inside of him, this unpleasant pain of feeling, of even existing in the same universe as this guy, and he opened his mouth to say what he always did, his patented I’m alright, but different set of words rushed out instead.

“I can’t stand this.”

“Stand what?” Thomas blinked and Newt could hardly breathe, his heart racing, his brain refusing to cooperate, letting the body do whatever it wanted, and suddenly he was standing up and crowing the brunet, and then kissing him and kissing and kissing and…

He didn’t even know what exactly happened, or how, but then there was those wide, startled eyes again, staring at him, and he felt the bitter taste of defeat already and he shook his head and raised his hand up.

“This,” he just said and his legs carried him outside.

There was only pain left, and even though he knew it, it still seized him without mercy. He was a survivor. And yet this felt like the end.
"C-could you repeat that? I don't think I heard you right the first time."

All Newt could do was to stare. He couldn’t believe how this situation even occurred – he was pretty sure he probably fainted somewhere, or maybe it was a dream. There was no way Thomas would be there, out of breath how he ran after him, clutching his sleeve in his hand like a petulant child to prevent Newt leaving again.

“What are you doing?” Newt let out, completely out of his element, just gaping at the brown-haired boy in disbelief. He just kissed him – a guy who had a girlfriend, who was his friend – he kissed him and told him he couldn’t stand it, and that should have meant end of the contact, right? Maybe some avoiding along the way, some awkward oh-so-polite conversations when somebody would be looking, but definitely not this.

“I want you to tell me,” Thomas pointed out, still holding and also looking straight at him so nothing could escape his attention. It was overwhelming to have his full attention, Newt just didn’t know what to do with himself.

“You said you can’t stand this,” Thomas pointed out, still holding and also looking straight at him so nothing could escape his attention. It was overwhelming to have his full attention, Newt just didn’t know what to do with himself.

“You kissed me, and said this,” Thomas continued, ignoring Newt’s fidgety movements.

“I didn’t mean the k-kiss,” the blond shook his head vehemently, feeling the heat rising in his face. The touch on his wrist was burning, even though there were two layers of clothing between their skins.

“So what did you mean?” Thomas demanded and pulled a little – a movement Newt hadn’t been expecting, so it startled him and he let out a whimper. This just couldn’t be real, he really wanted to get an answer out of the blond? In this state? He couldn’t believe it.

“Please, let go of me,” he whispered anxiously, tugging back, but it was no use.

“You kissed me,” Thomas ignored the plea stubbornly. “You kissed me and I want to hear why.”

“Why!” the blond stared back at him in shock. “Are you bloody serious?!”
“Yes,” the brunet replied calmly. “Because if you’re in love with me, why are you running away?”

Newt gaped once more, completely frozen. *In love with him*, saying it with such calm, how could he even maintain that straight face? Newt could barely say *kiss* without stuttering in his presence, and yet *in love* sounded so easy from his lips, so naturally.

“You’re taken,” he let out slowly. Taken and out of limits, *in love* with somebody else, and that was it. End of the story. He didn’t need to get Newt so involved in this.

“You didn’t deny it,” Thomas reacted simply. It made Newt piqued and he tugged again, only to realize the grip grew much stronger now, unable to break it free.

“Let go of me,” he demanded, his body trembling, and Thomas just looked at him and offered a small, sweet smile.

“Never.”
Ay yo Ma!

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
From otpprompts: Imagine your OTP were in Romeo and Juliet doing the balcony scene and then somebody as Tybalt comes on stage and asks Person A ‘AY YO MA! LET ME GET YOUR NUMBER!’ Person B gives the finger and gets pimp slapped by Person A shortly afterwards.

A lil continuation of chapter 67 :)

Thomas didn’t know why Teresa decided not to show up for the rehearsal, but he thought it was actually better this way. Newt made the most ridiculous faces with each “oh Romeo”, and because he was a little shit, he also made really obscene noises, as if he was moaning and groaning his name out, making Minho call stoooop every time he did it.

“What, I’m in love with him, no?” the blond argued when Minho called him a slut. “Have to moan a bit, to get him in the mood! Like a proper Juliette!”

“How about you get down here and I’ll give you something to moan about?” the Asian shot back at him and Thomas almost doubled over with laughter.

“How about you get up here?” Newt taunted him and grinned happily, making Minho sputter indignantly and ordering Thomas to climb up the balcony and slap the blond for him. Thomas did, even though slapping him wasn’t his main intention, until Gally appeared on the stage, looking up at them there.

“For real?” he looked over to Minho and the Asian just sighed dramatically and banged his head over the table. “Thomas, your Romeo sucks ass as always.”

“Oh does he?” Thomas looked down from his climbing, almost there, and Gally smirked from downstairs. “Your Tybalt is even worse, sucker.”

“At least I’d know how to get Julliete,” the taller boy immediately replied and then skimed towards Newt. “If she was worth it, that is.”

“Rude,” the blond called down and helped Thomas over the railing of his balcony.

“Try it!” Thomas shouted down as well. Gally snorted and shrugged, taking a stance and then calling out:

“Ay yo Ma! Let me get your number!”

Minho groaned in the distance while Thomas flipped Tybalt off and then yelped once Newt’s hand slapped his butt in reprimand.

“We will never get this fucking show done…” the Asian whined and threw the papers in the air.
Anonymous said:
Scenario: I can’t tell whether this is a date because you asked to see a movie but I’m still not sure you’re queer, and I’m toeing the line because maybe you’re just trying to make friends

(The first thing that came to mind mind was Kingsman, so sorry xD I just saw Colin’s and Taron’s vid where they are asking them what was the relationship of their characters in the movie, and Taron said “they were lovers” :D)

Newt was really, really nervous. Well, nervous probably wasn’t the right word – he was actually super agitated and jumpy. He had been sitting here in a movie theatre for half an hour into the film, watching Kingsman that seemed as gay as he felt most of his life, and he just didn’t know. Did Thomas take him out on a date? Was this an attempt from his side to… to… do something? Or was he just being friendly? Because Thomas was friendly. He was always friendly, the friendliest guy in the world. He just wanted to make sure everyone was fine and dandy – and he probably wanted to make sure with Newt as well.

It didn’t mean it was a date. That he asked him to go for a movie with him – it meant nothing, right?

Or did it?

Newt sneaked a look towards him, cautious one, just to find him watching the screen with a big smile plastered on his face, and oh my god, stop being so adorable, I can’t handle this shit. He couldn’t really take a memo out of this movie as well – ofc he could point out all the gay there, but it was an action movie, sort of – even though British, which definitely scored him a plus point, but otherwise it wasn’t anything Newt could pick stuff up from.

“Don’t like it?”

He almost jumped out of his skin when Thomas leaned up close and asked this, caught him absolutely off guard with breath hitching unpleasantly in his throat.

“No no, it’s good,” he quickly shook his head, fidgeting when the brunet remained too close to him, and then Thomas smiled again, but at him and offered him a hand.

A fucking open palm, waiting, resting on an arm rest.

Newt stared at it for a moment, completely paralyzed, and then skimmed up to Thomas face again. He was watching him as well, curiously now, and nodded towards his hand meaningfully. Newt gulped down and reached for him – hoping so, so much he didn’t mean just to pass him popcorn or something, because he would never live it down, ever – and their hands touched. Thomas immediately intertwined their fingers and his grip was sure and strong, and Newt found himself gaping at it, absolutely struck by the situation, and after a minute or two he cautiously squeezed back.
“Just for the record,” Thomas leaned close to him again. “This is a date.”

“Oh,” Newt let out lamely and looked at their joined hands again, his heart pounding. “Cool.”

“Since this is out of the way, how about we move to the couple seat?” Thomas offered and damn, that was the best idea ever.

At least the wondering why Thomas took such a weird time when very little people were coming to see the movie got cleared up.

That sly bastard.
**Anonymous said:**

'His threats seemed pretty legit for a nine year old.'

(I fell in love with the idea of “growing up together” while falling in love gradually, thanks to seeing some sterek fanart ^_^)

“His threats seemed pretty legit for a nine year old.”

“Can you please take this situation seriously?” a blond woman let out a suffering sigh and it only made Minho grin wider. “Your son threatened them with, let me quote, erasing their memories and putting them to a maze where they will get eaten by monsters, and that’s not okay.”

“For one,” Minho raised a finger. “Thomas is my nephew. For two, I think it’s pretty innovative from a kid? And for three, he was just protecting Newt.”

“For your other nephew-,”

“Newt is not my nephew, it’s uh… he is not really even related, really,” Minho interrupted her with a shrug and the teacher pinched the bridge of her nose and probably counted to ten in her head to calm herself down. “Sorry, you were saying?”

“Newton is problematic,” she offered, placating. “But Thomas is the real threat here.”

“A real threat?” Minho repeated, staring at her as if she grew another head. “He’s a kid!”

“He hit and threatened other kids,” the teacher opposed, impatient, and it made Minho sputter indignantly.

“They bullied Newt!” he bit out. “Of course he threatened them!”

“I only ask you for keeping both kids under control,” she ignored his rage and turned around, signalizing him to come with her. Minho thought of kicking her first, but he could stab himself by the stick that was firmly planted in her sorry ass, so he just followed, fuming.

She led him to the principal office – of course – where Thomas was sitting with his hand around the smaller kid’s shoulders, apparently cooing at him gently, and Minho wondered how the fuck was possible to see any of those little buggers as a threat. Newt was tiny, you could barely think of him as an elementary schooler, not to mention with his blond hair he was like a little angel than problematic child. He was always quiet and everything was too big for him at first, and he never caused troubles because he was most of the time alone – or with Thomas.

Thomas, on the other hand, was a little bigger (and also 3 years older), and always acted as a guardian, since those two got together. Minho really liked this little shit and always thought those two raised up together like this made them better. With Newt spending most of the time at their place anyway, it almost seemed like they were siblings than just friends, thanks to frequent work-related travels of Newt’s parents. Minho’s family never minded, they actually grew very fond of
the blond kiddo, and Thomas especially – always crying like an idiot when Newt had to go home.

And they definitely hadn’t been called a threat or problematic ever before. Miss Paige was just a colossal jerk face.

“S’up, guys,” he greeted them as cheerily as he could, and immediately noticed the teary eyed Newt sniffling, and Thomas’ frowny face aiming at the blond teacher standing there with them.

“Gonna take you home now, yeah?”

“Really?” Thomas’ face lost the anger immediately and there was this tiny little hope in his big, brown eyes, while he clutched Newt’s shoulder firmer.

“Yep,” Minho winked at him and then glared at the teacher, daring her to say anything against it. At first she looked like she might, but then her shoulders dropped a little and she just nodded in resignation.

“I need their parents to come to the school as soon as possible though,” she informed him sternly. “I believe you can convey this message just fine.”

“Right,” Minho grumbled and reached for the kids protectively. “Won’t think of anything else until I see them.”

She gave him an unimpressed look, but thankfully didn’t comment further.

Her only luck, Minho thought. Judging from Thomas’ fiery eyes he wasn’t the only one.
Anonymous said:
'His threats seemed pretty legit for a nine year old.'

(Continuation of chapter 158. Sorry, I'm obsessed with baby Thomas and baby Newt :D)

"I woke up... and he was staring at me, and then he said... 'Do you believe in miracles?'"

"Just like that?" Minho blinked, sipping his coffee, and Thomas let out a long, tired sigh. He looked like he hadn’t slept for days, his hair was sticking up and eyes reminded him of two thin slits. "Wanna coffee?"

"Yes…” Thomas mumbled, climbing on a chair and sitting there like a pile of disaster. His feet were dangling above the floor and Minho wondered if it was even legal to pour 11 years old kid black coffee. But he looked so terrible there was probably no other option, so he did and pushed it under his hand.

“So…” he started, unsure and Thomas gulped down the half of the cup, made a face and then rubbed his eyes sleepily.

“I think he’s sleepwalking,” the kid mumbled. “But usually it was just me waking up with him in my bed, so no biggie…”

“And now it’s miracles,” Minho chuckled and immediately adopted the straight face again, when Thomas looked offended.

“I think he watched too many fairy tales,” the brunet mumbled. “He even asked if I believe in fairies. And if I can fly.”

"Peter Pan?" Minho suggested and Thomas nodded tiredly, almost hitting the edge of the table for how low his head dropped.

“I don’t mind the bed sneaking, but lately he even wakes me up in the middle of the night and I’m so tired,” the boy yawned and gulped down the rest of the liquid. Minho was grateful it was only lukewarm now, or he would have to take him to the hospital with burned tongue.

“Want me to talk to him?” he tried and Thomas shook his head.

“He’s still little,” he almost whispered. “He’ll grow up from it. I think he just wants to cuddle a lot.”

“Spoken like a true grown-up,” Minho grinned and ruffled the boy’s hair. “Now go back to sleep, or he’ll wake up alone and freak out.”

“You’re probably right…” Thomas admitted and pushed the empty cup away. Good thing the caffeine apparently didn’t work on him, since he looked even sleepier when he was dragging
himself back to the bedroom.

Minho watched him for a moment and then tiptoed closer to listen. He heard only rustling of sheets for a moment, until there was a very soft voice coming from the inside, he barely heard it.

“Are you mad?” Newt asked. He sounded like he just woke up, and then there was more rustling and a low hum.

“Not mad,” Thomas’ voice. “Sleepy.”

“Can I stay?” another question from Newt and then a long, satisfied sigh, apparently when Thomas pulled him closer and cuddled him like promised.

“Always,” Minho heard him saying and smirked. They were just two kids, but it was probably the nicest the humanity could offer.
Anonymous said:
"How did you know I would be here?" he asked, his face sour.

Continuation of Pretty Legit.

"How did you know I would be here?" he asked, his face sour. Newt shuffled closer and when Thomas didn’t seem wanting to lash out at him, he risked sitting closer and tentatively reaching out to the boy.

“Of course I’d know,” he mumbled, his fingers slowly circling the arm. “You always come here when you’re mad.”

“Great, so I’m also predictable,” Thomas grumbled, shying away from the blond again, and Newt frowned at the gesture. Thomas was going through this phase for a month now, always angry at the world, no one understood him enough or at all. It was tiresome, really, like nursing a ticking bomb full of emotions that wanted to get out and mixed together confusingly. Minho said it’s *puberty*, or with his words: *he’ll be pissy and moody and probably get a piercing or two, just give him enough chocolate* and Newt wondered when he’ll hit such a terrible state. Thomas started getting like this a bit after he celebrated his 14th birthday and Newt was already afraid to reach this number, seeing how others were exasperated by the brown haired boy.

Even he was, Thomas had the nerve to call him a *child* all this time. That he couldn’t understand because he was only 11 years old, that he was still living in a fairy tale. Newt couldn’t help but think he took it from some bad TV show and acted like a total idiot.

“You’re stupid,” he deadpanned when it was all Thomas said. “That’s what you are.”

“Of course,” the brunet sneered and it definitely hadn’t helped, but Newt was already tired of his today’s tantrums, and he was the kid in here. He couldn’t even phantom how bad it must have been for Thomas’ parents (whom he kept on calling tyrants lately).

“I want to play baseball,” Newt crawled closer again and Thomas snorted, turning his back to him.

“Then go ask somebody else,” he uttered and Newt hung over his shoulders like a stubborn puppy. It usually worked on him.

“I don’t have anybody else,” he informed him with a pout. “Come play with me.”

“Stop being such a child!” Thomas tried to shake him off, but Newt only gripped him firmer and then pushed hard, so Thomas fell forward with him resting atop of him. He let out a growl and kick his feet, but Newt didn’t move away. He could easily push him off if he really wanted to.

“Stop calling me a child,” the blond told him unhappily. “You’re my best friend. And I don’t want you to be sad, so. Come play with me.”

“Newt, I swear-,”
“Tommy,” Newt nudged him pleadingly. “Stop being angry all the time. I want to be with you, like before.”

There was silence for a moment, only pierced with Thomas heavy breathing, and then a long, suffering sigh broke it.

“Fine,” the brunet grumbled. “But only one game.”

Newt’s lips widened in a happy smile and he lowered himself atop of Thomas and hugged him from behind fiercely.

“You’re the best!” he informed him, in case he didn’t know, and earned a huff in response.

Well, it was better than nothing.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You can always make me laugh," Newt cracked a smile and in that moment Thomas knew he wanted to make Newt happy for as long as he lived, and even after if he had a chance.

(Continuation of Pretty Legit. I’m so sorry! Just... one more maybe? And I’ll stop, I swear T^T)

"You can always make me laugh," Newt cracked a smile and in that moment Thomas knew he wanted to make Newt happy for as long as he lived, and even after if he had a chance. Just seeing him sniffling in a dark room after he came from school was terrible enough, but the fact he had the power to make him smile despite the tears, that he considered a win.

“Do you want to talk about it?” he offered, his hands automatically reached out and pulled the slender body towards him, locking him in a hug. Newt wriggled for a moment, but then let out a content sigh and relaxed to the embrace like when they were little.

It felt nostalgic somehow.

“Not really,” the blond mumbled, his sniffling easing up, until he remained quiet and only resting.

“Thank you for being there for me.”

“I’ll always be there for you,” Thomas replied, gently caressing his back.

“Even if I drink the last plum juice?” Newt inquired and Thomas had to laugh a little – it had been such an affair five months ago or so. He admitted he acted like an idiot during that time, and Newt just got caught up in the maelstrom of his raging hormones and pubertal defiance, and obliviously drank the last juice in the fridge – because why not, it was completely normal. But Thomas was like in a red rage and shouted at him for five minutes, which led to them not talking to each other for a week.

And it was weird, really, because when Newt was at Thomas’ house, they were always sleeping together – they even stopped trying to sleep separately, because Newt woke up in the middle of the night anyway and crepted into Thomas’ bed like a thief, usually hugging him from behind without even waking the brunet up. They usually woke up in reverted position though, and Thomas probably never considered it weird anyway. Yes, he had his moods during the unfortunate months of his brain eclipse, but they never stopped. And after the plum juice incident Newt didn’t come there at all. The first night Thomas was too mad to actually mind it. But each night after it was weirder and colder and uncomfortable, and his bed was too big and empty, that after a week it was him who actually crawled into Newt’s bed while the blond was sleeping and hugged him like a teddy bear.

Minho made fun of him later as well, because he found them like that in the morning.

“Even if you drink all the plum juice in the world,” he chuckled, swinging them both rhythmically,
and Newt nuzzled his face between Thomas’ shoulder and neck, and exhaled softly.

“I really like you, you know,” he mumbled into Thomas’ skin and the brunet hummed and kissed the top of his head.

“I really like you too.”
Anonymous said:
"H-how long have you been standing there?" he stuttered, feeling his cheeks blush.

(God, it got so long. I have to get it out of my system, I apologize if it’s boring :( If all of you who prompted those parts I used in this mini-saga don’t like it, feel free to send me new prompts to fill :)

"H-how long have you been standing there?" he stuttered, feeling his cheeks blush. It was ridiculous, but his brain seems to get all mushy and unreasonable when Thomas was around, or god forbid, close, and the fact he actually blushed like a school girl seriously didn’t help a bit. He wasn’t even sure when or how it happened, when Thomas became the dangerous zone, the do not touchzone, the zone of embarrassing waves of arousal, since Newt knew him forever. He saw him at the worst moments, he was nursing him when he got drunk for the first time when he hit 17 and thought he can handle it without hangover, and then spent three hours on the toilet, throwing up and losing consciousness, and he smelled atrocious, and yet Newt was there and tried to comfort him somehow, even though he barfed on his pants.

He saw him bath, he saw him change, he saw him stuff his mouth with so much food he looked like those fish that turns to spiky balloon, he knew he ate sunny side eggs with sugar, he heard him fart, he heard him burp, there was no mystery, only familiarity. He considered Thomas his family.

And yet – and yet his body and his mind and his whole stupid being decided he wanted to be more, that it was attracted and longing, and wanted to touch more and with a different meaning than just comforting or relaxing – he wanted to make him gasp and moan and say his name breathlessly, and sweat while making mess out of bedsheets with him, and call him Newt with those little hungry nuances, and kiss him so deeply the oxygen wouldn’t matter anymore.

But Thomas was… Thomas. His only friend, his best friend, his… almost brother? He got raised up with him, he grew up in his loving family since his own was too busy to even take care of their child. And it was alright, because he loved them back and they were treating him the same as they would treat Thomas’ real brother.

And now he was wishing it wasn’t true. He wanted to be just a guy who decided to like another guy, and it was no biggie because there was no history between them.

But Thomas was here, and he was always here, he played his part so well and so loyal Newt felt bad for this attitude, he hated himself for actually screwing this loving, fond relationship with his own raging hormones (is this the puberty Minho was talking about?). He was fifteen now, he started to act differently and everyone just accepted it, but it was different different, not like Thomas who just wanted to destroy the world for a moment, and then started to like punk, and then rock and then dated some weird girls, and then got back to normal.

Thomas grew up to be tall and strong and always smiling, and Newt was aware this would wipe that smile so fast it would probably break his heart.
“Five seconds?” Thomas answered his question, and it took the blond a moment before he realized he actually asked a question, as well as clutched his shirt in front of him like a shield when the brunet walked on him while he was changing. “Is something the matter?”

“No,” Newt quickly shot out and shuffled behind the door of the wardrobe. “Just changing.”

“Mkay,” he heard Thomas snort and then the boy grabbed his bag from the corner of the room. “Will come home around 7, okay?”

“Okay…” Newt piped, holding the edge of the wardrobe so tightly it almost hurt, and waited until he heard the bedroom’s door closing and silence falling once again.

He was so screwed.
Valentine's Day

Chapter Summary

Fill for b-day challenge and a birthday gift for lastscarletbat from Tumblr :) 

Taken from this prompt:
A hopeless romantic and a single-but-proud meet at a store on valentine’s day. The latter is buying valentine cards ironically, the former buying them sincerely in hopes of getting a date AU

Newt hated Valentine’s day. It was commercial, it was ridiculous, and it was over far too fast for the pompous preparations that preceded it. Not to mention everything was filled with hearts and pink or red, or somehow had this Valentine’s ting to it – the food, the decorations in shops, the radio’s playlists, the TV shows.

It was like promoting that being single was wrong. Newt wanted to shout at every person who said that, and also maybe hit those over head with a dead fish to wake up. Being single was a blessing. There wasn’t other person dragging you down, not slowing you in anything, not whining, not crying, not demanding. You were your own lord, and the other people could kiss your arse. If you wanted to hang with somebody, you did, if you didn’t – cool! Just stayed home, watched a movie or browsed the internet and was never angry at the certain somebody who wasted all the hot water or ate the last yoghurt.

The bad thing was majority of his friend base was really into this Valentine’s thing. When they actually had a partner, it was sickeningly cliché – buying roses and eating heart-shaped cakes, going to a fancy dinner and holding hands – Newt thought only a little flying angel above their heads was missing.

Of course – he wished them to enjoy it to the fullest. There was nothing wrong with wanting to do this with your loved one. Even though they looked like idiots. A little. He respected anyone wanting or not wanting to go through it – if he wasn’t dragged along.

Despite all his antipathy for this day he still found himself standing in a store, in front of the biggest collection of Valentine’s cards he ever encountered, and went through one by one. He had this plan – to give the most ridiculous or catchy cards to his friends, just because he could and because he wanted to make them laugh. Not because he wanted to find somebody, but he could absolutely imagine their faces after receiving a card with Darwin on it and a title: you’re my natural selection, or If you were a transformer, you’d be Optimus Fine with a picture of the robot saying Hot damn. His favourite one was: Meh... You’ll do and Your wiener is the only one for my buns this Valentine’s Day with a picture of a hotdog (he was definitely giving this to Minho).

For how some of those were painfully mushy as he was going through the selection, some made him laugh at least, and he had stacked few of them in his hand already. He was pretty sure the lady behind the counter would eye him with disgust when he would hand her 20 of those, but he could care less if she thought he was fucking half of the town or not.

“That’s quite a collection,” a voice suddenly interrupted his line of thoughts and he blinked in surprise and glanced to the side, seeing a young brown haired man standing near him, apparently
looking through cards as well. He was… attractive, Newt would say. Big eyed and about the same height as Newt, although a little broader and with a really pretty mouth. Newt thought he must have been a bit younger than him somehow; at least he gave that vibe, being dressed colourfully.

“I guess,” Newt shrugged and looked back at the five cards he was already holding and intended buying. They were pretty amusing, and some of them maybe a little offensive, but he already had in mind who would receive them and how they would react.

“Tough choosing one or…?” the brunet asked hesitantly and Newt smirked. This boy was kinda amusing, really, a little like the cashier with the phrase “you’re not having five people at once, have you attitude.

“I just like all of them,” he shrugged, leaving the double meaning on its place, and the brunet blinked in an apparent confusion and then cleared his throat.

“I see,” he mumbled, looking down at the one he was holding, and the putting it back. “I can’t really choose the right one.”

“Pick a funny one,” Newt said in a light tone. It wasn’t a biggie, was it – and funny ones were usually the best anyway. If you picked one with a teddy bear and tons of hearts, people usually were like “oooh, thank you” and never spoke of it again. But when you laughed, you “remembered."

“You think so?” the youngster glanced back at him with an unsure expression and Newt handed him a one he held and thought of really cool.

“I’m horny,” the brunet read out loud and snorted, looking at two dinosaurs on the card with huge horns sticking from their foreheads. “You’re always horny.”

“A good one,” Newt offered a smile. “Always cracks me up.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty amusing,” the stranger agreed and returned the card back, a small smile playing on his lips still. “I like to romantic ones better… but I guess this is the best approach after all.”

“Definitely,” the blond confirmed it, mixing the card back into the stock. “Playing it with cliché cards is outdated anyway. You need to be a bit mean to actually score a win.”

“And you’re intending to score a win five times?” the brunet nodded to Newt’s collection, but it didn’t sounded accusing, more like strangely fond.

“Seven, to be precise,” Newt corrected him easily. “Hard to please them all with boring cards.”

“Seven, wow,” the brunet took a deep breath and raked through the first line of cards as if he tried to get it out of his mind. “Must be a little tiresome?”

“Nah,” Newt returned to his search as well, trying not to grin at the horrified tone the boy had. “I aim to please.”

He saw him nod by the corner of his eye and it made him somehow satisfied – rendering somebody speechless was always something he counted as a win. Must have been one of those people who thought of having more romantic interests was a sin worth burning in hell – and even though Newt wasn’t a fan either, he definitely didn’t need to repeat a prayer in his mind to keep away from the evilness.

“Must be nice,” he heard the boy saying after, and it stopped him from reading another card and turn to him with a raised eyebrow.
“Excuse me?”

“Having someone,” the brunet didn’t look back at him, and his tone sounded somewhat sad, while he was staring into a card full of funny-shaped hearts. He didn’t seem to like it though. “Must be nice.”

“Does it?” Newt cringed at the idea, but the stranger hadn’t seen it, strangely invested in a card he was holding. It was unusual – he didn’t look like somebody who would be scared to stay alone, and therefore dated just to prevent loneliness to creep up on him. He also didn’t look like a family guy, whose main life goal was to get married and spawn some little satans. It was… strange, Newt would say. Like he wanted to, but refused to just snatch somebody to feel better, and for some reason he felt sorry for him – or maybe not sorry, but... understood.

“Yeah,” the brunet finally looked at him, and yeah, he definitely seemed a bit down, even though he smiled at Newt like he was grateful for him to be there. “Makes you want to live a bit more, you know?”

“I guess,” Newt mumbled, and the cards in his hands burned a little all of sudden. Why did this guy sound so… bittersweet? It was Valentine, for fuck’s sake! He should be at least stuffing himself with chocolate if not stuffing somebody else with his… um. Yeah.

He took a deep breath and snatched two more cards, his fingers twitching and body restless, like he couldn’t stay any longer, and rather left to pay. The cashier naturally looked him over as he was a satan’s spawn when he put all seven cards there, but he didn’t care. He only glared back at her as she glared at him, and when she finally started putting the prices into the cashbox, he skimped around the place and noticed another small stand with more cards next to the counter. Most of them were lame and full of hearts, until his eyes fell on one that caught his attention. He probably lost his mind at that moment, because he reached out for it, opened it and snatched a pen the cashier had next to the cashbox. It was as if his hand was moving on its own, he wrote what came to his mind, ignoring the evil looks from the woman behind the counter until he was done, handing it to her to count it as well. Once she did, he snatched it right back, checking the contents and then giving her enough money to cover it all.

When he turned around, the brown haired youngster still stood there, looking through the stalls like a lost puppy, and he just couldn’t leave him there like that, everything screamed against it, so he walked back to him, tapping on his shoulder firmly.

“Hey,” he said lightly, handing him the card with a small smile. “Be my eighth?”

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“Be my eighth??”

“Shut up, I panicked,” Newt pushed Minho off the stall, grouchy and self-loathing all the evening. He was such a moron, giving a bloody Valentine’s card to a random stranger like that – and for the worst of it he even wrote his own name under his own bloody phone number.

He must have been possessed to do that, really. He never picked up strangers, he never gave his number this easily, and he definitely hadn’t been giving stupid mushy Valentine’s cards to somebody he didn’t know shit of – or actually anyone at all. He gave the ones he wanted to only to people he considered friends (Minho almost fell off the stall how hard he had been laughing at the wiener and buns), and only so they could laugh, not because he was trying to date them. It was a habit of sorts, each and every year, and now this happened and of course Minho had to make fun of him.
“Seriously, that’s the most fucking anti-romantic thing to say, ever!” the Asian snickered, pulling up his shot and gulping it down like it was water. “What did he even say?”

“Thanks,” Newt mumbled. “He said uh and thanks and then he bloody stared at me like I was the biggest idiot-,”

“You are the biggest idiot,” Minho piped.

“-but he took it, so shut up!” Newt glared at him unhappily and drank his own shot, cringing at the burning that seared his throat. He left the store so fast after he almost knocked over another person coming in, but seriously, he was mortified beyond words – and only because he wanted to do something nice for a change.

Now the guy had to think he was the biggest creep ever and Newt could only blame himself for that. Well, Minho helped of course, with the blaming. He was good at it.

“You don’t even date,” the Asian pointed out. “Why would you suddenly decide to do so?”

“I don’t want to date him!” Newt grumbled, pushing into his shoulder strongly he almost threw him off. “I just wanted to be nice!”

“By giving him a card with your number on it,” Minho gave him an unimpressed look and ordered another shot. Once it reached the desk, he immediately drank it and made a face before continuing. “You don’t give numbers unless you mean it, so what’s the deal? You can’t fool me.”

“I don’t even know his name,” Newt uttered and forced down the urge to look at his phone to check for a missed call, or a text. It was really weird, he wasn’t expecting him to call – hell, he didn’t even want him to call! Probably. Kind of. And yet the instinct to check was still there, making him restless and fidgety, but pulling the phone out and looking would give Minho more ammunition, and he definitely didn’t need that.

“So?” Minho still watched him, remaining unimpressed and Newt had to admit it was not as good defence as he could put on. He let out a long sigh and shrugged.

“Look, I don’t know,” he just said, playing with the empty glass to keep his hands busy and not reaching for the phone. “He just seemed so… sad. Maybe I just wanted to cheer him up somehow.”

“Sad?” the Asian repeated, doubtful. “Man, you should give Valentines three quarters of the city if it was based on that.”

“Yes, thank you for your input,” Newt grumbled and pushed the glass away. It almost crashed on the ground if the bartender wasn’t fast enough.

“Did he call?” Minho asked again, genuinely curious, and Newt finally had an excuse to take a look.

He tried not to feel disappointed when the display didn’t show any indication of somebody calling him, and showed it to Minho.

“Nope,” he just said, casual, and Minho groaned.

“Oh fuck, man,” he sounded like the world just ended and Newt frowned – there was something big coming, a nasty remark, he could feel it. Minho grabbed him by his shoulder and gave him a slight shake. “This is bad. You sound disappointed.”
“I don’t,” Newt opposed, shaking his hand off. Damn this guy and his mind reading skills, or whatever he was pulling off all the time.

“You do,” Minho smiled sweetly. “You dooo and you want his… wait, do you even what his D?”

“Shut up,” Newt grumbled. “It’s not like that.”

“You dooooo-ouch, what was that for!”

Newt stood up, his palm stinging a little from the head-slap he just gave the guy, and pulled out his wallet, throwing money on the bar.

“You know what it was for,” he just growled and left the sucker to it. His Valentine’s work was done for today anyway.

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He couldn’t help but wonder what exactly disappointed him more. If the fact he was able to break his beliefs this easily for one random guy he met in a store, or the fact he cried about it to Minho, out of all people, or the painfully apparent truth that this guy naturally didn’t call. Why would he, anyway? Newt presented himself as a slut who had 7 people he dated at once and offered him to be his eighth victim, even though he meant friends and not lovers.

But yeah, Minho was right. What a turnoff.

He had more thoughts, more jumbled ones, that for sure, but they disappeared when his phone started to ring all of sudden and the number didn’t ring any bell and Newt suddenly felt the swell of panic in his throat and he stared at the display for probably too long, and then he realized the caller could hung up on him, so he quickly picked up with trembling fingers, and what the hell, he was not a high schooler anymore!

“Um, hey,” a male voice flooded the line after Newt’s initial inquiry, and yes, yes, it was him, it was the puppy from the store, and Newt felt nervous as hell all of sudden, standing in the middle of the street like a tit. “Are you that… blond from the store? I hope…?”

“Yes, the blond from the store,” Newt couldn’t help but laugh, and it came surprisingly easy, like he needed to hear something really stupid before he could calm down again.

“Newt… right?” the puppy asked again and Newt only hummed in agreement, a strange contentment flooding his body gradually. “I’m Thomas, I uh… finally stopped freaking out over the card, I just…”

“You were freaking out?” Newt chuckled – he couldn’t help it, really, it was sort of endearing. He expected him being more annoyed by it, or maybe a little disgusted to be offered getting in a line of 7 people before him, and yet this came as a surprise.

“A… bit,” Thomas admitted, his voice smaller like he wasn’t sure how to react, and then he cleared his throat and Newt stopped mid-step.

In front of him, on a busy street, stood this guy, staring back at him in a slight shock, until his face broke into one of the nicest smiles Newt had ever seen, and oh god, what a sappy thing to say, what the hell was wrong with him.

“Well… this makes things easier,” Thomas approached him slowly and rummaged his breast pocket, until he found a card. “I’ve wanted to give you this.”
“A card?” Newt blinked, taking it with a raised eyebrow. Thomas only shrugged and swung on his feet like a petulant child.

“Thought it’s just fair,” he mused and nodded towards the white sheet. “You gave me one, so… I gave one back.”

“You’re the reason I get up in the morning,” Newt read out loud and snorted right the moment he opened the card. “Just kidding… I have to pee. Oh man, that’s brilliant.”

“One has to be a bit mean to actually score a win,” Thomas offered and Newt had to smile at that, because really. This guy won him over so unexpectedly he stopped minding altogether.

“Happy Valentine’s Day,” Thomas said and Newt, probably for the first time ever, replied with the same stupid phrase and liked it.
"You're a huge dick, you know that right?" Teresa shouted. "I do, I just don't understand how YOU know it." came the answer. (Well, I don't know what pairing I'd like it to be, your call, ly)

(Continuation of Pretty Legit mini-series.)

"You're a huge dick, you know that right?" Teresa shouted.

"I do, I just don't understand how YOU know it," came the answer. Thomas couldn’t groan louder at that, his last hope of Newt having a calm, reasonable growing up shattered. When puberty hit, it hit hard, and not that he suddenly grew like he had been fed by fertilizer, leaving the cuteness and innocence behind, but he got bitterer, his words had the painful bite and nothing was sacred enough. He noticed Teresa reddening, and he doubted very much it was a blush – it definitely had been fury. And her anger was something no one should live through.

“Can you put a leash on your fucking boyfriend, Tom?!" she turned her icy glare at him and Thomas gulped down the argument of them not being romantically involved somewhere very deep, because she looked like she wanted to murder him as well. He just cautiously snatched Newt’s arm and pulled him closer, earning an unhappy growls from the blond, but really, getting Teresa angry was a huge mistake.

“Can you behave a little?” he hissed at him while she finally turned around and left, her posture agitated like hell. She was the same age as Thomas and apparently getting shit from a brat three years younger really pissed her off. He didn’t really blame her, Newt had been like a devil in a box lately and he had no idea what to do with him.

“Can you stop acting like you’re the one with responsibility over me?” Newt hissed back and shook his hand off as if it was burning him. “She started it, why aren’t you on my side for a change?”

“Look, Teresa is-,”

“Your crush, I bloody know,” Newt interrupted him sternly and glared the direction she disappeared at. “But I know you forever, can I give some credit too?”

“If you stop behaving like an idiot, then yes,” Thomas bit back, offended by such blatant accusation. Newt was his everything; it wasn’t just that they knew each other since they were little. The boy meant world to him, but he made it so fucking difficult lately that Thomas felt like he was maybe forty and not just 19 years old dealing with a pubertal teenager. Hell, he alone was still a teenager and had more brain in order than usually always calm Newt. Fucking hormones changing everything.

“Yeah, of course, I’m the idiot in here,” the blond rolled his eyes and reached for his jacket, apparently ready to leave. “Well, guess it’s tough luck for me then, because it’s my normal self.
Nice knowing you, please don’t send a wedding invitation.”

“Newt, don’t you dare leave,” Thomas took a step forward, his voice dropping lower, almost threatening. “We have not finished talking.”

“I have,” Newt uttered, insolently and with an attitude Thomas had an urge to shake out of him. “Preferably for a long time.”

“Newt-,”

“I want to stay at my house from now on,” the blond interrupted him again, his chin raised up in a stubborn posture and Thomas breathed out in shock.

“Your house? But your parents are not home all the time!” he countered, livid, and Newt just shrugged like it was no big deal.

“I’m a big boy. I can take care of myself,” he just told him coldly and turned around to leave. “Not to mention being around you is… bad.”

“Bad?!?”

“Yeah,” the blond mumbled, and there was something strange in his voice, sad, or maybe even pained, but Thomas just didn’t understand why. “Just forget it. I need some space, and you do too.”

With that Newt left the room. Thomas never felt this wrong.
Messing Up

Chapter Summary

Belated B-day gift for ruslananice from Tumblr, for b-day challenge.

Per request it’s a Kingsman AU. It got kinda longer than I expected, I hope it’s not boring as hell and you’ll like it <3 (if not, definitely tell me and I’ll write something else for you!)

Thomas used to think being a Kingsman was meant to wear close fitting suits and nerdy glasses, deflect bullets with an umbrella and make James Bond’s references. He learned the hard way that at James Bond remarks was mostly frowned upon; that umbrellas needed the right timing to be handled like that and close fitting suits weren’t really for him until he was allowed to wear them.

And, well. He wasn’t allowed yet. Or ever.

He wasn’t even sure how it all started, how exactly he managed to meet Newt who brought him to the Kingsman, and how exactly he managed to get them to train him, and then kick him out like a trash.

It just sort of happened.

One day he was just roaming streets aimlessly, hoping he would find something that would give his life meaning, and not just the endless nights filled with part-time jobs, and his home packed with unpleasant guests and unhappy residents, and another day there was this blond devil in a suit, looking at him through his glasses with deep brown eyes, slowly easing him to join them.

There was no relation, no bound, and yet Newt led him through it all, standing behind him like a guardian angel, and at some point Thomas adopted a feeling he would always protect him. He grew cocky and sure with himself – his methods were unorthodox, but successful, and he was the candidate, he was there, he could almost taste it, he could be the Lancelot.

Until he fucked up.

It probably wasn’t as big or as bad, and he thought it wouldn’t have such impact on it all, until he realized Newt wasn’t there for him, wasn’t backing him up, only staring at him with disappointment with the rest, and Thomas had never seen him this cold before.

When he tried to reach for his help – as he always did – Newt turned him down unmercifully and the doors to become a Kingsman closed shut.

That’s why he was here, sitting on the railing, watching the passing cars, and holding his dog under his jacket to protect him from cold, while getting rained on. He always had been brash and fast to act, slower to think it through. He always considered it his strongest assets – until now.

Until he was called “bloody irresponsible” by the only person he thought highly of. And that was saying something, really. When Newt told him something, anything, he listened, he hung on his every word, he just couldn’t stop. Even though it was just one guy, one meaningless person in his life that wasn’t tied to him anyhow, who got rid of him as anyone else did, he suddenly found
himself devastated by it. *Pinning* even.

He got left behind too many times in his life, but now… it hit too deep and all he could do included freezing his ass off outside and let the cold apathy creep at him.

“*Is this it?*” he heard in his head with a clear British accent. “*It this how you deal with unfavourable situation?*”

“How else should I deal with it,” he mumbled tiredly, petting the wriggling pug peeking out of his jacket. “I just lost.”

“You just lost,” the voice continued, bitterly. “*Spoken like a true coward.***”

“Yeah…” he just lowered his eyes, letting the dog lick his chin in comfort. “Yeah... a coward.”

A long, suffering sigh made it feel so surreal he could almost see Newt standing here, rolling his eyes, looking like he just stepped from a commercial. He wondered how much the guy actually believed in him, if he saw any potential at all or just thought Thomas was strong enough to go through it all. He had to admit the training was tough as hell at some point – almost drowning, almost killing himself while trying to hit the target on the ground while jumping off the plane, all those little things that should tell him *stop, what are you doing, it’s dangerous, you can die!* And yeah, he thought many, many times that this whole thing was bonkers, that he must have been crazy for staying, but then he got to talk to Newt and suddenly it was alright again, it all made sense, he *belonged*.

Until he didn’t.

“*Teresa is the new Lancelot,*” the voice sounded again and Thomas hummed. Of course she was Lancelot, it was either him or her. She had more brains, and apparently more guts as well to do that, so…

Wait.

Thomas blinked and slowly turned around, his brain finally catching up that he in fact hadn’t been talking with the voice inside of his head, but with…

“Newt.”

The blond stood there in his perfect blue suit, holding his umbrella above his head, and yes, *yes*, he had that look on his face, that *oh my god, why are you even still alive* expression, like he couldn’t believe what he was seeing, or hearing, or maybe both.

“Thought you would want to know,” Newt said in a calm, steady voice, like he abandoned the exasperation already. “That she is on a spot that belonged to you.”

“She was better,” Thomas mumbled, calming down the dog with a gentle pat on his head. It was ecstatic to see Newt, it always did, but this felt wrong now. Like Newt wasn’t there because he wanted to, but because he felt like needed to deliver the final blow somehow, out of duty. Always the perfect gentleman, wasn’t he.

“Was she,” the blond tilted his head to the side, a curious gesture that Thomas never seen often enough. It gave him a bit more humanity, made him approachable for a second, dispersed that cold, professional posture he often maintained. Those little cracks in his shell, the cover he cultured for years, they made him so amazing, so charismatic. When he actually smiled or offered an emotional response, it was like a reward, like the person basked in it was worthy, and Thomas always relished
it. For some reason even his fury, or disappointment, were something Thomas taken as an accolade.

“I know you’re mad at me,” Thomas offered meekly, hopping down the railing, making the pup bounce up and down under his jacket. “You have all the rights.”

“Mad at you,” Newt repeated and let out a long, tired sigh. “I’m not mad at you. I’m mad at myself. It had been a long time since I focused only at one person, and you just showed me why I tried not to do that mistake again.”

A mistake, Thomas noted, cringing at the word. It wasn’t the first time he had been called that, and apparently not the last time either. From Newt it hurt more though, like a stab would that went deep and the blade twisted in it.

“I’m sorry,” he just said, hoping for a quick end. He didn’t know why Newt actually searched for him, why he had an urge to tell him all this – if it was a needed conclusion on his part or an order he received – but it hurt and if Thomas had to get over it fast, he needed Newt to disappear soon and leave him to his misery.

And it was misery, no doubt about it. He already missed all the things he was learning, the adrenalin, the oh-so-important manner ship, the heat of battle, and even more so when he realized all he was going to do now included a cheap work place and depression.

“How long are you planning on standing in the rain?” Newt asked him with another sigh, holding his umbrella firmly. “Leaving the poor dog to get rained on?”

“He’s under my jacket,” Thomas opposed, shuffling a little, and Newt looked at his wrist watch and then back at Thomas.

“Come with me, you hopeless person,” he ordered him, softer now though, and tipped the umbrella invitingly up for Thomas to hide under it. The brunet stared at him in confusion for a moment, not really knowing how to interpret it, but then the dog whined and he made those necessary steps to enter Newt’s personal bubble.

“You’re childish, I hope you’re aware,” the blond told him in a serious voice, suddenly so close and so real that Thomas had to take a deep breath to keep calm and not to attempt to reach out and touch. “Acting like someone took away your favourite toy.”

“Someone did take my favourite toy,” Thomas uttered, regretting it immediately, but Newt just shook his head and started walking towards his car. His limp was still very apparent – a memento of his university encounter and the hospital stay – but it was better, Thomas thought, not so painful looking anymore. It was a miracle he actually still walked, so thinking of those small things that could get better was just a waste of time.

“Are you done staring?” Newt’s voice caught him by surprise and he quickly looked up, realizing he had been watching the blonde’s backside all this time and apparently getting caught as well, and cleared his throat nervously while closing the distance between him and the car.

“Not really, but I can wait,” he mumbled while sitting inside the vehicle, and he almost overheard Newt’s chuckle. The dog started wiggling and then jumped out of his jacket when he sensed warm, dry interior and Thomas scratched him behind an ear and rubbed his eyes. He was so damn tired and cold now it almost felt unreal now, how the apathy dropped off his shoulders and he faced the reality again.
“You used to have more fight in you when I first met you,” Newt’s voice flooded the car after the door banged closed and the engine started. “What changed?”

“You stopped being there,” Thomas replied honestly, and it was selfish and probably also ridiculous, but he wanted to let it out anyway. Newt already lost his good meaning about him when the shit hit the fan, so adding more to the fire would get lost in flames.

“Oh?” the blond looked at him briefly in the mirror how he steered them through the darkened city streets, and Thomas held the gaze stubbornly – he might as well throw one more childish tantrum here before disappearing.

“You were supposed to help me out,” he started a little too harshly, noting how stone faced Newt was through it. “Support me as my mentor.”

“I’ve done nothing else all the time,” the blond said calmly. “Helping you out. All the time.”

“But this-!”

“This was your own choice,” Newt didn’t let him finish and his eyes burned a little, as if he was losing his patience. “I offered you a lot, Thomas. I gave you a lot as well. You let me down.”

“I didn’t mean to…” the brunet quickly lost his fire, deflating back to misery. “It meant a lot to me and I-,”

“Blew it,” Newt finished it for him, taking a turn and then stopping at the red light.

“And you let me take the fall alone,” Thomas concluded, bitterly.

“Yes,” the blond agreed without any emotion apparent in his voice. “Because I had been hand feeding you long enough. If you can’t man up on your own, then it’s definitely not worth our time. My time. The Kingsman’s time.”

The puppy started to nudge Thomas’ hand, clearly distressed by the sudden mood change in the car, and the brunet picked it up and sat it on his lap. He was grateful for the intervention, his thoughts jumbled and crazy enough to spit out some nonsense he would regret later. He rather avoided looking into the mirror again and glanced out of the car’s window, finally noting they were going somewhere he never been before.

“Where are we going?” he asked in confusion, noticing the houses that looked old as balls – the whole district was somehow old-fashioned.

“To my house,” Newt replied as if it was no big deal, his voice steady and almost free of any emotion.

“Your house?” he looked back at the driver, but Newt’s eyes were set firmly at the road before him, not returning the attention.

“Did I stutter?” he just asked, and Thomas could hear the fucking in that, even though the blond was too mannered to actually say it.

“No, sir,” he just sagged back, his shoulders dropping, and the puppy started pawing his hands and biting his fingers.

He could only wonder what exactly waited for him there.
It was a hot bath. Dry clothes. Tea. And absolutely amazing house full of old-looking furniture, perfectly in order and cozy looking. Newt was moving around with ease, ordering Thomas to stay in the kitchen while he disappeared in the hallway, and Thomas did, too awed to move, until the blond was back with clothes for him, and he alone already abandoned the suit and suddenly appeared so casual it almost knocked the air out of Thomas’ lungs, in his long-sleeved shirt and comfy pants.

He led Thomas to the bathroom and left him there, and Thomas was really grateful for that, for hot water unfreezing his cold body and then hopping into clean, perfectly dry clothes, just to arrive back in the kitchen to get a cup of tea. His pup was happily wagging his tail at the blanket Newt apparently put on the ground, next to the bowl with water, and it was too nice, too easy, and Thomas couldn’t shake the feeling there was something bad going to happen.

“So… what’s this about?” he asked carefully while he sat down at the table, watching every Newt’s move around the kitchen. It was like observing a swift and graceful shadow, and he wasn’t sure how careful he had to be for not getting stabbed when he blinks.

“Are you complaining after being taken care of?” Newt glanced at him from making his own tea and Thomas opened his mouth to reply, but then thought better of it and just shook his head.

“Good. Because that would definitely make me lose the rest of hope I have in you.”

“You do?”

“Have hope?” the blond turned around fully and Thomas felt small under his unmerciful gaze.

“Yes.”

“That’s why you brought me here,” Thomas piped and Newt shrugged – a gesture so unlike him.

“I brought you here because I thought it’s better than leaving you freezing outside and then roaming streets like you had done before,” he confessed with a serious face and then approached Thomas slowly, sitting on the opposite chair. “You have so much potential. I don’t want you to waste it.”

“It’s too late anyway,” the brunet mumbled, his insides churning, and Newt chuckled and suddenly there was a touch on Thomas’ joined hands, like a comforting gesture to show support, but it burned through him like a lightning, leaving him paralyzed.

“If you give up, then it’s too late,” Newt nodded with a small, warming smile. “But if you fight… you can win everything with the right tactics. Haven’t Kingsman taught you anything?”

“Manners are what matters,” Thomas smirked and it made Newt laugh a bit, a nice, clear sound that made Thomas happier somehow.

“Well, you can always show them you can recognize all forks during dinner, but I consider it as a nice bonus only,” Newt informed him and the touch disappeared, leaving Thomas cold and unsatisfied. He always wondered why was he so keen on having Newt close, having Newt see him, comment on him, praise him. He always starved for his attention – no one else’s, but his – and it suddenly became clearer when the blond raise up again and abandoned him at the small area of the dining table and chairs. He suddenly have the urge to seize him by his arm and drag him back, to get more of the warmth, maybe even taste, to find out what noises he would do if Thomas touched him on his neck, dragged his fingers through his hair, or kissed…
Kissed?

Oh yes. Kissed. Kissing sounded so good right now. It sounded perfect, actually. Like it explained everything that was going on with him lately. He wanted to kiss him, didn’t he. He kept on watching the blond for so long that it turned into this, and it took him an embarrassing amount of time to recognize it he actually felt a bit ashamed.

But Newt was always there for him, even though he gave him a lesson before, now he helped again, and why? Because of a potential? Was he so invested in Thomas future or was he… fond maybe? For whatever reason he had.

If he even had a reason – Thomas wasn’t the best person to love anyway. He knew it, his relationships sucked heavily every time. And yet… and yet…

“Hey.”

Thomas quickly shook his head, looking back up towards the voice that interrupted him from his thoughts and Newt was standing back next to him, his fingers slowly raking through the brunet’s hair.

“You paled a lot,” the blond informed him, his hand slowly falling back, and Thomas felt a flare of panic rising, so he caught his hand fast before it was out of his reach, and squeezed it lightly. Newt blinked, staring at the connection, and Thomas wasn’t even sure where the boldness came from, but he took the pale hand close to his lips and gently pressed small kiss on its knuckles – slowly, deliberately, noting the heat that came from the patch of skin, and the stillness the man maintained. He was probably going crazy. He must have been crazy, doing this to somebody who could kill him with a spoon without proper evidence he would be agreeable, or even fancy him at least a little.

His hazed brain could barely thought of any indication Newt was interested, there were no meaningful touches before – yes, there had been some double meaning remarks, Thomas would even say they kept this banter up that reminded others of flirting (he remember Teresa being all wide eyed when she was present when they met after a month, with Newt saying: “And there went his pureness, now he is corrupted as we all are.” And Thomas shot back: “And that’s all because of your touch.” It was all fine, until Newt actually gave him a cocky smirk and replied with: “My pleasure.” Teresa was trying to get out of Thomas for the rest of the night if they were involved). But other than this… Newt was never trying to corner him somewhere and kiss air out of him. He never left a burning touch like this before – and this one probably wasn’t meant romantically as well, just to show his support, to offer a comfort. When they spent time together, he was mostly teaching him the necessary etiquette or how to fight properly, giving him small, hidden tips he needed the next day. Because he wanted him to succeed, not because…

Thomas quickly sobered, releasing the hand as if he was burned, and Newt let it fell back as if he wasn’t even trying to support it anyhow.

“I’m so sorry,” the brunet whimpered, quickly standing up, almost knocking the chair over. “I’ll see myself out, I didn’t mean to-.”

“Sit the fuck down.”

The simple, yet vulgar order made him gape, but obey in a second, quickly taking the chair back and putting it at place, sitting on it. Newt was still on the spot, but his eyes were intense and lips in thin, angry line.
He probably never heard him talking like this and it probably meant his constant death – maybe by an umbrella, or the bowl his dog used, or something that was in close vicinity at the moment – like the mug with tea still in it, or that-

-Newt was going to sit on his lap instead. Thomas’ brain had a hard time processing it, the sudden weight straddling his lap, legs on both side of his thighs, a warm, pleasant presence flooding his personal space, and then there were hands on his shoulders, gripping him almost painfully.

„Breathe,“ Newt said, no, ordered, and Thomas took in a shuddering breath, his body tingling, and closed his eyes for a moment to compose himself again. It was fairly difficult when Newt’s hands moved slowly towards his neck, his thumbs rubbing gently at the sides, and it was hot, so hot he could barely even his breathing again, his heart trying to get out of his chest, rabbiting in his ribcage like crazy, and the blond had to feel it under his thumbs, the crazy pulse he adopted.

“How long?” another question, and Thomas knew very well to what topic it was bound to and what exactly was the answer to it. He fidgeted, only to have Newt to re-seat a little better, closer, and yeah, he was done for, this was the end, he was getting a heart-attack soon.

“I don’t know,” he mumbled, finally opening his eyes again, just to be greeted with the concentrated look on Newt’s face. “I just realized…”

“You just realized?” the blond tilted his head to the side and Thomas felt his fingers twitching, wanting to reach out and touch the man somehow, to feel the bare skin, to claim.

“What it meant…” Thomas ended lamely and Newt glanced down and then back up, and sighed.

“You don’t know what a hard-on means?” he deadpanned and Thomas’ eyes widened, his brain stuttering, and suddenly he realized he was already pinching a tent, and it must have been digging into Newt’s…

“Oh my god,” he whined, throwing his head backwards, and he doubted thinking ugly thoughts would help him when Newt was still stubbornly straddling his lap.

“I don’t think god has anything to do with this,” came a chuckle – and hell, Newt was amused by the whole situation? Was Thomas already dead and this was a last happy thought? “Unless you’re into it. Then by all means.”

“You’re not mad…?” he allowed himself to ask and Newt leaned forward so they were barely an inch apart, and yes, Thomas heart was now going into overdrive.

“Furious,” the blond whispered to his lips and it probably broke something in him, because he closed the gap without hesitation and kissed the blond like his life depended on it. One of them moaned, he wasn’t sure who, and frankly, he didn’t even care. His hands immediately shot up and pulled Newt closer to him, resting on his waist and then mapping his back, and he couldn’t get enough of the kiss, of the taste, of the hotness coursing through it.

How could he be so blind and realizing he had hots for his own mentor after such a long time? Talk about being observant, Kingsman was right to kick him out. But screw Kingsman, he was absolutely delirious now, having this person all to himself, kissing and licking and touching, and he barely registered he was trying to get Newt’s shirt off until they suddenly had to break apart to get rid of the garment. He wanted to whine about it until he realized it was him who made them stop for this short, agonizing moment, and once the shirt was out of the way, he resumed the French
Suddenly there was so much skin to touch and his hands kept on caressing and dragging his blunt nails over it, and Newt started to buck down and it was the end, seriously, end of Thomas’ rational thinking, of his fragile sanity.

Once he felt a hand fumbling with his belt, he immediately reciprocated and opened Newt’s pants as well, and jesus, this was so messy and uncoordinated, like they both gave up being proper and savour it and just needed to get it on, and Thomas was kind of glad because he felt like exploding and taking Newt with him if either of them tried to get some slow foreplay going on.

The first touch almost sent him over the edge, so sensitive and wanting, and Newt gave him a little smirk, that sly fox, and curled his fingers around him, and it was such an awkward position he almost couldn’t get his own hand where he wanted to, until Newt let out a sharp inhale when he succeeded and it basically blew his mind. His body curved atop of Thomas’, needy sounds escaped his lips and Thomas couldn’t stop the movement, and couldn’t stop staring, and when the blond started to gasp and shudder, he knew this was something he wanted to repeat over and over again, and preferably in all kind of positions and as often as it would be possible.

And there was the change in Newt’s breathing, his body convulsed and Thomas captured his lips to swallow the moan that followed, and Newt’s hand lost its rhythm while there was hotness spilling all over and Thomas couldn’t stop either, the pressure in his gut expanding. He was glad they were kissing messily at that point because he didn’t trust his voice at that moment, and he noticed his body was shaking until he was spent, until the white noise washed over him and left him blind and deaf and absolutely incoherent.

It took him a moment before he realized he was leaning over the blonde’s shoulder, desperately trying to get some precious control back, gasping for breath as if he ran a marathon. His body was amazingly satisfied, even from such a fast make-out that he would call high-school-like more than a proper adult’s sex, but who was he to complain about having a mind-blowing orgasm with somebody he wanted so much.

“I’d preferably do this in bed next time,” he heard Newt say in all seriousness and he barked out a laugh and hummed in agreement.

“Sounds great,” he confirmed it once he was sure he could talk again. “Anytime you want.”

“Brilliant,” the blond responded, and there was fondness in his voice, something happy and sated, and Thomas counted it as a win.

He just fell in love.
Anonymous said:
"Is that what he told you?!” Thomas asked, looking livid.

Continuation of Pretty Legit. Siiiigh. Still not the end.

"Is that what he told you?!” Thomas asked, looking livid. He couldn’t believe it, what the hell did he do that Newt started hating him this much? “That I’m too fucking clingy?!”

“Well,” Minho hesitated for a moment, as if he tried to think of better formulation, but then shrugged. “Yeah, basically.”

“What the fuck!”

“Hey, you were no different,” Minho pointed out, tapping his fingers over the counter impatiently. “You hated the whole world. He’s lucky, he hates only you.”

If that was supposed to make him feel better, Minho should definitely return his psychologist degree and crawl into a deep hole. Newt – hating him? It was unreal! Like the world would end, the full-blown apocalypse would unleash sooner than them started to hate each other. And now this? Yes, he secretly hoped Newt was kidding when he said he was going to stay home instead of Thomas’ house, but the next day the boy seriously packed his stuff and left and Thomas couldn’t stop him, even that he tried to.

And now he found out that it was because Thomas had been too clingy. That the hell was that excuse supposed to mean?

“Look, space bimbo,” the Asian interrupted his inner angry rant with a sigh. “I think he likes ya.”

“I think he hates me,” Thomas gritted through his teeth unhappily, slamming the cupboard shut too loudly the glasses inside rang as if in protest. “Too clingy. I can’t believe it.”

“Okay. Think about it,” Minho approached a fridge and took out a box of juice. “From his point of view.”

“Do you want me to lie down and pay you by an hour?” Thomas shot back, too bitterly, and earned a frown.

“You know what, fuck you too,” the Asian growled, leaving the box on the counter with too much force, that bit of the yellow liquid spilled. “If all you can do is spit venom around, I don’t give a fuck about your problems. Cheerio.”

“No, wait!” Thomas let out; stopping the man halfway from the kitchen, and Minho only shook his head and continue walking.

“No, I have enough for today,” he just shouted back. “Fucking day at work and now this, I’m done, I can’t listen to anybody without an urge to strangle them.”
“But Newt is gone!” Thomas whined, literally whined like a kid that was forbade a treat, and Minho finally stopped, turning around abruptly.

“And he did the right thing!” he bit out, and yes, he was definitely angry now. “Just fucking think about it, if you had crush on somebody who was as fucking oblivious as you are, what would you do?!?”

“Crush…?”

That word seemed so alien now, when he thought about it with the connection to Newt. Crush on Thomas? Since when? Why? How? They knew each other forever! Everything must have been so familiar he would be bored about actually liking him or…

“He has a crush on me,” he realized when all things clicked together like the right pieces of puzzle. How agitated he became when Thomas walked on him when he was changing. How much he disliked when Teresa was around. How he tried to shoo away from Thomas every time the brunet got too close, like he was afraid of getting burned.

It fit. It all fucking fit.

“Fucking teenagers,” he heard Minho grumble and then the Asian was gone and Thomas could only sit down and stare into distance like an idiot.

Newt having a crush on him.

Newt being gone.
"How could you think I was capable of that? Do you even know me at all?" he almost shouted, his patience running dangerously low. This week had been like a rollercoaster, up and down, a huge twirls, almost barfing moments, and in the end the proper right through the biggest shitstorm.

First he was clingy, second he was accused of treating his best friend like he was trash – just because there were feelings that involved romance. Seriously didn’t he know him at all? It was like hitting 15 brainwashed him, and it continued through another year to this moment, all the little seemingly unimportant nuances growing like a quiet disease.

“This is not about knowing you,” Newt avoided his eyes, and yes, he seemed guilty, and that was right, he should be. He shut him out like unwanted vermin, just cut him off after 15 years they spent together, and for what? So he could wish the fact he liked Thomas away? What a joke. Thomas wasn’t stupid, he hadn’t been thinking that the blond was just confused or that his feelings were fleeting. Nope, he was pretty sure there was a solid base for that, and it built on that until Newt couldn’t really cover it, couldn’t pretend it wasn’t there, so he decided to hide and act like he grew tired of being around his best friend.

But Minho was right. And Thomas saw it now, and he accepted it as well, because Newt was his friend, he was his family, and losing him over this seemed like the pettiest thing in the world.

“You like me,” Thomas said, pointing at him almost accusingly and Newt flinched like it hit him physically, cornered and fragile looking. Thomas hadn’t seen him for a week and it felt like ages, like he changed so much during that time he barely recognized him. It wasn’t true, there was nothing really unfamiliar about him, but… it just felt wrong not to see him for so long.

“And I like you,” he continued, taking a step forward and immediately noted how Newt’s body tensed, pressing against the wall like a caged animal.

“That’s not the same like and you know it,” the blond uttered, his tone almost attacking, and Thomas had to take a deep breath to calm himself down. Talking with raging teenagers was so difficult. He had been the same idiot, always kicking around and screaming at people until he somehow calmed down.

“How do you know it’s not?” he refused to give in the temptation to shout and Newt frowned, his expression agitated.

“You like… her,” the blond bit out, his eyes fiery and so intense that Thomas almost couldn’t speak from the power of it.
Her. Teresa was such a bamf, Thomas wouldn’t say the opposite, and he had been kind of attracted to her, appearance wise, but she was so strong he just gave up any hope – if he even had any – and only sneaked a peak when he could, but otherwise let her be. Newt didn’t know – of course – they barely talked like they used to anymore. If they did… he would know.

“Yeah, I like her,” he replied sternly, noting how Newt’s breath hitched a little. “I like Brenda too. I also like Minho that way… but don’t tell him, I’d never hear the end of it.”

Newt barked out a laugh, and it was involuntary Thomas could tell, since he stopped right after the first noise, definitely scolding himself in his head for it. But it allowed Thomas to take few more steps closer without him reacting, which was success.

“I like you differently though,” Thomas added and Newt realized he got too close now, since his eyes got wider and expression darker.

“A family,” the blond gritted through his teeth.

“Well, yeah,” Thomas wouldn’t deny that – they were growing up together, they were like a family. Or an old married couple, somehow. “I know you well and you know me. Like… that little birthmark you have on your-,”

“I get it, I get it!” Newt stopped him, horrified, and his face was burning red, and goddamn, it was so endearing and adorable, Thomas wouldn’t believe. Of course, Newt was always a cute kid, he was a little angel, but since he grew, he got lanky and frownier, and this just brought back the cute memories again.

“So. You like me,” Thomas repeated and it made Newt murmur something under his breath, his hands twitching at his sides. “But are not brave enough to actually tell me. So, let’s try to kiss?”

“Are you daft?!” Newt squealed, now even redder and he must have been like a heater now, warm to touch and cuddle. Thomas wanted to try it, kind of.

“Not that I know of,” he shrugged and took another step forward. Newt let out a whimper, but didn’t try to get away, which was a good sign. “Let’s make a deal, how about that?”

“A deal?” the blond eyed him warily and Thomas took another step closer, now standing on an arm length.

“You kiss me,” Thomas pointed at him. “And if it’s good, I can give you a blow-,”

“Thomas!” Newt shoved him, burning red, and that was finally the moment Thomas knew he could make a proper contact, to catch his arms without getting hit, and Newt didn’t fight him, just let out a short, shuddering breath and let Thomas to pull him flat against his chest and lock him in a hug.

“Don’t shut me out,” he mumbled to Newt’s hair, swinging them from side to side. “I can’t take being away from you, so… don’t shut me out again.”

“Okay,” he heard a soft reply and it warmed him up to the tips of his fingers, flooding his chest with the best feeling in the world.

“Can I…” Newt piped again, wriggling a little in Thomas’ hold. “Have that k-kiss?”
Anonymous said:
"Sure. But we have to be quiet." "Ninja-mode activated."

(Okay. This one is the last. I promise, asdjfdjdf. Thank you for sticking around during this whole crappy saga, lol)

"Sure. But we have to be quiet."

"Ninja-mode activated."

“You’re such a dork,” Newt snorted, but didn’t complain when Thomas pulled at his hand and dragged him down to the bed, positioning the blond atop of his hips as he wanted it. Newt thought he was just being a tease, but maybe they both were a bit impatient and kept on trying who will break the fragile barrier of “not 18 yet” down.

Newt definitely didn’t care. If it was solely on him, he would let Thomas make him moan wherever and whenever – and of course Thomas knew it, but stubbornly held back like an old maiden. This dating thing occurred about four months ago, during which time Newt managed to hit 17, get past the initial shock of Thomas actually agreeing to this (even leading it like he was just waiting for permission all this time) and moved back to Thomas’ house (or not moved, just… stayed there more again, having Minho smirking at him like he swallowed a canary, and having Thomas being all defensive about it, somehow).

The sex was off the table though. There was lots of kissing. Lots of… very awesome, deep French kissing… (what Newt would probably never admit was the first kiss they shared, and which started very innocent, until Thomas realized he seriously could kiss Newt more, because it wasn’t like a happy birthday kiss or anything, but basically agreeing to terms and conditions of their new, terrifying and absolutely awesome status). Also messy hand-jobs (first happened about two months after and it completely short-circuited Newt’s brain) that were very careful and very, very private. They usually never did it when there was someone at home who could hear them (especially after Minho walked on them kissing in the kitchen, not even stopping, just making a toast, saying something about where is my per hour payment – Newt mused it was something from his work and he was talking to himself – and then just left like he saw nothing, or just didn’t really care). Thomas was petrified though, like he turned into a statue, and Newt agreed that they were lucky it was Minho and not Thomas’ parents.

That’s why he was kind of surprised that Thomas actually wanted to do something now, when there were people in the house (aka his whole family), and even though he played it like it was no big deal, he was giddy inside.

“Well, you love this dork, so it’s a win-win,” Thomas smiled at him cheekily, because he knew it was right, damn him, and his hands rested on Newt’s hips, his thumbs rubbing lazy circles there.

“God help me,” Newt rolled his eyes and earned a pinch to his side, yelping a little.
“Shhhh,” Thomas chuckled, hooking his finger against Newt’s hoodie and pulling him forward. “Keep quiet, kitty.”

“Stop calling me kitty,” Newt retorted and let himself to be dragged lower, brushing his lips over Thomas’.

“Puppy,” the brunet corrected himself with a mischievous grin. “Lil llama.”

“Llama?” Newt bit him to his lower lip as a punishment and Thomas snorted and flipped them over, trapping the blond under him.

“Little llamas are cute,” he informed the blond with a faked seriousness. “Just like you.”

“Of course, Sleeping Beauty,” Newt pulled at his hair teasingly and Thomas grinned at him, all happy and apparently excited, and it was pretty awesome, really. Just four months ago he would never even consider this becoming reality, knowing Thomas forever and actually believing he wanted to date Teresa, or Brenda, or any other girl there was around him. But this… this just blew his mind. Thomas was a touchy-feely person, he kept on cuddling him and nuzzling his neck, during the night they slept like a pretzel (it was actually an arrangement Thomas suggested, Newt wouldn’t even think of sleeping with him before they… do the do. Or at least get intimate enough to be able to handle the raging hormones during the night and the morning. But nope, Thomas wanted to, saying he missed it since Newt started his puberty streak and refused to sleep together, which was like… two years ago? Seemed so long. And so they did.) For what Newt was insecure before, it all got dispersed by the familiarity they quickly resumed, so the sleeping was safe enough for both of them (at least usually, there were moments).

“Stop thinking,” Thomas whispered to his ear, nibbling it slightly, and it successfully made Newt forget every worry he had before, falling easily into the sweet trap Thomas planted there.

“One of us has to,” he smirked, earning a bite to his neck, and hissed, his body waking up gradually.

“Cheeky brat,” Thomas commented, chuckling into the skin and then licking the place he just bit, making Newt wiggle under him. “Your only luck is you can cook.”

“I can’t cook,” Newt reminded him and Thomas made a fake thoughtful noise.

“Oh man, nothing can save you now then,” he informed the blond seriously and before Newt could react anyhow, he covered his lips with his own, kissing the air out of the boy. At that point Newt sincerely hoped no one was going to pass their room, or decide to go in for an inspection, because he kept on moaning involuntarily and bucking his hips up, just to be greeted with the same pressure from Thomas, and goddamn, this was such a stupid moment to get all hot and bothered.

“You’re terrible,” he let out when Thomas finally let him to gulp down some air and resumed his work on his neck, apparently wanting to leave a mark.

“I’m lovable,” the brunet opposed and his hands slowly swept under Newt’s shirt, connecting with his bare skin, and Newt had to bit his lower lip to keep quiet.

Well, he knew very well what he was falling in love with. He just wondered if there was still time to suggest locking the door, but guessing from Thomas grabby hands it was too late.

Oh well.
A puppy

Chapter Summary

knightowlkayla said:
Hey, I saw that you are doing a b-day event and I really like your writing. If possible could you do one for me? My birthday is March 24th. I would like a Newt/Thomas fic. Maybe a fluffy one where they adopt a pet or go to the zoo or something. Thank you!

B-day gift for knightowlkayla on Tumblr :))

“No.”

“C’mon, Newt,” Thomas nudged him with his hand, earning a grumble and even worse defensive stance than before.

“I said no,” the blond refused again, stubborn, and Thomas wondered if his boyfriend even had a heart to say no to those eyes.

“It’s a puppy!” he whined, gesturing towards a small pug which was staring at them through the cage with sad, puppy dog eyes. It was little and cute and absolutely lonely and Newt was just standing there, looking at it with something similar to disgust and Thomas just couldn’t understand why.

“I don’t like dogs,” Newt uttered, cutting the conversation like a guillotine. “They are filthy, they pee on carpets and they bark all the time.”

“If you don’t train it, yes,” Thomas pointed out and crouched in front of the cage, petting the little animal through the bars. The pug immediately licked his fingers and tried to get closer, and it was so pitiful Thomas wanted to cuddle him. He loved dogs; he always did, and couldn’t understand why Newt wouldn’t like such amazing and loyal creatures.

Maybe he was a cat person? Cat people usually didn’t like dogs much, right?

“So until it learns it shouldn’t pee on the floor and chew on your shoes, you have to endure?” Newt crossed his arms on his chest and if Thomas ever wanted a clear picture of a pure refusal, Newt definitely was the proper example.

“Babies do that too,” Thomas pointed out, frowning to himself, and the pug started biting his fingers, wanting to play. His heart was bleeding from the thought of leaving it here.

“Babies are even worse,” the blond informed him sternly and Thomas let out a long, suffering sigh. Why did he even go with him to the anime shelter if he hated animals?

“So what,” he stood up, abandoning the puppy with heavy heart. “You want a cactus? Or is it too demanding as well.”

“Look, I just don’t want a dog-,”

“A cat then?” Thomas offered and Newt rolled his eyes.
“No.”

“Why are we even here?” the brunet groaned, noticing how a family with a little girl standing few meters away from them were staring – two idiots bickering about a puppy. Or not a puppy. They must have seem like a terrible pair and he thought the mother kept on pulling her daughter further from them. He didn’t really blame her.


“I told you I want to adopt a pet,” Thomas shot back, agitated already and even more when Newt just hmphed and didn’t respond.

“Fine,” he hissed, turning away and going to the counter with a pretty young girl behind it. He heard Newt trailing after him slowly and it just vexed him, really. He really loved this guy, but sometimes he was so difficult it was impossible to get along with him without shouting or at least counting to ten to prevent a scene. Thomas was usually the one who backed up because he hated drama. Even if it wasn’t his fault, he rather left it be, offered peace and apologized, rather than keeping their home a battlefield, because Newt could play very, very dirty when he wanted to.

But today – today he had enough, really. He always did what Newt wanted, but when was the last time the blond actually bended to his wish, to his own needs? Like… never? He always worked out around it, but he wanted to be selfish today – he needed to do something that was for him and not just because he needed to calm down the lion.

“Can we get the pug puppy, please?” he stopped at the counter, smiling at the girl as happily as he could in his rage, and her face lit up, nodding enthusiastically.

“But today – today he had enough, really. He always did what Newt wanted, but when was the last time the blond actually bended to his wish, to his own needs? Like… never? He always worked out around it, but he wanted to be selfish today – he needed to do something that was for him and not just because he needed to calm down the lion.

“Can we get the pug puppy, please?” he stopped at the counter, smiling at the girl as happily as he could in his rage, and her face lit up, nodding enthusiastically.

“Of course! I was hoping someone would take him, he’s such a dear,” she chirped and immediately took her keys and hopped to the back, leaving Thomas there with Newt. The blond was staring at him in disbelief, but Thomas pretended not to see it and waited until the girl was back with the small pup, giving it to Thomas gently. The pug immediately started to paw at him and nuzzle his neck and licking his face, and if this wasn’t the happiest thing he had ever seen, nothing else was.

He could already tell Newt was going to be majorly pissed off.

***

Newt wasn’t pissed off.

Newt wasn’t talking to him at all.

The pug, lovingly called Maze (mainly because he got lost in the bathroom the first thing he did, ending up in pile of dirty clothes and falling asleep there) was a happy, playful dog that couldn’t wiggle excitedly enough to show how grateful he was to leave his cage. Thomas spent the whole day with him in the living room, throwing him socks (he didn’t have any toys yet and Maze loved drag socks off his feet, so why not, they weren’t poisonous. Yet), scratching him behind his ear and trying to teach him how to drink from a bowl without drowning. He loved to eat apples when Thomas peeled them and made the most ridiculous noises when he was falling asleep and started dreaming.

The thing was – Thomas needed to get him stuff. He needed his own bed, he needed his bowl, toys and food – but he couldn’t leave him alone in the flat, and dragging him along sounded like a torture as well for him. But Newt shut him down and he couldn’t get hold of Minho or Teresa, and that really sucked.
It took him about another half an hour before he decided that Newt should man up as well, and not treat him like somebody who didn’t have a say in their relationship ever. He knew he was going to encounter a blatant ignorance or maybe even a blunt refusal, but he wanted Maze to have his things sooner than later, and being at bad terms with Newt felt wrong anyway (not that what he was about to do was supposed to make it better).

“Newt,” he knocked at the door to the bedroom, naturally not getting any reply. “I need to go buy Maze some stuff, would you be so kind and look after him before I get back?”

Again, no reply. Not that Thomas expected any, but still.

“Newt,” he repeated his name, sighing. “Must we fight over a dog?”

He heard movement and then there was stomping of feet until the doors flew open, showing the blond in them, and yeah, he was mad.

“Yes, we must,” he growled, looking at Thomas like he was the most terrible enemy ever. “Dog is not a thing you buy to decorate the bloody place! Have you even think it through before deciding you want to take care of another living being?!”

“We are not having this conversation,” Thomas turned around, his hands twitching. Newt acting like a mother hen was nothing new as well, but he didn’t have strength for it, so he just took his keys and left the flat.

***

Thomas tried to be fast, efficient and back home as quickly as he could. He wasn’t sure what Newt would do – he counted more on him being in the bedroom and Maze left alone in the living room, whining sadly. That image made him go even faster, picking up all he could think of what dog could need and then having some pet shop girl to give him advice.

He got back almost two hours later, chiding himself for it, but packed with goodies the dog should better love (or he would eat all those dog yummies alone, if he had to). The flat was quiet and there was literally no sign of Maze anywhere in the living room, or the kitchen. For a moment Thomas panicked that Newt got fed up and just returned him to the shelter, so he quickly went to check the bedroom, just to stop at the doorstep, staring at the sleeping form of his boyfriend.

Newt sleeping was nothing new, of course, but on his chest, curled into a ball, slept Maze. Thomas didn’t really know what to do for a while, looking at the picture completely paralyzed, but then Maze stirred, hearing him shuffle, and immediately started wiggle his little butt, waking Newt up in the process.

Thomas watched the blond blink and realize what exactly was the situation, until his eyes focused fully on Thomas standing there, and Maze jumping on him, and he just sighed.

“He kept on whining,” the blond mumbled tiredly and Maze turned around and started licking his face, making Newt wail and hold the little bugger away. Thomas couldn’t hold the laughter even if they paid him for it.

***

“Stop hogging him!”

“Shut up, I can’t help he likes me better,” Newt pushed Thomas’ grabby hands away and resumed petting of the puppy on his lap, resting there comfortably. It had been a week and Maze apparently
took an immense liking to the blond, kept on trailing behind him, even to the toilet, waited for him after he left the shower (and licked water off his feet), padded after him when he went for tea, and then slept on him or at least next to him every evening when Newt was in the living room, watching TV. It was like he basically stole the dog, even though he didn’t want him.

But bam! Suddenly Maze was his best friend and he cooed at him when he thought Thomas wasn’t looking, and it was really adorable that Thomas sneakily stole few photos and videos of them (his fave was Newt asking Maze *who is the good boy?!* And Maze kept on panting and titling his head, until Newt exclaimed *you are!* And the dog started bounce around like crazy).

“But I like you too, when am I going to get petted?” Thomas pouted, leaning a bit forward, expecting another push. But Newt looked at him with a small smile playing his lips, and damn, it was just the best expression ever.

“How about a kiss instead?” the blond offered, his fingers trailing Thomas’ hand, gently mapping his knuckles, and Thomas hummed in agreement, leaning forward to capture his lips softly. He was bold enough to think it all became better the day they got Maze. Like Newt kind of calmed down when he had someone to take care of without complains, and Thomas appreciated it, even though Maze kept on stealing his socks, and once even stole his keys and brought it all to his little nest.

“He’s biting my hand.” Newt informed him once they parted, chuckling a little and Thomas nuzzled his cheek lovingly.

Yeah, they definitely needed the dog and no one would tell him otherwise.
Anonymous said:
"He could destroy me," he said to Minho, watching Thomas recite their coffee order to the barista.

"He could destroy me," he said to Minho, watching Thomas recite their coffee order to the barista.

“With what? Too much sugar in your coffee?” Minho snorted, looking the same way he did, but Newt just let out a sigh and looked away. There was something about Thomas that was edging to self-destruct, something painful that made Newt terrified and at the same time hopelessly captivated. His common sense was screaming against it, holding him back as tightly as it could, but a tiny part of him, that insane one that kept on searching for more thought that Thomas was actually what he needed.

There wasn’t a warning. Not a single foreshadowing of what was going to happen if he would let the brunet closer to him, if he actually talk to him and realize he was funny and a little dorky, and also very, very addicting. Spending time with him was amazing and Newt loved it – it was shame to admit it, but yeah. There was something about his deep, brown eyes – maybe a danger, a mystery, a lurking darkness that could swallow him whole. A certain something in corners of his mouth, in the small, private smile he gave him when they were alone, dragging him down and low, deeper into a place of no return. Something in his touches, lingering, burning his skin when he brushed against him. Something… Newt shouldn’t have wanted.

But he did. He wanted and he craved and he really, really desperately needed him, but the fear of getting hurt in the process was greater and so palpable he couldn’t make a move.

Not to mention…

“What about Sonya?”

Newt closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. Minho knew what was going on, he wasn’t blind. Newt didn’t mean to lie to him either. He didn’t want to lie to anyone.

“I don’t know,” he mumbled, not taking the Asian as an idiot by bullying him with what about her crap. Minho hummed, returning his gaze towards Thomas at the counter, patiently waiting for their coffee.

“What about Teresa?” he asked again, pulling Thomas’… girlfriend? Fuckbuddy? Whoever? Into the game. Newt was never really sure what bonded those two, but there was unmistakable connection between them. Another reason why telling was a bad idea.

“What about her?” Thomas’ voice rang suddenly and Newt blinked, his expression probably a little too panicked, because Thomas quickly put the coffee down and sat next to him, taking him around his shoulders.

“You okay, man?” he shook him gently, his touch hot and a bit too much. “You paled a lot.”
“Sugar deficit,” the blond mumbled, reaching for his cup with trembling hand, and Thomas quickly pushed it under his fingers.

“I don’t know, you seem sweet enough to me,” he joked, his thumb caressing Newt’s arm slowly and Newt felt the hot, swelling feeling blooming inside of him like a flower with sharp thorns, scratching and piercing and hurting him.

“Flatterer,” he managed to say and Thomas smiled at him happily, trying to comfort him.

He didn’t need to look at Minho to know he had a major problem growing up to scary proportions.
Anonymous said:
"Well, I’m afraid you’re going to have to wait for once,” Newt said trying to keep his voice professional.

(Minewt per request. It’s kinda fun tbh, I never tried this pairing before. They seems sort of sweet, yeah? ^^ Also! I found the idea of trouble sleeping interesting)

"Well, I’m afraid you’re going to have to wait for once," Newt said trying to keep his voice professional. It was like talking to a brick wall though, not getting a proper response, only a roll of eyes, but the firm hold on his waist stayed, as well as the heavy weight on his back.

“I mean it,” Newt pushed into Minho’s hands, attempting to disentangle, but the Asian leaned to him stubbornly even more and refused to let go.

“Minho!” he grumbled, trying to get back to his work, but Minho didn’t budge an inch and Newt finally gave up. Dealing with this guy was like talking to a five-years old, seriously.

“You know I have just an hour free,” Minho mumbled, nosing Newt’s hair from behind. “Be a dear and let me have some before I gotta go again, yeah?”

“Have some?” Newt’s eye twitched and he pinched Minho’s hand painfully, earning a yelp. Was he really expecting Newt to have sex with him in the office? During work? For real?!

“Just a little nap,” Minho whined, dragging Newt with him backwards, until both of them landed on the armchair, Newt between his legs, completely dumbfounded.

“A nap?” he glanced backwards and Minho was already closing his eyes, yawning.

“I can’t sleep properly without you,” he mumbled snuggling into the blond more, resting his cheek between the boy’s shoulder blades. “It’s like something keeps me awake. You calm me down, it’s pretty awesome.”

“That’s weird,” Newt opposed, wriggling, and Minho only held him tighter, stilling him. Well, yes, they weren’t seeing each other for about two weeks now, at least not like they were used to. Newt had too much work and Minho had that bad habit of disturbing him when he tried to work from home, constantly demanding attention, which was a little exhausting after a time. Not to mention they started as colleagues, somehow morphed into fuck-buddies (Newt hated that word, he hated that status, but there was probably no other way to describe it. Friends with benefits? They weren’t even friends to begin with. They were overworked and tense and they found out having sex, or at least a quick hand job make them more relaxed. So they promptly did, at times, and it was fine, and somehow it became more familiar, until Newt got too busy to actually pay attention to the man, so he closed the possibility of having sex off, and it kind of worked for a while, until today).

From a person he was used to have sex with, this sudden behaviour came off as very, very strange. Maybe a little endearing, although he would never say it out loud, but strange.
“I can’t help it,” Minho said in a sleepy voice and his breath slowly evened, until Newt felt him getting heavier. He fidgeted a little, getting a bit more comfortable, seeing he wouldn’t be able to get away without waking him up, and the warmth started slowly seep into him as well.

He never had trouble sleeping without Minho there, but it was true some nights it felt… colder. Like cuddling into another warm body would do him good, somehow. But it didn’t mean anything anyway, they were not a thing.

The fact this seemed sort of nice didn’t really faze him either.
B-day gift to my beloved misssushicat on 27.3.! <3

Per request it's a meeting after playing online together, I hope you like it! ^^
Since it was a similar theme as Online series, I tried to make it a bit different :))

Thomas was nervous. No, maybe livid, absolutely wrecked and jumpy. He couldn’t calm down even when he tried, his fingers were twitching, his heart thrumming in his chest like crazy, cold sweat breaking on his body.

He was terrified and scared, and yet absolutely excited.

It all started about a year ago, or maybe a little less, when he started playing Final Fantasy XIV online. At first it was because Aris made him do it, pushing him onto a free trial, and Thomas slowly going from eeeh to oh, it’s not that bad. After 14 days he decided it was worth to buy it and even pay for it monthly, so he promptly did and gradually became more and more addicted.

First three months were sort of uneventful, Aris rocketed to the cap level so fast Thomas didn’t have time to catch up with him, not to mention he joined some sort of free company Thomas didn’t know, then changed it, and blatantly ignored Thomas until he suddenly stopped playing, and logged on for 5 minutes per day. At that point Thomas wondered what the hell was the point of even staying in the game alone – he was usually terrible with socializing out of blue (something Aris never had a problem with), and suddenly not being able to talk to at least somebody familiar left him kind of lonely. For some reason he stayed though, playing through it alone, going dungeons solo and taking it as a relaxing time of no worries.

At that point he met a cute Mi’quote Black Mage who actually took him to his guild, and from that point Thomas fell in love with the game for sure. The whole Wicked free company was full of usually laidback people that helped him through any ordeal, to get geared, to understand mechanics of the game, making him a better Bard he chose, and he immediately came into a perfect harmony with Sak Reza, the Black Mage that recruited him.

They talked a lot through the free company chat, then suddenly went to private tells because it felt better, like they didn’t want to bother the rest of the company with their gibberish, and Thomas started to look forward to Sak logging in, going to the game mainly because he wanted to talk to him, and then it suddenly wasn’t enough. They hanged out a lot in the game, the company started calling them an old married couple, and Thomas just shrugged it off and let it be.

It took them about two months to say each other their real first name, and Sak Reza became Newt, and the talks more personal. They rarely even played anymore, they just logged in to chat with each other, doing mandatory daily roulettes and then just sitting somewhere seclude and talking and talking and talking until it was late and they had to go sleep.

About another month later Thomas realized he was absolutely screwed. He kept on thinking what to say to Newt when he would log in, and it made him agitated and impatient and the day before he got to his PC and actually logged in (and sometimes waited for Newt there, because he had a long
day as well and couldn’t come sooner), until he expressed that problem to Newt one day and they came up with a solution – skype chat.

Naturally, from skype chat they used during the day, at school when they could, it slowly morphed into another step – calls. Thomas thought it was a big step, an important one, because suddenly they wouldn’t be anonymous anymore, they would know each other’s voice, each other’s face and it made him super nervous, because what if Newt wouldn’t like him? What if he was going to think Thomas has annoying voice of is pain to look at?

He basically obsessed about it the whole day until the school ended and suddenly going home felt like a thousand years long journey until he was sitting at his PC and staring at the dialling icon on his skype.

He wasn’t going to pick it up, he thought. He changed his mind. It was all a joke. There is no Newt. There is no-

“Oh, it works now,” a clear British accent flooded the line and Thomas froze, staring at the screen in silent awe.

“Oh no,” he managed to croak out. “You’re hot.”

The person on the other side of the call blinked few times, his big, brown eyes confused before they cleared up again and he snorted, shaking his head a no, but yes, Thomas was so sure, so adamant that the blond he was looking at was the one of the most attractive people he ever saw and even though Aris would probably kick his shin for saying that, he completely blew Thomas’ mind.

They talked for five hours that day, slowly becoming more and more comfortable, and from there the calls became a must for them, every day when they were able.

Two more months passed and when Newt said: I can’t help myself but I really like you, Thomas couldn’t breathe, because he had been at that point for months now, too scared to say it out loud, not wanting to break the fragile balance they had, but hell yes.

“I really like you too,” he answered, his voice weak and trembling, and Newt smiled, and it was so bright, so lovely that Thomas felt a little like crying, and laughing at the same time.

“Tommy?”

“Yeah?” he breathed out, absolutely paralyzed, as if the world slowed down and nothing else mattered, and Newt hesitated, gnawing on his lower lip nervously, and Thomas wanted to kiss it, he needed to touch it, to run his thumb over it, and mess up his blond hair and leave many, many marks on his pale skin and hold him close forever. He was angry at himself at first for having such thoughts about this guy, even considered stopping talking to him to protect him from his own twisted mind, but his addiction was too strong and he couldn’t stay a day without talking to him.

“This is going to sound weird, but…” Newt took a deep breath and Thomas could see him fidgeting. “I mean, I know we are not really… we don’t know each other that well and all, but-,”

“Yes,” he forced out automatically. He didn’t wait for the rest, he didn’t need to. It was yes – to whatever he wanted, it was always yes.

“I would blame myself not aski-what?” Newt blinked, obviously taken back, and then his face softened and lips stretched into a gentle smile. “Yes?”

“Yes,” Thomas immediately repeated and it was bittersweet, because he wanted to reach out and
touch him so bad it made his body tingle uncomfortably, heart pounding, fingers twitching.

But this was how they started dating.

Their calls filled with longing, their talks whispering, their eyes searching and wanting, and it got almost unbearable, until it all ended here.

With Thomas standing at the airport, nervous and scared, and people were passing around him in a busy pace, until the one gate he was waiting for finally opened and another crowd started to pour outside.

It took him about ten more minutes before he finally spotted the blond hair approaching the line, and his body immediately reacted and pushed forward, breath hitching and heart trying to jump out of his chest. It took Newt a moment before he noticed him and he stopped right the same second, dropping the bag he was holding and just opened his arms, letting Thomas ran into his embrace and almost pushing him to the ground.

People were staring at them, some actually chuckling, but Thomas didn’t care a bit about them, he was holding Newt in his arms and it felt perfect. He was the same height, the lean, huggable build, and he fitted perfectly. Thomas couldn’t stop hugging him, his hold probably too tight for a while, but Newt didn’t complain, he was holding him as close, fingers twisted in Thomas’ hoodie, chests pressed together and Thomas thought he heard a sniffle coming from the boy.

“Hey,” he whispered to his hair, kissing the top of his head, and Newt really let out a loud sob and repeated the greeting brokenly.

“I can’t b-believe this,” he hiccupped, swaying Thomas from side to side, and Thomas’ lips curled in happy smile and his hands slowly eased away, gently caressing Newt’s back, noting the slight tremors that cours ed through him. “It’s r-really you.”

“Yeah,” Thomas whispered, surprisingly without the nervousness now, only deliriously happy and bold. He gently lifted Newt’s chin up, seeing how deep and grateful Newt’s eyes were, and screw the airport, he needed to kiss him so bad nobody would stop him anyway.

Newt’s lips were soft and inviting – he let out a tiny sound when Thomas initiated the kiss, but immediately angled his head and opened his mouth and even though Thomas meant to just give him a small, I’m so happy to see you kiss, it turned into a deep one in a matter of seconds and he didn’t care a single bit. He dreamed about this for months and he was not going to let the opportunity slide away just because he was shy to use his tongue (although it was Newt’s fault, he used it first and it was glorious).

Newt wasn’t an aggressive kisser, but he was definitely a thorough one, and surprisingly dominating. If Thomas wouldn’t have his on leading streak, he would totally just let him do his magic, but this way it was much more interesting, much more intense and absolutely amazing. There were hot streams coursing through his body, flooding his mind and burning him up, and Newt was so pliant, so lively, he couldn’t believe it was even happening.

He let his hands settle on the blonde’s face, his thumbs caressing his cheeks softly, and Newt hummed in appreciation, stepping even closer. The close contact was intoxicating and it made him so wanton and happy he probably never felt like this before. This couldn’t even compare to his lame fantasies, not by a long shot. He couldn’t have imagined the perfect noises Newt was now making, how insistent his touches were, how responsive his mouth became. It made him love, want, need so much he couldn’t put it to words even if he wanted to.
He didn’t know how long they were actually kissing, or how many people watched them or went to fill a complaint, but when they parted, the only thing he knew it was not enough.

“Nice boys don’t kiss like that,” Newt whispered to his lips, chuckling breathlessly and Thomas had to smile like an idiot, completely blissed out. Newt was basically glowing, his eyes sparkling and mouth red, and all Thomas wanted to do was hold him and never let go. All those skype calls, all those chats, nothing could prepare him for the onslaught of this awesome needy feelings that mixed with contentment and demanding wishes. He didn’t know if he wanted to just touch him and be happy, or he needed to kiss the air out of him, but either possibility sounded like the best idea in the world.

“I must be bad to the bone then,” he answered with a smirk and Newt snorted, his hands slowly releasing Thomas’ hoodie like he just realized he should, but it seemed hesitant and Thomas didn’t blame him. He never wanted to let go of him either, not after all this time of inability to touch.

“And here I thought it would be awkward to even shake hands with you,” the blond commented, suddenly fidgety, and Thomas had to laugh, because yeah, of course he thought about it too. You may love the other as you want, but loving online and loving in the real life, those were two different things. There could be anything they might have not liked about the other, the chemistry could be a dead duck – but this, this actually broke it, it made them even more in love than before, and Thomas couldn’t even slow his madly beating heart that tried to jump out of his chest, probably to Newt’s arms to stay and keep, and it was alright.

“Yeah, I was wondering if it would be okay to hug you,” Thomas replied while trading their fingers together and Newt smiled at him so lovingly it almost hurt him in its intensity. His chest was so tight with all those adoring feelings he could barely breathe.

“Same,” Newt smirked and pulled a little, like he was trying to make a point. “Shall we… go? Or you want to give a show to all of those people for a bit more?”

“Right,” Thomas cringed, looking around at people actually watching them, and quickly grabbed Newt’s bag, even though the blond immediately complained, and led him outside the airport, hand in hand.

“Just so you know,” he heard Newt whispering when they were stuck on the escalator, waiting for it to get them down. The blond was standing behind him, his hands were resting on Thomas’ waist, and his chin on Thomas’ left shoulder. “I really love you.”

“Fuck,” Thomas let out before he could stop himself and Newt snorted, hugging him from behind like he said nothing and it was completely normal. He heard some girls in front of them giggling and what the hell, this was so sneaky.

“You’re so sneaky,” he informed the blond unhappily (or happily, it really depended how you looked at it – his legs were a bit weak from it, hearing it was an immense joy, but goddamn, in the middle of the airport? Newt had no mercy!) and pinched his hand in rebuke. Newt only grinned wider and snuggled closer, and Thomas really couldn’t wait for them to have some privacy.

“I love you too,” he mumbled back, trying to tune out the girls that started awwwing, and Newt hummed and kissed his neck as if he was complimenting him.

In the middle of the fucking airport. He had no shame.

Bless him.
"Every time I hang out with you or Newt," Minho began, "I have to make a checklist of words to look up when I get home. First Google of the night? 'Power bottom'."

"You never heard of power bottom?" Thomas seemed genuinely surprised, and Minho would maybe even take him seriously if he wasn’t standing there almost naked. “I thought it should be obvious, since you know Newt personally and you know he is a cat-,”

“A cat?” Minho blinked and then groaned, waving his hand in the air. “Don’t tell me, please. Spare me with details.”

“I let him fuck me,” Newt deadpanned, signing another paper while he was bending over a table. “But it’s not like he can do whatever he pleases.”

“Oh man, please stop talking,” the Asian whined, definitely already regretting he even asked, and Thomas chuckled and slowly reached his lover, gently caressing his back. Newt didn’t really react, but Minho noticed he pushed into the touch a bit more.

“Who is on the stage now?” the blond turned over the page, reading the rest of the text and Thomas glanced towards the open door from where the music poured inside to check.

“Teresa,” Minho replied immediately and there was an understanding in Thomas eyes. She was so sneaky lately, trying to avoid both of these guys, because she had this unhealthy crush on Thomas. Minho tried to talk her out of it, he really did, but Teresa had always been stubborn. The bad thing was - she made Thomas believe she disliked him, more than the opposite, since she kept on leaving rooms when he arrived, or did everything she could to go unnoticed. Not to mention what she was doing when Newt was around, and he was her boss.

“What’s her problem lately anyway?” Thomas wondered and Minho let out a long sigh. Stubborn girls were stubborn girls.

“What’s not her problem,” Newt mumbled, finally abandoning the paperwork and taking Thomas around his waist, kissing his temple. “Good job today by the way. Go get dressed, I wanna go
“Mmkay,” the brunet smiled, stealing one more little kiss and disappearing in the hallway, leaving them alone. Newt watched the door for a while longer and then turned to Minho with an exasperated expression.

“So, what’s bugging her? She hasn’t looked me in the eye for weeks,” he asked him in a dead serious voice and Minho sighed. Of course Newt would want to know, he owned this place, she worked for him and behaved like a tit these past few months. Talking to her about it seemed fruitless as well, even though Minho kept on telling her Thomas was *taken*, she was stubborn and refused to talk to him about it. He even tried to be the evil one and just bluntly say that she didn’t deserve him with that attitude, not when Newt was *there* for him every time, the perfect ying for the perfect yang, but it just made her angry, so he gave up.

“She just likes your man,” he replied honestly, glancing at the stage he saw only a fraction of, and Newt hummed.

“Well, that’s a worse kept secret in this whole place,” the blond shrugged. “Is that seriously her only problem?”

“You don’t mind?” Minho raised an eyebrow, surprised by such blatant dismissal, and Newt reached for his coat and barked out a laugh.

“Min, if I minded, she wouldn’t have this job anymore,” he uttered coldly. “But that would also mean I don’t trust Tommy. But I do, I know he wants to be with me, and I want to be with him. I’m sorry for her, I know liking somebody who doesn’t like you back sucks, but such is life.”

“Yeah,” the Asian nodded slowly. “I just wish she would understand that.”

“If wishes were kisses…” Newt winked at him, that little blond devil, and Minho chuckled and waved him off.

If wishes were kisses, he would probably didn’t do anything else.
Said No

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"This one said no!" Newt shouted towards Minho, gesturing at the brunet.

(Minewt again. Fun to write tbh :))

"This one said no!" Newt shouted towards Minho, gesturing at the brunet.

“This one doesn’t understand what fun is,” Minho uttered, not even sparing a glance at the brunet.

“This one has a name,” said the brunet.

“Congratulations,” Minho chimed and offered a glass to Newt once more. The blond just let out a growl and shook his head vehemently. “Newt, don’t be a scaredy-cat.”

“Stop trying to push me into it,” Newt growled, taking step back and Minho let out a long, suffering sigh.

“It’s just a drink,” Minho groaned. “I’m not asking you for your fucking hand in marriage.”

“As if you even had guts for that,” Newt spit out and then stopped like he just said something very bad, and it gave Minho stop as well.

“For real?” he blinked, staring at the blond in pure shock, and Newt paled like the blood got drained from his body in seconds. “That’s what this all is about?”

“Leave it,” Newt stammered out, mortification dripping from his every word. “Just leave it, forget I said anything. Just leave it.”

“Leave it,” Minho repeated, still staring, unable to look away. Newt suddenly looked so insecure like he hadn’t seen him in years, and it made him feel bad too, because the last time Newt had been like this ended with his leg fucking up after he tried to kill himself. He was fifteen, yeah, but such wound always preserve in a person, and the memory burned into Minho’s brain like a bloody brand, unwilling to disappear.

“Newt…”

“I didn’t mean to say anything like that,” the blond assured him, avoiding his eyes nervously, and Minho just couldn’t form a proper reply. “I know how you feel about it, I didn’t mean to…”

“Ask me to marry you?”

“Ask you to do anything,” Newt mumbled, gnawing on his lower lip. “I know we are not exactly fine and dandy lately, and…”

“He looks like he is super dandy with you,” the brunet suddenly piped – Minho absolutely forgot about his presence. “I think it’s worth a shot.”
“Who are you again?” Minho glared at him unhappily and the young man swung on his feet like a petulant child.

“Thomas.”

“Nice,” Minho focused back at Newt, his face all cloudy. “Look-,”

“I have a friend who’s a priest,” Thomas spoke up again and Minho really wanted to tell him to stuff it – if Newt hadn’t been watching him with interest. “He can wed you maybe?”

“What are you even doing here?” the Asian groaned, ready to tell him to go fuck himself, and Thomas shrugged.

“Looking for my girlfriend,” he just replied. “And then got caught up in the middle of your shitstorm. Just sayin’.”

“Perfection,” Minho rolled his eyes, looking back at the blond who was actually staring back at him as if he saw him for the first time in his life.

“You still like me?” he asked, softly, almost too quietly, and Minho thought he dreamed it, because what? What was it supposed to mean?

“Are you serious?” he pinched the bridge of his nose. “I fucking love you, why are you even asking?”

“You’ve been an ass lately,” Newt deadpanned and when Minho took a deep breath to tell him piece of his mind, he quickly added: “And me too. I thought we are… falling out of it.”

“No, we are fucking not falling out of it,” the Asian grumbled and suddenly Newt’s face lit up like a sun, and it was so overwhelming, so sweet that Minho immediately lost any bad mood that creeped out on him and just pulled the smaller man to a hug.

“Soos…” Thomas cleared his throat. “The priest?”
Blind Date

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Scenario: We’re both meant to be going on blind dates with other people but we sat down at the wrong table and got our hopes up.
(Blind dates are so scary T^T)

“Does this taco taste funny to you?”

Newt blinked at the offered food, and then a bit more at the guy who was holding it, but oh well, life was short, why not to take the chance? So he leaned forward and took a bite.

It was funny, really. He came here on a whim, he couldn’t say if this was going to work, if there would be that somebody he was supposed to meet, and if yes, if it’s going to be someone normal, someone who wouldn’t want to shoot him, bang him or talk him to death with stories about cats (mind you, he never got the one who would shoot him – yet – but the rest happened and it left him bitter and not wanting to try it again. Yet here he was).

But then there was Thomas. He was fairly normal, had pretty smile and big Bambi eyes, didn’t own a cat, a gun and didn’t even look like he wanted sex – or at least not only sex. For how unsociable Newt usually was, their talk just flowed easily, they didn’t have any awkward silences, any stupid remarks, and it was like they knew each other forever and accidentally met after years of being apart.

“It’s fine, I guess?” he offered, chewing carefully on the bite, and Thomas watched his food with quirked eyebrow like he couldn’t find the reason why he was getting a different vibe.

“He never had taco or grilled cheese before?” the blond blinked, pushing his plate towards the other man and taking his own. “Where have you been living? In fallout shelter?”

“I always thought taco is some weird pasta,” Thomas admitted, smirking at it a bit, and biting slowly from the cheese. “This is better!”

“I guess,” Newt watched him with a smile. “But the fact you don’t like taco is breaking my heart.”

“It’s not that I don’t like it…” Thomas assured him with full mouth and then gestured for him to wait while he tried to get the food eaten. “It’s just… strange?”

“You’re stranger,” Newt teased him with a laugh. “Not to mention you didn’t even wear anything
red like you should have. Undiligent.”

“Red?” Thomas blinked, little surprised. “For what?”

“For the recognition of the blind date?” Newt raised his eyebrows, because sheesh, he already forgot? Dork.

“Oh… I thought it was blue?” he retorted lamely, pointing at his blue shirt, and Newt frowned a bit, looking at the garment in confusion until it hit him. He carefully glanced around the restaurant and his breath hitched in his throat – at the other side of the whole room sat a guy in a red shirt, looking around with a super bored expression.

The bloody red shirt.

Newt never felt guiltier.

“Something the matter?” Thomas asked in a worried tone, and Newt took a deep breath to tell him, to apologize (even though he hadn’t seen anything with anything blue anymore, but then again, they were sitting there for an hour already, they probably gave up), but when he looked in those big brown eyes and at the clever, quirky mouth, and considered the fucking coincidence that actually led him to a person that seemed absolutely perfect for a first date, he decided to fuck it and be selfish, for once in his bloody life.

“Nope,” he assured him. “I’m just dumb. It was blue.”

“Dork,” Thomas laughed, and it was a relieved sound and Newt really liked it. He just hoped he didn’t seem very obvious when he hid the red scarf he had in his bag.

He was probably going to hell. But he could at least enjoy this date first.
Anonymous said:
"Trust me, I’m more entertaining when I’m asleep." Newt smiled a little, taking another sip of his beer.

Continuation of Valentine's Day as a B-day gift to fannnnnnnofnewtmasss :) Happy b-day!

"Trust me, I’m more entertaining when I’m asleep," Newt smiled a little, taking another sip of his beer.

“Oh,” Thomas blinked, his brown eyes watching the blond a little dazedly, and then he bloody turned red and looked away. It took Newt about a minute before he realized he basically told him he should go watch him sleep, therefore in bed, together, horizontal.

“Fuck, sorry,” he mumbled, putting the beer bottle down and sighed heavily. He wasn’t even drunk, just stupid and weirdly without borders, and he should definitely stop or he would scare the poor pup away. And for some reason he really didn’t want to scare him, he kinda wanted him to stay a bit longer, or maybe forever… or you know.

“It’s fine,” Thomas assured him quietly. “I know you didn’t mean it.”

“I didn’t mean it?” the blond repeated, dumbfounded, and Thomas shrugged and found something very interesting on the table they were sitting at.

This was probably the only pub which wasn’t full of either lovesick teenagers or elderly couples, or on the other hand people who hated Valentines and came rant about it. All in all, this place was a wreck, but Newt didn’t mind it, and Thomas seemed like he was fine with sitting there too.

“I’m pretty sure having e-eight people can get tiresome,” Thomas mumbled, and goddamn, he was bloody adorable, Newt was done for. He was all pouty and acting like it was no big deal, a big boy game that wouldn’t get him offended even if it wanted to, but that guy from the shop Newt met was definitely saying the opposite, having this hopeless romantic aura from the first hello.

“Yeah, very tiresome,” Newt nodded seriously, and Thomas gulped loudly and stared into his drink, like he was re-evaluating his life choices. He seemed so one-man guy, so loyal, that it must have been a huge obstacle for him, Newt could tell.

“You should meet them sometime,” the blond offered, because hey, his friends were jerks, but they were usually lovable. They would also eat him alive too, but in a good sense, hopefully.

“I’m not really good with sharing,” Thomas uttered dryly, his lips a thin line, and it made Newt crack and laugh. He was such a bastard for playing it with this sweet soul like that, but oh man, his face was priceless.

“That’s pretty cool, Tommy,” Newt chuckled at his hurt expression and tapped his fingers over the desk. “Cuz I’m not good with that either.”
“But-,”

“I have 7 really good friends,” Newt stopped him with a smile. “Not fuck buddies, just friends. And they know I dislike Valentine’s day, but I got this habit of giving them ridiculous Valentine’s cards, cuz why the hell not.”

“So the cards you got today…”

“Were for them, yep,” Newt nodded in agreement and Thomas’ expression cleared for a moment, until he got confused again.

“You gave one to me as well,” the brunet pointed out and Newt nodded without a word. “To be your *eighth*.” Another nod. “To be your friend…?”

“Why the long face?” Newt smirked, seeing the changes in Thomas’ expression. He was like an open book, for a while relieved, then thoughtful, until he settled on disappointed, which made Newt really amused. Well, he didn’t know him well, he couldn’t possibly be aware Newt never gave his number to random people he didn’t want to know more.

“I just…”

“I have too much friends already,” Newt sighed, giving Thomas a wink. “I could use a change.”

The brunet blinked, looking surprised for a moment, and then his lips widened in a pleased smile, shy, kind of, like he wasn’t sure if he actually could, but happy, and if it didn’t do things to Newt’s consciousness that nothing else could melt his icy heart.

“You’re really cool, you know that?” Thomas said, and he probably even didn’t mean to say it out loud due to his panicked eyes after, but it was nice anyway.

“Well, you’re really cute,” Newt returned the favour. “And spending time with you proved to be delightful, so. We are even?”

“Yeah,” Thomas chuckled, finally relieved to the point his shoulders stopped to be tense and his eyes cleared. “We so are.”

(They started dating two weeks later, officially, even though they were already seeing each other all the time before. Thomas proved to be exactly the person Newt thought of him – romantic, loyal and absolutely sweet. Newt’s friends adored him. The next year Newt bought only one Valentine’s card and it was so sickeningly sweet he felt the sugar dripping from it the moment he took it into his hand. Thomas loved it.)
Anonymous said:
Hello :) Could you do an one-shot inspired by www.youtube.com/watch?
v=HIdbhnewFyQ

Continuation of Crime.

“I didn’t mean you to get so involved.”

Newt took a deep, shuddering breath and pressed tighter against the wound on his leg. It was fine, it was basically just a scratch, but it made him a little panicky for a while, which he needed to breath out slowly, but surely.

“'s okay,” he managed to say, glancing at the brunet crouched at the opposite side of the room, as if he was afraid he could hurt Newt even more, even though it wasn’t his work. He was so pale and his eyes almost too unfocused that Newt wondered if he wasn’t going to faint any time soon. He knew plenty of people who lost it at the sight of blood, so he wouldn’t be first or the last.

“You got shot.”

“'s just a scratch,” the blond assured him and supressed a hiss when he pressed at the wound too much. “Not to mention I wanted to help you, so there was no avoiding getting involved.”

“If I hadn’t messed up this bad…” the brunet gnawed on his lower lip and Newt could see the self-loathing brewing in his brown eyes. The kid had it rough and he kept on getting into trouble, but some things were beyond his ability to affect – such as this one where Newt was actually glad he finally got to him and it was just his leg that got hurt, and he didn’t need to drag Thomas’ dead body out of the river. “The worst part is there’s no one else to blame.”

“Hey, Tommy,” he called him softly, ignoring the pain to the best of his ability, and when the boy glanced at him, his eyes red and afraid, he patted the spot next to him and waited until Thomas actually decided to go to him. It took him a whole minute of staring, then looking away, hesitating and probably refusing, until his body moved and he crawled next to the blond tiredly.

“Everything is going to be okay,” Newt told him, wrapping his arm around his shoulders and gently shaking him. “Don’t worry.”

“I’d love to have your optimism,” the brunet mumbled, but his body somehow relaxed, pressing into Newt’s side like it was the only possible place where he could lower his defences again. And well, maybe it was.

“I don’t mind sharing,” the blond assured him and offered a smile when Thomas looked at him hesitantly.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”
Newt kissed the top of his head gently and Thomas let out a tiny, relieved breath, before resting on Newt’s shoulder and closing his eyes.
Done for B-day challenge for Astralhell from Tumblr on 30th April. Happy B-day! <3

„Tonight?“
„On 7:“
„I thought you’re here until nine?“ Thomas blinked, looking at the blond man with raised eyebrows, and Newt rolled his eyes and pushed three plates with food closer to the brunet.

“The food is on 7, smartass,” he grumbled and turned away from him like Thomas was just some unimportant filth in his otherwise clean kitchen. The whole place was buzzing with people cooking food that smelled delicious, a constant movement that Newt ruled somehow, commanded how it should change or how to preserve it, and Thomas stood there completely ignored at the counter.

“Newt-,”

“Get the food to the table, Thomas!” Winston shouted at him from his stove and the brunet sent him a glare, but did what he was told, since Newt disappeared in the back of the kitchen and didn’t look like was coming back anytime soon.

*Probably went for a smoke or something.*

The whole restaurant was packed, people were talking to each other and it was loud and busy. He saw Teresa manoeuvring between the tables with a tray full of empty glasses and bottles, her skirt almost too short and legs long and thin and clicking in high heels (he seriously thought she must be a super woman to be able to walk so flawlessly on those stilts of hers), long black hair falling over her shoulders like a goddess in the midst of hunger. Sometimes he questioned his sanity, really, since this gal was amazing – beautiful, smart, independent – and yet he just acknowledged her presence with appreciation, but didn’t push it further. He could, probably, if he really wanted – they dabbled before a little – but no, why the hell would he go for easier, normal-ish way of his love life? With a nice, clever girl that could actually tell him something happy, something uplifting, if she saw he was in bad mood? Who would support him in difficult decisions?

Nah, too mainstream, right?

Of course he had to fall for a pissy guy who mostly told him to fuck off, who was constantly too busy or too tired, or just really against anything Thomas wanted to do, and yeah, sometimes he wondered why the hell Newt even agreed on dating him, when he apparently didn’t want to.

It was like dating somebody who was living on the other side of the continent – all their communication that bore at least hints of romantic interest was only via texts. Their personal interaction felt like being trapped in a freezing environment where the temperature didn’t go above zero – Newt acting like he almost didn’t know him, like a colleague that was getting on his nerves, and frankly, Thomas had enough at times, contemplating if breaking up with him would make both of them more relieved. Or at least him, because those constant refusals were really getting on his
nerves.

He grudgingly brought the food to the table with designed number, forcefully smiled at the guests while putting the plates in front of them, and then retreating back to the bar, his mood on zero levels, just waiting for a push to explode.

“Love troubles again?” Teresa appeared at his side, her big, blue eyes watching him curiously, and Thomas grumbled something incoherent and glanced at his watch. Still five hours of his shift, fuck his life.

“Tom, you really need to talk it out with him,” she nudged him encouragingly. “Just watching you every time you get back from the kitchen is painful.”

“I should just end it,” he mumbled, staring at his watch like it could give him an answer to something important. “I mean, he ignores me all the time. And not just at work, I mean, I understand he’s busy, yeah? But just… everywhere.”

“Sounds unhealthy,” Minho appeared out of nowhere, leaning over the bar next to them, his tie unruly as much as his hair as if he just got back from a quickie. Well, taking Minho, he probably was. “No sexy times at all?”

“For about… two months?” Thomas cringed, and he had why, since Minho almost choked on his own spit at that.

“Two fucking months, are you serious?” he stared at the brunet in disbelief, and Teresa let out a long, suffering sigh. “Is he cheating on you, or is he just frigid?”

“Just because he doesn’t want sex…”

“For two months!” Minho interrupted her in horror. “God, I can’t go without it for a week, two fucking months sound like a torture!”

“It’s not about sex,” Thomas said to Teresa in quietly. “I mean, sex is good, but it’s not about sex. He just… if he’s like, nice and caring, it’s via text. Telling me he misses me and stuff. But when we are together, like, physically, it’s just… not. Like he wants to get away as fast as possible, or doesn’t care, or just doesn’t want to.”

“Break up with him,” she said resolutely. “This is bad and you know it. I saw him talking to you yesterday and he couldn’t insult you enough in a spam of two stupid minutes. I thought you had an argument, so I didn’t think of it as something wrong, but…”

“Date her,” Minho pointed at Teresa with a grin. “She’d show you some nice lovin’.”

“Shut up,” she pushed him off the bar and Minho went willingly, laughing to himself while he approached a table with new guests at it.

Thomas pinched the bridge of his nose and rather went to another newly occupied table.

***

“Can we talk?”

Thomas immediately noticed how Newt’s body went rigid, stopping in the middle of motion, and it was almost painful looking, like he got frozen by fear.
“Sure,” he answered after, sounding strained, and slowly turned around. The place was now quiet and almost abandoned, only the blond chief remained to check everything was in order to leave without worry, and Thomas was probably also the last person out of the staff that got left behind. The clock showed something past ten and Thomas was tired, dead tired, almost aching, but his mind was alive and wanton, eager to get something more than a goodbye, even if it meant leaving broken and without faith.

“Do you want to be with me?” he asked straightforwardly once Newt’s full attention was aimed at him – and that wasn’t happening often lately, as if at all. “I mean… this is really bad and…”

Newt kept on looking at him, without an apparent change in his expression, and Thomas felt at lost. So this was it? A blank stare? Was he really worth this little to the man?

He took a deep breath and nodded.

“Guess it’s a no then,” he mumbled, looking away. “You should have… I mean, two months of pining were really uncomfortable, if you didn’t want to, you should have said so. It’s at least what I deserved to know, if I pushed you into it and you just went with the flow because… whatever reason you had, and…”

Newt closed his eyes and breathed out slowly, like he was calming himself down, and Thomas gnawed on his lower lip and wished the anger streak rising in him away. He didn’t want to make this a shout fest, he refused to be a bad guy. He just wanted to know, he deserved to know what Newt was thinking – if they were going to split up then he wanted to know a reason why they even got together in the first place when this relationship seemed more of a status than an actual thing.

“Are you done?” the blond looked back at him and it took him back a little, a shocked moment of disbelief, until he felt the rage coming back with full force.

“Yes, I’m fucking done,” he growled and turned around. He had enough. He had fucking enough of this ignorance and stupid hopes day by day for two fucking months, just to get are you done, like fuck off idiot, listening to you is a waste of time.

“You’re be better with her, you know,” he heard when he was reaching for the door, his body trembling, and it stopped him successfully, making him glance back with a frown.

“Excuse me?”

“With Teresa,” Newt elaborated, staring at him intensely, and there was something painful in his brown eyes, something unhappy and dark, and Thomas couldn’t name it, couldn’t point a finger at it, but it was there, palpable and real, and it hurt him somehow. “You’d be better off with her.”

“Are you an idiot?” Thomas felt his jaw dropping in disbelief. “If I fucking wanted to be with her, I would!”

“You look like you do,” Newt opposed, dropping his eyes to the ground. “I was… this wasn’t how I wanted it either. But when I’ve been seeing you with her, you seemed happy, but when you were with me, it was like you suffered through it, and it’s unfair for me to keep you like this.”

“Oh my god,” Thomas banged his head over the door, not quite believing what he was hearing. “Tell me you’re fucking kidding, or god help me I’ll get really, really mad.”

“Tommy…”

“Don’t Tommy me, for fuck’s sake!” he raised his voice, earning a full body flinch from the blond,
and no, it was wrong, so wrong to shout and getting this reaction, but it just shot out of him without stopping. “Do you want to be with me or not?”

Newt seemed taken back, his eyes wide and scared, but then it darkened, his face morphed into something hungry and intense, and if Thomas wasn’t this angry, he would probably get overwhelmed by the sheer power of it. He never saw it on the blond before, never anticipated such reaction, but here it was, lying bare in front of him, and it was so much want, so much need that he couldn’t help but stare.

“Yes,” Newt bit out and every border fell, Thomas almost didn’t notice his own body moving forward until he collided with the blond, pressing him into the table behind him, capturing his lips hungrily, only barely noticing he was being seized as well, almost painfully so. Newt held him by his shoulders, his fingers clutching on board of making bruises, and his lips were hot and searing, and he was biting Thomas’ lips and couldn’t remain still, like suddenly he was allowed to feel, to touch and feast on Thomas and didn’t want to let go.

It was so fucking ridiculous and unfair, because they never did this, they barely functioned as lovers, and now it seemed like borders fell and the flood took them both, burying them under onslaught of want and need, and burning touches that didn’t stop, that skimmed on their sides and under the clothes, that left tingling trails and aching bodies.

“Fucking moron,” Thomas managed to say between kisses, his hands dragging Newt’s shirt down the lean frame, before he latched on the blonde’s throat, needing to leave a mark to remind him of this concrete moment in case Newt decided to be a dick once more in the future.

“Shut up,” came a reply, and it was breathless and a little broken, but filled with so much longing Thomas heeded it and grew quiet again, pushing his lover towards the table again, this time stronger, toppling him against it so he could put his legs around his waist and find the needed friction.

Newt groaned and pushed against him, and fuck yeah, this was it, this was exactly what they were missing the whole time, to let out the steam, to seize the mutual attraction that made them like this, and Thomas felt it building up inside of him like a tidal wave.

He pressed tighter and Newt scrambled for support and sat up, inching close to the brunet, flush against his chest and fighting with Thomas’ shirt as well. Thomas helped to take it off, throwing it somewhere in the back and returning to Newt’s lips like thirsty to water supply, kissing him deeply, licking into his mouth like somebody who was starving for it, and Newt hummed in appreciation and let his hands roam over Thomas’ back. He could feel how he was dragging his nails over the skin and could definitely say it was leaving viciously red marks, but hell, he didn’t mind a single fuck. His fingers started pulling at Newt’s belt, freeing it from its confinement, and Newt stopped kissing him and dropped his head to Thomas’ collarbones, nibbling there and then licking his way up to Thomas’ neck, like he was tasting him and approving of it, until his breath hitched loudly when Thomas managed to get the pants undone and curled his fingers around him.

“Fuck, you sneaky bastard,” he breathed out, resting his forehead on Thomas’ shoulder, and he was already achingly hard that Thomas couldn’t stop the smug smirk on his face even if he wanted to.

“We could have been doing this all this time, who’s the bastard here now?” he shot back, earning a bite to his shoulder that made him yelp, and Newt growled and his hips lifted for more contact.

“Yes, that’s why we are doing this in my kitchen,” the blond hissed back, but despite the threat in his words, his tone was saying the opposite. “Now shut up and kiss me.”
“What’s the magic word?” Thomas teased him, his pace languid, and the heavy breathing from Newt was the best sign it was working. “Because I don’t kiss and tell, you see.”

“You’re talking all the bloody time,” Newt growled and grabbed his head and pulled him down, mashing their mouths together desperately. Thomas could feel the shivers coursing through the blonde’s body with each stroke he landed, and the moaning Thomas swallowed with his lips was the best sound ever.

“Fuck, you’re amazing,” Thomas mumbled when they parted for air, his mind almost blank and reeling, and Newt barked out a laugh and his hand pulled at Thomas’ hair, running through it almost gently now, like he was praising him, or maybe saying sorry.

“Tommy-,” his breath hitched, body tensed and Thomas knew, he knew this was it, and his pace didn’t relent. It only picked up on speed, and Newt started breathing hard, a litany of curses escaping his lips, and for fuck’s sake, he was fucking gorgeous. How he was biting his lips, how his body arched and eyes darkened, consuming pit of want that was swallowing Thomas whole, and then he moaned and repeated Thomas name several times, brokenly and desperately, until there was hotness spilling out and Thomas shuddering on his own, everything too sweet and perfect and absolutely amazing.

“You’ve soiled my kitchen,” Newt whispered after a moment, his head resting on Thomas’ shoulder, and there was a breathless laugh that escaped him as well.

“Me?” Thomas drawled, carefully rising his hand up for a dish-cloth to wipe it off. “Rude.”

“Mmmhm,” the blond hummed and he sounded so pleasantly sated Thomas’s lips widened in a smile.

“So… tonight?” Thomas offered, nosing Newt’s hair and dropping small kisses there, and the blond snorted and he felt him nod.

“On 7.”
“Just once.”

„You said that last time as well,” Newt pushed Thomas’ hand away, frowning like he just found out Thomas ate the last dorito. “And the time before. And the one before.”

“That must have been some other Thomas,” the brunet assured him, his hand restlessly traveling over the blonde’s thigh, hooking against the pockets he had there. “I’d never lie to you about this, honest.”

“You’re a tit,” Newt grumbled, but he stopped pushing him away, probably giving up. Thomas had to agree it was useless to argue with him about this, especially when all they could do these past two weeks was maybe a peck when nobody was looking and a fleeting touch that would make only nun blush – probably. Thomas thought she definitely had to see worse than that.

“You still love me,” he grinned, earning a roll of eyes, but there was fondness sparking in them as well and Thomas thought of it as a green light to do what he wanted to. Newt let out only and oomph! before he was lying on his back with Thomas on him, biting his neck and pulling at his shirt.

“Can you leave my shirt in one piece this time?” Newt pleaded when Thomas grew impatient, and it really didn’t help him to calm down.

“I’ll try,” he fumed, ordering his hands to slow down a bit and successfully managed to get Newt half naked without unhappy looks about the ruined garment. He couldn’t help it, usually they had so little time that he couldn’t care about clothes if he wanted to get under it.

“Good job, greenie,” Newt snorted when Thomas threw the shirt somewhere behind them. “Wonder if you can do it with pants as well.”

“The hell I can,” the brunet bit out, latching his hands on the belt, his fingers clumsy and uncoordinated, and it was like the first time, he realized. He was so nervous and excited he must have looked like a virgin that wanted to get it on.

Well, he wanted to get it on. He even knew how, this wasn’t his first rodeo. Yet the way Newt watched him stripped him from all the confidence he managed to gather before approaching the blond.

But he refused to let his thoughts of messing up get to him, so he bent down and fully kissed Newt on mouth, earning a nicely sounding moan that made him hotter and even clumsier with the belt.
opening.

“H-have you locked the door?” Newt asked between ravishing kisses and Thomas buried his face in between Newt’s shoulder and neck, biting there, caring very little about the state of the door.

“Nope, he didn’t,” Minho’s voice stopped him as if somebody froze him and Newt under him groaned and pushed him away.

“Fuck this bloody building,” he just growled and Thomas buried his face into the pillow and screamed.

There went his sex life. Straight through the door, not returning today even if the world was ending.

“Thanks, Minho,” he shot at the black haired boy unhappily. “Thank you fucking much.”

“Anytime, gringo,” Minho smirked at him, took his hoodie that hung over the chair, and left as well.

Thomas could think of 50 ways how to murder him and dispose of the body without anyone noticing.
Anonymous said:
“Come over here and make me.” for Minewt please

“Come over here and make me.”

"Very mature,” Newt commented dryly. Sometimes talking with Minho was killing his brain cells, that for sure. He acted like a child that was denied his toy, and Newt unhappily considered himself to be the object of Minho’s interest. But since he was ought to hold his ground – and he really tried to, there was money in play after all – he had to stay strong and not to budge.

“I’m always mature,” the black haired boy assured him, leisurely sprawled over the sofa, probably to look inviting. “I can show you.”

“Not interested,” Newt shot him down immediately. “Not to mention you have a work to do.”

“Work can wait,” Minho retorted easily.

“Work disagree,” the blond opposed, smirking, and it made Minho groan.

“You are stubborn,” he pointed at Newt with a frown. “I’ve just wanted to cuddle.”

“Go take a plushie,” Newt offered. “Or a body pillow. I’m not a toy you can just grab and hug until you’re satisfied.”

“Well, I can throw in some other interesting things,” Minho wiggled his eyebrows and then burst in laughter, immediately followed by Newt. The seductive notions were always too hilarious not to laugh at, he had to admit.

“Newtie,” Minho tried again, patting a place next to him. “Come here, pretty please. I won’t ravish you. Much.”

“Nope,” the blond refused, grinning cheekily and taking his bag that lied on a counter of a kitchen. “It’s about twenty bucks I have in play. Giving in would cost me, and then it would cost ya. Patience, my young padawan.”

“Cruel,” Minho whined, but apparently gave up, since his face morphed into a sulking one. Served him right.

It took him about another 10 seconds in which Newt managed to almost leave the flat, then a shout echoed through the apartment:

“Wait, what 20 bucks?!?”

Newt couldn’t stop laughing all the way to the bus station.
“Can we pretend I didn’t just say that?”

Chapter Summary

jackmans said:
I miss your newtmas stuff so much! So if you still feeling it - newt&thomas “Can we pretend I didn’t just say that?” :))

“Can we pretend I didn’t just say that?”

„Sure,“ Newt hopped down from the railing, brushing off his pants. „I usually do that with half of stuff you say anyway.”

“Wow, harsh,” Thomas frowned, watching his blond companion stretch. ”And here I thought I’m your number one.”

“Number, that you really are,” Newt glanced at him with a smirk. “Just not the one.”

“Mean,” Thomas commented dryly and jumped down as well. “So?”

“So?” Newt looked at him curiously and Thomas felt a little bitchy for it, demanding answers like that, but hey, it was already late, he was a little drunk and really, really liked this guy. He was ready for both the rejection or the acceptance, there were just slightly different outcomes for each of those.

“I asked.”

“You said we will pretend you didn’t say that,” the blond pointed out, smartass, and Thomas groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Yeah, right,” he mumbled unhappily, cursing his first reflex to deny everything that came out of his mouth, and Newt tilted his head to the side, watching him like a prey.

“You want me to pretend I heard it?”

“That’s not pretending anymore,” the brunet pointed out grudgingly. “You heard it.”

“Ye,” Newt shrugged. “So what?”

“You heard it,” Thomas repeated impatiently, feeling the alcohol making him bolder, and Newt let out a long, suffering sigh and stepped closer.

“You’re a tit,” he told Thomas almost fondly. “If you want to ask me out, you ask me out. Pretending not to say that is lame and I feel like I should ignore it.”

“I wasn’t sure!” Thomas shot back, but still reached towards the other boy, seizing his hand in his, intertwining their fingers together.

“So now you are?” Newt asked quietly, and since when they got so close? Not that it was a bad thing. It was an awesome thing actually. It was perfect for stepping just a lil more forward to bring
their bodies together, and then their lips-

“Tommy,” Newt stopped him mid move, eyebrows raised. “Haven’t you forgotten something?”

“Oh,” Thomas recoiled, gulping down the nervousness. “Will you-,” go out with me “-kiss me?”

Newt let out another sigh, like he gave up on the guy completely, and ruffled his hair.

“You’re trainable;” he chuckled and closed the gap.

Thomas asked properly few hours later, when he felt a little more sober.
"You want me to do what?"

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
For the dialogue thing could you maybe please do "You want me to do what?" for Newtmas?

"You want me to do what?"

“It will be fun!” Minho hollered, pushing the blond to the centre with a devious grin. “C’mon!”

“Tommy, tell him something!” Newt whined, but Thomas was too busy laughing like a retard on the side, tears streaming down his face, and Newt thought he was going to break up with him for sure.

“Traitor!” he shouted at the brunet unhappily, so he knew he messed up and was sleeping on a couch this evening, but Thomas didn’t budge and laughed even more.

“Minho, I swear you push me one more time and I’ll castrate you!” he growled at the black haired boy in last, defiant attempt, but Minho was probably even more stupid than Thomas and gave one final push, so Newt fell over to the pit, right between hundreds of colourful balls. Immediately after he surfaced again, there were several flashes of cameras and his life probably officially ended.

“Looking good, Newtie,” Minho shouted at him from above and Newt showed him his middle finger. “Remember, it’s for Chuck, you can’t say no to that face!”

“He just broke his leg!” Newt shouted back. “Why do I have to suffer as well?!”

“Gotta cheer him up,” Thomas informed him with giggles. “He will love you for it, you’ll see.”

“Well, I know who won’t love you for this,” Newt growled and finally managed to get back to the edge, pulling himself up from the colourful trap.

“Aww,” Thomas was suddenly at his side, helping him stand with a smile on his lips. “I’m sure I’m too lovable to stop loving me.”

“I’m sure you are not,” the blond grumbled and when Thomas opened his mouth to answer that, he pushed him over the edge as well.

Minho almost cried while laughing and Newt at least got some satisfaction, as well as super stupid photos of his boyfriend throwing balls at them.
"Can I tell you a secret?"

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Newtmas with "Can I tell you a secret?" please :)

"Can I tell you a secret?"

„Sure,“ Thomas said, probably slightly drunk already, but willing to listen nevertheless, for some weird, unexplainable reason. It wasn’t like he knew the guy. Hell, he saw him for the first time here, on a bus station, sitting there with a bottle of something, looking wasted like hell, but somewhat happy. It wasn’t really Thomas’ place to judge, since he was here as well after running away from Teresa’s party, a lil wobbly, but definitely in need to get out of there.

“Life sucks,” the blond boy commented and took a swing of the bottle, gulping down while doing a face. It probably wasn’t his sort of drink, since he looked pitiful while drinking it, but Thomas thought sometimes you had to reach for worse to get better.

“Yeah, it does,” Thomas nodded, because hell yeah, life sucks lately a big time. He dumped Teresa, her friends almost ate him alive for that, he almost made the mistake to get back to her again, and now he sat here, in a summer night, with a drunken guy he never saw before, talking about life.

“Why your life sucks?” the blond asked, offering him a bottle, and Thomas shrugged and took it, taking a swing. It burned through his throat unpleasantly, but it at least made him concentrate on something else for a while.

“My ex is a crazy witch,” he mumbled, returning the bottle to his companion. “Her friends want to kill me. I need to move to Mexico and start a new life.”

“A witch?” the blond repeated, his big, brown eyes watching Thomas curiously. “Like spells and shit?”

“I’m pretty sure she can do voo doo,” Thomas nodded and it was ridiculous notion, but he could imagine her stabbing a doll with pins and needles and laughing maniacally while at it. “We broke up. She threw her phone at me.”

“A good phone?” a completely weird question, but Thomas didn’t mind.

“Nah, a shitty one,” he countered. “Didn’t care it got broken. Until she shouted at me for it as well.”

“What a witch,” the blond nodded, putting the bottle on the pavement. “Good riddance.”

“I know, right,” Thomas snorted. As much as she was trying to prove him wrong, he knew he did the right thing. They were really bad for each other anyway. “Why your life sucks?”

“Fucked up my leg,” came an answer and a deep sigh. “Closed off the possibility to do sports professionally. Now I’m just… useless.”
“You’re not useless,” Thomas nudged him with a smile. “Nobody is. You’re a pretty good chat for example.”

“You’re not bad yourself,” the blond boy managed a small smile too and then looked up at the starry sky. “A good chat. Wish it would give my life a meaning again.”

“I can give your life a meaning again,” Thomas offered and opened his palm. “If you let me.”

“A chatty meaning?” his partner grinned and took his hand without hesitation. “Sounds like an utter rubbish.”

“Right?” Thomas grinned back and squeezed his hand a little stronger. “But you’ll see. It’s gonna rock.”

Three and half year later Thomas repeated the phrase again, proudly. Newt agreed with him, while they held hands at the same place, under the starry sky.
"There’s something I’ve been meaning to say…"

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"There’s something I’ve been meaning to say…” or “Can we pretend I didn’t just say that?” + newtmas? (: (or both, i wouldn't mind, haha)

Anonymous said:
Can you do an one shot newtmas with the song marry you from Bruno mars?

"There’s something I’ve been meaning to say…"

„I’m not going to marry you,“ Newt immediately reacted, not even looking up from his book, and Thomas halted and stared. Surely he didn’t… how could he even…? He was so careful!

“Did Minho tell you?” he immediately accused the first most possible person in their shared circle of friends and Newt finally looked up, his eyes a little confused.

“Told me what?” he blinked. “I haven’t seen that tit for a week.”

“So how do you know about it?” Thomas demanded, a little upset. He was planning it to be romantic, nice and gentle, and now he got a no and it just lost its spell when Newt was aware of it.

“About what?” the blond kept on staring at him.

“That I’ve wanted to propose,” Thomas grumbled and sat down next to the blond with a frown. There went the surprise.

“You’ve wanted to…?”

“Propose,” he repeated unhappily. “But it should have been like… a surprise, and you know, so it’s useless and-;”

“I didn’t know you’ve wanted to propose!” Newt smacked him over his head. “How the bloody hell…?”

The blood in Thomas’ veins ran cold.

“You didn’t know?” he repeated in a small voice and Newt gave out a long, dramatic sigh. “But you said you won’t marry me…”

“That’s what I always say, geez,” the blond shook his head and pinched the bridge of his knows. “Goddamn, I never thought you would actually want to.”

“Of course I want to!” Thomas immediately squeaked back.

“Fine!” Newt pushed him. “Then let’s do it!”

“Wait, just like that?” Thomas’ eyes widened almost comically – he never thought it would go this
smooth. Of course he didn’t think Newt would say no, but he expected some teasing manner, like saying he would have to think about it or ask a fortune teller, just to make Thomas impatient. But not this.

“Yeah, or is it a rocket science?” Newt smirked at him and pulled him close. “I think I wanna marry you too.”

“You think?” Thomas snorted, but Newt just gave him a smile and kissed his nose.

“One can never be too sure. It’s not healthy,” he reminded him with a wink and that was how they got engaged.

They always told different version to the rest people thought, just to be sure.
"Daddy, what does fuck mean?"

Newt froze, immediately recognizing the voice of little Minho from the change room, and mentally kicked himself. This day was so bloody bad his vocabulary got a little more spicy and few nasty words escaped him, but he thought kids didn’t hear it.

Well, except of the boy it seemed, and he cringed, expecting the worse. He never met his parents, his shift usually ended sooner than most of the parents got here, until today.

“It means if you say that in front of ma, she’ll hurt daddy, so don’t,” a young voice responded and Newt snorted and took a peek. That was definitely not the way he expected it to go and he got curious about the guy.

It was a surprisingly young guy, big brown eyes, the same coloured hair and a pretty mouth, and Newt definitely wouldn’t say it was the boy’s father. He looked even younger than Newt himself, and he still considered himself a greenie.

“Bye bye, Newt!” his name quickly pulled him from his thoughts and he realized Minho was looking at him and waving and his dad took an interest as well.

“Oh, so you’re Newt?” he stood up, looking over the blond appraisingly, and Newt wondered if the kid was talking about him at home that his father actually knew about the name. “I thought he kept on talking about a lizard… sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Newt shrugged. “It’s Newton, actually, but kids like the nickname, so it stuck.”

“It’s pretty cool,” the father shrugged, his lips stretching in a pleased smile, and wow, he was actually kinda attractive as well? “I’m Thomas by the way.”

“Hey,” Newt beamed at him and it made the man smile and then look around in wonder.

“Say, Newt,” he started after a moment. “You free this evening? Maybe we can sit somewhere, chat a bit?”

Wow, that was straightforward, Newt thought. Not really his kind of thing, seriously.

“Yeah, we can go somewhere,” his mouth answered instead and he blinked, not really getting the brain fart that just occurred. Was he really that easy?

“You have to be nice to Newt!” Minho pulled at Thomas’ hand and looked determined. “He’s going to be my bride once I grow up!”

“Keep dreaming, kiddo,” Thomas snorted and patted the boy over his head, smirking at Newt like
he just swallowed a canary, and the blond rather not commented it.

He wondered if he was going to regret this thing, and judging from Thomas’ smile when he was telling him the time and place for a meet-up, he was almost 90% sure he will.
“Looks like we’ll be trapped for a while…”

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
“Looks like we’ll be trapped for a while…” for Minewt please. Thanks!

“Looks like we’ll be trapped for a while…”

„Trapped?!“ Newt repeated, his voice raising, and shook the shabby door of a slammer with a furious expression. “We are bloody locked out, you shuckface! Thanks to you!”

“I didn’t think they would take it so seriously,” Minho defended himself with a sigh. “And even if. One night in a slammer is not that bad?”

“Not that bad?” the blond stared at him like he grew another head, his eyes fiery. “That’s it. I’m done with ya.”

“Well, you can be done with me after this night,” Minho pointed out, sitting down with a long sigh. His body was tired after the whole day in the maze, his feet a little sore, and even though he was used to it already, he always felt exhausted in the evening. If somebody would want to take sleep away from him after full day of running, he would probably turn into a serial killer and murder them.

“No, I’m done now,” Newt growled and stubbornly settled at the door, as far from Minho as he could be.

“Okay,” Minho mumbled. “Done now then.”

There was a painful silence after – a weird silence, like a static, keeping Minho from successfully falling asleep. It was tense and uncomfortable and he wasn’t used to be on such bad terms with the blond. His eyes kept on staring at the hunched form of his, so close and yet so far, and he couldn’t get rid of that nasty feeling of being disliked by this boy. It was like the worst thing that could happen, something he couldn’t afford – didn’t want to, precisely – hated even.

He found himself reaching out suddenly, crawling towards the blond quietly, and even though he risked to be smacked, he still touched his shoulder in a comforting manner and waited for a reaction.

“Stop it,” Newt barked at him, hunching even more. “I told you I’m done.”

“Newt,” Minho mumbled apologetically. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to get you involved as well. Please don’t be mad.”

“Please don’t be mad,” Newt parroted, turning around sharply. “You should have thought about this sooner! Now eat it up, buddy.”

“Hey,” Minho raised his hands in a placating gesture. “It was a mistake, alright? Everyone does mistakes.”
“That’s somebody doesn’t have brain in the package!” Newt pushed him away and there was an evident anger in his eyes, and suddenly Minho understood.

“You were afraid,” he concluded in the revelation. “You were afraid I got hurt, that’s why you’re so worked up now.”

“Don’t fancy yourself,” the blond uttered, turning away from him again, but Minho recognized that posture now, the hurt and the desperate attempt to hide it.

“You fancy me enough,” he responded cheekily and Newt growled again, agitated, but when Minho touched his back again, he didn’t push him away. “I’m sorry, yeah? I won’t do that again.”

“Yeah, sure,” Newt snorted, but when Minho pulled at him, he let himself be dragged to his arms and in another moment he buried his face in Minho’s chest like he always did.

“You’re still stupid though,” he informed the black haired boy sternly. “I won’t defend you next time.”

“I know,” Minho smiled, kissing the top of his head. “Thanks for what you did though.”

“Yeah,” sounded only and the contentment finally lulled Minho to sleep.
Anonymous said:
so, i found myself really eager to read the continuation of prompts #88 & #94, aka
newtmas in that alpha/omega verse ;~; so, here i am, shamelessly hoping u'd want to
continue that? with smth around these lines:’consider urself very lucky pup ,’coz i care
about u too much to let go.” ”please don't bother, anyone else would have give up at
this point, anyway.” ”but i’m no anyone else.” (or if that was too cheesy, i'll just leave
it to you, anything will do, really ;A;)

"Consider yourself very lucky pup, ’cuz i care about you too much to let go."

There was defiance in Newt’s eyes, something similar to when they met and made an appearance
every time Thomas was leaving again while trying to get him where he wanted him. But this was
different now. Newt was wounded and barely had strength to pull over-dramatic gesture on him,
and even though Thomas had the power to just leave the werewolf there and laugh in his face for
being stupid while saying I told you so, he couldn’t do that.

"Please don't bother, anyone else would have given up at this point, anyway," the blond spit out
and groaned when he tried to move away from the alpha. He was stubborn all the time, even when
he could die if nobody would treat his wounds, and even though Thomas found that character trait
playful at times, now it made him want to strangle him.

“I'm not anyone else,” he uttered dryly and made several steps closer, the smell of blood hitting
him almost physically now. He immediately spotted Newt’s leg covered in blood, crippled enough
so he couldn’t run, and it made him mad, so mad at those fuckers who did it, that he almost turned
around just to hunt them down.

But Newt needed him – god knew he did, even while saying the opposite – so he forced himself to
ignore the lead that could bring him to the culprits and bended down towards the wolf. The flinch
made him grit his teeth – surely by now he knew Thomas was never going to hurt him – and he
risked a touch on his shoulder to calm him down.

“C’mon,” he urged him, offering chest to lean on. He needed to carry him, definitely, but he needed
his consent first. Wriggling and fighting werewolf would be a difficult treat. “I’m not leaving you
here.”

“Why are you doing this?” Newt asked instead of any movement and Thomas gave him a critical
eye – sometimes it was like talking to a kid.

“Because you’re my mate, that’s why,” he delivered the information sternly. “So c’mon. Let me
help you.”

“Your mate?” Newt snorted and cringed immediately after. “What a joke.”

“Newt, I swear, my patience is running very low,” Thomas warned him, squeezing his shoulder a
little more firmly and Newt’s eyes flashed at him, but then dimmed again, like he hadn’t had the
strength to challenge him anyhow.

“Fine,” he grumbled, reaching for Thomas’ shoulders as well to prop himself up. “But I don’t believe you with the mate bullshit.”

“That’s your problem,” Thomas commented and pulled him up, carrying him bridal style just because he could and Newt wasn’t able to do shit about it. “You’ll get it when the time comes.”

“Charming,” the blond mumbled, but there was no resistance anymore and Thomas considered it a win. Even though just a small one.
"You asked Minho to be your prom date? Why in the world would you do that?!!"

Chapter Summary

maze-like said:
Hey, I saw that you started to write prompts again aaaaand... Well, if you feel inspired, do you think you could do something with: "You asked Minho to be your prom date? Why in the world would you do that?!!" for Newtmas? Hope you're having a lovely day!

"You asked Minho to be your prom date? Why in the world would you do that?!!"

„Cuz you said no!“ Thomas retorted in defence and Newt blinked and a look of utter confusion set on his face.

“No I didn’t,” he mumbled back with a frown. “You never asked.”

“Yes I did!” Thomas retorted, slamming down the pen. He was tired of Newt’s selective hearing, he always spaced out at the important things and then got offended, and Thomas was just so done. “You didn’t even want to go!”

“Well, now definitely not,” Newt uttered and started packing his things. “Have fun.”

“Sure I will,” Thomas shot back and refused to watch Newt leaving like a tidal wave. Brilliant.

“Uhhh…” Minho chimed in, sitting quietly until now next to Thomas. “He does realize it was just a joke... right?”

“I don’t care anymore,” Thomas sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I mean, I really did ask him, you know? Twice. He always brushed me off. It makes me mad that he can actually get offended for this after the shit he pulled on me.”

“Ugh, you two are sick,” Minho shook his head. “It’s like you collectively decided to be asshats to each other, testing who will withstand more.”

“Definitely not me,” Thomas shrugged and packed his things as well. “But thanks, Minho.”

“Yeah, fly off, Batman,” the black haired boy waved him off and Thomas slinked out of the classroom like a shadow.

It wasn’t like he didn’t like Newt. He liked the boy a lot, like, seriously a bunch, but sometimes... it was so difficult to be around him without wanting to strangle him. One day he was nice and lovable, but the other day he could be distant and brash and Thomas didn’t know what to do with such mood swings.

His body probably did though, since he found himself standing in front of Newt’s house, already ringing the doorbell, and when his brain caught up, it was too late and the blond stood in between the doors, staring at him dubiously.
“What,” Newt barked out and yeah, he was still pretty angry, but Thomas had the right too, so he didn’t get to treat him happily—

If course a kiss was considered unhappy. Which probably wasn’t.

Newt made a muffled noise and there was a push that should have made Thomas go away, but in several seconds the defiance disappeared and Newt was kissing him back, pulling him close and inside the house.

“I’m sorry,” Thomas breathed out between kisses, licking into Newt’s mouth hungrily. “I’m dumb, I want you to go so much.”

“I should have listened b-better,” Newt answered when he gulped down air. “Sorry too.”

“Mmmhm,” the brunet hummed and when Newt managed to close the doors behind them, he stepped away a bit, looking over the boy appraisingly, and grinned.

“I was thinking blue ties?”

“Dork,” Newt snorted, but it was a yes.
“This is without a doubt the stupidest plan you’ve ever had. Of course I’m in.”

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Love your writing. For the prompts- Minewt: “This is without a doubt the stupidest plan you’ve ever had. Of course I’m in.”

“This is without a doubt the stupidest plan you’ve ever had. Of course I’m in.”

„It’s not stupid,“ Newt opposed, putting the sheet of paper on the table. “It’s clever and entertaining.”

“Yes, of course,” Minho smirked and pulled the boy closer by his shoulders. “You know what else is clever and entertaining?”

“Enlighten me,” the blond dared him with a snort and it made Minho nuzzle his cheek and then kiss it gently.

“Going out with me to grab something to eat,” he told him seriously. “Without any planning or gadgeting, just you and me, sitting in a crappy restaurant, eating food we never ate before.”

“And that’s clever and entertaining.” Newt raised an eyebrow like he seriously doubted it, but when Minho held his expression, Newt let out a little sigh and nodded.

“Fine, you win,” he concluded, raising his hands in defeat, cuddling closer to his boyfriend with a content hum. “But you know. Even more clever thing would be ordering take outs.”

“Yeah?” Minho smiled, slowly dropping to the lying position.

“Yeah, just be at home,” Newt continued lightly. “Still eat crappy food. But at least while watching a good movie or something.”

“Sounds pretty cool,” Minho agreed. “But it means no more planning, no more doing stuff, yeah?”

“Promise,” Newt nodded with a solemn expression and Minho found himself believing him.

They settled on Thai and watching Guardians of the Galaxy and Minho could only hope it would make Newt forget about that crazy plan of his.

Since he fell asleep in a middle of a movie, Minho considered it a success.
Chapter Summary

‘I had a party last night and you woke up on my couch and I don’t know who you are.’

My huge thank you to crankprince for the amazing Kingsman banner :) I hope it’s readable, here’s some newtmas for you <3 Thank you again, you are awesome ^^

“There is a guy in my living room.”

“Congratulations,” Minho yawned into the phone, apparently woken up, as he said, in an ungodly hour (it was half past eleven AM, that lazy ass), and Thomas peeked into the living room once more.

“You don’t understand,” he whispered hastily. “I don’t know who it is!”

“And?” his friend was, of course, unhelpful as always, and it made Thomas growl impatiently and hide behind the wall again.

“I have somebody sleeping in my flat I have no recognition of and you don’t care? What if he’s a murderer?!” he realized he had been rising his voice, so he quickly peeked to the incriminated room just to see the blond person on his couch was still asleep.

“You had a party last night,” Minho hummed into the phone sleepily. “Isn’t it bound to happen? Check the bathroom if somebody is not sleeping in your bathtub. And maybe under the bed in your bedroom.”

“There is no one else here, just this guy,” Thomas grumbled unhappily. He even looked somewhat in a coma, nothing woke him up, no matter how loud Thomas had been. At least he wasn’t dead – he was breathing after all – and there were no apparent injuries. He just probably got really wasted.

“Maybe it’s destiny,” Minho offered with rustling of sheets and him probably changing lying positions. “Maybe he’s there cuz you’re destined to be together. Like in a movie. He appears to be devilishly striking and you will decide you’re going to be gay from now on, out of blue, like the movie goes. And you’ll be living happily ever after.”

“Are you an idiot?” Thomas barked at him impatiently and when Minho only laughed, he hung up on him.

The party wasn’t as wild to have such conclusion. He wasn’t exactly sober in the end, but he remembered everything – everyone except of this blond guy. He didn’t notice him to come in, to talk to him, to drink anything, and definitely not crashing on his couch and sleeping there. Thomas would put a hand into the fire for the fact he had seen everyone leaving.

He left the safety of his kitchen back to the living room and slowly approached the incriminated place. Well, for once, it was probably a teenager. Maybe even younger, judging from the baby face. But he seemed tall and kinda lanky, as if he wasn’t a kid anymore, with veiny arms and big hands, and the longer Thomas watched him, the less he was sure he saw him here. He would definitely remember, he was that sort of person, probably, that you wouldn’t forget right away after
“Who the fuck are you?” he mumbled, agitated, and suddenly the blond stirred and Thomas almost fell backwards.

There were brown eyes opening, looking around in sleepy haze, and then slowly settled on Thomas standing in front of him.

“Hey,” the blond croaked, his voice laced with tiredness, and Thomas couldn’t do anything else but stare. “You Thomas?”

“Yes?” he let out. He must have been British. He sounded British.

Ugh, a British guy in his living room. The day just got even better.

“Great, thought I might have got the wrong lad,” the blond said and rubbed his eyes. Thomas watched him to stretch and then sit up, and seriously, who the hell was this guy?

“Do I know you?” Thomas asked with narrowed eyes, seeing how free and happy this unwanted freeloader was, and the boy looked at him curiously.

“No?” he answered easily after. “But you know Teresa, yeah?”

“Tere-yes, but…?”

“Well, she sent me here to drag you to her,” the blond shrugged like it was super easy to understand. “Cuz you’re playing dead anytime she tries to reach ya.”

“I don’t understand?” Thomas stared at him completely dumbfounded. “Teresa sent you? I haven’t seen her in…a year or so!”

“Yes, I know,” his uninvited guest shrugged again. “I’m Newt by the way. Teresa is a good pal and she’s getting married, as you already know, judging from the ripped invitation in the trash.”

Thomas tried to gulp down the huge lump that formed in his throat, but he deemed unsuccessful. He was dating Teresa about year and half back, and he was absolutely, madly and insanely in love with her. Until she dumped his sorry ass and moved to Chicago. She wasn’t nasty about it, she hadn’t been screaming or accusing him it was his fault and all that jazz. Thomas would say she was civil and maybe a little clinical, and just stopped wanting to be with him, although she still liked him a lot – as a friend. Thomas couldn’t get it over his heart and refused to talk to her again.

She tried to reach him several times from her new city. She even tried getting his friends to talk to him, to stop being an ass and answer, but he just couldn’t. He felt betrayed and Minho called him a drama queen, but he decided to keep up the ignoring anyway. And it had been a year and half already, and about a month ago a wedding invitation came and he felt like somebody ripped his heart from his chest again and crushed it like a sponge.

She was getting married.

She sent him an invitation for it.

To watch her, somebody he was crazy about and was still bitter about it, to promise to be forever with another guy.

Yeah, right.
He got the invitation lying on the table for about two weeks. And about two days ago he just took it and ripped it with a satisfied crushing sound, just to dump it in the trash, telling himself she could go fuck her new guy and give him a break.

And now this one.

“Well, she said she is not taking no as an answer,” Newt continued, barging into his thoughts unmercifully. “Not that you gave her any answer, mind you. But that’s what she told me as well – even if you said no, I can’t leave.”

“Are you a genie or what the fuck?” Thomas growled at him, an anger of her blatant straightforwardness igniting the rage again, and Newt seems like he studied him with morbid curiosity, his eyes intense and searching.

“You’re actually a prettier than she said,” he informed Thomas casually, making the brunet speechless. “And here I thought she was exaggerating.”

“Look, I’m not going,” Thomas quickly shook his head to snap out of it. “And I don’t care what she’d told you. Just get out of here and leave me alone.”

“God, you’re so bloody bitter,” Newt snorted and didn’t move an inch. Thomas could already tell he was going to cause trouble. “I thought you were apart for like… two years. Get over it, mate.”

“Year and half and shut the fuck up,” Thomas barked in agitation and rather stomped to the kitchen, or he would probably strangle the guy. Teresa sent him, for real? Couldn’t she leave him alone? She did so well year and half ago, with the leaving thing, it was easy for her like taking a toy from a baby, so what the hell she wanted now? Was she trying to make things right? Well, there was nothing to be righted here with a fucking wedding.

“Hey, Tommy.”

Thomas gritted his teeth at the approaching figure and wondered how much violence was still legal. He needed this guy out of his flat right now.

“Let’s make a deal,” Newt offered him and stopped at the kitchen counter. He was barefoot and the jeans were hung low on his hips, like it was slightly bigger for his thin frame, and Thomas found himself unable to actually pinpoint his age. Or relation to Teresa – he said a pal, but really, he wouldn’t be surprised if he was the one she wanted to marry and decided to go on this twisted quest of self-discovery.

“I’m not making any deals, I told you to go,” he bit out, but Newt’s expression didn’t change, he still watched him somewhat in a wonder.

“I get you’re still not over it,” the blond started anyway. “But she is. And she wants to get married. And she really wants to have you in her life as well.”

“Amazing,” the brunet uttered, giving his companion a fed up look.

“I’m pretty sure you have something to tell her,” Newt continued without a flinch and Thomas snorted.

“Nothing pretty, I assure you,” he crossed his arms on his chest and Newt nodded like he agreed and understood.

“Well, you never told her,” he pointed out languidly. “And that’s why you’re still not over it. So,
how about you come with me. Attend to the wedding. Maybe make some ruckus while the priest asks for complaints against marriage?"

"Whose side are you on?" Thomas stared at him rather dubiously and the blond grinned.

"Neither, really. I just like when things get interesting," he told him easily. "Hey, I’m not telling you to try to get back to her or somethin’. She won’t budge. But some stuff is not good to leave to rot."

Thomas opened his mouth to protest, but nothing came and that surprised him. At some point… Newt was right, kind of. He had never tried to smooth it, or forget it, and he never gave her chance to make things right, as well as he never gave himself a chance to move on.

"Okay," he said, not even sure why exactly, or how Newt managed to get him agree so easily. "But I’m gonna cause trouble."

"I hope you do," Newt smirked and then looked around the kitchen. "Any chance for coffee?"

***

The wedding was a fucking drag. Thomas was regretting his choice from the moment he set the foot on the beach she was getting married at – everything was so freaking pompous and sweet and he wanted to go throw up. He thought it was going to get some conclusion, but the first second he actually saw her coming to the isle in this long, princess-bride dress and looked like an angel, the only thing he got was a crushing desperation he was an idiot to listen to that little blond fucker and came here.

She even looked almost shocked when she saw him the audience – he wouldn’t even say happy or relieved, just absolutely dumbstruck he was there, and it kicked him even more he didn’t even have strength to get nasty, or pretend to be happy for her.

Hell, he would never be able to do that anyway.

He suffered through the ceremony, he tried to block out both yeses, even though he watched the kiss with morbid curiosity that crushed him even more, and then he just slinked out from the crowd like a ghost, at least keeping the dignity and not running.

The beach was loud with the cheering and it took him a moment to find a little quieter spot where he could sit for a moment to catch a breath and swallow down the bitterness rising unmercifully.

"You were so quiet in there."

Thomas recognized the British accent immediately, and he suddenly didn’t know if he should have been angry or not.

"I haven’t even seen you attending," he decided to settle on a quiet answer and waited until the blond boy sat next to him to the sand, his face surprisingly sad.

"I couldn’t after all," he shrugged, making Thomas raise his eyebrows in a silent question. "You were pretty cool you actually made it through."

"Was I?"

"Ye. I mean, exes you are not over of are always pretty difficult to see again, with somebody else," Newt nodded and dragged his knees under his chin like a child. "I thought I can do it. But I
couldn’t. Saw him there and just couldn’t.”

“The groom?” Thomas suddenly understood and Newt hummed, letting out a long, suffering sigh. So this little guy… and Teresa’s new husband? God, they were both so desperately stupid.

“We are both idiots,” he concluded and looked into the sea. It was… calming, somehow.

“Yeah, I guess,” Newt agreed with him quietly.

“I don’t even understand why she asked you to get me there and then looked like I was a ghost,” he waved his hand and Newt barked out a laugh.

“She hadn’t asked me at all,” he confessed bitterly. “We are not even very good friends. But I heard about you. I thought maybe you can… do something.”

“Like stop the wedding?” Thomas gave him a look and Newt shook his head.

“I’m not that evil,” the blond mumbled. “I didn’t want to stop them. Or make them unhappy. Just… I thought she would at least understand a bit that it’s not easy for us to watch them like that.”

“Not easy for sure,” Thomas nodded and it surprised him, but it felt… better. Lighter, like he really gave himself some satisfaction by watching it end, completely. A conclusion that lifted a heavy weight off his shoulders, made him breathe easier. He wondered if Newt was the same.

“Is it better now?” he asked in a low voice, looking at the blond, and Newt offered a small smile.

“Probably,” he shrugged. “I may still have a date with a bar though. Just in case.”

“I may join you,” Thomas laughed quietly and it seemed like they reached the right middle ground.

After a year and half, Thomas felt somewhat at peace with the past.

***

The ringing was annoying and too loud and it took Thomas about 20 seconds before he located the obnoxious device and realized it had been Minho calling him.

“I hope you have a good reason to wake me up at such ungodly hour,” he grumbled to the speaker sleepily and Minho groaned.

“It’s noon, you fuck,” he informed him sternly. “It’s noon and you didn’t come to work, what happened?”

“Oh,” Thomas let out, but it didn’t even wake him properly. “Sorry. Not in condition to go today, can you…?”

“Yes, but man, you okay?”

“Oh darling, you always care so much,” Thomas chuckled, just to get another groan from his friend.

“I take it you’re just drunk,” Minho concluded – and well, he wasn’t wrong. Although Thomas hadn’t been that drunk, he had like two beers, but he went to sleep super late. He blamed it on Newt – even though it was a little more difficult to stay mad at the guy when he was at the same condition right next to him, already awake and watching him from under his long eyelashes.
“Sorry, Min. I’ll come on Monday,” he assured the caller languidly and Minho just grumbled something about alcoholics and hung up.

“Did I keep you from work?” Newt asked sleepily and Thomas threw the phone on the pillow and shook his head.

“It’s fine, they’ll manage without me,” he said with a smile and turned on his side to face the blond. “You know what. You’re actually prettier than he said.”

“Smartass,” Newt snorted and scooted closer so he could bury his face into Thomas’ shirt. “Please don’t get married. I don’t know any of your exes I can send after you.”

“I’ll try,” Thomas grinned and locked the blond in a hug. “But you may have some explaining to do.”

”Yeah?” Newt piped.

“Minho doesn’t believe life can be like a movie,” Thomas pointed out. “How good are you at being devilishly striking?”

“That’s my second name,” Newt laughed into his shirt and Thomas found himself perfectly content.

Guess he should send Teresa a wedding gift after all.
French kiss

Chapter Summary

ryorin13 asked:
Can you do 16 for newtmas??

16. French kiss (oh man xD)

Newt hated kissing. Out of everything intimate two people could do he hated kissing the most. It was wet, it was unpleasant, slobbery and noisy, and he didn’t see any point in doing that. Every time he tried it just ended the same - with him being absolutely disgusted by the other person trying to stick their tongue down his throat.

Ew.

“What’s so bad about kissing?” Thomas asked one day when they were sitting in his room above the math problem and for some unexplainable reason there was this mention and Thomas found it very curious.


“Wow, harsh,” the brunet chuckled and leaned back dreamily. “I love kissing. I mean, it perfectly connects you to the other, like, in a nicer way than just with sex. Like… more intimately. A nice, good kiss can make you feel it in the end of your fingertips.”

“Right,” Newt rolled his eyes - goddamn, not from his bloody experience. “Like all the slobber is such a massive turn on, huh.”

“Ugh,” Thomas groaned. “Way to ruin it, blondie.”

“it’s true,” Newt shrugged and put down his pen so he could look at his companion a little better. “Give me one logical reason why it’s nice?”

“It’s sexy?”

“Stupid.”

“It’s…” Thomas hummed thoughtfully. “It’s really hard to explain. Maybe you just didn’t get a nice, arousing kiss before?”

“A nice arousing kiss?” Newt snorted.

“Like a French kiss,” Thomas suggested. “A good French kiss makes you hot all over in a second.”

“Of course it does,” the blond made a face and looked back into his book, until he heard Thomas clearing his throat. Oh no, a stupid idea is coming up.

“Let’s try it.” There it was.

“Are you stupid?” Newt stared at him in disgust. “I still have some sort of respect for you, don’t let
“Scaredycat,” Thomas grinned at him tauntingly, damn that idiot. “You’re just afraid you’d like it too much.”

“That’s my biggest concern,” Newt pushed him away when Thomas inched closer and glared. “I’m not kissing you.”

“Yes, you do,” Thomas insisted. “I promise not to slobber.”

“Disgusting.”

“C’mon,” he poked the blond with a laugh. “C’mon, try it, just once. Then you can hate me forever and tell me you told me so.”


“Nice to know,” Thomas smiled, this time almost softly, and Newt wanted to smack him. He didn’t know what he was looking forward to with this, but let him have his fun so Newt can kick his shin later.

He almost missed the movement, but suddenly Thomas was close to him, his hands cradling Newt’s head between them, and then there was a warm, tentative touch on his mouth, almost too gentle it just tingled for a moment. Then the pressure multiplied and their lips pressed together demandingly, just a slide after slide, a slow, rhythmic movement, and Newt braced himself for the worst. That happen when Thomas’ tongue swept on his lower lip and Newt got so surprised he parted his lips automatically and granted an entrance to his tongue.

Then he somehow lost his wits after, because suddenly Thomas was plundering his mouth and making those soft, needy noises, and Newt found himself reacting to it almost shockingly so, exchanging his tongue for his, and yes, it was so damn messy, so bloody noisy, but so hot. The way Thomas was holding his face in his hands, how his thumbs swept over his cheekbones and his jaw, how he occasionally bit him to his lower lip and then soothed it with his tongue, how air seemed strangely unnecessary - Newt was so done for.

“I take it you liked it?” they parted suddenly and Newt couldn’t stop breathing hard, gasping even, and his body burned and Thomas was still so close - so bloody in reach.

“Shut up,” he growled at him and swallowed his shattered pride. “Do it again.”
raincloud-chill said:
Saw your B-day event and I just had to join XD Birthday: September 3rd, I'm in the tmr fandom (literally obsessed) and my OTP is newmas (strings is my all time favorite fanfic btw) I'm a very sappy person and kisses are my weakness <3
belated B-day gift ^^

“Tell me again why are we doing this absolutely stupid thing?”

“Newt, please, I beg you,” Thomas stopped in the middle of his step, turning around just in time to catch the blond in his arms and shake him like he couldn’t control his movement. “This is a life or death matter, you have to help me out.”


“He’s in England! Drinking tea! He’d throw me off the Big Ben if I interrupted his super-secret-date-everybody-knows-about!” the brunet responded frantically and Newt shook his head. He had a point, probably, Minho would rage immensely. He planned it for months, never introduced the person and then disappeared. Everyone knew why, but they didn’t know to who.

“Teresa,” another possibility, and Thomas’ face distorted into an unsatisfied grimace.

Oh, so he already asked her and she turned him down. Yay for being the last resort. Not to mention...

“Brenda?”

Another scowl.

“For fuck’s sake,” Newt groaned and squirmed out of Thomas’ hold. “Have you literally asked everyone and I’m the bloody last resort?”

“Sort of?” Thomas cringed – and he had a reason – Newt had an urge to smack him over his stupid, brown haired head. Fine, they had their past, but it was behind them, and as much as Newt thought it didn’t stir any bad blood anymore, this moron proved him wrong.

“Look, it’s just…” Thomas gestured vaguely, searching for the right words, and bit his lips nervously, definitely knowing Newt was going to really hit him if the reason was stupid enough. “…embarrassing.”

“Embarrassing?” the blond repeated incredulously. “What is bloody embarrassing about it? I’ve seen you in the most ridiculous positions, I’ve heard you snore and fart and throw up and come, and you think this is embarrassing?”

“This is embarrassing!” the brunet covered his ears like he couldn’t hear the naked truth and Newt shook his head.
“You’re ridiculous.”

“My parents already know you.”

“Good for them, they won’t be as shocked,” Newt shrugged, discarding the reason immediately. “Imagine Minho, he would probably tear the place apart.”

“We broke up,” Thomas reminded him, sounding somewhat bitter, and Newt felt like he should stick a pineapple into his arse for him to wake up.

“You don’t say,” he said instead, leaving the craving for some other time. “And?”

“And they know we did,” the boy continued and the fidgeting seemed like he had ants in his jeans. Newt would actually wish for it, just out of spite.

“So we got back together, that’s believable,” he let out a sigh. “Happens all the time. Never lasts, but it happens.”

“So optimistic.”

“Realistic,” the blond reminded him and grabbed his bag. “So, darling? Shall we play the game or are we going to talk about shit until the weekend is over?”

“This is a terrible idea,” Thomas mumbled, taking his bag as well and followed Newt to the car in a slow pace.

“Of course it’s a terrible idea,” Newt shot at him over his shoulder. “It’s yours.”

***

“So what are we going to tell them?”

It wasn’t something Newt really wanted to spend his weekend with, but it was better than nothing. With Thomas it was rare to stay alone these days – or months – or years, mainly because he had an urge to strangle the brunet every time he got close and he opened his mouth. They broke up three years ago, in a city, during Christmas, under the lit up tree on the square, and Newt considered it the most unpleasant memory so far. They were practically raging, both of them, and the break up was inevitable, but when it finally came, it wasn’t an explosion full of shouting or accusing as he expected.

It was quiet, calm and very, very bitter.

The bitterness was still accompanying them, after all these years, every time they saw each other. The first year was catastrophic, the second they both calmed down a bit, and the third they actually managed to lead a normal, reasonable conversation with minimum insults. Newt wasn’t shy to admit he missed his ex during the quiet period of time; somehow, so talking with him without needing to insult his IQ was refreshing – almost nostalgic.

Well, until this request came and he felt like the old grudges were coming back to life. Pretending to be lovers just to get Thomas’ parents off his back – how lame was that? Not to mention having his parents still controlling his life was rather unsatisfactory when he was 27 and had to report them he had somebody he was spending his time with, and had to introduce him to them. Or reintroduce, in Newt’s case.

He had no idea why he agreed. Maybe he was lame too.
“I don’t know. We bumped into each other on a party and made out in a closet,” Thomas grumbled, his eyes glued to the road before him, and Newt noticed how firmly he was clutching the driving wheel that his knuckles were turning white. “And decided to try it again.”

“Ugh.”

“What, you have a better idea?” Thomas shot him an annoyed look and Newt snorted. Oh yeah, so he was pissed off about this, not just embarrassed. The fact that both Teresa and Brenda turned him down must have scarred his ego a lot.

“We managed to talk normally again and realized we’re still in love with each other?” he offered, just to piss him off more. “Since, you know, it happens?”

“What, sex in the closet doesn’t?” there was that bitterness in Thomas’ voice again and the blond smirked.

“Probably to you,” he averted his eyes from his companion and watched the passing scenery instead. “But I’m not that easy.”

“That’s true,” he heard Thomas whisper, more to himself, and rather buried himself lower into the seat. The fact their intimate life sucked the last month they were together hadn’t been a secret and Newt was very much aware it just sped up the fall of their relationship. But at that point it all felt wrong and angry and the last thing Newt had wanted included having an angry sex, or sex out of pity, or basically anything so delicate without those nice, happy feelings it normally produced. So he refused sex, and he refused it wholesomely.

Thomas didn’t like it. Nasty words were exchanged.

And they broke up.

“Let’s go with your version,” he heard Thomas saying roughly. “It happens.”

“Yeah,” he piped, closing his eyes.

*In fairy tales.*

***

“Oh my god I knew it!” Was the first thing that hit them both when the door opened and Thomas’ mother appeared, shrieking like a siren and then she grabbed Newt and almost suffocated him in an embrace. “I knew you two would get back together, I knew it!”

“There goes the surprise,” Newt managed from the rest of his breath and when she finally released him just to run back to the house to tell the rest of the family the big news, he gasped like he was drowning.

“Good to know she’s as strong as ever,” he croaked and Thomas hummed and took both of their bags to carry it inside. He had gotten visibly darker and grumpier the closer they got to his hometown and now he almost visibly carried a dark, raining cloud above his head, looking like he just arrived to his own funeral.

Newt followed him inside with surprising ease though, like returning to this place somewhat negated everything Thomas tried to darken. He had only nice, pleasant memories of this house, and those people, so even if Thomas ought to be a dickhead, he could always enjoy himself here.
“Newt!” a roaring voice welcomed him next and another crushing hug lifted him from the floor. Thomas’ father was a big, broad guy who could probably lift the house itself, and his jolly personality apparently remained untouched as well.

“Hi there,” the blond greeted him right the moment he got back to the ground, trying to withstand the bear pat that followed. “Haven’t seen you in forever.”

“Likewise!” the big guy cheerily replied. “Glad to see he came back to his senses! Was seriously afraid he’d bring that gloomy goth girl here, thank god he didn’t.”

*Teresa or Brenda. Who could tell them apart sometimes.*

“Nah, he still has a thing for blonds,” he replied with a snicker and immediately heard Thomas’ scoffing from the living room.

Worth it.

***

Newt hadn’t been surprised when the family huddled him like chicks. He also hadn’t been surprised Thomas looked like somebody stole his pony and it got progressively worse the longer they sat in the living room and talked.

“Can you cheer up a little?” Newt nudged him when they both managed to stay alone in the kitchen.

“Can you stop being so cheerful?” Thomas shot back and Newt rolled his eyes. Typical. *No one can have fun when I’m not having it as well!* Pathetic idiot.

“It was *your* idea, smartass,” Newt snarled at him quietly. “So either act like it. Or I’m leaving and tell them what you bloody want.”

“Stop being difficult,” Thomas grumbled, but there was meekness in his voice again, like it worked. Not that his mouth knew how to interpret it better. “And sorry it had to be you.”

“I know, the goth chick would be better here. Sorry they both said no,” the blond uttered, trying to squash that possessive streak rising in him. “I’ll pipe down. Tell them my head hurt. Go to sleep. So your soul is going to have it easier.”

“No goth chick would be better here,” Thomas responded quietly. “I’m just… it’s kind of painful.”

“What is?” Newt blinked, quickly looking him over to check for injuries, but found none. Painful how?

“The last time you were here, we were happy and in *love,*” the brunet mumbled, looking at his feet like they were very interesting right now. “Now it’s just… for the show and… I don’t like it.”

“Sorry,” Newt hummed in understanding. It was difficult even for him – he felt nice, the happy memories flooded back when he sat in the living room with them, but one look towards Thomas and everything turned black and white again, like they couldn’t function anymore. “It was nice when it lasted.”

“Yeah,” Thomas finally glanced at him, his eyes a bit warmer. “It was amazing.”

Newt felt a lump in his throat forming, and the more Thomas was looking at him, the worse it got,
until he couldn’t really stand it. So he offered a small, apologetic smile, grabbed the sauce he got send for and left the kitchen with buzzing in his head and weird pressure in his chest.

The mischievous smiles Thomas’ family gave him never felt so wrong.

***

For some reason the dinner seemed to be a little lighter. Thomas stopped being so antagonistic and actually joined the conversation, and Newt felt it was easier to breathe again. It wasn’t like he couldn’t deal with the guy when he was all grumpy – he had to for three years already – but in this place it was a bit more difficult.

So he let them talk while he silently ate, smiled when somebody looked at him, and then almost choked when Thomas caught his hand he had his fork in and ate what he had on it.

“Hey!” he frowned at him accusingly, seeing so cheekily empty fork and Thomas grinned and turned more to him.

“What, it’s feeding time,” he nudged him with his knee and Newt jolted at the contact, so not used to it anymore it almost stopped his heart.

“Don’t indulge him, he’s like a child,” Thomas’ sister immediately chided with a glare, but Thomas just stuck his tongue at her and patiently waited for Newt to deliver another bite of food to his mouth.

“God knows I hate you,” the blond grumbled but did it anyway.

He so wasn’t ready for Thomas to sit even closer and touch.

***

“What, I clearly remember you saying there is nothing embarrassing about me anymore, since you heard me fart and all.”

“Oh god, shut up,” Newt pushed at him, but Thomas didn’t budge, except of laughing like a hyena. Of course his mum would station them both in Thomas room, it was bloody natural, but it still felt like sleeping on a pile of needles when lying next to this guy.

“It’s not like it’s a small bed.”

“It’s not like I care,” Newt bit out. “I told you, go sleep on the floor!”

“But it’s my bed,” the brunet argued, and apparently had fun while at it, bastard. “If you don’t like me in it, you go sleep on the floor.”

“I’m a guest in here,” Newt pushed again, without a result. “Have some manners, you can’t let me sleep on the less comfortable place!”

“I’m not letting you, you’re being a stubborn ass as always,” Thomas grinned and clearly didn’t felt like moving at all. “Calm down and sleep. I won’t attack you until you’re awake again.”

“Shut up, you jerk face,” Newt tossed around and turned his back to him. “As if I’d let you.”

“Mhmmm.”

_Goddamn, fuck this all._
It was warm, comfortable and pleasantly familiar. Newt didn’t know why he even stirred awake, there was nothing waking him up – no noises, no movement, no sharp light. A steady breathing next to his ear was gently reminding him of the soft presence of somebody who belonged there together with him, and it took him about five more minutes of lazily drowsing on the waves of the hazy state until he realized it had been Thomas who was so possessively curled around him.

It shouldn’t have felt so familiar after three years, should it?

He blinked and tried to untangle, but Thomas’ hold strengthened and stopped him immediately.

“Don’t leave,” he heard the brunet rumble sleepily. “Please.”

“Tommy-,”

“I know.” A sigh. “I shouldn’t be doing this. I thought I can stop myself. Sorry.”

Newt gulped down, his mind reeling. Surely, Thomas was just… sleepy?

“Well, I haven’t cuddled for a pretty long time,” he offered lamely, trying to think of a better option. He found none. “So it’s fine by me. You’re warm.”

“Yeah, you’re warm too,” he heard a chuckle. “Warm and I’ve missed this and I’m sorry for it. I’ve left you as a last resort because I knew I wouldn’t be able to have you so near and act like I don’t care anymore.”

“You care?” the blond piped, the lump in his throat from yesterday getting bigger, threatening to mute him forever. “About m-me?”

“About you.” He felt a gentle kiss in his hair and Thomas moved a little, pulling the blond closer. Newt buried his head into Thomas’ chest, biting down the explosion that was approaching a bit too fast. He wasn’t sure what kind it would be though.

“We broke up,” he reminded him bitterly. “We had a reason to break up. We hated each other in the end.”

“No, we didn’t,” Thomas immediately countered. “We stopped talking.”

“Patched up relationships never last,” the blond argued, but squeezed Thomas’s sides a bit stronger. He couldn’t let go.

“Watch out, an optimist,” his companion said retorted in amusement. “They happen.”

“In fairy tales.”

“Newt,” Thomas’ voice sounded a bit more vivid now, like he woke up fully, and Newt gathered all his courage and looked up, immediately staring into brown pits of hell.

He wanted to say something smart, or ironic or maybe even offensive so Thomas would understand Newt was not able to change and what bothered him before would bother him again, but all the words died in his throat.

So he stared and stared and stared and suddenly there were hot lips on his own and he was pushing into the kiss. It felt like coming back home.
A Sleepover

Chapter Summary

why-am-i-awake asked:
Oooh - prompts! If you could write a bed sharing + cuddling story for Newtmas, I'd be super happy! (And best of luck with your momentary emotional state :c)

“I can’t believe you thought it was a good idea!”

“You agreed on it, you’re just pissy cuz you got drenched!”

“The fuck I’m pissy, you prick!”

Thomas stared into the ceiling, not daring to say a single word or make a move, in fear the voices coming from the hallway would turn against him. He knew Minho and Newt would never be deliberately mean to him, but if anyone got caught in one of their gunfire, they had no mercy.

There were several banging noises and louder chatter how they continued through the flat, then banging of doors and additional female voice shrieking at them.

Brenda, Thomas thought. She crashed here because Minho and Newt shouldn’t have returned, and took one of their rooms. Thomas wasn’t sure whose, and he didn’t really care, but they were apparently very displeased about it when they found out.

Another set of banging and then finally the flat quieted down – Thomas only hoped it didn’t mean they killed each other, because it would be him who would have to clean it up in the morning. For several more minutes nothing happened and Thomas felt his body relaxing again, allowing himself to breathe out and toss around, until a knock on his door and then a creak when it opened interrupted his peacefulness again.

“Tommy?”

_Oh, Newt’s room then._

“Brenda took your room?” he asked, sitting up slowly to watch the blond fidgeting at the door with a pillow in his arms, in a long shirt that was barely reaching his thighs, and with wet hair from a shower. It was a little pitiful image, really, like a kid that got kicked out of a toy store and couldn’t find its parents.

“Yeah,” Newt mumbled. “Can I stay here?”

“Minho has rabies?” Thomas tilted his head to the side, feeling a little vengeful for this morning where Newt turned his offer to go for a trip together just because Minho had an idiotic idea to go ice skating to a local pond. Very shabby, very lame and very children packed pond.

Newt hated kids. He was doing everything to avoid them, and yet Minho asked and _weee, here we go, buddy!_ So the fact he was now standing here, begging for a sleepover, stirred something bad in Thomas.
“Minho always have had rabies,” Newt uttered, bitterness in his voice apparent, and Thomas thought *serves you right* and lay back down without a word.

It wasn’t like he didn’t understand. Minho and Newt were besties, nothing bad about them spending time together. But sometimes Thomas felt left out of *everything* they did, like he didn’t belong, and the more it happened, the less he was able to wave his hand and forget about it.

And he felt lame for it, but couldn’t stop himself no matter how hard he tried to.

“Umm…” the blond echoed from the door, unsure. “Are you mad?”

“Yes,” Thomas answered honestly, but didn’t elaborate. He didn’t have the urge to explain he planned the trip three weeks ahead, that he asked Newt several times during the planning if he had a free day at that point, that he was making sure all the time so it would be nice and fun. He didn’t want to tell him he was excited about it, expecting them to spend a nice time together.

He just didn’t really have the right.

“I see,” Newt only said and there was soft padding and a click of the door. Thomas left out a breath he didn’t know he was holding and tried to shake down the spasm his body adopted again, almost too painful.

“Geez, don’t be so bloody relieved just because you think I’ve left,” a growl came, a stomping approached and then Newt was barging into his bed, pushing him aside so he could climb in, and Thomas didn’t even have time to react and he was already crowded by the blond, his personal space invaded.

“You’re so fucking rude,” he managed to spit out, pulling at Newt’s hair in reprimand, and the blond snuggled closer in response.

“Please don’t be mad,” he heard after. “I really wanted to go with you on that trip.”

“Yeah, I’ve seen the excitement,” Thomas snorted and pulled one more time, earning a hiss. “You literally begged to go.”

“Stop being difficult.”

“I am difficult?!” he exploded and sat up, just to be pushed back to a lying position with a surprising strength. Goddamn, nobody should underestimate Newt’s thin build, he was too strong for his own good.

“I said *stop*,” the blond growled and climbed atop of him, sitting on his hips with a fiery expression. “Are you a bloody princess to act like an insulted brat?”

“Get out of my room,” Thomas trashed around, but with no avail. This day was never going to end or something!

“Tommy,” Newt’s voice dropped lower, almost too dangerous. “I get it that you don’t understand, but Minho is my friend.”

“Oh, and here I thought he’s your adorable girlfriend,” Thomas sneered. “I hope you got him flowers.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Newt groaned and finally eased his grip. “He was right.”
“Out!”

“No.” The blatant ignorance was making Thomas so mad he considered throwing the blond off the bed, but when a laugh came it stopped him dead in the tracks.

“You are in love with me,” came a statement so casual Thomas had to repeat it in his head for several times to grasp the meaning. “You’re so in love with me.”

“No, I hate you, that’s why I’ve wanted to spend time with you the whole day alone,” Thomas retorted mockingly. “So I could kill you and dispose of the body in peace.”

“Sweet-talker,” Newt chuckled and moved again, aligning himself comfortably at Thomas’ side, his arm draping around the brunet’s torso. “Just saying. I wasn’t sure. Thought you’re prolly just fooling around. Wanting me out of the flat so we can fuck.”

Thomas almost choked at that and Newt propped his head on his palm and stared at his companion with serious expression.

“But you’re serious, aren’t ya.”

“Fuck you,” Thomas shoved him, but it was half-hearted and it didn’t move the blond even an inch. “If you came here to make fun of me, be a dear and get the hell out. I want to sleep, and the couch is free for you.”

“Teresa is on the couch,” Newt shrugged casually. “And she snores.”

“Wha-,”

“Stop changing the topic,” the blond stopped the question impatiently. “Are you or not?”

“Probably not, after today,” Thomas grumbled, avoiding Newt’s gaze like a plague. “You made me fall out of it pretty fast.”

“I’m sorry,” he heard a quiet voice. “I’ve wanted to be sure. Minho made a bet that you are. He won, so you owe me twenty bucks.”

“You could ask and no fucking way I’m paying your debts,” Thomas huffed and Newt cuddled closer, his head resting on Thomas’ chest like he belonged there, at the exact spot, and Thomas found himself wrapping his right arm around the blond’s back to pull him even tighter against him.

“I’m not good with those things,” Newt mumbled into his shirt. “I’m not good in relationships. I’m just… not good. Thought you know and you just wanted to let out some steam.”

“No,” Thomas denied it fast. “I don’t do that, ever.”

“Yeah, now I can see you don’t,” Newt agreed and his fingers started to draw abstract shapes on Thomas’ stomach. It tickled a little. “Sorry.”

“You’re not forgiven,” Thomas said coldly. “I’ve planned it for three weeks. I’ve booked all those passes. You screwed me over.”

“Damn,” the blond snorted. “So serious already.”

“Shut up, I’m still mad.”

The silence stretched for a moment, he heard Newt humming, and then a movement made him
look up, just to have a soft set of lips on his own, pecking him gently.

“I’ve called there. Booked it for tomorrow,” Newt whispered to his mouth, nibbling on his lower lip. “If you still wanna go with me.”

“How did you-,”

“You’re hardly secretive,” a chuckle shook the slim body atop of his and Thomas took a deep breath.

“You’ve planned all this,” he accused the blond in shock. “You clever bas-,”

“Mmmhm.” Another short kiss shut Thomas up. “So warm me up now. And deal with the rest tomorrow. Yeah?”

Thomas wanted to stay mad for a bit longer, maybe until breakfast to glare at the blond over the table full of sunny side eggs to get his point across, but he decided it was wiser to give up. So he pulled Newt back down and snuggled him as close as he could, earning a content sigh.

He was still going to put sugar on Newt’s portion in the morning though, just out of spite.

“I love you too by the way,” Newt mumbled from his chest suddenly and softly exhaled, like he was sleep talking and it calmed him down.

Okay. No sugar.
Anonymous said:
"What does it say?" he asked, tapping the area near his breast pocket.

Anonymous asked a question
Hi, I’ve been reading your newtmas prompt challenge on Ao3 and I just want to say
I’m in love with Pretty Legit :D... Will you write more Baby!Thomas and Baby!Newt
fics? They are so adorable.. Thanks!

"What does it say?" he asked, tapping the area near his breast pocket.

“That I have a text waiting for me to read it,” Newt replied and wasn’t surprised when Thomas
rolled his eyes and gave up.

It wasn’t an issue, Newt thought, he didn’t understand why Thomas had been making such drama
out of it. He had never been such a mushy-feely person who had to be constantly reassured he was
the number one. And yet he kept on pressing and Newt was wondering if it had to do something
about the new school he boarded, where Thomas couldn’t check on him as regularly as he wanted.
They hadn’t seen each other as often as before, Newt had to admit, but it didn’t mean anything
bad – they were just more excited when they finally met after a week or two.

Until Thomas started to be like this.

“What’s eating ya?” Newt asked, staring at his boyfriend moving around the flat like he was
cleaning it up, although all his doing included carrying things from one place to another and back,
just to look busy. “You’re like a hamster in a wheel.”

“It’s nothing,” Thomas responded without stopping. “I’ve just wanted to hear it.”

“I’m telling you all the time,” Newt pointed out and crossed his arms on his chest. “Like every
time we do it at least.”

It finally made the brunet to stop and take a deep breath and Newt was aware there was something
bothering him, and it wasn’t small. Not when he was so quiet and strangely forceful about a minor
thing that shouldn’t have been this important after all those years they were together (well, dating
only for year and half, but they knew each other for their whole lives and if Newt counted the
pining that lasted few years for him alone, their history was quite rich). Thomas knew him and
Newt could tell the same, so if there was something that riled his boyfriend this much, it had to be
big.

When Thomas remained quiet longer than Newt liked, the blond got up from the bed and hugged
Thomas from the back, swaying him from side to side.

“You giant dork,” he whispered to his ear gently. “Stop this ridiculous pouting. You’re supposed to
be the more experienced one in this.”

“I just hate I can’t… see you for so long,” he heard Thomas mumble and yeah, he thought it was
the problem. “I don’t know what’s happening. And then the girl…”

“What girl?”

“That blond girl,” the brunet elaborated and squeezed Newt’s hands. He seemed like he wanted to continue, but then he changed his mind and just shrugged.

“Aw,” Newt chuckled and pressed into him stronger. “You mean Sonya? A classmate. She’s pretty.”

“Makes me feel much better, thanks,” Thomas grumbled, and it made Newt laugh quietly and pull, until Thomas let himself to be dragged back to bed. He positioned him to a lying position and then rested atop of him, smiling like an idiot.

Thomas was jealous. It was like a field day, for real. He knew his boyfriend was often possessive, but it was more for a show than for him to actually take it this seriously. But this? It actually showed Newt how much he cared and it was endearing.

“I thought it would,” he nibbled at Thomas’ ear and kissed his cheek. “She’s prettier than you. Being a girl and all.”

“Right.”

“But,” Newt snuggled to him with a content sigh. “She’s not you. And you know I love you, yeah? It won’t change just because she has boobs or something.”

“I hope she doesn’t have something,” Thomas finally snorted, his tone lighter, and Newt reached up for a kiss, chuckling into his boyfriend’s mouth.

She definitely didn’t have anything Thomas had, and even if, the brunet was Newt’s everything. It was never going to change.
I thought you loved me.

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
are you still doing the newtmas prompt challenge!! if you are could you do something like “I thought you loved me” where it's like newtmas angst where newt/tommy catch the other person cheating on them omg :( thank you and a friendly reminder that your writing is amazing x

Newt would never, never believe that some things could be real. He had a good guess about people from the first moment he met them, and very rarely missed something important that would change his opinion about them.

It happened at times. But not often.

He always thought Thomas was one of the constants he knew well. Who he could trust and consider him, well, predictable. Not in a bad way – Newt never thought of Thomas to be boring, just having his routines that made him adorable.

It was also a reason why Newt loved him so much.

Also a reason why he just couldn’t believe something like this could happen to him – to them – without a warning. At first he was petrified, just stared, mouth open and eyes wide. When a sense of understanding flowed into him, and the situation cleared, he realized what he had been seeing right now and it almost sent him backwards.

Thomas kissing a raven haired girl. Thomas touching her cheek in a gentle gesture. Thomas tilting his head for a better angle.

Thomas… cheating on him.

It was like a cold hand crushing his heart to pieces, watching the scene unfolding in front of him like that. The betrayal, the painful realization he was apparently never good enough, never somebody Thomas had wanted to be with in the first place, solely with him, never the one having his heart hidden next to his, his soul intertwined.

And for how stupid it all sounded to him now, it just hurt him even more.

He barely noticed the girl suddenly glancing at him and then scrambling away from Thomas. It was like he watched a movie in slow motion and didn’t find it interesting enough to pay his full attention.

She looked shocked. Thomas just stared dumbly, his expression completely unreadable, and Newt just couldn’t deal with this. His stomach was heavy, he could barely breathe, and the more he was looking into Thomas’ brown eyes, the less he comprehended the reason why this happened.

“i thought you loved me,” his mouth said. He wasn’t sure what gave it the signal to utter such stupid, lame and absolutely defeated notion, but here it was, hanging in between them, and his
throat got stuffed with a lump that forced him to remain silent from then on.

It hurt. It hurt so bloody much he wanted to run away, hide and never return to the normal world again. It crushed him from the inside, it seized him like a prison, and he couldn’t hear anything.

He saw Thomas opening his mouth and saying something. He saw him moving up, towards him. But then his own body moved like somebody was controlling him and he ran away. He slammed the door shut, he hopped in his car and drove until he couldn’t see the road anymore and stopped somewhere.

It hurt. It hurt and he couldn’t deal.

It hurt.
Anonymous said:

So I’ve been reading through your prompts and I absolutely love them all! Now this is a lot to ask and it’s perfectly fine is you say no, but I would love it if you made a continuation of "Fifty Shades of What The Fuck Is Wrong With The Author" because I just really wanna see how that date turned out. If you're able to do it, that's awesome, and if not, that's okay as well. I know you probably have a lot to do. Thank you for taking the time to read this and have a nice day! :)

Continuation of chapter 123 :

“This is not a funeral, you know.”

“It hella feels like it,” Newt uttered back and pulled his black coat closer to his body. He must have been mad, utterly crazy to actually agree on Thomas’ dating idea. It was just a figure of speech and this guy had to hold onto it like a leech – Newt just didn’t really understand why.

“You said you’d rather date me so I won’t read the book. Think of it as a compensatory gesture?” the brunet suggested and smiled cheekily at him. “I could have really liked the book after all.”

“Liked the book,” Newt repeated, giving him an evil eye. “That’s the most sickening thing I’ve ever heard.”

“It was a bestseller, there had to be something good about it,” Thomas opposed – quite logically, Newt had to admit – and then pointed at a restaurant on a corner of the street they had been walking through. “But I’ll never know if you keep your side of a bargain.”

“You know, I might let you read it after all,” the blond suggested, stopping in the middle of the walk. “Since you’re so bloody interested in it.”

“Or maybe I’m so bloody interested in you?” Thomas stopped alongside with him and Newt almost choked.

“What are you talking about?” he demanded with a frown. “Are you sick in your head?”

“I dunno, am I?” Thomas shrugged. “What’s wrong about it?”

“You never even hinted, I… I mean, why? You always said I’m a grumpy cat,” Newt tried to understand, but failed. Seriously, Thomas never even showed a bit of interest – not even remotely, in a joke or anything beside that. They were fine as friends, if you wanted to call that way, classmates probably. But more? No bloody way. Was this a joke?

“You’re a grumpy cat,” Thomas grinned. “You’ve always been. Frowny and all, smartass talk. But it’s just so amusing to listen to you.”

“So amusing that you fell in love? Oh please,” the blond rolled his eyes. “That’s ridiculous.”
“How about we talk about it in the restaurant?” Thomas suggested and gestured towards the place they were heading to before they stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. “It’s rather chilly.”

“How about we talk about it never?” Newt refused to move. “If you think you’re being funny, then I assure you that you’re not. I’m going home.”

Before he could turn around and leave Thomas standing there like a tit, there was a hand on his forearm, pulling him back – and he probably expected it, kind of, because Thomas was always a stubborn ass.

“An hour,” he heard him saying.

“An hour?” Newt repeated and glanced over his shoulder.

“Yeah, give me an hour and if it’s going to be really bad, I’ll stop with everything and you’ll go home, okay?” Thomas tried and Newt noticed the grip on his arm eased off a little. Did Thomas always look so hopeful when talking to him?

“Since when?”

“What?” the brunet blinked and let go completely, apparently coaxed enough that Newt was not going anywhere.

“Since when you had been interested in me?” Newt elaborated and turned back to him, now a little curious. Thomas was always sort of… distant. At least Newt thought so – his closest pal had been Teresa after all. He hanged out with her all the time, and never showed even a bit of need to get Newt closer, anyhow.

“I’ve always been interested in you,” Thomas shrugged, but it seemed like an overplayed gesture, like he was trying too much to look casual. It gave him a slightly different aura and Newt wondered even more. “I just didn’t know how to deal with it. You never… seemed like you wanted to talk to me too much.”

“I can say the same about you,” Newt pointed out. “So what. You saw a chance and you took it?”

“I saw a chance and I took it,” the brunet agreed and his lips curled up a little. “Are you mad?”

“I think not,” Newt shrugged. “It’s weird, but then again, it’s you. I always thought you’re kinda weird.”

“Gee, thanks,” Thomas chuckled and nodded towards the restaurant again. “Coming with me then?”

Newt looked that way and then back to the brunet in front of him and sighed.

“Well, somebody has to keep you from reading that piece of crap, yeah?” he smirked and followed his classmate- no, date - to their destination.

Maybe it wouldn’t be that bad after all.
Afuri asked:

urm.. Thomas and Newt in two opposite gangs that always fight each others. someday Newt got kidnapped by Tom's gang and beaten badly as they questions him about his gang. But actually thomas feels something towards Newt since he doesn't know when. love hating relationship please? and Newt's leader's gang is Gallu while hes second in command and Thomas's leader is Alby and Minho is the second in command oh and Newt isn't that good at self defense. hes second in command because hes a good advisor and Gally trust him

I hope it's not too confusing, I used a bit more serious thing than gangs, although not really explained. Just "groups". Hopefully it's readable :)

“He’s not going to say anything.”

“Maybe we need to squeeze him a bit more,” Alby suggested and Thomas had to stop himself from cringing. Getting out of hand was an understanding, especially when Alby started to be so damn ruthless when it came to their blond prisoner.

“You squeeze him a bit more and you’re gonna clean up a stinking corpse next,” Minho opposed with a frown. “As much as I get you wanna know about them, killing him is bad, Alby.”

“I wouldn’t let him die,” the leader uttered, but his shoulders eased off a little and Thomas knew he dropped the subject, thankfully. He saw what they did to that guy – there was tons of blood and lots of swearing, spitting out curses and hateful words, and it was wrong.

Yes, the fight had been going forever by now, both of their groups gradually making it worse and worse at each clash, but they never managed to get on a high horse like this – to actually capture one of the opposite group. And Thomas just knew it was a bad business, and not just because that guy couldn’t expect to be treated like in Hilton.

Alby, the leader of Thomas’ group, was a good, smart guy. But he was short-tempered and wanted results immediately, and that made him rash at times, especially when it included his enemies. At this point Thomas was always glad there was Minho holding him back, somehow, even though Alby’s second-in-command was a piece of work himself. Fast, clever, but easily pissed off and a lover of a good fight, no matter with who. He had a gift of starting quarrels with few sarcastic words, and Thomas seriously thought it had to be a natural selection he won in his mother’s womb.

When they managed to get hands on this guy, this blond, thin somebody who wasn’t fast enough to run when they flooded the building like a hungry swarm, Alby was almost unstoppable in his pursuit of getting all the possible information he could out of him. But they only learned new, original swear words and that was it – not even a name or a rank or anything bound to his group.

“But you’d let him to bleed to death, so I think that still equals murder, man,” Minho crossed his arms on his chest. “He won’t tell us shit. You wouldn’t either.”
“He has a point,” Thomas piped, finally growing bold enough to speak up. “Let me talk to him.”

“And what do you think you’d accomplish? We tried to talk to him,” Alby glanced at him with a frown. “As you can see, talking didn’t really work.”

“Well, not with the beating,” Thomas commented dryly and stood up, dusting off his trousers. “Just let me.”

“Mr. Pacifist,” Minho snorted. “Whatever. Go play, if you feel the need.”

Thomas refused to react on that, especially when he saw Minho waiting for it.

***

There were blood stains right at the entrance – little drops of red liquid spilled here and there. They continued from the door in little doses further into the room, until they multiplied for a bit into a crimson puddle in which a person kneeled.

Thomas stopped about one and half a meter in front of him, examining him quietly. It was a young boy, probably about Thomas’ age, thinner and a little fragile looking with how his body was sagged against the bonds that held him back. His blond hair was messy and matted with blood, and his breathing was heavy and little hoarse.

“You’re wasting your time,” he suddenly spoke up, almost too quietly for Thomas to hear. “I already told your buddies. Piss. Off.”

“I’ve just arrived,” Thomas answered with a deep sigh. “Would be a waste to leave without at least a little chat, wouldn’t it.”

“Wouldn’t it,” the blond repeated with a mocking tone. “What a twat.”

“What’s your name?” Thomas decided to ignore him and made several steps sideways, circling him like a vulture its prey. He needed to remain in a safe distance as well as he wanted him to still be wary of Thomas. It kept them both on toes that way.

“What’s yours?” the blond raised his head a little, glaring at him with deep, brown eyes. One of his eye was a little red, probably from the beating, and his lower lip was split on the side. There were several bruises on his left cheek starting to colourise, and Thomas could tell Alby definitely overdid it here, surely because the blond taunted him. He seemed like the type that was making everything for the other to lose their temper and stop with their pursuits – a little like Minho. But then again, Min did it only because he wanted them to throw the first punch, so he could throw one back. This guy… he didn’t want to fight. He just wanted to… survive? Or maybe die as fast as he could, without saying anything that would get his group in trouble.

“I’ve asked first,” Thomas stopped in his circling and earned a snort.

“You don’t say.”

“I’m Thomas,” he responded grudgingly.

“Nice, Tommy,” the blond prisoner moved a little, his chains rattling. “You came to gloat I assume?”

“Your name,” Thomas demanded stubbornly. “At least give me that.”
“What do I get in return?” the blond leered, but there was an annoyed curve of his mouth and a strange gleam in his eyes.

“You sure you’re in a position to make demands?” Thomas crossed his arms on his chest and the prisoner barked out a laugh. It sounded more painful than as a result of him being amused though.

“Yes, I think I am,” he replied after. “It’s you who wants to know things after all. I don’t want shit from you.”

“Not even your freedom?” it made Thomas curious.

“Freedom?” the word sounded almost alien from his lips. “Are you kidding? How dumb do you think I am?”

“I haven’t said you’re dumb,” Thomas uttered. “But I thought you’d want to get out of here.”

“No, I love being chained up like a savage and beaten up three times a day.”

“Just tell me your name,” the brunet made a step closer. “I’ve told you mine.”

“I don’t care,” the prisoner spat out. “I’d rather wait for my daily dose of violence. Maybe he would finally had the balls to kill me.”

“Alby won’t kill you,” Thomas frowned and crouched in front of the boy. “He just wants answers. As we all do. I’m sure your group would do the same.”

“I’m sure you’re all full of shit,” the blond stared at him with an evident anger in his eyes. “Especially you. What are you even playing at? A good cop and a bad cop?”

“Fine, since you apparently really want that, I’ll let you suffer here alone,” Thomas lost his patience from the defiance that ruled the boy’s face. “All your doing.”

“Yes, Mother Teresa,” the prisoner responded mockingly. “All mine as long as you leave me the hell alone.”

Thomas stomped out with a growl and only a quiet laugh accompanied him.

***

“Seems like it went about the same way as for the others.”

“Shut it, Minho,” Thomas grumbled and missed his target again. His concentration was shit, especially when he was angry, and his shooting was the best indication as always. The shooting range was otherwise empty, thankfully, so when Minho disturbed the stillness of the room, it made Thomas even more agitated.

“Don’t get me wrong, I was hoping you’d get something out of him,” his colleague raised his hands in a calming gesture. “You were always more for this peaceful approach than us.”

“So what now?” Thomas turned to him, putting down the gun. “He doesn’t care if he gets beaten up, or if he dies. I think he sort of gave up on the chance of getting home.”

“Well, Alby is getting fed up, that for sure,” the second-in-command nodded thoughtfully. “He won’t tolerate it much longer, so we gotta think fast.”

“Think of what?” Thomas gestured. “If he won’t budge? We won’t be able to get shit out of him.
And we can’t let him go. So what do you want to do?”

“Maybe he will budge, if you coax him somehow?” Minho offered. “Like, you know. Play it smart. Not like the best buddy, but… somehow.”

“He’s an enemy, I really don’t search for a new friend,” the brunet pointed out. “And he knows it.”

“Well, do you your magic,” Minho grinned at him cheekily. “It’s that or Alby will snap and break his neck. Your pick.”

For some reason the sole thought of their blond prisoner getting killed was making Thomas’ stomach turn.

***

“But you again.”

“And here I thought you’re already missing me dearly,” Thomas decided to play it by ear and closed the door behind him with a soft click. The day old blood was still there, but dried off, almost brown, and their prisoner got paler and apparently weaker as well. His shoulders were sagged and he was bent forward, stopped only by the binds, like he couldn’t hold himself up anymore.

Thomas approached him slowly and put a plate with food and glass with water in front of him, immediately noticing how the boy gulped down heavily – definitely thirsty and hungry like a stray dog.

“How nice of you,” he sneered at Thomas next, but it was just a pose, too proud to admit he was grateful for the food, Thomas was sure.

“Bringing me this while I can’t feed myself.” Or not.

“Let’s make a deal,” the brunet offered. “Your name for the food.”


“I’ll unchain one of your hands,” Thomas suggested. “So you can eat.”

“Bold.”

“You won’t be able to do much in your state, I’m not that stupid,” Thomas informed him sternly. “So what would it be?”

“Why are you so keen on knowing my name?” the blond tilted his head to the side, and the movement apparently hurt him, since he flinched a little. “Is it some kind of possession thing? You learn the name and you can take control of the body?”

“That would be convenient.”

“I agree,” the prisoner said with a sigh. “It’s Newt.”

“That sounds bizarre,” Thomas commented with a snort and it only made the blond roll his eyes. “Alright, Newt. Deal is a deal.”

He walked closer, carefully unlocking one of the binding, and Newt’s free hand twitched slightly, probably to get the sensation back in it, and the circulation. His wrist was bloodied and bruised, definitely thanks to his attempts to get free, and it looked nastier than Thomas expected.
“Bloody hell,” he heard him swear and hiss at the movement. “It hurts like bitch.”

There was _sorry_ on Thomas’ lips, but he stopped himself and pointed at the food.

“Eat up,” he recommended him. “Newt.”

The blond didn’t say anything more and Thomas thought it was fair. So he sat down in front of him and watched him eat, and seriously wondered what the hell they are going to do with this guy.

He couldn’t think of anything.

***

“Newt?” Minho stared at him with wide eyes and Thomas didn’t like that. It meant bad business and they didn’t need that right now. Not when Minho just came back from the three days absence in their settlement and looked like their mission came out badly – this information probably only made it worse.

“Yeah, at least that’s what he told me few days ago,” Thomas nodded with a raised eyebrow. “Why?”

“No, the left one,” Newt shot back. His voice sounded a little stronger and even his body seemed to be holding better than yesterday.

“You do realize that’s basically an execution order?” Thomas demanded and his blood boiled when the blond only smirked at him challengingly. It was like he was suddenly talking to somebody else, knowing what he did right now. Like the mastermind of all the attacks the other group made was born in _this_ head, in the tactician’s mind, and that person sat in front of him in chains, and yet looking like he was the one that won something. “You orchestrated all the attacks on us!”

“Are you Gally’s right hand?”

“No, the left one,” Newt shot back. His voice sounded a little stronger and even his body seemed to be holding better than yesterday.

“You do realize that’s basically an execution order?” Thomas demanded and his blood boiled when the blond only smirked at him challengingly. It was like he was suddenly talking to somebody else, knowing what he did right now. Like the mastermind of all the attacks the other group made was born in _this_ head, in the tactician’s mind, and that person sat in front of him in chains, and yet looking like he was the one that won something. “You orchestrated all the attacks on us!”

“We were merely defending ourselves,” Newt opposed, his eyes watching Thomas’ every move. Was he analysing him now? Was he searching for his weakness? He must have plenty of data over all these days they spent together – or spent quarrelling together, really – to know what could get
Thomas out of the way. If Minho’s and Alby’s debriefings were truthful, Newt was a dangerous enemy, like a shadow eminence.

“And I thought I’m already a dead man,” the blond shrugged as much as his chains allowed him to. “So whatever.”

“Are you crazy?” Thomas made several steps forward and crouched in front of the blond, catching him by the collar of his dirty shirt. “Do you have a goddamn death wish?”

“Stop acting like you have any power over it,” Newt sneered and the chains rattled how he strained against them. “There is nothing you can do, so stop acting like you want to help!”

“Why would I want to help you?!” Thomas fought back and the rattling got louder. “You’re the most insufferable person in the whole-mpfff!”

It was weird, unpredictable and it stopped his brain like an electric pulse. He tasted blood on his tongue and could almost barely react for a moment, before the reality caught up with him once more and there it was – Newt was kissing him. There were lips on his own, a pressure that seemed almost desperate, a soft noises and a wild beating of heart, and Thomas couldn’t understand why. But his hands were already moving up, touching the blond’s face and tilting his head so they could kiss better, deeper and filthier, and why the hell he even wanted to do that?

But he wanted, oh god how much he wanted, and it was really strange to have such revelation out of the blue, but here it was, pushing him forward and seizing his partner in a crushing grip while he was stealing all his air.

“Untie me,” Newt whispered in between kisses and nibbled on Thomas’ lower lip. “Let me touch you, c’mon.”

“No,” Thomas pushed once more, almost topping Newt backwards. As much as his common sense was slipping away from him, this was still a warning sign. “You gotta deal like this.”

“Heartless bastard,” the blond laughed breathlessly, but let himself to be lowered down, putting his bound hands above his head. “I thought you said you can handle me in this state.”

“I’m pretty sure you’re a sneaky fucker,” Thomas grumbled while he was fighting with Newt’s belt. “And this is just a diversion how to hit me over my head and run for it.”

“Mmm, yeah, because I have the capacity to plan a murder while wanting to suck you off,” Newt snorted and his breath hitched when Thomas managed to get his pants open and curled his hand around him.

“You were saying?” Thomas smiled at the blond sweetly and the litany of curses hit him like a train. It flooded his system like an adrenalin rush and he couldn’t stop touching him even if he wanted to.

“Why the fuck it had to be you, out of all the people I’ve m-met,” Newt whined, his body squirming. The binds were squeaking how he was trying to get free, and his body was like a beautiful lean curve, with his chest heaving up and down and hips lifting according to Thomas’ hand movement.

I must have lost my damn mind.

Few days ago this guy had been just somebody he didn’t want Alby to needlessly kill, and suddenly he couldn’t think of anyone lying a finger on him. This goddamn trickster who was trying
to stiffen his moans under Thomas’ body, who was cursing him to hell and beyond for not wanting to get attached to him and yet trapping him with his legs and pulling close, this somewhat precious bastard just got under his skin and clawed his way in and didn’t want to let go.

“Let me touch you,” another plea fell from Newt’s lips between curses. “God-fucking-dammit, let me!”

“Don’t be so bossy,” Thomas bit his neck, earning a moan. “You’re still a prisoner.”

“Amazing,” Newt grumbled and bucked up. “And here I thought sleeping with somebody important grants you some perks.”

“That would be Min or Alby,” Thomas smiled at him and leaned down to brush their lips together. Newt chased him with his mouth for a bit, making an impatient noise in the back of his throat, and then surged as high as he could and captured Thomas’ mouth with his. It was raw and needy and Thomas almost melted at the assault, his hand slowing down in overload.

“Don’t slack off, you useless pawn,” the blond growled under his breath. “Not letting me to do anything and now stopping, you’re really a mastermind.”

“You’re a master of sweet talking,” Thomas rolled his eyes, but his grip strengthened and Newt gasped under him like a wounded animal. “Makes me love you so dearly.”

“You better love me,” the blond panted, his body convulsing, seemingly growing close. “I’ve told you my name and you didn’t give me anything in return.”

“This is not enough?” he slowed down the movement and Newt hissed. “Should I stop?”

“Please,” Newt whined pathetically. “You have no bloody idea how my back hurts, and basically everything else, and this is the only thing I really, really want right now, so please, before I lose consciousness,-”

“You’re not losing consciousness,” Thomas grumbled and stopped any other useless talk with another bruising kiss. Newt only hummed, the chains rattled once more, and then the kiss overruled both of them.

***

“He ran away?”

“Well, if he’s not hiding under somebody’s bed, yeah, he ran away,” Minho leaned against the wall of the now empty prison. “Smart bastard.”

“Did Thomas get something out of him?” Alby glanced at his second-in-command with a dissatisfied expression and Minho shook his head.

“New swear words, if you’re interested,” he offered to the leader and shrugged. “I still think it’s better this way. Either he’d be dead, or just a sitting duck.”

“One of the enemies less though,” Alby opposed, but then sighed and shook his head. “Too late anyway.”

“Yes, too late,” Minho nodded and saluted him. “Get it out of your head, princess. We have work to do.”
Alby only rolled his eyes and waved his second-in-command off while leaving the prison in a straight line. It took only several seconds before Thomas peeked in, nodding to Minho.

“All good?”

“Great-o,” Minho gave him a weird look and sighed. “So how did he exactly escape?”

“No clue, haven’t seen him,” Thomas shrugged and Minho rolled his eyes, like Thomas just insulted his intelligence.

“Does he have a big headstart?”

“I don’t know,” Thomas answered stubbornly. “I haven’t seen him.”

“Well, at least you had some fun before he conveniently disappeared, hm?” Minho glanced at the boy’s neck and then back up. “Be careful though. This is Newt we are talking about.”

Thomas remained silent and it was probably a sign for Minho to leave him to it. He was glad Minho didn’t demand to see the rest of Thomas body, or he would probably lose all his good meaning about him.

But then again, that little blond bastard was marked even worse, so he wouldn’t forget who so conveniently assisted him.

Until they meet again and Thomas would reinstate the status (and kiss the air out of him).
“Congratulations, now you’re old as balls,” Minho patted Thomas’ shoulder when pushing a cake towards him. It had a shape of 30, was wickedly red and blue and each number had one candle in it.

“Geez, thanks,” Thomas snorted and watched Minho lightening up the candles with a grin.

“Now close your eyes and make a wish,” his friend pointed at the cake. “Nothing too pervy though, remember, you have to take things easy now, so you won’t get a heart-attack.”

“You’re so hilarious today,” Thomas gave him an evil eye, but it only made Minho laugh harder, so he rather took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

Being thirty hadn’t been as much of a disaster as Minho let it sound. Thomas never thought age was important – it was just a number. But when he was blowing down the lights, his mind suddenly lit up with a distant memory that hadn’t surfaced in forever – basically since he was about fifteen or sixteen years old.

“Hey, Minho,” he straightened up suddenly, making his colleague raise an eyebrow. “Heard about Newt lately?”

“Oh man, Newt was your wish?” Minho shook his head like he couldn’t believe him. “I think the last time I spoke to him he was in London on a business trip, saying something about buying a cat?”

“Does he date somebody?” another question and Minho’s lips widened in a wicked grin.

“So that’s what it’s about, huuuh?” he nudged his shoulder joyfully. “Well, not that I’m surprised, you always had hots for him.”

“I always had hots for him?” Thomas snorted. “I haven’t seen him in forever and we never dated.”

“Yeah, cuz you’re both weird, but hey, life is short,” Minho took him around his shoulders. “You should give it a go. As far as I know he’s single and ready to mingle.”

“Sometimes you’re creepy.” Thomas pushed him away with laughter, but when Minho offered Newt’s phone number, he took it without hesitation.

After all, they both have a promise to keep and the time ran out.

***

“Hello?” a British voice greeted him through the phone and Thomas’ lips immediately stretched in
a pleased smile. He hadn’t been talking to this guy for years, and yet his voice evoked the pleasant memories again, nice and enjoyable.

“Hey, guess whose 30th birthday it is?” he answered with a smirk and there was a silence on the other side of the line for a while.

“Um,” Newt spoke up after. “Yours?”

“Mhm,” Thomas grinned happily. “And guess who is still single?”

Another several seconds of silence.

“Thomas?”

“Good job!” the brunet praised him and laughter filled the line, nice and sound.

“Bloody hell, I thought a perv is calling me!” Newt cackled. “I wasn’t that far from the truth.”

“Rude,” Thomas snorted and walked from his kitchen to his bed where he sat down. It was already evening and he felt nicely spent, but calling Newt was like a priority and he was glad he did it. “And here I thought you’d be happy to hear my lovely voice.”

“Oh yeah, your lovely voice,” Newt giggled and there was a rustling sound on the other side of the line. “So I guess happy birthday?”

“You guess right,” Thomas hummed happily. “Also… Since I’m still single. And you’re still single. When are we going to marry?”

“Oh let me look into my schedule, I’m sure I can find a few hours free between my meetings and gardening,” Newt replied with a sarcastic tone. “Geez, don’t tell me you still remember that stupid thing?”

“What?” Thomas shrugged. “It was a legitimate promise. We are both thirty, both single, and the marriage is a nice thing when you’re in it with the right person, right?”

“And since when I’m the right person?” Newt sounded amused. “Or you on that matter?”

“Since like, forever?” Thomas offered. “We haven’t sworn just out of the blue.”

“I don’t remember that well why we did,” he could tell Newt shrugged at it. “But man, it’s like what, fifteen years?”

“Yeah,” Thomas agreed. “But still.”

Quiet again, then a soft sigh.

“Oh well. I haven’t seen you in forever,” Newt said gently. “We should hang out again at least?”

“Vegas?” Thomas suggested with a small smile and Newt laughed.

“How about London?” the blond offered. “If you’re willing to visit my homeland.”

“I’m willing to visit whatever just to see you,” Thomas teased him. “So yeah. London sounds cool.”

“London always sounds cool,” Newt returned the teasing back. “I’ll look forward to you then.
Write me details later?"


“God help me.”

***

Thomas always remembered Newt as a thin blond boy, small and kind of adorable, with big brown eyes and messy blond hair. In school he always wore jeans and hoodies and t-shirts with funny inscriptions, and Thomas considered him laid back and constantly in a good mood. He rarely had a problem with anyone, his peaceful attitude held their little group together like a glue, and Thomas liked him a lot, during their school years together.

When he was looking back at those times, him and Newt were a bit like twins – always together, thinking alike. Maybe that was also a reason why they swore such ridiculous thing, to marry when they reach 30, because they both secretly hoped they were going to end up together at some point. Because at that time, when it was still easy, they just didn’t have the guts.

Thomas wondered if he still felt that way. If there was still the strange anticipation of the other man’s presence, the same gentle understanding of each other, the same comfortableness. It was about two years ago when he saw him last, and it wasn’t as long as he had wanted. But once they grew up, suddenly it wasn’t easy anymore – with no time, with too much work, or with responsibility knocking on their door especially.

Thomas dated, of course, during the years. He had two long-term relationships, but they just didn’t last forever, as if something kept on missing. With Teresa it seemed serious, but they were too young to actually understand what it meant to stay together until they were old and wrinkly. And in the end her different views were too much for both of them, and they broke up.

Brenda was more like Thomas – a bit boyish and active and he never got bored with her. But in the end for how active she had been, she was also very fleeting, and fell in love easily – with somebody else.

And then Thomas just didn’t feel like he needed anyone in his life to be happy, or at least comfortable, so he stopped searching. And suddenly he was thirty and Newt flooded back into his life and it ignited something strange, yet familiar, in his mind.

When he finally got out of the plane and the chilly London air surrounded him, the anticipation hit him like a train. He was there. He was there to meet Newt. Newt, who was just now standing in front of him with his knowing smirk, in a grey hoodie and jeans, as if the time rewound and they were sixteen again. Newt, who made him feel the butterflies in his stomach once more. Newt, who was watching him in amusement, who was maybe a bit taller and lankier than Thomas was used to, with messy hair and deep eyes, and Thomas had an urge to hug him and never let go.

Fifteen years and he still felt that way. Who would have thought?

“Is there something on my face?”

“No, it’s not,” Thomas’ brain rebooted in time and Newt rolled his eyes, but the corners of his mouth twitched up. “But I can remedy that.”

“I’m sure,” the blond smirked and nodded towards the exit of the airport. “Shall we?”

“Oh yeah.”
“You do realize if we hadn’t been stupid in the high school, we could have been doing this for fifteen years already?”

“Well, aren’t you an optimist,” Newt laughed breathlessly and his body tensed when Thomas bucked up. “Thinking we would last fifteen years.”

“I’m always an optimist,” he told him with a grin and ran his hand through the messy blond hair, down to his neck, feeling the wild beating of heart under his fingers. “You just have to say yes.”

“Bloody hell, T-Thomas,” Newt shuddered and Thomas knew he was never going to get enough of seeing him this hot, this wanton and needy. Touching him was so easy and natural Thomas was never going to understand his past self that let this opportunity escape him for another fifteen years.

“You can’t be still t-talking about the marriage?”

“Mhm,” the brunet pulled him lower to capture his mouth in a chaste kiss, nibbling on his lower lip. “I’m not letting you go. It was a promise.”

“Stubborn arse,” Newt hissed into his mouth but kissed him again anyway. “You’re n-never going to grow up.”

Thomas had to agree and decided to show him the best way possible.

Newt didn’t mind.
**Anonymous asked:**
Hello beautiful!! I hope you feel better soon, i think you awesome im really shy thats why i love anon button xD Can you write some Thominewt, something really cute and fluffy please??

(I'm sorry, I hope it doesn't suck, I have no idea how to write thominewt xD)

“What’s wrong with him?”

Minho raised his eyes from the book he was reading, and the movement of his hand through Newt’s hair stopped.

“Bad day,” he replied with a shrug. “Had to apply a calming procedure. Think he fell asleep.”

“Aw,” Thomas put his bag down and shrugged off his jacket. It was rather adorable picture when he came home and saw Minho sitting on the bed with Newt draped around his waist, his breathing evened. Thomas knew the blond had a rough time at work lately and Minho and Thomas were searching for a new one that would be better, but both of them didn’t have luck in it so far.

All they could do was to show support – and if it included cuddling the boy, so be it. It was pretty common anyway.

He took off his hoodie as well and changed into sweatpants before padding towards the bed and climbed on top of it.

“Did he say something concrete?”

“Nah, just grumbled about idiots and crashed,” Minho responded quietly. “I thought maybe a librarian work would be cool for him. Peace and quiet?”

“And boredom,” Newt suddenly mumbled and turned on his back to give Thomas a small smile. He looked somewhat tired, even though he just slept, and Thomas hated it. The urge to lull him back to sleep was stronger than anything else. “Hey Tommy.”

“Hey,” the brunet smiled back and dived under the covers to curl around the lithe body and offer some warmth. “We will find something better, I promise.”

“I told you it’s fine,” Newt groaned, but his hands circled around Thomas’ back anyway. “I can make it.”

“It’s good we have selective hearing,” Minho chuckled and the bed moved again how he slinked lower and hugged Newt from behind as well. “All I could hear was you can make it.”

“Ugh.”

“Just surrender,” Thomas grinned, his fingers trading through the blond strands. “And let us take
care of you.”

“I’m not a baby.”

“I think you are a little of a baby,” Minho piped and gave Thomas a bright smile like he was so proud of himself. Thomas had to laugh, but he agreed.

As far as Newt wasn’t a weakling or anything, a mental strain that was applied to him in his job was a bit too much for him to handle anyway. They didn’t expect him to admit that, but he had to know they were ready to cuddle him to death if there was a need for it.

“Thanks, really.” Newt grumbled, but there was fondness in his voice and in few minutes he was out cold again, breathing softly.

“We’ll keep looking,” Minho whispered and his hand squeezed Thomas’ under the cover. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Thomas squeezed him back and let out a content sigh. “Yeah.”
I earned it.

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Helloo I was wondering if you could write some Newtmas ( Newt being the dominante one please). Of whatever, something you like :) Im just having a bad day and what you write cheer me a Little :)

“Are you alright?”

Thomas hated that the first instinct was to flinch at the voice, even though he knew it was Newt. Like any tiny sound was making him jumpy and expecting an attack and he despised it.

Hell, he despised lots of things. He learned to adopt a burning rage that grew with each passing moment, each second when he remembered those big blue eyes, those trembling lips telling him I can’t take it anymore, Tom, I can’t do this, I only meant well.

The hell she meant well. To the fucking hell with her and all her I just want to help you. Had she lost her mind?

No, she probably just got it back. She got it back, she betrayed them, she sell them to the Wicked and she didn’t even fucking care what others thought.

So many dead. Minho gone. And that blond bitch…

He gritted his teeth and forced himself to nod. He didn’t want to worry anyone. He had enough troubles with himself, keeping the cool, not going hysterical.

There was a gentle touch on his shoulder and a lithe form settled next to him with a deep sigh.

“It’s a bloody mess.”

“Yeah,” he mumbled, not trusting himself to look at Newt right now. He would know immediately. He didn’t want him to get involved more than he was already.

“Tommy,” his voice was soothing, somehow. Gentle. “What’s going on in that head of yours?”

“Nothing pretty,” Thomas uttered, not stopping himself in time. “I’d just… I feel like I want to hurt somebody.”

“Hurt?”

“See blood, feel better, scream it out, I don’t know,” he shook his head, scaring even himself with such talk. The grip on his shoulder strengthened. “I can’t stop.”

“Hey,” a slight nudge. “Stop, seriously. Stop thinking for a moment.”

“I can’t,” he growled. “I still see her, how she told me, like she lied all that time-.”

A sudden movement stopped him dead in the tracks and he found himself lying on his back with
Newt above him, frowning, his cheek bruised and lip torn, and it was wrong, so damn wrong that he got hurt too, because of Thomas, all because of him-

“Tommy, I swear, stop,” he heard a growl and the blond was pushing him to the ground unhappily. “What Teresa did was her decision. Not yours. Alright?”

“They took Minho.” Thomas’ lips trembled and Newt’s face softened at the notion. “We will take him back,” he said resolutely and Thomas found himself believing, his chest slowly stopping to hurt. “We will bloody get him back, so put yourself back together.”

“Yeah,” he managed to nod, but his eyes stung.

“Stop crying.”

“I’m not crying,” he rubbed his dirty sleeve over his eyes, feeling the hotness in them, fighting from under his eyelids. He didn’t want to. He didn’t feel like he even could cry, to shed tears that weren’t even warranted. He didn’t have the right to cry – he had to make this right. Crying never helped anyone.

“What do you need to feel better?” Newt’s voice again, washing over him.

“I don’t know,” he whispered. He was scared to look at him. He was scared to see the doubt, the accusing.

“I’m not blaming you for anything,” Newt said as if he read his mind. “You saved us. All I feel is that I’d kiss you for it, but I don’t want to get cried on.”

“Smartass,” Thomas barked out a laugh and finally opened his eyes, seeing Newt still above him, smiling gently. “I told you I’m not crying.”

“You’re a shitty liar.”

“Yeah,” he agreed, taking in a deep breath. “Where’s my kiss again?”

“Hah,” Newt sat up, but his eyes never left him. “As if kisses came this easy.”

“What, you said I earned it,” Thomas retorted, feeling slightly better when his mind could take off the grim stuff for a while. Newt always made him a little calmer when it counted.

He slowly reached up, catching Newt by the hem of his jacket, pulling slightly.

“I earned it,” he repeated, quietly, trying to believe it, and Newt hummed, as if he agreed, and let himself to be pulled down.

“You did,” he told him with a straight face and Thomas closed his eyes, feeling how Newt brushed their lips together, and then descended, the pressure growing. It was tentative and a little too slow, like either of them didn’t know what to do, until there was a flick of Newt’s tongue and Thomas allowed the intrusion, deepening the kiss.

It wasn’t soft. It wasn’t even all fancy. The more they kissed, the more desperate they became and suddenly they weren’t just kissing anymore, but fighting and pulling and pushing and Thomas didn’t want to let go, even when Newt tried to disentangle and shift. He pulled at him once more, begging him to stay, and the blond probably called him an idiot, or something along those lines, because there was a sharp bite to Thomas’ lower lip, and then a soothing lick and another deep
kiss.

“Just stay with me, okay?” he heard the British accent clearly, the soft kisses covering his jaw and then his neck. “Just stay and we will make it. Don’t leave us again, you immense prick.”

“Fuck, your form of sweet talk is unmatchable,” he managed to laugh and wasn’t even surprised when another bite landed.

It was what he needed. To be led. To stop thinking. To lose himself for a while. And Newt decided he was the one that could give it to him.

Thomas approved of it.
Anonymous said:
Hello sweetheartI love you and your blog I was wondering if you could write a Newtmas where Omega Thomas arriaved to a glade full of Alphas and Betas, but he doesn't understand how dangerous is that and Alpha Newt has to protect him and idk mark him.

The pain didn’t want to subside, even though the bleeding had stopped. It was still sharp and deep and made his blood boil. He wasn’t sure if it should have diverted his attention from the fact he had been pounded like a prostitute or if it had another meaning, but it definitely didn’t make the best impression.

Not that being owned like this had. His body was on fire and he thought it was going to burn out before they were going to be done – or this blond devil was going to be, which, quite frankly, didn’t seem very soon.

“Don’t look so offended,” the blond boy licked his lips like he still tasted his blood on them. “I can’t let you run around unmarked. You’d end up much worse.”

“W-worse?” he stuttered out and groaned when his companion, no, his alpha, pulled him up, on his lap.

“Worse,” he whispered into Thomas’ ear. “You’re basically flaunting there like a meat on a stick.”

“I h-have not,” the brunet protested, but he could tell something was not right when he arrived into the glade. All those eyes watching him were making him rather nervous, and the longer he had been in the midst of red gazes, the less safe he felt.

Not that he felt safer now, locked up in a room with one of them. Newt, as others were calling at him when he was dragging Thomas away through the camp, seemed calmer at first though, like there was not as much tenseness in him like he saw in the rest. Until he bit him, that is, and all reason left Thomas’ body.

“It’s fine,” a light kiss landed on Thomas’ lips, making him whine. “I’ll protect you from now on. You’re mine.”

Common sense was screaming no, but his inner wolf was satisfied.
anonymous asked:
Hello I was wondering if you keep doing the "prompts challenge" If so im reading them your amazing!!! I love them!! Can you do a second part for the chapter 34 please!! Like idk im so curious please pleaseee pleaseeee iloveyou:3
Yourfellowanonfan:3

Continuation of chapter 34. Sort of.

“Lunch?”

“Yeah, like… food, you know?” Thomas nodded, apparently not understanding Newt’s zero understanding of such invitation. Like – why would this guy even invite him somewhere, when his Snow White princess was right there? Staring at them with a murderous intent in her eyes? Probably planning a terrible murder and how to dispose of his body?

But she is right there, he wanted to say and point at Teresa. His mouth moved mutely for a moment, not really able to form proper words, and Thomas raised an eyebrow.

“You okay?”

“Peachy,” Newt croaked out and then shook his head. He wanted to live for a bit longer if he could help it. “And no, thanks. I’m already invited elsewhere.”

“Oh,” Thomas let out and sounded disappointed for some unexplainable reason. “Next time, maybe?”

“Maybe,” Newt shrugged, trying to stay nonchalant and turned back to his notes, trying very hard to ignore Minho’s pointed looks and Thomas’ retreating form.

“Give me one smart reason why you declined.”

”Shut up, Minho,” Newt growled lowly and heard his pencil snap under the pressure. “Fuck.”

“You’re free over lunch,” Minho didn’t stop, of course. “Why have you told him you are not?”

“Cuz his girlfriend planned murder,” Newt glanced at him with a frown. “I have no intention to get between some weird ass love triangles. Those things suck.”

Minho seemed he wanted to say something, but then thought better of it and nodded silently. He probably had why, every time Newt raised his head, Teresa was looking at him, even only by a corner of her eye, but she had been watching him and it was creepy.

“I think she still wants to kill me,” he whispered to his friend, pretending to be borrowing a pen. “Come to lunch with me? I can’t go anywhere along, she may follow and throw glitter at me.”

“You’re impossible,” Minho rolled his eyes but agreed anyway. “But she’s not the only one who’s
watching you, just saying.”

“I’ll book a ticket to Mexico the first thing at home,” Newt muttered back, trying very hard to ignore Thomas’ stare as well.

Maybe it was an alien invasion. And they wanted his brain.

*Nope.*
"No, I’ll wait until he wakes up, I hit him on accident…”

That voice sounded familiar, Thomas thought, lying in the bed. He blinked, trying to make out something of his surroundings, but there were just white curtains around and a white sheets he was lying on, and his head hurt a bit – especially his nose.

He tried to move and it made him woozy, so he just groaned and remained in the horizontal position with a sigh. Several seconds later one of the curtains opened and a blond boy he vaguely remembered from the field peeked in.

“Oh great, you’re awake!” he smiled at him happily and approached the bed. “How do ya feel?”

“Woozy,” Thomas replied honestly. Oh right, this was the pretty one.

“Oh man,” the blond seemed unhappy and Thomas didn’t like that. “I’m really sorry, I didn’t mean to hit you. You even fainted on the way here, it’s all my fault.”

“It’s fine,” Thomas assured him, only glad that they weren’t at the shooting practice. A bullet in his head would be harder to forgive. “I’m sure it will pass.”

“How can I make it up to ya?” The bed bended under added weight how the blond sat next to him, his hand seizing Thomas’ in a light grip. Thomas watched their joined hands for a moment, thinking if it meant what he thought it meant, since his head was not really working that well at the moment to not imagining it, and then glanced back at the blond.

“Uhm.”

“We can go out sometimes?” the blond made it easier for him, asking first. “Grab lunch or something. Away from flying balls and all.”

“Sounds pretty cool,” Thomas agreed and squeezed his hand back.

They went two days later and started dating shortly after. Thomas watched him playing football several times – but from a safer distance. Although having the sudden pain kissed better was sometimes worth it anyway.
Anonymous said:
"Exactly," Minho smiled. "What kind of friend would I be if I even pretended to give a shit about your problems?"

Continuation of Roundtable Rival prompt (chapter 197) ^^
For Afuri.

"I’d like to point out this is not what I had in mind when I said we should take a walk," Minho pointed out when they crossed the safe ground and reached the dangerous border of Gally’s territory. Thomas was leading them like a hunting dog and understood Minho didn’t really fancy this location, but his legs just refused to stop.

“I know,” he whispered back and his body automatically crouched as they got closer to the camp. “Sorry.”

“What are we doing here anyway?” Minho followed his lead with a hiss. “Are you bored of life and want to get yourself killed?”

“Not at all,” Thomas shot back. “I’m actually pretty fond of my life.”

“Wouldn’t say so if I based it on your actions alone,” the second-in-command grumbled unhappily and then suddenly stopped. Thomas noticed a little later nobody was following him and glanced back in a silent question.

“What?”

“You’re after Newt,” Minho said with wide eyes. “For fuck’s sake, are you dragging me along because you want to fuck?!?”

“When you put it this way it sounds kinda nasty,” Thomas admitted and returned back to him. “I don’t intend to keep you here to watch, don’t worry.”

“As I’d fucking watch you, you disgusting pig,” Minho groaned. “I can’t believe this. Are you even aware you’re trying to get a guy who is not only second-in-command but also in a camp full of enemies?”

“Youp,” Thomas swung on his feet. “But you gotta understand. I haven’t seen him for months, I’m at my limit. You understand that problem, right?”

“Do I?” Minho crossed his arms on his chest and Thomas whined.

“You’re leaving me here, aren’t you.”

“Exactly,” Minho smiled. “What kind of friend would I be if I even pretended to give a shit about your problems?”
“Minhoooo.”

“Nope!”

Thomas didn’t blame him as much as he thought he would, when he saw his retreating back. Coming to an enemy territory just because he was horny was probably the worst risk he could ever take.

***

“Have you lost your bloody mind?!?”

Thomas would say something smart, but he was too overwhelmed by the fact he actually managed to meet Newt again that his brain simply didn’t work properly. Instead of a verbal reaction he reached for him and when Newt didn’t do anything against it, he pulled him forward and crushed their lips together. Newt reacted immediately and pushed into the kiss like he was starving, and they collapsed on the ground with Newt straddling his thighs with a hungry expression.

“You’re crazy,” his chest heaved and his hands roamed over Thomas’ torso, then to his neck and to his face. “I can’t believe you are this mad to come here, seeking me out.”

“I’ve missed you.”

“Bloody bastard.”

“So much,” Thomas whined pitifully and pulled at Newt’s shirt so he would bend lower for another kiss. Newt didn’t fight it at all and it was great, so great because now he was touching Thomas in return, he wasn’t chained anymore, he wasn’t weak or tired, and it was igniting the fire in Thomas’ stomach like nothing else ever could.

It was insane, he knew it was, yet he didn’t even give a shit about being so close to the camp he could still smell the smoke from fires in there, not when Newt moaned above him so deliciously and looked as desperate as Thomas felt. It was ridiculous, really, to fall in love with somebody so out of reach, so guarded, in the midst of war, and yet neither of them could help it.

Newt’s kisses were hungry and deep and it was new and exciting to have him on his lap, biting his skin to leave shit tone of marks, and Thomas marked him back, not thinking of consequences at all, just taking, drinking him in.

“Join us,” the blond whispered to his mouth, his hips moving down with a hard roll and Thomas muffled his groan in the blond’s chest. It was like electricity running through his whole body, to the end of his fingertips, a static that didn’t want to diminish. “Join me, c’mon.”

“What…?” he barely comprehended what Newt had been saying, the pressure was building like crazy inside of him, like a lightning charge ready to explode anytime.

“I want you with me,” Newt bit his earlobe, then soothed it with licks. “This is so bad, I can’t wait bloody months to see you again.”

“You mean… join your group?” it finally dawned on him and Newt pushed him back down to on the ground, controlling the pace, and nodded.

“Yeah, my group,” he agreed in a low voice. “It’s going to be great, you and me together.”

Thomas’ brain was hazed by lust, but somehow he still managed to shake his head, his inner being
refusing the concept thoroughly.

“Why not?” Newt’s movement slowed down until it came to halt and Thomas growled in
dissatisfaction, but when he tried to move by himself, Newt only rolled his hips down and
grounded him again, making him see starts.

“I’ve been fighting against you for months,” he grumbled and tried to pull Newt down to him, but
the blond didn’t budge. “You can’t possibly ask me to betray my friends.”

“You do realize this war is stupid anyway,” Newt stared at him unhappily and Thomas felt the
magic between them shattering to pieces. He hated it. “Sides doesn’t bloody matter, it’s just
stupid.”

“Newt,” Thomas breathed out. “Please don’t make me choose like that.”

The blond took a sharp breath, but Thomas quickly sat up and covered his mouth with his hands.

“Listen,” he whispered urgently. “If I asked you to join me, you wouldn’t do it either.”


“What?”

“If there wasn’t that fucker who almost killed me, I would,” Newt looked away for a second, and
then circled his arms around Thomas’ shoulders, repositioning himself better, making Thomas
moan. “But nobody from my group ever hurt you, you have no reason to fear them.”

“You must be joking,” Thomas sighed. This was getting them nowhere.

“Then what?” Newt stared at him with surprisingly sad expression and Thomas felt his chest
getting tight at that. “We fuck, say bye and see each other at another convenient moment few
months later? That’s what you want?”

“Of course not,” Thomas buried his face in the crook of Newt’s neck, breathing him in. “Of course
I want to be with you all the time.”

“Which is not going to happen this way,” the blond reminded him sternly. “I’m just so tired of all
this.”

“I know.”

“And of this Romeo and Juliet bullshit as well,” Newt added. “Since I bloody met you all went
downhill.”

“Sorry,” Thomas kissed his neck in an apology. “I didn’t mean to make your life miserable.”

“It was already miserable,” Newt retorted. “I just wasn’t thinking about it so much like I do now.”

Thomas hummed, but couldn’t really find a suitable answer for it. He wanted this guy, hell, he
loved him, no matter how hard he was trying to deny that before. But betraying his group – his
friends – he just couldn’t do that. Newt was right about the war being stupid and pointless, and he
was right about the fact them meeting after months for a while was even worse, but what could he
do?

“Ugh, let’s stop talking about it,” Newt pushed into him, making him lie down again. “Just hold
me.”
And Thomas did.
Playing a game

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You have to be kidding me, Newt! Even though he's totally hot, there's no way in hell you actually fucked our teacher!" Minho gaped, his eyes wide. (For Newtmas please! :D)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You have to be kidding me, Newt! Even though he's totally hot, there's no way in hell you actually fucked our teacher!" Minho gaped, his eyes wide.

„How about you shout a bit louder? I think he didn’t hear you in the front,“ Newt hissed and pressed his dark haired classmate against the desk, in a foolish hope it would make him shut up. Minho only whined louder, so he released him with a growl, just to realize the class was quiet like in a tomb and everybody had been staring at them.

Along with Thomas who didn’t look very happy about it.

“Have something to say, Newt?” he asked from the blackboard and Newt cursed internally and shook his head. The amount of nope playing in his head was almost overwhelming, no matter how he tried to stay above the whole incident.

Fucked our teacher, as Minho put it, was actually the worst thing Newt had ever done while at the incriminated point of time it appeared like a good idea. Because as much as Thomas had been attractive, fun and smart, he was also six years older, an adult, his teacher and his biggest mistake. Of course Newt would be lying if he said it just happened or other bullshit – nope, he worked really hard to get Thomas where he wanted him, he really did. It was easier because the attraction was definitely mutual, but there had been an apparent border that kept them apart and which Thomas stubbornly held up as long as he could.

But Newt was good at breaching the impossible, and after several weeks of hardcore flirting and fighting with the half-hearted refusals he got what he wanted. He was allowed to strip Thomas from all the defences and earn what he wanted in return, but at a terrible cost – he realized Thomas wasn’t just a trophy to him anymore, but a person he had a crush on and that specific crush stretched to infinity and beyond, which, quite frankly, scared him to death.

That resulted in this current situation – they had sex and Newt chickened out, which, naturally, Thomas interpreted as a break up (as much as it could be in the situation – they weren’t dating, but there was something, so maybe break up actually fitted well enough) and labelled Newt as any other person would – a bloody slut with an immense dislike for commitment. That made Thomas just another notch and as much as it wasn’t true, Newt simply couldn’t do much about it, because it would mean talk to him, which would result in fucking himself up again, and he already knew how these things went. Not to mention Thomas would probably flip him off anyway.

So yeah, telling Minho in the first place was a mistake, but Newt just had to tell somebody or he
would explode. But he probably should have waited at least for them to be out of Thomas’ class, that was true.

“Keep your mouth shut then,” Thomas’ voice was stern and little hostile and Newt deserved it—and he probably deserved Minho’s confused expression too. After all he just told him he had sex with his teacher, and despite that the atmosphere was like they stepped on each other’s hamster or something.

He just hoped Thomas would have mercy and leave him out of any possible public questions about the topic, because Newt seriously had no idea what he was talking about the whole hour. When he tried to listen, his voice reminded him of the breathless moans, when he tried to watch, he saw him naked and wanton, and that simply didn’t work.

Thomas had mercy, but he wasn’t happy about it.

***

“Care to explain, blondie?”

Newt expected the question, but he stubbornly walked forward in silence until they were out of the building with nobody surrounding them, therefore hearing the conversation, and far from Thomas’ presence that made Newt’s chest ache like somebody stabbed him there.

“I fell in love with the bastard,” he said resolutely and Minho stopped mid step. “I’m in trouble and I dunno how to deal with it.”

“Uh.”

“And yes, we had sex,” Newt continued and Minho’s eyes grew wider and wider by each word. “Yesterday. I ran away after and now he thinks I’m a slut that just wanted to sleep with him-,”

“Well, you did want to sleep with him,” Minho interrupted him when the shock reached its peak and now he was seemingly digesting what he heard. “You were talking about it the whole time since we got him as a homeroom teacher. So…?”

“He was playing hard to get and I’m screwed-,”

“Literally.”

“Yes, thank you for your input,” Newt glared, but it didn’t seem to affect Minho anyhow. He even looked like the shock disappeared too. “I got to know him. And he’s great.”

“Yeah, so what’s the problem?” the dark haired boy crossed his arms on his chest. “Except of the obvious fact he’s our teach. Emphasis on ours, because I have to deal with any shitload of love drama as well.”

“Look, I’m sorry about that,” Newt pinched the bridge of his nose in exasperation. “I didn’t plan on falling in love, you know.”

“But you did, so whatcha gonna do about it?” Minho shrugged and Newt suspected him he only faked the shocked expression before, for how fast he came in terms with it. “Or not, since he looked pissed.”

“Exactly, he looked pissed off,” Newt agreed and it was making him desperate. He was never in love before; it was so damn weird. Of course he couldn’t recognize the signs sooner when he
didn’t know how it looked like, and when he did, it was too late, he panicked and now the door closed shut. If he came to Thomas now, after what he did, he would definitely not get a warm welcome.

“Which is understandable, if you chickened out,” Minho added. “Maybe he’s open to reason?”

“I doubt that.”

“Wait, what exactly are we talking about here now?” Minho raised an eyebrow. “You’re telling me all this, but what exactly do you want? Just rant or actually think of something to get him back?”

“Well,” Newt glanced back at the school and his shoulders sagged. “Just rant, I guess.”

“You’re sick in your head,” Minho announced with a sigh. “Crying you’re in love but refusing to do anything about it?”

“He’s like… twenty four? Or more?” Newt pointed out grudgingly. He knew it was weird for Minho to hear, but in a sober approach it didn’t really have a future anyway, did it? “And my teacher.”

“Our teacher.”

“Yes, but unless you slept with him as well, let’s leave it focused at me, shall we?” he glared at Minho with vengeance and his classmate only shrugged. “Just… imagine how it would even be in the future? My parents would bloody kill me for it! And do you think he’s all hot for dating a student? His student on top of that? It means trouble, for both of us.”

“He was all hot for sleeping with you, so…” Minho tilted his head to the side and it reminds Newt of a cat. Sometimes he was like one as well, deadly honest and precise, and leaving black hair behind him everywhere.

“Yeah, cuz I pushed. For weeks,” Newt uttered dryly. “It was hard work. He didn’t want to give in, even though I knew he had hots for me.”

“Fine, yeah, your arguments are valid,” Minho shook his head like he was trying to get rid of the image of them doing something impropriate. “It’s a bad idea through and through. So mope for a while, he will get over it as well, although deem you a slut, which you’re aware of anyway, so it’s nothing new, and the life goes on.”

“Yeah,” Newt mumbled unhappily. “The problem is I don’t want to.”

“That’s why I said you’re sick in your head,” Minho groaned and started walking again, making Newt follow him. “You gotta decide on your own, I don’t want to be responsible for any bad decision you could blame me for.”

“Gee, thanks, you’re a real friend,” Newt shot back and Minho snorted like he found it a nonsense. And it was, since if Newt didn’t have Minho, his world would be much darker.

***

Newt set a goal for himself – not to push it any further, not to make himself (or Thomas on that matter) more miserable than he already was, and that meant simply pretending the matter didn’t exist. The only pro that could happen if Newt didn’t chicken out and really continued in whatever they had with Thomas was the nice, pink laced feeling of love. But all you need is love simply didn’t cut it, because cons crushed it without mercy. And Thomas had to know this, because he
fought bravely and for long and Newt was stupid not to see it before as well (except of starting with a different goal in his mind, true).

So yes, he set a goal of not interacting more than it was mandatory at school, therefore making them both free of suffering.

Which was exactly why he shouldn’t have grabbed his phone and send a text to him, but his brain didn’t work properly and he hated himself for that.

**Newt – 20:17 – How much do you hate me rn?**

Well, the answer was obvious, he didn’t even know why was he so morbidly curious to hear it.

**Thomas – 20:20 – I’m not going to play your game anymore, Newt. Let’s leave it at that.**

*Rationably fast answer.*

He stared at the text with furrowed brows and an unpleasant heavy feeling lodged in his stomach like a lead. It wasn’t like he wanted to make Thomas miserable, really. He just thought sex was fine without consequences – and in normal case it probably would be, if he didn’t need to siege him for so long and realizing he was so bloody charming.

*Wait, were we actually... dating?*

The thought alone made him shocked beyond words – because it would make sense, wouldn’t it? They were out for several times, they texted to each other like lovesick idiots, and the fact Thomas had been delaying the sex part for so long suddenly looked like a normal progress of a relationship.

Until Newt fucked it up.

“Shit,” he breathed out and his heart beat like a drum. Not only he fell in love with the guy, but he even dated him without knowing it and then threw it away like a used toy, not even giving Thomas a proper explanation, how sad was that?

He took his keys and ran out of the room like a hurricane. There was a faint sound of TV coming from the living room and he almost killed himself on his way there, earning a raised eyebrow from his mum.

“Mum,” he said and she blinked in confusion. “I like a guy.”

“Okay?” she blinked some more. “Is it fine for me to do so?” he asked in a serious tone and she stared.

“Yes?” came a rather dumbfounded reply. “I mean as long as it’s not a thug or a mass murderer…”

“No, he’s really nice,” he assured her, keeping the expression in check and she nodded.

“Alright,” she only said. “Bring him over for dinner some day?”

*Well, that depends on him, but...*

“Yeah,” he smiled and she looked him over, apparently aware he was going out, then let out a sigh.

“Be home at reasonable hour, or call me you’re staying the night, okay?” she instructed him in her mum’s voice and he saluted and rocketed out of the house like somebody shot him from the canon.
Bless his family, for sure.

***

Thomas lived in a nice apartment reasonably close to the school and Newt always said he envied that, because he didn’t need to get up so early to be there on time. He visited once and managed to destroy everything they had in meantime. Maybe that was why returning to the place of crime was so difficult and the dread in his stomach felt worse with each step.

He stood in front of the door for about five minutes before he was brave enough to knock, and even at that his hands trembled. There was an expected refusal, he wasn’t naïve. Thomas had to be angry and couldn’t know if Newt wouldn’t do that again, that maybe all he wanted was sex, and how was that worth it from a teenager, right?

The door opened, which was the first successful point. It also had Thomas who did that, and no unwanted company, adding another point to that. His expression wasn’t as cheery though, but he didn’t look angry either, more like… exasperated?

“Um, hi,” Newt fidgeted on the spot nervously and Thomas opened fully and crossed his arms on his chest. He was in a pretty comfy clothes that looked great on him and Newt felt his lovesick consciousness weeping in despair. Because what was there not to like? Thomas was attractive, he had those big, brown eyes with dark eyelashes and really sinful (and skilful!) mouth, and his body was very nicely shaped and his hands always gentle. He was perfect and Newt never understood why he was single, but they didn’t talk about that before, which, maybe, should have been a main topic. Maybe he was really a mass murderer in disguise? Because otherwise he was so bloody perfect (well, no, he wasn’t perfect, he had his bad habits Newt noticed immediately – he kept on bouncing his right leg when he was nervous, or lick his lips which was bloody distracting, or ate unhealthy food and unfairly never packed a pound)!

“Is there a point to your visit or you just decided to rub it in?” Thomas asked and his voice indicated he was rather pissy, which was finally at least the right indication of his current mood.

“I came to say sorry,” Newt responded in a strangled voice. He was so nervous he could die. “Because I messed up.”

“That’s an understanding.”

“I didn’t want to mess up,” the blond quickly added. “I mean, I did, initially, but I realized too late it was not what I’ve wanted anymore, so I’m here now.”

“You’re not making any sense,” Thomas commented with an eye roll. He was not going to make this easy, Newt realized, at it made him even more nervous than before.

“I fell in love with you,” he decided to attack with stronger weapons and Thomas blinked, apparently not expecting it. “And I got scared I did, because I didn’t want to fall in love with you, I just thought you’re pretty, but you’re more and that made me chicken out and-,”

“Fine, Jesus, shut up already,” Thomas stopped him with a groan and took a step sideways. There was a faint sound of somebody opening a door in the hallway and Newt cleared his throat awkwardly. “Come on inside, or I’ll be accused of making a drama at late hours.”

Another plus point. Maybe he was going to be kicked out after he would add his two cents into this. So he entered the flat, and it was warm and smelled like something delicious to eat, and Newt realized he felt like an intruder that didn’t belong here anymore – especially when Thomas didn’t
offer him to sit down or anything, he just watched him with defensive expression.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, looking away from him. “I guess I’m too late anyway. I just wanted you to know I didn’t leave because I didn’t want to be here anymore.”


Yeah, too late.

“I didn’t even realize we were dating this whole time,” he admitted lamely and glanced back at the man. “I thought you were playing hard to get and…”

Thomas didn’t look very surprised and Newt realized he was out of arguments. There was nothing more he could tell him, nothing else that made him run away after the sex what he could point at. The silence that stretched was uncomfortable and Newt didn’t know why he still remained. Maybe some sort of conclusion was missing? Something from Thomas that would make him able to close the cause as lost?

“So you do this often?” Thomas finally asked and Newt bit his lower lip. It wasn’t like he slept with everybody he found attractive, no matter what kind of reputation he had. But he did it few times, yes, and admitting it was the worst.

“Not often,” he tried to save it somehow. “But I did it already. Few times.”

“Played with people, then left them hanging?” Thomas concluded and Newt felt the panic swelling inside of him. “Like you did with me?”

“No,” he quickly shot out. “No, not like that, I swear.”

“Oh good, so I’m a special case of a lame break up, I feel relieved,” Thomas sneered and walked towards the door, reaching for the handle. “Glad to know, you can leave.”

“No, wait!” The panic was almost deafening now and Newt caught himself wanting to cry. Seriously, this was what love entailed as well? It was bloody awful! “It’s not what you think it is, nobody ever made me feel like this, or took so long to get-,”

“That’s not helping,” Thomas echoed distastefully and Newt whined. No matter how he would try to explain, it simply came out wrong.

“We had sex and there were no hard feelings, I swear,” he blurted out and Thomas stiffened. It was an ugly truth, Newt was aware – nobody would like to hear about exes or conquests of the person they loved (or at least liked in Thomas’ case, Newt wasn’t so bold to be sure there had ever been love). “It was different with you. I got to know you and when we did it, I realized it was more, and panicked. I mean… there are more cons than pros, I tried to go over it like thousands of times, made a list-,”

“You made a list of pros and cons?” Thomas stared at him like Newt grew another head and it was probably embarrassing to reveal such thing, but he couldn’t stop anymore.

“I wouldn’t be able to stop otherwise,” Newt breathed out in defeat. “Everything is nice with you, despite the fact you’re my bloody teacher, you’re older and independent and I’d only drag you down while failing classes. I thought my parents would kill me for it as well, but maybe just my dad, cuz mum said I should bring you over for dinner someday, and-,”

“Oh god,” Thomas pinched the bridge of his nose. “Please stop talking.”
So Newt did. There wasn’t anything else to tell anyway.

Thomas took a deep breath, then another, and then let go of the handle. He looked conflicted and Newt refused to let hope grow any bigger. He didn’t expect a love confession. But if they could at least stay civil, or maybe friends, wouldn’t that be great?

“How sure can I be you won’t… do it again?” Thomas asked and his shoulders sagged, like he was sad about it or expected a bad answer. “Or that you won’t keep sleeping around?”

“Oi, I don’t sleep around,” the blond refused the claim maybe a bit too defensively. He wasn’t really in position to be bold. “If I did it three times, it was a lot. And never at once, you know.”

“That doesn’t really make me feel any better,” Thomas pointed out and despite the fact he was right it still piqued Newt in a sense.

“I don’t cheat on people,” he huffed.

“Yeah, you rather leave them.”

“Hey!” Newt barked and Thomas let out a sigh.

“Can I trust you?” he asked quietly and Newt felt his throat run dry.

“Yes,” he managed to choke out. Thomas didn’t move from his spot.

“This is the last chance,” he warned him in a serious tone. “If you ever do it again, it’s the end.”

“Yes,” Newt repeated and his body thrummed with energy. “Yes.”

“Please don’t make me regret this,” Thomas pleaded and it was the last thing he could say, because Newt closed the distance they had between each other and pounced.

***

“Are you seriously cockblocking me? Or better, are you seriously cockblocking yourself?!!”

Thomas barked out a laugh, but didn’t budge, no matter how sneaky Newt tried to be while attacking the hem of his shirt. He was sitting atop of him, they kissed for like eternity, but when Newt wanted to move it further, Thomas resolutely stopped him.

“We just made up, don’t ruin it,” he poked Newt’s chest and looked so damn pleased with himself it was simply unfair.

“Make up sex is in order then, it’s a textbook example.” Newt refused the claim, but Thomas shook his head. “Come on!”

“Your parents know you’re staying the night?” he asked instead and Newt groaned.

“For what? So we can knit sweaters together?” he uttered icily, but he and pretty sure even Thomas knew it was just an act. He was so bloody happy just to be here he didn’t care they were not going to have sex. If he could be close and even only snuggle, he was content.

“I’m more of a scarfs type,” Thomas shrugged and gently rubbed Newt’s hips, making the blond hum. “So?”

“I’ll call mum,” he mumbled with faked unhappiness, but at least stole one more kiss from his
lover, because he could.

He just made a mental note to tell Minho *out* of Thomas’ class tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Unbetad!

At first I thought this prompt would be fun and light hearted, but it kinda... changed, haha. Still had fun writing it though :) Hope you like it!
Anonymous said:
If you're still doing that sentence thingy could you do "you're going to be the king, you can't be gay!" For Newtmas please?

"You're going to be the king, you can't be gay!"

“How’s that even relevant?” Thomas stopped mid move just to glare at his dark haired sister, who now reminded him more of a nine headed dragon than a girl that should have been a pearl of this castle.

“Gee, I don’t know, maybe because a guy lover can’t give you an heir?” Teresa groaned. “Unless he steals it somewhere, of course, which I wouldn’t advise – as if you being gay is not enough of a disaster already.”

“You know, I always love how damn supportive you can be,” he grumbled and she crossed her arms on her chest, a gesture that already spoke volumes.

Here comes The Talk.

“You’re already old enough to understand the consequences, my dear brother,” she uttered icily. “Although I highly doubt it, when you’re smooching your scouts in the broad daylight where everybody can see. Seriously, no shame, that’s for one, and no damn sense of duty either!”

“Ladies don’t use such language,” he reminded her sweetly and she only frowned darker. “And for your information I don’t kiss my scouts, I kiss only one of them.”

“Thomas, I swear to God, if mother learns of this, you’re going to be in deep trouble,” she rubbed her temples like he gave her a headache, and he probably did, since she shouted at him for at least twenty minutes now.

“Probably,” he admitted with a shrug. “But as long as she doesn’t know, let me enjoy life a bit more, yeah? I mean what else is there for me after? Sitting on the throne and act as somebody I am not?”

“A king-,”

“Yeah, a king,” he sighed. “That’s the end. Are you done now?”

She opened her mouth to say something more, but then apparently thought better of it and nodded with stern expression. Thomas didn’t wait for her to change her mind.

***

“Newt is away?”

“Should be back soon, sir,” a blond haired girl informed Thomas with a polite bow. “He asked me
to tell you not to miss him too much. Sir.”

“Cheeky brat,” Thomas snorted and nodded towards the girl with a smile. “Thank you. If you see him, tell him to come find me.”

“Yes, sir,” another bow and Thomas left her to her own work while disappearing in the corridor.

It was more of a game – him and Newt. When father, the king, died, Thomas was only ten and couldn’t possibly rule over the country, so his mother took over the reign until the time was right. But thanks to that the kingdom was targeted as weak because they had only a queen and Ava decided to strengthen the defences by getting scouts. Every kingdom had them – spies and sneaky assassins, but Ava went far beyond a mandatory number and the castle was basically impenetrable with them.

Among all of the rough and unyielding ones, or sly and dangerous others, was Newt. He was just a little older than Thomas himself, but skilled with his hands (in many, many ways) and had a clever mouth. Thomas never actually knew what he was his speciality, since every scout had one, but truth to be told it was probably better that way. He didn’t remember as clearly when they met for the first time, but he sure did remember the first kiss they shared, because it started this while playing with fire business.

“Little bird told me you were searching for me.”

Thomas didn’t even look from his book, only smiled slightly and waited until Newt was in front of him, dressed all dark and sleek and looking dangerously attractive.

“Little bird told me you were pretty cheeky as well,” he said with a smirk and Newt faked a surprise.

“Me? Never,” he refused in a blatant lie and didn’t even try to make it sound innocent enough to be believable. Instead of that he put down the belt with weapons that weighted down his waist and pushed Thomas back in the chair, just to sit on his lap with a wide smile. “So how about it, my prince? Missed me?”

“I might have,” Thomas admitted playfully, his hands reaching for Newt’s waist, the sliding down to his hips where he grabbed a handful. “But a prince would never admit that.”

“This prince is a lousy liar,” Newt chuckled and leaned down, brushing their lips together. “How bad was the talk your sister gave you?”

“How do you…?” Thomas blinked, but then realized who was he talking to, and let out a sigh. “Bearable. She’s a moralist, but that’s it.”

Newt pecked him gently and his eyes seemed darker than normally when he was looking at Thomas thoughtfully.

“I’m not going to leave you, you know,” he said quietly and Thomas hummed. “Even as a king. I’m not.”

“That’s good to know,” Thomas pushed him a little closer and Newt accommodated him with his arms around his shoulders. “Because I’m not intending letting you go either.”

“What, even with a pretty wife that would take my place?” Newt teased him smugly and his hips started rolling down, making Thomas’ thoughts mingle.
“Hell no, nobody can take your place,” he breathed out and it was apparently what Newt wanted to hear, since he kissed him with ferocity of a starving man, and all other thoughts Thomas had disappeared in the darkness of his own desire.

“I did miss you though,” he whispered to Newt’s lips and the blond scout rewarded him with a bright smile.

“And I did you, my prince.”
Anonymous said:
"Sonya, I haven't seen your brother in years. He never answered my calls and now he shows up at my English class?!" (I love your Newtmas fanfics and I read your last two prompts, so...)

"Sonya, I haven't seen your brother in years. He never answered my calls and now he shows up at my English class?!

“What, you think he did it on purpose?” she crossed her arms on her chest, watching Thomas dubiously. “You flatter yourself. Your class just happened to be the only possible English class that still had free spots, get over it.”

He stared at her mutely for a second and honestly waited her face to morph into Newts’, since the attitude, the tone and even the posture were almost identical. Thomas kind of hated how he was still able to remember those things when the last time he saw Newt and actually spoke to him had been three years ago. It was not fair – from both of the siblings. He gave up on the guy, he moved on with his life, just to have the reality punch him back without mercy.

There was no point in trying to talk to her, he didn’t really have any hopes left, even though that him and Sonya were never on bad terms, not even after the break up with Newt. Maybe that was why it surprised him now, the cold and bitter attitude she held against him. It wasn’t like he said something untrue or offensive. He really did not see Newt for long and Newt really never answered his calls, at the time when it mattered still. Seeing him now sitting in the back row made him dizzy, no matter how he thought he was over it.

He gulped down any remark he could have and averted his eyes from her, dealing with the papers he had prepared for another lesson. Telling her it still actually fucking hurt seeing his ex there was pointless, no matter how long it had been. Thomas didn’t hold a grudge; he wasn’t angry or planning a ridiculous revenge. He was just... sad, maybe? Because even though three years had passed, he still felt the tug in his heart and instead of it feeling nice, it ached.

“Sorry,” she sighed and sounded sincerely apologetic. “That was mean. It’s just... he’s freaking out too and listen to you both idiots doing the same thing is tiresome.”

He wanted to ask about him. He wanted to know how is he freaking out? It was him who broke up with me. Yet he couldn’t get it pass his lips. He shouldn’t have cared anymore.

“I have a class to go to,” he returned quietly. “Later.”

She seemed wanting to say something, but he left before she had a chance. He shouldn’t have cared. He shouldn’t have cared. He shouldn’t have...

“Goddammit all.”

***
Being a teacher was always Thomas’ dream, since he was a kid. Other kids wanted to be astronauts or presidents, but he always wanted to teach people interesting and useful information. The only problem was the major – he wasn’t sure what he wanted to, because everything had its appeal – until he met Newt and fell in love with him. It was Newt how showed him the way, Newt who made his life interesting, Newt who supported him.

It was also Newt who broke him in half, Newt who left and Newt who couldn’t speak to him without an obvious attempt to be mean as much as he could to hurt him. It all happened suddenly and Thomas didn’t understand – he still had no idea what happened, up until now. His world became black and white after and there was nothing except of his studies. Nothing except the job offer to become a teacher. Nothing except of him doing the job he loved while feeling bittersweet about it.

The first glimpses of colour came after year and half, but it still wasn’t colourful enough – there still had been grey over the edges, like Newt took everything with him. But he thought he could live with ashes occasionally spoiling the image, until today, where the colours suffocated under the black and white again, a tornado of despair that came with the blond student sitting in the fifth row, in jeans and sweater and with blank expression.

“So the dream came true in the end, hm?”

Thomas felt his muscles stiffening like induced with liquid nitrogen. The class ended, students left, and he didn’t have enough strength to look up and watch Newt leave as well. He seriously didn’t expect him to come to Thomas by himself, not to mention talk to him.

He took a breath, then another, and looked up like it pained him. And well, it probably did – Newt almost didn’t change. Sure, he grew taller, and probably a little lankier, and his arms were veiny and face sharper, but the look in his eyes stayed and it felt weird.

“Not really,” he answered maybe too sternly, his hand mauling over the paper he held to busy himself. The dream didn’t come true and Thomas didn’t have any illusions it would ever do.

“Not really?” Newt repeated and tilted his head to the side, like a curious cat. It was little disappointing he was not affected at all and Thomas braced for an upcoming crisis. “You became a teacher. That’s what you’ve wanted.”

“Yeah, that’s what I’ve wanted,” Thomas repeated flatly. He felt the question of Newt’s motives on the tip of his tongue, but forcefully pushed it down his throat.

“You’re still angry at me,” Newt said and it wasn’t a question, more like a statement. “After all these years.”

“I’m not angry,” Thomas responded. “I was never angry to begin with.”

“Oh yeah, sure,” the blond rolled his eyes and Thomas bit the inside of his cheek to keep quiet. “Must have imagined the deadly glares I got then.”

“Oh, you mean after you called me names at every possible occasion? How rude of me being angry over that,” he snapped and it was stronger than him, no matter how hard he tried. Newt didn’t seem surprised by though, he only watched him with a neutral expression, as if he was giving him space to calm back down.

“It worked though,” he commented quietly and Thomas stared at him with a frown like he grew another head.
“It worked?” he asked. “You think being called clingy and a dimwit wouldn’t work for making people angry? How badly did you hit your head?”

“No need to get snappy at me,” Newt remarked calmly, and there was something in the unhappy turn of his mouth, or the depths of his eyes Thomas couldn’t name. “Breaking up with you was the only way how to keep you on the track, you know.”

“What?”

“What do you mean what? You almost fucked up the school just because you couldn’t focus,” Newt said a little impatiently and Thomas seriously didn’t have a clue what the hell was he talking about. “I’m not saying it was an easy decision, or a good one, but if I tried to tell you, you wouldn’t listen anyway. And then probably even leave the school. How nice dream would this job be after?”

“Oh please, cut the crap,” Thomas groaned. What was he even trying to say? That he would never finish school if they kept on dating? That was the lamest thing he ever heard. “Just leave the hatched buried. I tried really hard to get it there.”

Newt watched him for a while more, then shook his head and left the classroom in silence. Thomas kind of wanted to throw something after him.

***

“Oh yeah, I remember that,” Brenda put her legs on the table with thoughtful expression. “Man, you were so out of everything, like hypnotized. You almost left school cuz you thought it was in the way. You seriously don’t remember that?”

“What are you talking about?” Thomas demanded while going through the papers he had from his studies. Newt’s words kept on ringing in his head and he couldn’t get rid of it. Asking Brenda was probably stupid, but she at least knew him for long enough to spot a possible difference.

“Your grades dropped like a damn lead,” she nodded seriously. “Since your bf was out of school, you wanted to be as well. God, you were so stupid. I mean, sweet in love and everything, but it’s like your world narrowed into a tunnel vision.”

Thomas cringed at the notion and then finally found the letter from the school board, giving him a warning for his low attendance.

“Oh god, I really did,” he stared at the paper with wide eyes. He was nineteen at that point, madly in love and nothing was more important than being with Newt. Not even school he worked hard to get into, he just pushed it all away.

Until Newt broke up with him.

“Yeah, and then the blondie broke up with you and you got into another tunnel vision – study,” Brenda agreed while picking her short nails. She had them painted red and it looked like she killed somebody. “Finished school. Got a job. I don’t want to sound rude, but you probably needed that kick or you’d give up everything.”

*It worked though.*

***

Thomas had Newt’s number for all these years. He didn’t touch it, he maybe tried to pretend he didn’t exist too for few times. The only thing he was grateful for today was the fact he owned a
new phone. When he opened Newt’s contact, there was nothing – no messages sent or received, no pointless dwelling on the grudges and pain they caused to each other.

It still took him about an hour and half to come up with something that wouldn’t sound attacking. He stared at the phone, he fiddled with it, but he couldn’t put his thoughts to the right set of words, until he decided to keep it simple, and sent: Why?

He didn’t really expect Newt to answer. Not really. But today talk echoed in him and it was not making any sense, and at the same time it did, almost eerily so.

Newt: Because you wanted to be a teacher. And then you wanted to throw it away.

Thomas stared at the text with bitter taste in his mouth. Yes, he wanted to be a teacher. It was his long-time dream to be one and Newt was aware. Newt was there when he got accepted to the university. He was celebrating with him as well.

Then something changed – something Thomas considered a lovesick decision. The university meant to be apart from Newt – hundreds and hundreds of miles away. It meant to see each other so rarely he couldn’t bear it, and once the year began and the loneliness dawned on him, he started skipping it. He skipped days, then weeks, so he could be with Newt and Newt alone.

Then the letter from the university came and from there it all went downhill.

He never noticed? It was the letter that started it and he never saw?

Thomas: So you thought breaking up with me while making me feel like I failed everything was your idea of helping?

Except it did help. Along with pain, and despair and colourless world, it did. He got back to school, he finished it, he got the best job he could dream of. Because he had nothing else to live for, as depressing as it sounded.

Was that Newt’s intention while getting him back on the track? Making him feel miserable and alone?

Newt: It was the hardest thing I’ve ever done. I don’t care if you believe me or not, since I get it had to be hard. It was hard for me. Must have been for you too. I’m just happy that despite the suffering I caused to us both it actually worked and you’re here. And I got to see you be what you’ve wanted to be. ’s enough.

“Fuck,” he mumbled. His eyes burned and his throat as well. Three years and he still couldn’t get over it, how sad excuse of a person was he?

Thomas: And If I didn’t skip the classes that time?

He didn’t know why he asked. It didn’t matter now; it was long gone. Yet the morbid curiosity didn’t let him rest easy.

Newt: Hm. We would have three kids, a dog, a nice, small house at the beach, and fourth anniversary next Friday.

Thomas: That would be nice.

Newt: Yeah. Well. Maybe just two kids, three sounds like a hassle.
Thomas: True. Three is a crowd.

Newt: I agree.

He took a deep breath and wiped the moist from the corner of his eyes. Was he stupid? He must have been a masochist when the flame burned inside of him like this, when he felt like falling back into the endless pit.

Thomas: Maybe we could grab a lunch someday? Talk about the colour of the fence and the breed of the dog.

It was ridiculous. He was ridiculous. Why did he even try? To be cast aside again?

Newt: Yeah. I’d love that.

Ridiculous. But he was never really the guy who held grudges for too long.
As if it wasn't awkward enough being a fifteen year old teen. Having a crush on his brothers eighteen year old friend made Newt's life much, much worse.

On scale from 1 to 10, he hung somewhere above 5000, probably. Look, being a teenager was not so hot as people thought it would be before they became one. Not that there were some bitter responsibilities or an actual kind of hardship, in a normal case, not really. But hormones decided to wake up roughly around 14 years for him, and one year of so-called getting used to it simply didn’t work.

So yes, fifteen now, awkward as fuck where he had no idea what the hell he should have done with his long limbs and lanky body and messy hair, and voice that kept on skipping an octave here and now. On top of all the possible upcoming challenges his body prepared for him, there was the biggest one and appeared out of sheer maliciousness of destiny that fucked over the worst luck, and created Thomas.

Now, Thomas wasn’t a bad guy, or at fault, not at all. Newt would never blame him for his life crisis, at least not directly, even though he often told himself how he hated the guy for being so goddamn single and pretty and out of reach. Newt first met him at home, about four months ago when his brother brought him over. He was polite, he smiled a lot, he called their mum ma'm, and gave Newt as serious case of a heart-attack.

Newt never had a type, he thought, and quite frankly he didn’t have a need to explore his sexuality until this guy arrived. Suddenly he started to be aware girls simply didn’t cut it too much for him, and that the curious looks he threw here and there when a boy passed by were simply the result of a simple equation – Newt fancied guys.

Well. He fancied one. But sadly to the point of no-return and no-progress.

Thomas called him Newt. He apparently took it from Newt’s brother, since in the family it was only him who called him that way (otherwise it was Newton, Newtie or son).

Thomas also acknowledged him – not like younger brother of my friend, but as a person. He actually talked to him when there was a chance and sometimes brought him cakes, because his dad owned a sweet shop and he found out pretty soon Newt had a sweet tooth, and remembered.

He was also about two heads taller than Newt, stronger, his voice deeper, and the more Newt watched him from afar like a creep when there was an opportunity, the more he was falling in the mess of his own desire.

And yes, it was desire. Crushing on somebody while being fifteen usually resulted in simple things – fantasies, an increased amount of masturbation while using those fantasies, and then being
bummed out those fantasies stayed only in his head. He could dream about Thomas kissing him senseless, he could think of how his lips would actually feel on his neck, because hey, Thomas simply looked like a necking person. He could imagine how his hands would travel around his body, how hot they would be. And the increased amount of those often even day-dreaming escapades put him in a very unsatisfactory position – he felt ashamed. It was like using Thomas’ ghost or something, dirtying him up with filthy thoughts, and the more this continued (because Newt was weak, a human, and fifteen years old who didn’t get laid yet and quite frankly didn’t really thing he would anytime soon) the less Newt was able to look Thomas in the eye.

Which, naturally, resulted in Newt deciding not to meet with the guy when he came over. He closed himself up in his room and played his part of a moody teenager who just discovered emo phase or something equal, while he sulked.

What he didn’t expect though was Thomas’ personality. The first two weeks he barely even heard him over the corridor, let alone saw him. But at the beginning of the third week, there was a knock on Newt’s door, and it was unfamiliar pace and count of it, and he knew.

Thomas didn’t wait for him to allow him to enter, he simply peeked in, and Newt hated him. He was in black clothes, with hair wild and eyes warm, and held a box with a cake like a peace offering.

“Am I interrupting?” he asked gingerly and Newt thought playing a tough, angry teen would serve him right now.

“Not at all,” he failed the attempt with the lameness worth an award, but at least remained sitting on his bed, because his bed was safe and out of limits. Beds usually were, right? Out of limits material. Nobody sat on them when they were visiting.

“Cool,” Thomas seemed relieved and entered, just so he could go and promptly sit on the bed.

“Brought you this. Haven’t seen you for some time, was wondering if you’re not sick or something.”

“Eh, maybe just in my head,” Newt shrugged, and as much as Thomas chuckled at it while taking it as a joke, Newt was pretty sure there had to be at least a little something wrong with the brain of his. “Thanks though. I’ve missed you. Uh. Your cakes.”

“They’re more like my dads’ work than mine,” Thomas smirked, apparently pretty aware of the slip and Newt wanted to choke himself to death with that cake. “But I’m glad you actually like them. Both of them.”

Both of them.

Newt almost burned through the bed at that. Was he obvious? Fuck, of course he was obvious, what was he thinking? That nobody would notice his constant creeping around? Hungry stares? Stupid smiles when Thomas talked to him? The whole bloody neighbourhood had to know!

“Sorry,” he whined, ready to plead him not to get angry for it. Except Thomas was smiling and he didn’t know if it was because he didn’t mind, found it amusing or just thought of how to make fun of him after telling his brother.

Oh god, just not a bloody word to his brother!

“Tom, you coming?!” Sounded from downstairs and Newt almost jumped out of his skin.

“Well, not yet,” Thomas mumbled and his eyes were piercing, making Newt’s body burn.
“Think about this,” Thomas said and before Newt could ask him of what he should have thought about, Thomas leaned in and pressed their lips together in a fast, chaste kiss, then pulled away a fraction, hummed thoughtfully, and dived once more for a surer one, with tongue sweeping over Newt’s lower lip.

“Tell me later,” he whispered and left the room.

As if it wasn't awkward enough being a fifteen year old teen. Having a crush on his brothers eighteen year old friend made Newt's life much, much worse, and now, thinking of what Thomas told him to think about he was pretty sure the hell would open up soon.

Well, he wasn’t much of a religious sort anyway.
Handcuffs

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
"You kidnapped me and handcuffed me because you love me?!
"You don't realize how long I've waited for this moment to come, baby. Now, you're gonna learn to love me back, or you'll regret it." (Newtmas, please!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"You kidnapped me and handcuffed me because you love me?!"

"You don't realize how long I've waited for this moment to come, baby. Now, you're gonna learn to love me back, or you'll regret it."

*Shit, he’s insane.*

Well, there was always something strange about Thomas, Newt wouldn’t lie. Maybe the intensity of his eyes or some words should have alerted him there was something going on, but he always passed it without raising an eyebrow, because everybody had their quirks, right?

But ending up like this – handcuffed, literally, on the bed like in a movie, hell, that wasn’t a quirk anymore, that was downright disturbing. And illegal, don’t forget that. Not to mention – learn to love him back? What?

“Thomas,” he tried, very carefully. “You do realize there are ways how to make somebody fall for you that don’t need to be so forceful, right? And illegal. And disturbing.”

“I tried some,” Thomas shrugged, and wholesomely acted like Newt was sitting in front of him and sipping tea while *not being handcuffed to the bedpost.* “You didn’t really react.”

“I didn’t really react,” Newt repeated, staring at him with a frown. “Like what? What did you do? I didn’t see any bloody effort on your part, except of some glares, which, by the way, weren’t exactly romantic.”

“No? I trained them in front of the mirror every Tuesday,” Thomas shot back easily. “Thought you’d appreciate that. There was lots of passion in them.”

“I can’t really tell if you mean it or not,” Newt commented dryly. Hell, he kind of hoped he didn’t mean the handcuffing either, that it was some kind of joke him and Minho baked for shit and giggles, but as much as the time progressed, nobody really jumped behind a curtain to surprise him.

Nope, just him and Thomas and the bed, handcuffs and one key his capturer held in his hand.

“Guess you just gotta get to know me a little more.” the brunet stated simply and Newt glanced around, more for the sarcastic effect than for an actual interest in his prison cell.

“Well, apparently I’m not going anywhere and you hopefully plan to make this pleasurable, so
there is a chance it may even work,” he retorted and seriously had no idea why was he trying to antagonize this guy more than was healthy. The situation was already pretty bad, pushing him more could only result in worse accommodation than he was in now.

Hell, it could really even progress into Thomas deciding sex was a good idea and Newt really didn’t think being handcuffed at it while he alone didn’t propose this treatment would do it for him.

“Oh, I definitely plan to make this pleasurable,” Thomas smiled, and Newt couldn’t decide if that smile meant nice things, or if it was secretly a version of an evil mwahahahaha that meant he was going to get raped in some particularly weird manner (and he had lots of fantasy in weird sex department).

Look, it wasn’t like he disliked sex. He was pretty happy with sex, actually, even did few one night stands, from which one was with a guy he just met (he was drunk and easy, sue him). Although such wild nightlife was in the past – now when he thought about it he didn’t have sex for some time already.

Not that having sex with an obsessed weirdo was on his top to-do list.

“Goodie,” he piped and seriously considered to get himself checked once he was free again, since this wasn’t how a normal person would behave in such situation.

Maybe some therapy would help.

***

Thomas was a guy you would never say a bad thing about, if you had seen him for the first time. He was about an average height and build, had messy brown hair and deep, brown eyes, and when Newt first caught a glimpse of him, he thought he was handsome. Maybe just a little shy, but easy on the eyes and he gesticulated wildly a lot when talking.

They were never alone with each other, Newt realized. He never got to talk to him between four eyes, and it was strange, because he always kind of thought Thomas was checking him out at times.

Guess I wasn’t wrong.

Atop of all that, Thomas was seriously a strange guy – even if there hadn’t been the handcuffing issue. But with it present, Newt really did think the things were going to escalate soon and badly. That Thomas was going to use the bed for more than just keeping Newt on it, fully clothed and practically fine, except of his cuffed hand falling asleep a little.

But nope. For few hours Thomas stayed away, only talked, and Newt answered or vice versa (because Newt was probably insane too and instead of asking for mercy or a reason why the hell Thomas decided to be so drastic, he inquired about his favourite colour, the last song he listened to, the reason why he wanted to study his current major at school) and when the night came and Newt grew adamant in staying here until Thomas would change his mind, the only thing Thomas had done was climbing on the bed just to curl next to Newt and fall asleep.

***

“What’s that noise?”

“My phone,” Newt pointed at his jacket lying on the chair. It was too far for him to reach, but it
rang loudly and Newt recognized the tune – it was his sister calling. She was definitely wondering where he had been over night, so he wasn’t surprised she decided to call in the end.

“Oh,” Thomas voiced out and walked towards the chair while going through the pockets. Once he found the phone, Newt expected him to mute it at least, but he simply returned to Newt with it and handed it to him.

*Okay, you’re definitely weird, man. What if I call for help?*

“Hey sis,” he answered the phone with a raised eyebrow and Thomas sat next to him, watching him quietly. Maybe he would stop him if he tried to tell her where he was? Although he had no idea where exactly Thomas lived – or where he kept him, since he didn’t even know if this was his flat or anything.

“Hey, where are you?” she asked and he noted she didn’t sound very worried. It was nothing unusual for Newt to stay the night somewhere else. “You didn’t come home yesterday. We had lasagne, you missed out.”

“Bugger,” he chuckled, and it was strange how easy it had been. He should have been scared right? Yet he couldn’t get that sole emotion to work. He glanced back at Thomas and wondered what that guy was even thinking. He spent almost two days here now and still didn’t know how he ticked – at first he definitely acted obsessed and maybe fear-worthy, but now? Except of the handcuffs he almost felt like visiting a friend.

“I’m staying at friend’s place,” he said, holding Thomas’ gaze fearlessly.

“Oh?” she made a curious noise. “A friend you say?”

Thomas tilted his head to the side and then sat a little closer, leaning into Newt’s personal space in a languid motion. In a second Newt felt his lips on his neck, mapping it gently, with teeth scraping occasionally as well, and his heartbeat quickened.

“Yeah,” he managed to get out of his throat and it was like Thomas followed the words over his skin, licking a long stripe over his Adam’s apple. “We have some catching up to do.”

“Hmm, sounds shady,” he heard his sister giggle and it was little ridiculous, because right now it was exactly what she thought was happening. Newt found himself baring more of his skin to Thomas to kiss, and the realization jumped right from his brain down to his groin.

Shit, maybe I am the weird one after all?

“How long are you going to be… catching up?” she asked mischievously and Newt almost let out a moan when Thomas decided to suck a hickey right under his ear. He just hoped Sonya couldn’t tell from his fast breathing, because he really didn’t need his sister to know about this.

“Dunno,” he dug out of himself, gulping down another moan raising. Thomas moved from his neck lower, to his collarbones, and pulled at the collar of his shirt so he could reach more of the skin while dragging himself closer to Newt’s body, until there was a knee pressing right between Newt’s legs and he let out a shameless groan without being able to catch himself. He barely registered Sonya making a choking noise how hard she was laughing, but he was pretty sure she wasn’t too offended when he hung up on her, and the phone dropped down on the carpet.

“You d-did this on purpose,” he accused Thomas breathlessly and his body shook when the knee pressed against him a little more.
“Maybe,” Thomas responded from Newt’s chest where he was dropping small kisses and Newt banged his head against the bedrest behind him with a dull sound.

C’mon, he was held a bloody captive, enjoying this should have been a taboo! And yet his body didn’t care and he went easily when Thomas repositioned himself right under Newt’s legs, throwing them over his thighs. There was no doubt Newt hadn’t been the only one excited over it, and hell, maybe Newt was already broken, because his brain simply didn’t seem to mind either.

“Uncuff me,” he ordered with shaky voice and it probably sounded as threatening as a new-born kitten. “I mean it.”

“You feel like you’re in a position for giving me orders?” Thomas responded, but he sounded amused and Newt was getting frustrated over the lack of contact. His wrist hurt as well and seriously – he bloody gave him the phone, he could call for help and he did not, did he think a handcuff was seriously necessary?!

“I can’t touch you this way,” the blond bit out. The pressure was getting overwhelming and he just wanted. “You seriously think I’m going to run away now?”

He heard Thomas hum, but instead of letting him go the brunet only pushed the hem of his shirt up and started kissing his bare chest. Newt whined and tried to wriggle from the hold, but with no luck.

Thomas was goddamn thorough and explorative and his touches warm enough to burn him to ashes if he wasn’t careful. He could only reach Thomas with his free hand, grabbing a handful of his hair and pulling him up, and he went easily. Suddenly they were staring into each other’s eyes and Newt’s heart almost skipped a beat over the sheer hell unleashed that he saw there, deep and primal and wanton.

“C’mon,” he whispered. “Let me go.”

The hell didn’t diminish, but it disappeared when Thomas surged down and kissed him fully on the lips, almost knocking the air out of his lungs. It was like kissing a fire, it burned in an addicting flame and Newt could only moan into it, his mouth ravished, his whole body moving in synch. He circled Thomas’ shoulders in a death grip to be lifted up so he was sitting on Thomas’ lap, and the kiss got deeper and meaner and breath-taking to the point of inability to comprehend what was going on.

He somehow lost his shirt and helped to get his pants off, and it took him another set of kisses and touches that made his voice break in a middle of a moan, to realized he was no longer handcuffed, that his wrist hurt like bitch, and that he didn’t care a single bit.

I give up. I seriously do.

“Told you that you’d regret not falling in love with me,” Thomas whispered into his ear while he thrust into him mercilessly and Newt held on like his life depended on it.

“Your bloody wooing practices are intolerable though,” Newt bit out and scratched Thomas’ back on purpose, just to leave at least one mark that wasn’t all that lovey dovey. He had to understand it was not okay.

“But they work,” Thomas opposed with a grin and Newt frowned and messed up his hair more than it already was, earning a laugh.

“Fine,” he uttered dryly. “But one more time you call me baby and you are going to regret it.
“Capisce?”

“Okay, *babe,*” Thomas smirked and before Newt could shout at him, he kissed his lips and took everything away.

Probably even Newt’s sanity.

Chapter End Notes

Unbetad!

Not gonna lie, I thought I’d skip this prompt at first. I didn't want Thomas to be a creep

QQ
Anonymous asked a question
"Can we please do something genuinely romantic on Valentines day for once? You're always working."

A little continuation to chapter 163 and 176.

"Can we please do something genuinely romantic on Valentines day for once? You're always working."

Newt stopped dead in his tracks, his hands stilling on the keyboard where he was, indeed, working right now, and looked up at Thomas with a raised eyebrow.

“Uh,” he let out lamely. “Sure?”

Thomas didn’t look exactly convinced, but Newt thought he probably expected this anyway. It definitely wasn’t new to him that his lover disliked the Valentine’s day from the very beginning, and even though they met on that fateful day and it all went rather funnily, Thomas took Newt’s habit of ignoring the day as taken (well, except of buying ridiculous valentine’s cards for his friends and one really mushy for Thomas, because Thomas was a cliché guy and liked them).

“Maybe we can go get a nice dinner?” Thomas suggested and yeah, fine, dinner sounded good. “And to a movie?”

“Sounds do-able,” Newt nodded, saved his work and closed the laptop to show Thomas he meant it. “How’s that genuinely romantic though?”

“It is,” Thomas shrugged easily. “Like foreplay.”

“I imagine foreplay a bit differently,” Newt pointed out with a smirk and Thomas rolled his eyes.

“And that’s why I asked for this. Sex is fine and nice, and I do want it when the day ends, but…” Thomas trailed off and took a breath.

“Aww, you want to spend time with me like a proper adult that is not sex crazed?” Newt teased him and when Thomas made a noise in the back of his throat, he chuckled and pulled him closer for a hug. “I get it, I get it, was just teasing you. We will get the dinner, and the movie, and then whatever you want after, yeah?”

“You really don’t mind?” Thomas responded a little unsure. “I mean, I know you don’t fancy Valentine’s day.”

“I don’t mind when it’s with you,” the blond assured him with a small kiss on his forehead and it seemed like it made Thomas calmer, because he returned the hug and breathed out in comfort.

Seriously, sometimes Newt thought he dated a teddy bear that needed love confessions to function properly.
Not that he minded.

***

Dinner was nice, although the restaurant was packed to bursting and overflowed with sugar. There were red and pink roses or roses’ petals everywhere, a candle shined on each table and people love-gazed to each other’s eyes like somebody shot them with cupid’s arrow at the entrance.

Despite that Newt actually enjoyed the food and making Thomas redden with occasional mentions of what they could do at home after, and when they finally made it to the movie he didn’t really know what they were playing, because Thomas’ neck was much more interesting.

Although Thomas did look rather ruffled when they left and kept the silence the whole way back home as well.

“Uh, have I… ruined it?” Newt rather asked when they finally reached the main door and Thomas shook his head mutely while unlocking the door. “You’re angry.”

“I’m not angry,” the brunet responded.

“Yes, you are,” Newt wasn’t buying it. They were together for three years now; he could tell when Thomas wasn’t in the best mood. It didn’t happen often, so maybe that was a reason why it had been so distinctive and easy recognizable. Thomas was a bad liar, he could never pretend to feel better than he did, and Newt was grateful for that. Thomas’ honesty saved them from many misunderstandings already.

“No, I’m not,” Thomas said sternly and disappeared in the bathroom right the moment the door opened, leaving Newt in the hallway alone.

“Yeah… sure,” the blond sighed and pulled off his shoes in a deliberately slow pace.

Fine, he wasn’t one of the most romantic people under the sun and he never had been. But Thomas knew that, they established it before they even started dating. Was this the case of small things that weren’t important at the beginning starting to fester after the years? The things a partner found cute suddenly made them angry? Because it happened, it kept on happening and it was going to happen in the future, to every couple out there.

The bad thing was – Newt wasn’t able to change this. Sure, he could pretend and force himself to like Valentine’s day, but he wouldn’t be happy about it and how was that going to help them?

He walked into the living room and looked at the closed door leading to the bathroom. How could he even make it better? And what exactly made Thomas angry? Was there a possibility to remedy that anyhow?

He gently knocked on the door and when no reply came, he leaned to it.

“Tommy?” he tried carefully. “I’m sorry if I ruined it, okay? Can you at least tell me what exactly I did wrong?”

He could think of some things. Maybe the fact he got handsy with him during the movie? Or the dinner wasn’t filled with love-gazing enough. Or… maybe Thomas wanted flowers? Which would be a little weird, but he didn’t cross it out just in case.

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” came a reply from behind the door and Newt raised an eyebrow. He sounded a little strained and weak.
“You okay?” he asked and after several long, tense seconds the door opened and Thomas peeked out, all pale and terrible looking. “Yikes.”

“I think that food didn’t set right with me,” the brunet mumbled weakly. “Threw it out…”

“Aw, babe,” Newt pulled him into a hug and Thomas settled against him like a sack of potatoes, barely standing straight. “C’mon, let’s get you to bed.”

Thomas didn’t protest at all and when Newt pushed him on the mattress and covered him with blanket, he looked so miserable he almost felt like calling a doctor.

“Stop looking like I’m dying,” Thomas mumbled tiredly. “I’m fine now, you know.”

“You don’t look very fine to me,” Newt opposed and crawled to the bed next to him. “Maybe a little like a zombie. You already felt sick at the movie?”

“Not really, you were enough of a distraction,” Thomas buried himself deeper under the covers. “I felt it on our way home. Didn’t really want to throw up on the street though.”

“I really thought you were mad at me though,” Newt sighed and brushed damp hair from Thomas’ forehead. “You should have said you were feeling bad, we could take a taxi.”


“Rude.”

“Thanks for the evening though.” Newt felt a weak squeeze on his wrist and then Thomas snuggled a little close with a content sigh. “I know you’re not big on these things. I appreciate it. Sorry I ruined it like this.”

“You didn’t ruin it.” Newt smiled and lowered himself enough for Thomas to put his head on his shoulder. “The dinner did.”

“Ha.”

“Let’s toss rotten tomatoes on the front door of the restaurant tomorrow,” he offered and Thomas chuckled. “After you get a nice sleep though.”

“I’ve planned on continuing what you started in the theatre…” Thomas mumbled unhappily. “This sucks.”

“We can continue once you’re feeling better,” Newt assured him. “I’ll make sure next year we skip the food at least.”

“Yes please.”

Newt was glad when Thomas fell asleep after and when he got woken up in the middle of the night by small kisses on his neck, he decided this Valentine’s day wasn’t as bad as it could have been, given the circumstances.
Anonymous said:
Hi, how are you? I was hoping you could write a sequel to chapter 106 of prompts challenge, when Thomas shows newt his tattoo, but he see a little to much and get shy... and maybe some kiss : ) thank you so much, I love your writing!

Newt felt like he could self spontaneously combust in any second – at least his face must have been redder than a tomato and he expected anybody (especially his mother, his homeroom teacher or his best friend) to burst through the door with accusing aha! His hands were shaking and his throat was dry like a desert, and the more skin got revealed, the more oxygen was escaping from his lungs without replenishing normally.

“You’re so red,” Thomas chuckled, apparently watching him the whole time he had been dragging down his pants in a deliberately slow place. Newt could already see the first half of the tattoo, the maze, and except of that also the nice curve of Thomas’ ass that was slowly showing itself along with it. His skin seemed smooth and really begging to be touched and Newt wanted to die on spot from mortification.

Thomas wasn’t a mind reader, was he?

“You’re stripping, of course I’m bloody red,” Newt croaked, but as much as he wanted to show him it was only because the situation turned awkward, he couldn’t tear his eyes from the strip of skin offered to him, no matter how hard he tried to force himself.

“Are you red even at a locker room when there are guys changing clothes?” Thomas asked, and his voice sounded close. Newt still couldn’t look up, although he had to bite his tongue so he wouldn’t snap at him for such ridiculous notion.

“Of course not,” he grumbled unhappily.

“Oh, so I’m the only exception then?” At that point Thomas sounded unreasonably smug. “That’s flattering.”

The tattoo was now visible in its whole glory and Newt almost choked – that bastard had to do it on purpose, his pants were too low for showing such a small image, Jesus.

“Want to touch it?”

“No!” Newt squeaked and finally looked up, his eyes wide and heart pumping crazily. Touch it?! Was that guy mad?!

“I don’t mind, you know,” Thomas shrugged, and really, he looked so damn pleased with himself Newt kind of wanted to tell him to stuff it, just to kick him off the high horse. But the words simply didn’t get past his lips, the sole thought of actually touching was overwhelming. Maybe that was why his body simply refused to stop even when the brain said to do so, and he reached out with a trembling hand and brushed against the tattoo shortly.
“I got it a year ago,” Thomas commented easily. “You like it?”

“Yeah,” Newt let out stupidly and then cleared his throat in embarrassment. “Um. The design is… good.”

“Sure is,” Thomas smirked and when Newt let go, he caught his hand in one swift motion and pressed it back against his hip. “Your hands are cold. Are you nervous?”

“You mean this is completely normal and nothing to be nervous about?!” the blond barked at him, but his body didn’t have any strength left to fight, so he let himself to be led, circling the black ink lines over the smooth skin in gentle strokes.

“I don’t feel like it’s a bad thing,” Thomas shrugged like he wasn’t standing there with his pants around his knees and another boy touching his hip. If something like that happened to Newt in reverse, he would definitely freak out.

“I did notice you, you know.”

“What?” the blond stared at him in confusion and Thomas’ lips curled up in a smile.

“That you were watching me. I did notice. That USB drive… I know it belonged to you,” he said easily and Newt felt a whine raising up in him. “But I was curious, so I took a peek. I’m kinda glad I did.”

“What are you even…” Newt wriggled out of Thomas’ hold and took a step back. “You know how bloody embarrassing this is?”

“No!”

“Well, if you were not confident enough,” Thomas offered the first possibility and it wasn’t completely off the chart. “Then you were stupid, because I’ve been watching too, you know. You never noticed?”

“I…” he started, but he simply couldn’t think of anything. “I don’t… know?”

“I was busy freaking out,” Newt uttered dryly and Thomas chuckled. “Can you get d-dressed?”

“Hm?” Thomas followed Newt’s line of sight as if he forgot he stood there with pants down and then pulled them up. “Oh, yeah. Sorry.”

Not that it helped anyhow. Newt was on the verge of passing out.

“So now when you know,” Thomas took two steps closer, breaching Newt’s personal space. “Are you still content with just watching?”

“Are you making fun of me?” Newt accused him in a low voice and Thomas shook his head.

“Are you?” he returned simply and Newt snorted.

“Seriously,” he rubbed his eyes, refusing to look Thomas in the face. “I’ve been crushing on you
for a year, you think I’m capable of making fun of you like this?”

“A year, huh.”

“Don’t play dumb, you read what was on the drive,” Newt grumbled and Thomas let out a small laugh. Then he gently touched Newt’s fingers with his own and hummed quietly.

“I told you I didn’t read everything,” came a reply, “I’ve wanted you to tell me the rest by yourself. If you want to.”

He was so close Newt could hear the rumble in his chest. Seriously, even in his wildest fantasies he wouldn’t believe Thomas out of all people would be with him here, in the closet, asking him for…

“A date?” he breathed out when it dawned on him and the touch travelled higher, to his wrist.

“I’d love to, yeah,” Thomas responded and his other hand gently ran his hand through Newt’s hair. “But only if you’re up to it.”

Newt managed to nod, although his whole body was probably already melting. When Thomas touched his chin and made him look up, the last thing that ran through his mind before he got his very first kiss was I hope I’m not going to wake up now.

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In retrospect the kiss was nice and dandy, but his mother was really curious about how he got a hickey. To be quite honest he was too, but Thomas only sent a devil smiley as a response.
Anonymous said:
bullied, social outcast Newt likes the popular football star Thomas and everybody in the school finds out when he drops his sketchbook in the hallway which spills tons of sketches of Thomas everywhere

(The bullied part made me sad :( Sorry Newt!)

If there was an essay on horror theme, after today Newt would have a hella lot of what to write. Hell, maybe it would be a novel of 500 pages, full of mortifying, degrading experiences of his fucked up life, crowned as a conclusion of what happened today.

Look, being popular was never Newt’s thing. Well, truth was he never really, tried, okay, but he never really tried to be unpopular either – or bullied – or outcasted – or everything at once. No matter what he did, he was always this lanky, pale nobody with immense liking of English humour, literature and nerdy games. He never liked sports (when he tried, he fucked up his right leg to the point of inability to do any of those sports more than recreationally anyway), he preferred when it rained outside and he could crawl somewhere warm, where he could watch it with tea and a sketch book.

And yeah, these kind of things were not really a beacon of fun when it came to normal teenagers. Newt didn’t like parties, he wasn’t happy when there were too many people around and he was sociable like an old stump.

And fine, yeah, there was bunch of people like him, in a circle of their nerdy friends, usually not being too harassed when they stuck together.

Newt didn’t stick together with anybody at school. He was alone and he was an easy target in the long hallways and crowded classes, and because his life wasn’t miserable enough with jocks playing pranks at him or stealing his books or throwing his bag to garbage, he just had to crush on one of them.

Which okay, it happened and Newt was fine with keeping it for himself. Nobody needed to know – especially not Thomas, the bloody football prodigy, whose name was used in all the superlatives when it came to his sport results (not so much in the studying ones though, so hey, at least there was still justice going on, even a little).

The bad thing was – Newt was simply not lucky enough for it not to became a public knowledge, especially not today. Not only he was targeted right in the morning by a bunch of jocks going through the hallway like bulldozers and he could still feel his ribs hurt how they pushed him out of the way right at the locker, but he mainly could still feel the absolute scorching embarrassment – no, mortification – that coursed through him when they grabbed his books to play Neanderthals while throwing it to the ground, and his sketchbook was one of them. All of the sketches flew around the hallway like in a teenage movie with pamphlets. To the left, to the right, everywhere.

And most of those bloody sketches were of Thomas.
And no, he couldn’t quickly gather them and run away. Nope, life hated him for that a bit too much, so people started to taking them from the floor and looking at them in curiosity, and the more they did, the more oh moments Newt could see in their faces, when they realized who was pictured on those. Then those faces changed into the ones of surprise, and then to laughter, because it wasn’t that hard to put one and one together.

“Well, well, well,” one of the brutes that knocked him sideways said, holding a very detailed sketch of Thomas’ face and upper body in his hands (Newt was proud of this one, he worked hours on it and it took a lot of stolen glances and vivid memories to get it where it was, thank you very much). “Somebody is looking a bit too much, eh?”

“Somebody is a homo, I think,” another of the group added, holding another sketch (Newt didn’t know which one, but what did it matter anyway?). “Poor Thomas, not even him deserves it.”

“Man, you’re really something,” the sketch landed in front of him how the first guy dropped it. “You know what we do with people like you?”

Newt didn’t bother answering. He ran.

***

Being bullied was never easy, although for Newt it never went too far. The jokes were mostly innocent, like from people who couldn’t really make more refined joke than pushing somebody to mud or throw their books away, then laugh about it like hyenas. Sure, when it started Newt had been depressed over it and for a while refused to go to school, but somehow he decided to be above their stupid pranks, as long as they didn’t get too violent or made his life a living hell by spreading lies and filth around.

But now – now it was different. The only thing Newt didn’t want anybody to know, they found out, and the whole bloody school had a ball with it. He heard snickers everywhere, or really lewd remarks about his sketches, even some mean notes of having too high self-confidence for going after somebody like Thomas (which was unfair, he never planned on doing anything, not even talking to the guy, not to mention trying anything).

He laid low but it didn’t change much. There was always somebody who knocked into him in the corridor, or who spilled his drink in the cafeteria, or who hid his books somewhere just before the lesson had started. He expected threats in his locker at some point too, like it was just a matter of time some fangirls would learn about it and decide to defend their heterosexual idol of manliness (or whatever they thought Thomas had been, really) from some filthy gay’s hands (Newt learned not to react to homophobic insults long ago, thankfully).

He stayed longer at school because it was calmer at that point. When the last lesson ended, he either stayed in his classroom to finish the assignments or disappeared into the library where nobody bothered him. He didn’t try to talk to anybody, he kept his eyes on the ground in front of him and he usually got back home in one piece and with not too many bad memories.

Maybe everything about the situation was a reason why he didn’t feel as bothered – or shocked – when one of his (nicely detailed, mind you, lots of work involved) sketches appeared on his desk where somebody standing at his desk put it.

Newt sighed, glanced it over, and returned back to his work.

“What, you want an autograph?” he added bitterly, maybe because there was an empty classroom and he was tired, and if they wanted to beat him or something over it, they could try.
“Hmm, now when you mention it, you really don’t have it signed anyhow,” the voice above him commented, not sounding angry or anything. “Aren’t you scared somebody would take it and pretend it was theirs?”

Newt snorted and glanced at the picture again, almost in disgust. If he wasn’t so careless, this would never happen. If the papers were at least bound together in the sketchbook, it wouldn’t fly around like leaves.

“I think after the introduction of those nobody would even try to do that,” he uttered dryly and focused at his notebook again.

“Can’t say, didn’t see it happening,” his visitor said simply. “Just wanted to say you’re really talented.”

“What?” Newt looked up in confusion and stiffened. He wasn’t talking to somebody. He was talking to Thomas. In person. Alone in the classroom. “Fuck.”

“Weeell… maybe few dates first, I’m not really that straightforward,” Thomas responded easily and Newt wanted the floor to swallow him right now.

Hell, he had never even spoken to him before. Of course he knew how he sounded like, but he never really memorized it, so the voice didn’t ring a bell now. Why the hell was he here? With the picture? Was he here to make fun of him or to argue about it or…? Hell, any possibility was scary enough for Newt to pale like sheet of paper.

“ Heard some stuff around about this,” Thomas tapped on the sketch and Newt didn’t understand how could had been so calm about it. “Well, several versions of it, really. Didn’t know what to believe, so I decided to ask you personally.”

“Ask… me?” Newt forced out of himself and wondered how rude would it be if he jumped out of the window now.

“Yeah,” Thomas shrugged like it was no big deal (the hell it wasn’t!) and reached for a chair from the nearest desk, dragging it closer to Newt’s spot, where he promptly sat down. “Like… for one, you’re really good at this. I mean, I was pretty awed when I saw some of these sketches.”

Some of them? Fuck, fuck, fuck. He had seen more?!

“For two, there is one rumour saying you have a crush on me,” the fateful sentence fell from Thomas’ lips like a guillotine and Newt’s heart almost stopped, when he waited for which is disgusting, you freak or something along these lines. “But some just say you sketch lots of sportsmen, cuz of reference and all.”

Oh god, so now I’m a perv who draws every guy in the vicinity.

“No, I… don’t draw many people… from here,” Newt managed lamely, which only fuelled the first statement and that was bad.

“Oh,” Thomas kept on looking at him, “so just me then?”

“Sorry.”

Newt didn’t know what else to say. Sorry was the only thing that could get him out of this with his pride intact, maybe, or at least his face not broken to million pieces. Although he never considered Thomas to be one of those violent jocks around, which gave him a small hope.
“For what?” Thomas tilted his head to the side in a curious gesture and Newt bit his lower lip to keep a groan in. “It’s actually kinda cool. I mean, not cool that you were exposed like this, but like… uh. Flattering?”

“Are you crazy?” Newt stared at him in disbelief. Flattering? Was he dropped on the head as a baby?

“Might be,” Thomas shrugged nonchalantly. “Is it relevant?”

“Yes?” Newt chimed in. “You should be angry.”

“I’m not angry.”

“Yes, I can see that, Jesus,” the blond huffed and abruptly stood up, almost knocking the chair backwards. He started packing his things and when all was gone from the desk and only the picture remained, he snatched it too, rumpling it in the process and tossed it into his bag as well.

“Uhm, can I keep that?” Thomas piped, not even standing up from his seat, watching Newt without any malice in his eyes.

“What?”

“The picture,” he elaborated. “Can I keep that?”

“Why?” Newt choked out and took a step back. Not that Thomas moved anyhow.

“Well, maybe one day you’re going to be a famous artist and I can brag about being drawn by you?” the sportsman joked, honestly joked, and Newt felt himself gaping at him like an idiot.

“No,” he squeaked out. “Fuck no.”

“Oh,” Thomas let out and finally stood up as well. They were similar in height, but Newt was aware Thomas’ build was much stronger and faster than his, and if he wanted to take it by force, he would succeed. Although Newt didn’t see a single reason why would he. “Well. Then maybe you can make me another one? That wouldn’t be so crumpled now and everything.”

_He IS crazy._

“I can even pose,” Thomas added easily. “Like one of your French girls.”

“Pff.”

“Or maybe you have more of them somewhere?” another notion and Newt squeezed his bag firmer. God, he had _tons_ of them at home, it was embarrassing. “If so, I’d like to see them.”

“Oh god… why?” Newt whined and took another step back, hitting a table in process.

“Well, isn’t it like… a trademark or something?” Thomas stayed put, but he was smirking a little, so he definitely found Newt ridiculous. “You were drawing me without my permission after all.”

“That’s…”

“So I have the right to see it, no?” Thomas concluded the discussion with a victorious expression and Newt seriously wanted to crawl somewhere and die. “So how about you bring them tomorrow?”
“It’s Saturday…?” Newt pointed out tensely, his heart hammering like a bell.

“Yeah, it is,” Thomas agreed. “We can grab lunch while I look it over?”

Newt decided Thomas was definitely dropped on the head as a baby. He also decided to go and refused to think of it as a date, because there was a distinct possibility Thomas just wanted to lure him somewhere to beat him up, and because there was no reason whatsoever for him to go date Newt.

(It was a date and Thomas was teasing Newt about it even years later. Nobody at school ever said a bad word about the blond again.)
“Look what I’ve found!”

Newt hummed, but his mind was elsewhere and his body simply didn’t cooperate enough for him to raise his head from the book. He felt tired and little overworked, but if he wanted to enjoy free day tomorrow, he had to do this last assignment by today.

But that definitely didn’t mean to get his book covered by a sketch of Thomas’ upper torso, all in detail and shades, and Newt remained staring at it like in a Deja vu.

“Uh…”

“Doesn’t this bring back memories?” Thomas dropped next to him on the couch and his arm immediately slinked around Newt’s waist, pulling him closer. “You secretly drawing me?”

“Well,” the blond let out, staring at the picture with wide eyes. “I guess?”

It had been so long since he saw these. He actually thought he threw them out, although Thomas would probably never have allowed it. Sometimes he thought the guy had been loving himself far too much, seriously.

“I remember like it was yesterday,” Thomas commented and Newt felt like his resolve to finish the assignment slowly fading away, the longer Thomas had been pressed against him, drawing abstract shapes on his hip. “I was like holy hell, is that me?!”

“I know, I know,” Newt sighed and dropped the pen in defeat. “Where did you find it?”

“In the drawer, actually. Old sketchbook of yours I guess, got mixed up with my stuff,” Thomas pointed at the opened drawer and then nuzzled Newt’s cheek lovingly. “Have I told you that you’d been a terrible date?”

“What?” Newt blinked and pulled away. “Like lately or…?”

“Pff, no,” Thomas rested his chin on Newt’s shoulder and smiled. “But the first date was like I’ve abducted you and held you as a hostage. You were so fidgety and nervous.”

“I didn’t think it was a date,” Newt opposed with a pout. “I thought you actually wanted to beat me up somewhere, like, outside of the school.”

“No way,” Thomas grumbled. “Didn’t I tell you I wasn’t angry? I’m pretty sure I did.”
“You did,” Newt assured him and ruffled Thomas’ hair with his free hand. It was still damp, since he came out from shower pretty short ago. “But people lie.”

“I didn’t lie,” Thomas protested stubbornly. Newt was aware – hell, the first date could have been so cool if he wasn’t so damn tense and frightened all the time, even though Thomas did nothing to scare him. He looked through the pictures and praised them, they had a great lunch and everything, but man, Newt was seriously afraid that time.

From now it seemed ridiculous. They were together for three years and Thomas was an absolutely fantastic boyfriend, and sometimes Newt still couldn’t really believe they ended up like this because a group of Neanderthals decided to play brutes.

Granted – they never did that again. Nobody did, Thomas made sure of it, and as much as Newt didn’t want him to bother with such matters, he was grateful when they both left the high school intact while rewriting the bad memories together.

Not that university was easier, but thankfully only study-wise. Newt found lots of friends there and was seriously genuinely happy with his life.

“But I thought you’d chicken out after, I really did,” Thomas added with a hum. “I mean, when I’ve wanted to walk you home, you basically ran away.”

“Sorry,” the blond groaned. “I was so bloody nervous about it…”

“And I’ve wanted to get at least a kiss,” Thomas pointed out with a chuckle and Newt raised an eyebrow.

“For real? On a first date?” he asked him in faked shock. “You have no shame.”

“What?” Thomas shrugged. “You were so damn cute I couldn’t help it.”

Newt seriously didn’t agree with that – frightened people definitely didn’t look cute, no matter how hard he was crushing on Thomas that time. But even that got shaded by the fear it was going to end badly, so Newt practically didn’t enjoy it at all.

“The second date was much better though,” he offered with a smile and Thomas dropped several small kisses on Newt’s cheek. They had lunch again, they talked a lot more freely than on the first one, and Thomas did get a first kiss in there. Although Newt had to admit it took him about a month before he was sure Thomas meant it seriously and it wasn’t a prelude to a really sick joke.

He never told him though and never intended to.

“Mhm,” Thomas made an agreeing noise. “Much better.”

In the end the assignment didn’t get finished at all. Thomas made sure of it.
Anonymous said:
"Are you bloody serious?" Newt said as he felt Thomas' lips linger on his neck. "You're trying to seduce me?!!"

"Are you bloody serious?" Newt said as he felt Thomas' lips linger on his neck. "You're trying to seduce me?!!"

“Thanks for noticing,” Thomas mumbled against his skin, not even stopping. There were teeth as well, scraping against the side of Newt’s neck, and seriously, what?! Thomas was bloody straight – straight like an arrow, maybe even more than that, so what the hell was going on?

“I’ve been trying to for these past few weeks,” another notion that made Newt gawk and he had a faint idea Thomas was trying to leave a hickey. “But unless I got physical, you never really noticed.”

“Of course I never noticed!” Newt squeaked when Thomas circled his arms around his torso and kept him close, like a teddy bear. His lips moved higher, behind Newt’s ear, and it sent shivers down Newt’s spine. “You’re bloody straight, what the hell-,”

“I’m bloody bi,” Thomas opposed, nibbling at Newt’s ear now. It made the blond whine a little. Then Thomas suddenly stopped and pulled away. “Wait, you seriously didn’t notice I was trying to hook up with you?”

“No?” Newt responded with a deep intake of breath. “You were like… talking normally and suddenly this? Jesus.”

“Cuz you didn’t react to any hint I dropped!” Thomas huffed, but then seemed to think about it. “Wait. You didn’t react because you’re not interested, is that it?”

“What?” Newt stared at him with wide eyes. He didn’t notice any hints, for fuck’s sake. If he did, they wouldn’t need to have this bloody conversation. “Fine, okay. First of all, what kind of hints you supposedly dropped? Because I have no bloody idea what you’re talking about.”

“At all?"

“No,” Newt uttered and forced down the disappointment when Thomas let go of his waist. He didn’t say stop, he just really wanted to understand how the hell did they even got to this stuff without his proper knowledge. He wasn’t that bad at noticing when somebody flirted, was he?

Or maybe he simply refused to give it deeper meaning before, because he thought Thomas was straight and off limits? Because that could have dulled his receptors a lot.

“Wow,” Thomas let out. “I never thought I’m so bad at flirting before.”

“Um.”
“I mean, I even invited you to a movie?” he offered and Newt did remember something like that happening.

“Oh, yeah, you did,” he agreed but then frowned. “With Aris and Minho. How’s that supposed to be a hint? *Come with us to the cinema*?”

“Point taken,” Thomas admitted with a sigh. “I took you out for lunch?”

“Because lesson got cancelled and we were both hungry,” Newt dismissed it immediately. “Hardly a hint.”

“You’re so stern,” Thomas drawled. “Fine, so maybe I wasn’t obvious enough. In that case please don’t take this as an assault because I really thought I made myself clear. If you do take it as an assault, then please don’t hit me and I swear I won’t do it again.”

“You’re a tit,” Newt stared at him in exasperation. “You could have just said you want to go out.”

“I kinda did, in a sense?” Thomas opposed and seemingly didn’t know what do with his hands, so Newt grabbed them and put them back on his waist, earning a curious look.

“In that case pretend I accepted, in a sense,” Newt told him simply. “But making out on a first day is a serious faux pas.”

“This is not a first date though,” Thomas pointed out. “In a sense.”

“Ha, you’re funny,” Newt poked his chest. “But ten points to Gryffindor for the neck. I like that.”

“I’m more of a Slytherin kind of person, but thank you,” Thomas smirked and pulled Newt back to him, so he could suck on the place he left off before, making Newt squirm. Then he stopped for a second and looked back to Newt’s eyes. “It’s okay then?”

“Well, throw in a nice dinner, and yeah, it’s okay,” Newt nodded and reached for Thomas’ face so he could hold him still. “And a kiss. I’m not a barbarian.”

“That’s amendable,” Thomas smirked and leaned in. “Ten points to Ravenclaw.”

“Well, that’s not a bad guess,” Newt snorted and then Thomas licked into his mouth, making him decide he could never assume things without a solid proof.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
Hi! I love your fanfics, so I was wondering if you could write Alpha-4? I really loved those prompts and I've always felt like it deserved a happy ending, you know? So here I am hahaha if you're up to, obv:)

You’ll get it when the time comes.

Newt never thought a single sentence could haunt him so badly, especially when all he felt right now was a crippling pain and fear of more coming to end it. It didn’t matter he was supposedly safe in Thomas’ den because everything smelled strange and unfamiliar and he felt like sitting on needles instead of safe.

Thomas was there, somewhere, not daring to get too close, because every time he did, Newt snarled at him. Yeah, he admitted it wasn’t exactly scary, since Thomas always only rolled his eyes and retreated, but at least it held him back.

He didn’t feel good. He was hurt, he felt like throwing up, and his leg hurt like bitch. Thomas’ care was making him even more nervous, because that guy was never this gentle to him, he always took what he wanted. Suddenly throwing you’re my mate stuff at Newt was simply lame and stupid. They were mates because he said so? Because he was alpha and chose him? Well he could also kiss his bloody arse and not in a literal sense, Newt wasn’t interested.

Well, his body was, probably, betraying him before, and probably ready to betray him in the future. But he was never going to put his mind into it, because that would mean to be dependent on this guy, and he had enough of that for a lifetime.

“How long are you going to sulk?” Thomas’ voice interrupted him from his stubborn inner monologue and Newt smelled food. His stomach made a rumbling noise and he only buried himself deeper into the covers.

He couldn’t say Thomas’ den was a bad place. Or an ugly one – not at all. It was comfortable and warm and definitely pleasant for the pack (Newt smelled them around, sometimes even heard them, but nobody visited him or bothered him anyhow and he was grateful for it). If Newt wasn’t so agitated for being here, he would probably feel nice too, except of the bed smelling like Thomas, and the whole place screaming his name at him.

“I’m not sulking,” Newt responded unhappily and when Thomas took few steps forward, he growled at him. The alpha stopped with a sigh and then glanced at the tray with food he brought.

“Oh well, taking this back then,” he announced and turned around, just to be stopped by another growl – this time coming from Newt’s stomach – and barked out a laugh.

“Stop laughing,” Newt sniffled, pulling the covers away so he could crawl out. The movement still hurt, but the hunger had more power over him. “Give me the food.”
“I’m not taking orders from you,” Thomas turned around, but didn’t’ approach again.

“Cool, neither I do from you,” Newt shot back and stopped at the edge of the bed.

“Glad we came to an understanding,” the alpha concluded and the food stayed out of Newt’s reach.

“Thomas, I swear-,”

“I will give you the food if you let me come close without acting like having rabies,” Thomas interrupted him firmly, and there was some kind of authority in his voice. He used it before – always when he really wanted something – and it only made Newt angrier at him. At times he even gave in as if in an instinct and self-loathed himself for it for days.

“I don’t want you to get close, I just want the food,” he uttered. “It’s not like some growling ever stopped you before anyway.”

“True,” Thomas admitted, because he would be hypocritical if he tried to play a saint in this. Their whole relationship started off on Thomas being forceful after all. With everything. “But I want you to be comfortable here. And around me. So we gotta start somewhere, don’t we.”

“You can start by giving me the food and leaving,” Newt offered in distaste and Thomas shook his head.

“The food and I are coming in a package.”

“Geez, what a fucked up deal.”

“Look… I think you already know I’m not an extra patient guy,” Thomas sighed and walked forward. When he got close to the bed, Newt retreated a little, but it didn’t really stop him. He sat on it and put the tray in front of the blond like a peace offering – or maybe a taunt. “Can we bury the hatchet already? You’re making yourself miserable. And the rest of the pack is wary of you because of it.”

“Poor puppies,” Newt snorted. “Oh, sorry, should I care?”

“No, not really,” Thomas answered calmly, although his eyes darkened. “We are not your pack after all.”

“That’s right.”

He didn’t wait for Thomas to give him a point of the discussion, instead he pulled the tray closer and started eating, because maybe it was his only chance to get something without fighting for it.

“Did you want to be killed back there?”

Newt stopped mid-chew and glanced back at Thomas with wide eyes.

“Did you want to die? That’s why you refused to leave with me?” another set of questions landed and the food turned bitter in his mouth. In retrospect maybe he did? Maybe the whole thing about him being a doomed omega with foul mouth and dependency issues could have been easily ended by them? Maybe he really hoped to escape his fate, whatever it had to be. Since he met Thomas it was like the bloody curse of serving and crawling under the command of an alpha came back to life, and he refused it, he didn’t want to end up like...

“If it means your precious soul would rest easy, yeah, you can think I crave death,” he retorted
snidely.

It wasn’t the truth. He was scared to die, but he was scared to live as well. It was like never-ending circle of self-loathing for what he was and what options he had.

“You’re not worthless, you know,” Thomas said in a surprisingly gentle voice. “Whatever you think that you deserve, death is not it. And fine, maybe it’s not me either, it’s not like you don’t have a choice. But if these are the only two options, then you really should choose me over dying in dirt alone.”

“What big words you’re usin’,” Newt grumbled and he completely lost the appetite. His throat was dry and stomach clenched. “I already told you I don’t want you as my alpha. Nor I want to be part of your precious pack.”


“I’m not a thing to be owned, you bastard,” Newt retreated as far as he could on the bed and Thomas hummed.

“I don’t consider you a thing.”

“Alphas are all the same. I don’t see how you’d be any different. Taking what you want, no consequences,” Newt snarled at him angrily. “Get out of my sight!”

And Thomas did, but the victory tasted like ash.

***

He wasn’t sure how many days had passed. He got fed, but Thomas didn’t really bother him with talking anymore. Newt expected him to say something every time he entered the room, but he only put the tray on the bed, took the empty one and left in silence.

His leg was getting better and he felt healthier, but not less lonely than before – maybe even slightly more, surrounded by smells he didn’t recognize and coldness that made him shiver to the inner core. The pack was wary of him for a reason, and he knew as long as Thomas wouldn’t settle on something else, the rest of the pups wouldn’t do that either.

He slept sporadically and not very well, and when a deeper, nicer sleep came by a chance, he always felt somewhat colder when he woke up, like something was missing.

It was middle of the night when he stirred awake, tired, but pleasantly warm. The room was bathing in darkness and only dim light from the outside street lamps was painting the window shapes on the floor.

He moved a little and realized he couldn’t, since he was pinned down by a presence snuggling to his back, keeping him in a position with an arm possessively thrown over his waist. He panicked, his inability to actually sense was gone – how could he not smell or feel the intruder?!

“Calm down, it’s just me.”

Newt stiffened when Thomas’ voice filled his ears, and then his body minutely relaxed into his hold again. Since Thomas’ smell was practically everywhere around the place, he didn’t find it as strange that he didn’t pick him up this time.
“You sleep better with me holding you,” Thomas mumbled sleepily into the back of his neck and Newt shivered.

“This is not the first time?” Newt asked quietly.

“Not at all.”

Well… it was true. When he slept well, he felt at loss in the morning, somehow, apparently missing the warm body next to his. Was this what Thomas meant by getting it when the time came?

“I can leave if you want me to,” Thomas said. “But I’d rather stay. I’m tired too and you’ve been hogging my bed for weeks.”

“You put me in your bed,” Newt opposed, but his voice didn’t sound angry. He didn’t even feel mad, more like… settled.

“Where else should have I put you?” Thomas yawned. “In the storage?”

You belong to me, Newt heard in his voice. That’s why you’re in my bed.

“Thomas,” he mumbled tiredly and tossed around a little, so he could turn to face the alpha.

“Hm?” Thomas looked a little dishevelled, with hair wild and eyes half lidded, and Newt realized he never saw him this way before. It was… domestic?

“I don’t want to be owned.”

“Nobody is owning you,” Thomas muttered. “Unless you got bought by somebody before I knew you and have some kind of creepy contract for sexual services… or something.”

“You’re disgusting.”

“You started the talk,” Thomas shrugged. “Nobody owns you. I don’t own you. And I’d never own you, because that’s illegal and fucked up.”

“Doesn’t the alpha own his pack?” Newt opposed and Thomas shook his head with a huff.

“Alpha protects his pack. But doesn’t own it, you know,” he explained tiredly. “Hell, nobody would like that. I wouldn’t like that either.”

“Why do you think I’m your mate?” Newt inquired next and almost missed how Thomas’ hand started caressing his side gently. Maybe he was so lonely that he didn’t mind anymore?

“I don’t think you’re my mate,” Thomas rumbled. “I know it. It just… feels right. The beast knows, you see.”

“Mine does not.”

“That’s cuz you’re stupid and fight it like an infant,” Thomas delivered mercilessly and Newt thought it should have probably offended him. Somehow he didn’t feel like getting mad. It was all too warm for it. “But just the fact I’m here with you and you didn’t know that until you woke up is a proof enough. You don’t perceive me as a threat, you know.”

Newt had to agree. Normally he would wake up at the tiniest noise and smell, but Thomas had been sleeping with him for days and he didn’t even know.
“Hey,” Thomas nuzzled him drowsily, “let’s talk about it tomorrow. I’m beat. You can tell me what you think after you think clearly again.”

Newt was asleep sooner than he could think of a response. Maybe he really didn’t need to be afraid anymore.
Anonymous said:
"So..." Newt took a deep breath. "I think that maybe you could be my mate?" And it's actually not so bad once he said it. (Continuation to Alpha, please? Read it in one breath and fell in love)

Continuation of Alpha.

"So..." Newt took a deep breath. "I think that maybe you could be my mate?" And it's actually not so bad once he said it.

“Huh,” Thomas stopped mid-step and glanced back at the door. “I think I’m in a wrong room?”

“Don’t rub in it,” Newt glared at him, because he definitely didn’t rehearse this conversation since he woke up to a cold bed, with Thomas gone, at which didn’t feel at all disappointed.

“You’re so tame it’s scary,” the alpha pointed out and put the tray with food on its usual place, where he lingered as if he was trying the waters. “Why maybe?”

“What do you mean why?” Newt furrowed his brows. “It’s not exactly like ordering food, you know. You can’t return a bond to the chef.”

“Well, that would be a first,” Thomas commented and seriously, why he looked like it wasn’t a big deal all of sudden? It was him who kept on pushing and now he looked like he didn’t really care?

“Ah,” Newt tilted his head to the side. “Is this the moment where you tell me you changed your mind?”

“Oh please, you can’t change your mind about a mate,” Thomas rolled his eyes and finally sat down, although the tray with food separated them. “Where did you grow up? In a cave?”

“We didn’t have an alpha, so I don’t know how bonds work,” Newt uttered dryly and started nibbling the food. He wasn’t exactly hungry, probably because his nerves worked overtime.

“Oh boy,” Thomas stared at him almost in an awe. “It’s not just the alpha who makes bonds, geez. Everybody makes a bond. Beta with beta, omega with omega. The fact alpha chooses omega or beta as a mate is not really settled by the hierarchy, you know?”

“What, no alpha for picking?” Newt nagged a little and Thomas looked at him like he grew another head.

“Well. If they wanted to tear each other during the wedding night… sure, alpha and alpha sounds like a wild ride,” he commented with a snort. “Seriously, sometimes I think you are an alpha too with so much fighting between us.”

“Flatterer.”
“I take it that you felt it yesterday?” Thomas ignored the remark and Newt raised an eyebrow. “The bond.”

“There is no bond,” he opposed. “At least not yet.”

“Yes, I mean the bond… like, the place, the possibility? Tugging?”

“Tugging?”

“It’s always tugging on my consciousness when you’re near,” Thomas shrugged like he wasn’t sure how exactly to explain it. “Like urging, if you catch my drift?”

“To?”

“Take you, mostly,” Thomas grinned and didn’t look very surprised by another of Newt’s glares. “You can’t really blame me, you’re irresistible, even when scowling. I remember like it was just a minute ago how you taste, you know. Or how you moan. Or how you tighten-,”

“I’m going to change my mind soon, if you keep it up,” Newt stopped him with a growl, but Thomas only chuckled.

“Well, apart from that it’s only a nice, non-sexual stuff, I promise,” he assured Newt with a smile. “Taking care of you and whatsoever. Assuring you’re safe and happy.”

“That sounds like a fake advertisement,” Newt pointed out. “As far as I recall you were never exactly a gentle lover.”

“It was you who tore all my jackets apart though, remember?” Thomas opposed and then let out a long sigh. “I don’t even know if we are fighting again or not.”

“We are not fighting,” Newt mumbled, the nervousness returning. “I’m just telling you my decision.”

“You said maybe,” Thomas piped.

“Can you leave it?”

“Mmmkay,” the alpha gave in and reached for the tray so he could put it on the ground, off the bed. “What do I get in return for it though?”

“A mate, I suppose,” Newt muttered quietly. It wasn’t like he hadn’t be sure about it, he really thought it through and Thomas was right with the fact his inner beast didn’t perceive Thomas as a threat – and it probably never really did. Newt did, probably, but because Thomas meant a change, something more and serious, and if something scared Newt to death, it was the feeling of an unknown.

But he wasn’t just somebody now. And Newt realized he wanted to know more about him, because Thomas felt like home now, like he cared, and even though all he said could have been a bunch of lies, Newt believed him anyways.

Maybe it was really a time for him to do so, after all these years.

“That’s a fantastic deal,” Thomas smiled at him and crawled forward, right towards the blond. “How about we seal it while it’s still hot?”

“Is sex all you think about?” Newt’s eyes narrowed, but he didn’t fight it. It had been so long since
they last made love, and as much as Newt thought he despised that before, he actually kind of craved it.

“I think sex is all you think about, since I meant the bonding, but…” Thomas made a thoughtful gesture and then grinned. “I like your way of thinking.”

Newt decided not to comment on it anymore and only pulled Thomas forward, to feel his weight against him again. His body accepted it with a relieved sigh.

“Newt?” Thomas whispered into his lips and a hot kiss they shared, and it took Newt a second before he comprehended he was talking. His hands couldn’t stop traveling around his back, pulling at the clothes, and only some kind of noise got out of his throat as a sign of acknowledgment.

“You tore my shirt again,” Thomas announced with a smirk, but who the hell cared.

“I’m sure you have another one you can use,” he responded hungrily. “C’mon.”

Thomas didn’t let him wait, and if Newt thought the sex with him was good before, the bond and Thomas’ quiet words of adoration proved him very, very wrong.
Playing a game 2

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
I know you've just done like three continuations, but would you mind doing another one with the teacher au? I thought it was adorable! For the idea, maybe a student or another teacher could catch them kissing or something?

Continuation of chapter 205.

“There is no way we are doing it in school.”

“Did anyone tell you that you act like a geezer sometimes?” Newt rolled his eyes, but Thomas’ defensive expression stayed. There was nobody around, the hallway was bloody abandoned, and yet Thomas decided to act like a maiden and refused even a simple kiss – a kiss, for fuck’s sake! It wasn’t like suddenly paparazzi would jump from behind the staircase and make photo of them for daily newspaper.

And if, who would even care, right?

“Did anyone tell you that you have no borders sometimes?” Thomas returned the jab with stern voice – his teacher’s voice, that is, Newt sometimes really hated when he did that – and pointed at the other side of the corridor. “Go. You have a lesson to attend to.”

“I’m skipping that lesson,” Newt announced stubbornly. “So I can be with you.”

“You’re not skipping that lesson,” Thomas refused and caught his shoulders so he could turn him around and push him towards the class direction. “And if I catch you lurking around, then so help me-,”

“Oh, I will help you, alright,” Newt grinned, but the grip on his shoulders returned, preventing him to turn back around. “Thomas, c’mon.”

“Don’t make me rule you out,” Thomas’ voice behind him sounded pissy and Newt sometimes wanted to smack him over his head for it. He wasn’t responsible for Newt’s grades, at least not for most of them, and this Spartan attitude was tiresome, especially when it got in the way of much more pleasurable things to do.

“Ugh. Fine,” Newt grumbled and Thomas hold finally eased off. “But give me at least one kiss before I go?”

“And how did you deserve that?” Thomas opposed, but Newt ignored him anyway and leaned in to stole at least a peck. He was happily surprised when Thomas pulled him back to give him much more thorough lesson in French kissing that almost made his toes curl if he kept it up longer.

“That’s better,” Newt smirked at him in satisfaction and for the good measure straightened Thomas’ shirt so it didn’t look like they just had a make out session. “See you at home?”

“You coming over?”
“What kind of question is that?” Newt tilted his head to the side and Thomas barked out a laugh.

“True,” he admitted. “Just that you said no yesterday, thought you have other plans.”

“Said no yesterday because mum wanted to pester me about sex education and the lack of pink in my wardrobe,” Newt shrugged and Thomas almost choked. “Would definitely stop by otherwise.”

“Point taken,” Thomas nodded and cleared his throat. “So what did she think of the lack of pink in your wardrobe?”

“She said it’s alarming,” Newt let out a sigh. He wasn’t even kidding. “Since I have a boyfriend it apparently means I need to wear lots of pink. Maybe even some glitter. I’m waiting for her to give me a tutorial how to use mascara and make a killer winged eyeliner.”

“Oh boy,” Thomas snorted and then made a vague gesture by his hand. “Fine, fine. Go now.”

“You’re such a slaver,” Newt whined, but when Thomas nudged him, he actually left for the class, although he didn’t like it one bit. He had a bad feeling his economy teacher was glaring more than normally though.

***

“Your grades dropped shit ton.”

“Wut?” Newt glanced up from unlacing his shoes and Thomas looked like an executioner – no, worse, like a mass murderer. He had that pissed off expression Newt saw just once at him (when they went through the break up crisis that time, where did the time go) and stood in between the doors like he wanted to prevent Newt from entering.

“Your grades,” Thomas repeated murderously. “Dropped like a fucking lead.”

“Oh.”

“Since we started dating,” another point and Newt wondered if it was a relevant one. He was never too big on studying, true, and with Thomas it suddenly dropped even lower in the priority chart, but it was still somehow… manageable, no?

“I guess I slacked a bit?” he tried to coax him with admitting he messed up, but Thomas’ eyes turned cold like icicles and that was bad.

“I didn’t want to do this, but,” he started and Newt let out a groan. He knew something like this would happen sooner or later, with Thomas’ saviour complex. “We apparently need to set some rules.”

“Are you kidding me?” Newt gave him an exasperated sigh and hated the fact Thomas still hadn’t moved an inch from the entrance.

“No sex-,”

“For fuck’s sake!”

“-if all you can get are Fs,” Thomas finished the threat and Newt considered borrowing a baseball bat somewhere, so he could hit him with it. “When we are at it, no sleepovers until your grades improve.”

“Thomas, are you my bloody chaperone or what’s your point?” Newt grumbled, crossing his arms
on his chest. “What’s gotten into you?”

“I talked with your economy teacher,” Thomas uttered dryly and Newt immediately recalled the glares the guy gave him for the whole lesson. It was so weird and even Minho noticed (and had the nerve to ask if Newt had fucked him and left him too, that bloody bastard), so that was saying something. “Apart from the fact he saw us kissing in the hallway today-,”

“What?”

“-and actually decided it was not his business, he had the right to inform me your grades are catastrophic and as your teacher and your partner, as he alone said, he asked me to improve that. And your attendance, which got even worse. You told me you’re not skipping classes anymore.”

“I’ve cut it down a lot!” Newt shot back and his heart was pounding like a bell. “I mean, yeah, I do skip it occasionally, but… like, really little!”

“Well, then stop skipping completely,” Thomas’ expression didn’t change a bit. “And start studying.”

“But-,”

“You can start today,” another unmerciful point and Newt wanted to cry. This simply couldn’t be happening! Fine, he did skip classes (for more than economy and judging from Thomas’ expression the guy definitely checked everything after the conversation with the bully teacher, so he knew his grades were horrible at everything), and fine, studying wasn’t his forte, but cutting off the meetings and sex was a little too much.

A little more than too much. It was bloody unfair.

“And go to sleep early,” Thomas advised him in a softer tone now and then made a shooing gesture at him. “At home.”

“You can’t mean this, Thomas,” Newt whined (his last resort, really, the whiny teenager 2.0 with upgrade), but when Thomas only shook his head, he knew there was no way how to move him. “Are we breaking up over my bloody grades?”

“We are not breaking up,” Thomas scoffed like it insulted him. “But we are not doing anything until you start improving at school.”

“So like breaking up,” Newt deadpanned. “Seriously, what kind of lousy motivation is this? You shut me out until I get A’s? That’s like… forever.”

“Nobody talked about getting all A on tests or anything,” Thomas responded in a surprising calm. “But if you want sex, it won’t be for free.”

“Are you a whore now?” Fine, that was mean, but Thomas deserved it.

“Bye Newt.”

Seriously, Newt wanted to cry and then maybe beat his economy teacher to the pulp.

Fuck my (love) life.
"You're not so naive, after all." (How about a continuation of 'Naive'? Love your stories.)

Continuation of Naive.

„You’re not so naïve after all.”

It was bit of a shock when Gally suddenly spoke up, staring at Thomas like he wanted to solve him somehow, and for a moment Thomas wasn’t sure if it was really aimed at him or if Gally decided to shower him with more nasty remarks how he often did.

“Well… thanks?” he reacted with raised eyebrows, desperately trying to get the point of it, but found nothing. Gally still watched him, but he seemed rather laidback about it, which alone had been strange. “To what do I owe the recognition?”

“Thought you’re living in a lalaland,” Gally shrugged like it was explaining everything (it did not). “But I guess you knew pretty well what you’re doing with that asking out and everything.”

Oh.

That was the first time Gally actually addressed the elephant in the room (namely him and Newt dating for a month now) and quite frankly it felt rather weird. Of course nobody could overlook it, no matter how oblivious they would be, but talking about it with Gally was definitely very low on Thomas’ lists of what-to-do.

“I guess,” he tried to sound as vague as he could. “I still think asking somebody you like out is not a rocket science though.”

“You asked Newt, it doesn’t count,” Gally opposed and Thomas rolled his eyes.

“How does it not count? I didn’t know if he liked me back,” he pointed out and it was a little bitter when he remembered Newt actually didn’t like him that way when they started dating, but until some amount of time into it. But now it was pretty much mutual (and yes, Thomas had doubts, but Newt worked really hard on removing them and his success rate reached 100 % pretty fast) and that was what mattered.

“Yeah, sure,” Gally snorted and Thomas had to bite down the groan that was fighting its way up his throat. So now he was a liar as well? At least not naïve anymore, huh.

Can’t have everything.

“I think you should say it, even if you get a no,” Thomas pointed out and wasn’t even surprised when Gally’s face frowned immediately. “At least you can move on after, if it would be no.”

“Do I have to pay you per hour for the session?” Gally uttered dryly and Thomas let out a long sigh. There was definitely no point in talking to this guy, like ever.
“Forget it,” he waved his hand and actually thanked all gods above that his phone decided to ring right the same moment Gally took a breath for a retort. When the display showed Newt’s name, Thomas considered it even better.

“Hi babe,” he picked it up with a smirk and the nickname shut Gally up as well as he thought he would. He even made a face at it. “Where are you?”

“Just getting out of the clinic,” Newt responded with a low chuckle. He didn’t mind being called *babe* or any other nickname Thomas sometimes liked to bestow on him, since he usually shot something equally horrible back (like *studmuffin*). “Should be back in twenty. Missing me already?”

“Missing you already,” Thomas agreed and that finally made Gally abandon the seat with disgusted look on his face. Thomas couldn’t hold back the laugh.

*Ha, serves you right.*

“What?” Newt made a curious noise at it and Thomas could hear the cars honking in the distance from his side of the line.

“It’s just… Gally,” Thomas grinned happily. “He’s such a big baby.”

“Oh yeah,” he could imagine Newt nodding. “We should get him big diapers and a pacifier for Halloween. You know, the best costume *ever.*”

“Agreed,” Thomas chuckled. “You’re a genius.”

“As if there was any doubt,” Newt piped back. “Okay, the bus is here, see ya at school, lovebird!”

“But hey! Who cared. He was in love.
A day in the life

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked a question
Idea! So Newt is a famous actor/model and Thomas is a super camera shy nerd, so nobody knows they're together. But then Newt gets assigned to do a "day in the life" video and is pretty much forced to reveal Thomas in it since they have a date planned! (Bonus if they forget the camera's on and there's sexytimes :D)

I made Newt a model here, just didn't mention it in the text ^^

“We should cancel it.”

“We are not going to cancel it.”

“But we should.”

“Thomas,” Newt let out a sigh and gripped the brunet by his shoulders to still him. He had been pacing around the room for ten minutes already and Newt was seriously afraid the floor would bear permanent consequences of it soon. “It’s no biggie.”

“But nobody knows,” Thomas retorted back and Newt was pretty sure he was close to mental breakdown. “Not even my parents, for fuck’s sake. And you wanna go out with a bang?”

“Oh yeah, with a bang,” Newt grinned at him, which definitely didn’t look like it helped. Thomas only grouched more. “It’s going to be fine.”

“I feel sick.”

“No, you do not,” the blond smacked him over his head. “Get a grip. Wear something nice. Have a coffee. Ignore the camera.”

“I’m much better behind the camera,” Thomas opposed and sounded pitifully desperate. “Why can’t I do the day in the life video?”

“You’re kinda doing it?” Newt shrugged and Thomas only shook his head vehemently. “Just acting in it instead of filming.”

“You don’t see the possible consequences?” This time Thomas actually whined. “I mean, your career can actually suffer and all-,”

“Don’t care.”

“You should care!”

“Well, I do not.”

It actually made Thomas shut up, finally, and even though Newt understood the reluctance, he alone felt like it was actually time for them to come out anyway. They had been together for year
and half now, the relationship was smooth and loving and Thomas was such a shy nerd Newt found it super endearing. But nobody really knew about them – sure, some close friends did and random colleagues that walked on them at times, but surprisingly nobody outside of their little world was aware. They didn’t really try to hide it, but neither of them actually flaunted it around either.

The day in the life was a perfect opportunity to show it, no matter how Thomas had been struggling with the concept, and as much as it was going to lay them bare for the audience to see, Newt was actually looking forward to it. Especially because they had a date scheduled.

***

It was almost like a normal day. At least for Newt, that is. Minho (their cameraman for today) came to them pretty early in the morning (shouting wake up, lovebiiiiirds!), capturing them with coffee in hands and homey clothes, and it was a little funny, because Thomas was still so sleepy he barely comprehended he was being filmed while eating toast and watching news on TV.

Newt had been instructed on commenting the various parts of his schedule, and he couldn’t say it wasn’t fun – especially the little nuances of him actually living together with the guy that made Minho smirk every time he mentioned Thomas in something. He was one of the few that knew about the relationship which kind of made the filming easier, especially when he alone made a snarky remark about habits the two of them had.

“Wait, you eat all this and still look like an advertisement for Twiggy?” Minho commented on Newt’s breakfast while camera was rolling and Thomas almost choked on his food, probably finally realizing they were already in the act.

“You have a problem with my metabolism?” Newt shot back playfully and saw by corner of his eye how Thomas buried his face in his hands.

“Eh,” Minho shrugged and focused the camera at Thomas. “What about you, dude? Have a problem with his metabolism?”

“You mean the fact he doesn’t pack a pound by eating like a horse and I get five kilos up by looking at a cake?” Thomas responded with a sigh and Newt was pretty sure the day was going to be a huge success.

***

“Will leave it here, and cut out the boring parts once it stops rolling, yeah?”

“Sounds good to me,” Newt shrugged when Minho put the camera in the corner and stretched. He had been carrying the stupid thing the whole day, Newt was pretty sure his shoulder got to hate him.

“Had been a good day tho,” Minho grinned at him. “He took it bravely.”

“He tries,” Newt nodded, glancing at the same direction as Minho - meaning at the brunet who was on his phone right now, walking in circles around the living room. “Thanks for hanging out with us.”

“No problem,” Minho shrugged. “Was fun. You wouldn’t believe how many day in the life filmings are boring as fuck.”

“I take it as a compliment,” Newt chuckled.
“It sure is,” Minho assured him and waved him off. “Laterz, man. Tell bye to Thomas for me, yeah?”

“Sure thing.”

Thomas noticed Minho left about ten minutes later and Newt found it kind of funny.

***

“You’re allowed to make hickeys.”

“I am allowed? Now that’s rare.” Newt could basically feel the smile on the skin of his neck, and the light scrape of teeth after made him shudder.

“I’m having a vacation,” he elaborated while pulling at Thomas’ belt. “Which means you can mark me however you want.”

“Tempting,” Thomas chuckled and his mouth moved towards Newt’s ear, nibbling at it gently. “Is this a little thank you for today’s show?”

“That’s a big thank you for today’s show,” Newt tilted his head to the side to give him more space to work with and finally managed to get the belt off, slinking it out of the loops and tossing it aside. “You did so good.”

“Mhm.”

Another nibble, then Thomas tilted Newt’s head back and brushed their lips together. It was a thing with this guy – the shyness ruled his life in all kind of situations, but definitely not in bed and Newt always found the change in him sexy.

Hell, he found him sexy in every aspect, it was so difficult not to. He actually felt a little jealous that people were going to see this side of him from the whole day and Newt couldn’t keep it to himself any longer.

But oh well. There are still charms of Thomas only he knew about. Like this one, for example.

***


Newt – 13:42 – What do you mean?

Newt – 13:43 – OH SHIT. I’m sorry!!!

Minho – 13:45 – I’m dying of laugher rn, lolololololol. What a blackmail material!

Newt – 13:46 – PLEASE DELETE IT!

Minho – 13:47 – NEVAH.

“What’s going on?” Thomas peeked from the kitchen and Newt tried his best to look like nothing happened, even though he almost leaked their goddamn sex tape into the world.

“Bit my tongue,” he lied with a whine and sent a begging text for deletion to Minho while Thomas
snorted and disappeared back into the kitchen.

Minho – 13:50 – I will think about it :)

Newt buried his face into the cushion and screamed.
Anonymous said:
"Where have you been all this time?" Newt dramatically said. Thomas grinned cheekily at him "Just waiting for you to come in my life." The blonde just rolled his eyes. "Cheesy."

“Where have you been all this time?” Newt dramatically said.

Thomas grinned cheekily at him. “Just waiting for you to come in my life.”

The blond rolled his eyes. “Cheesy.”

“But that’s how you like it,” Thomas countered easily and made grabby hands, like he usually did when they got into a stupid play like this, just to rile others up. Newt thought they were already too old for it, but despite that he always went willingly and sat on Thomas lap without a single word against it, only drawing an exasperated groan from Minho next to them.

“Get married already,” he grumbled unhappily, glaring at them with bloodshot eyes and a hangover. “This is killing the rest of my barely functioning brain cells.”

“I doubt you have any left,” Newt pointed out while finding the most comfortable position on Thomas’ lap, circling his arm around broad shoulders to find some leverage. Thomas had a dark blue suit, really nice to touch and perfectly fitting, and Newt always thought he wore it exactly because Newt liked the fabric of it. But then again they never really talked about it, so maybe it was just Newt’s imagination.

“Yeah, you drunkard,” Thomas added to it while holding Newt around his waist like a possessive bear. “When you were like completely sober for the last time?”

“I don’t remember,” Minho uttered dryly and sipped water from a bottle, just to make a face, probably because his head hurt like bitch. “How sad is that?”

“Very sad,” Newt nodded with agreement. “You really need new friends, mate.”

“Yeah, maybe I should start with you two,” the black-haired man scoffed and Thomas let out a chuckle while tightening his hold on Newt’s frame.

“That’s fine, Newt is all I need anyway,” he commented like it was no big deal and Newt sent Minho a faked significant look, which made the man groan once more, stand up and plough through the office just to get away from them.

“You know, one day he is going to report us for harassment,” Newt said with a grin and tried to stand back up, but Thomas’ hold didn’t let him. “Leggo, octopus.”

“Eh, just a lil more,” Thomas protested and hugged him tightly. “I slept so badly today. Feels like I can’t even get warm enough and outside is so damn cold.”
“Well, we have functional heating in the building, as far as I know,” Newt snorted, but stayed put anyway. It wasn’t like it was weird for them to be so close; they were doing this since they were kids. It would actually be weird other way around – and they had those periods, especially when arguing. It wasn’t often, not with them, but it happened during the years. Newt always minded it terribly.

“Body heat is better,” Thomas opposed. He really looked like he pulled an all-nighter and Newt felt sorry for him – lately these occurrences multiplied, and despite Thomas telling him it was no big deal, Newt naturally worried about him. It all seemed like it started recently too, but if there was a serious trouble, Thomas would tell him, right?

“You’d tell me if there was something wrong, yeah?” he voiced out softly and Thomas hummed into his shoulder. “I’ll support you through anything, okay?”

“Okay,” Thomas mumbled back. “I know you would. Thank you.”

Newt thought about asking a bit more, but when Thomas’ breathing evened, he held his mouth shut. He would tell him. Right?

***

“What’s up with that?”

“With what?” Thomas peeked from his table at Newt pointing at the box sitting on his desk like a timed bomb. It had no writing on it, it was a simple, white box, just resting in the midst of papers and files. “And you’re late by the way.”

“Just ten minutes late,” Newt retorted with a sigh. “The traffic is crazy today.”

“Told you to live with me, you’d be at work in five,” his friend grinned at him and Newt decided not to answer. They were over the topic about millionth times already, living together because yolo, and Newt always refused. Sure, Thomas’ flat was close, convenient and spacy. But it was Thomas who lived there, Thomas who owned it and Thomas, whose eating and co-habituating habits made him to lose his girlfriends in a record time. Not that Newt didn’t know how difficult was to live with the guy, or that he never had to put up with him in this manner – he was sure he would be able to live through it if he really had to, but he simply didn’t want to put it into a habit. He spent night from time to time, especially when they were out drinking or eating or simply wanted to watch a movie or something. But living there permanently would make him a naggy wife and neither him or Thomas needed that.

“So stubborn,” Thomas pouted at Newt’s silent treatment and only earned an eye roll. “You don’t know what you’re missing.”

“I know what I’m missing,” Newt finally responded and threw his coat over the chair. “Mess, dirty dishes everywhere and your clothes on the floor. No thanks.”

“That’s cuz nobody else is living with me,” Thomas opposed immediately. “I wouldn’t do that if I knew you’d be there.”

“Still a no,” the blond refused with a glare. “Drop it.”

“You don’t love me anymore,” Thomas whined and Newt refused to look at Minho, even though there were coming sounds from him that reminded him of a wounded animal dying in the
wilderness.

“I don’t remember the last time you at least gave me flowers, you can’t blame me,” he shot back and the sounds intensified. Thomas laughed while saying noted and Newt finally focused back at the box, suspiciously resting there without anybody commenting on it. He hesitated for a second, tracing the edges with his fingers, and then slowly opened it – expecting about everything to jump out of it, really. But nothing actually moved, thankfully, and he revealed a neatly set up doughnuts in three lines, all of them different colours and toppings, looking positively delicious.

“Aww man,” he cooed, shooting Thomas a grateful look. “You do care.”

Minho left the office with a howl.

***

It was relatively early and Newt waited patiently for his cup of coffee in a line that usually happened in the morning with everybody needing caffeine to wake up. Other than that the day seemed pretty busy, since Newt didn’t find Thomas in the office like he normally did, and Minho said he was running around the building for signatures, so he let it slide.

There was a bouquet of roses on his table when he got to work, sitting there like it belonged and Newt couldn’t help the giggling from now and then, since he knew exactly from whom it was. So when the line barely moved and Thomas suddenly appeared rushing towards the office, he flashed him a happy smile.

“Morning, love of my life,” Thomas shot at him happily and Newt was pretty sure he would smack him over his butt if there wasn’t several other people standing behind him. They all snickered by the nickname and Newt chuckled as well.

“Morning husband,” he greeted him back and the line finally moved. Newt decided to bring a cup to Thomas as well, just because the guy was impossible and Newt couldn’t say he sometimes didn’t feel like marrying him would be pretty awesome.

***

“Wait, you’re not serious, are you?”

Newt raised an eyebrow while eating the last piece of sushi and had to admit Minho looked a little ridiculous, shocked like that.

“I am, why?” he asked in confusion. “What’s so weird about it?”

“He bought you flowers?” his colleague pointed out, completely dumbfounded. “And food? And you sit on his lap every day? You call each other love and husband? You even have him as babe in your contacts!”

“So?” Newt tilted his head to the side. “It’s fun.”

“You seriously can’t feed me with this pretentious bullshit,” Minho refused the claim profusely. “You gotta be dating. Or at last fucking.”

“Nay.”

“I don’t believe you.”
Newt put down the chopsticks and stared at Minho harder, hoping a little to convey the message. When his colleague didn’t change his expression, he let out a long, suffering sigh and braced himself for another inevitable conversation about familiarity.

“Look, we know each other for years,” he started as he always did. Minho wasn’t the first and probably not even the last who asked about their relationship anyway. “Since we were kids. We grew up with each other. He’s like my family.”

“Well, you act like newlyweds, so sorry for not finding this answer satisfying,” Minho uttered dryly. “He got you flowers, for fuck’s sake. That’s not a family thing.”

“You’re overthinking this.”

“No, I’m not overthinking this,” Minho refused with a groan. “Newt, Jesus, you gotta be blind for not seeing it.”

“You do realize we do half of these things solely because of your reactions, right?” Newt rubbed his temples tiredly. Thomas had been super busy today, since morning, and stopped by the office just three times in total, which was pretty much annoying. Newt was seriously missing him already - it was like the day decided to have more hours all of sudden.

“So what’s the other half then?” Minho didn’t back down an inch. “Like him proposing for you to live with him? Or calling you love of his life?”


“Oh please, tell me you’re joking,” Minho buried his face into his hands. “There is a limit to how oblivious a person can be.”

“Again, you’re exaggerating,” the blond shook his head. “If you really need a proof, Thomas broke up with a girl two months ago. Pretty sure he’s going to be dating soon again. Your point is invalid.”

“I will just wait for my moment of I told you so, once it comes,” Minho huffed and returned back to his work, which closed the conversation solid. Newt stared at the back of his head for several long seconds, but when Minho didn’t turn back for a punchline, he let it be.

Him and Thomas dating? The world would come to end sooner.

***

Thomas – 17:14 – S’up, babe. Come over tonight? Feels like I haven’t seen you at all today :(

Newt chuckled and automatically started with sure, hon before the bouquet of roses Thomas got him today caught his eye.

It was true Thomas stepped up his game, but it was all fun, yeah? And fine, Newt wouldn’t deny he was fond of the guy, maybe sometimes even a bit too much (and yes, he did imagine few times how would probably feel to touch him differently, or maybe even kiss him, but that was simple curiosity and he was 17 that time, sue him). But it surely didn’t mean that only because they enjoyed putting up a show they had to date. Or fuck. Or both.

Right?

Newt – 17:17 – Sure, hon. Missed you too :(
Maybe I’ll burn in hell for this, but who cares.
Husbands

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked a question
au where thomas has an accident and looses his memory, only to wake up and find out he has a husband so they just kinda fall in love all over again!! :D

I mean... this is so cliché but still one of my favourite tropes, aaah. It probably meant to be lighthearted and sweet, sorry for making it so angsty. But there should be second part at least, I've wanted to put all into one, but it reached 10 pages, so I rather divided it xD

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Big, life-changing events were never Thomas’ forte. He usually thought twice before proceeding to do something new, or doing something that could change his ingrained routine, because it took him forever to get used to something different.

It involved about everything – he never liked his major on college but still stayed because changing it suddenly and getting used to something else sounded like an immense pain. He always loved food from a restaurant near his home, but then they changed cooks and the food didn’t taste as good, but he still ordered from them because changing his habits seemed worse than getting used to different quality.

Nothing compared to what he was going through now though. It all started with him waking up in a sterile, white room that smelled like disinfection and death and he felt like he couldn’t lift a finger and everything hurt. After several moments of panic and an arrival of a doctor he found out he had been in an accident and they put him in a sleep induced coma to lessen a severe head trauma. Sure, the doctor kept on spilling facts at him in a speed of light but Thomas barely comprehended the most important thing – he got hurt and he had no idea how or when, it was all a big, black spot of nothingness.

“A momentary case of memory loss is possible,” the doctor told him politely, almost like he was pitying him. “We believe it’s not permanent though. The head trauma had been severe, you’re lucky you survived with only this as consequence.”

Of course, fear of not remembering things that could have been important had been scary – really, really terrifying, actually. But when his family arrived an hour later with big, teary eyes and relief dripping form their faces, the burden lessened.

He remembered his family. He remembered he had a sister (Teresa), he remembered he had a brother (Aris), he could tell the pristine blond lady was his mother (Ava). He could tell his date of birth and the city he grew up in, childhood memories and his favourite food, and maybe there was just a little gap between this and the accident, so that wasn’t that bad, was it?

“I’ve called Newt, he should be on his way already,” his mother told him softly, her hand raking through his hair, carefully avoiding the wounded area. “How do you feel, honey?”
“Fine, giving the circumstances,” he assured her and the unfamiliar name she said kept on ringing in his head. “Think it could have been worse.”

“Yeah, like you could lose your head completely,” Aris grinned and whined when Teresa stomped on his foot with furious expression. But it was fine. Thomas knew Aris was always as sensitive as a stump left alone in the middle of glade, so even that it was pretty much an idiotic note, Thomas was glad he remembered not to take it personally.

“The doctor said they’ll release you in a week,” his sister started talking now. She was as pretty as ever, although her blue eyes seemed rather red and tired, probably from crying. Thomas felt bad about it.

“That’s cool,” he voiced out and kept for himself he would rather leave immediately. The smell of hospitals made him uneasy.

“I’ll leave it up to you, of course, but…” his mother spoke up again, “I’d be happier if you stayed at our house, rather than home. I mean, I know Newt is pretty much capable of taking care of you, but I’d still like to have you close for a while.”

That name again. Is this how memory loss felt like? A complete void of knowledge without a single sense of familiarity? He didn’t like it.

“I’m sure you can talk him into it,” Ava added. “You can both stay there, I’m sure it’s manageable even with his job.”

“Um,” he cleared his throat nervously. “I mean, sure, uh. But… who exactly is Newt?”

The silence that fell was deafening and suffocating at the same time. He could tell it wasn’t a random person, judging from the faces of his family slowly going pale. Teresa even covered her mouth like words of disbelief could have spilled out and Aris mouthed oh shit with eyes wider than saucers.

“That would be me,” the silence shattered under a male voice and in few seconds Thomas could see a thin, blond man walking into his view. He wore a nice, dark blue suit, his hair was blond and ruffled, and other than he looked rather out of breath like he had been running, it made Thomas feel nothing.

“Oh,” he piped. He couldn’t tell anything about this man. Or boy? He looked young and kind of feminine, with big brown eyes and blond messy hair. Maybe he had been around his age? Classmate, possibly. Or a new friend he made before the accident? They must have been acquainted, since his mother spoke about him in a familiar manner.

“The doctor said the memory loss shouldn’t be permanent,” Ava spoke into the awkward silence and it made Newt finally look away from Thomas and give the brunet some breathing space. “So far he remembers about everything except…”

“Oh, I’m off college?” Thomas repeated, dumbfounded. Was his memory blocking three years of his life? Wait, did that mean… “Three years?”
“Yes,” Ava’s voice sounded soothing. Thomas felt like he needed a paper bag soon and he wasn’t sure if for calming down or throwing up into it.

“What… else?” he dug out forcefully and his body shivered.

“Well, you and this guy are mar-,”

“Living in the same apartment,” Newt interrupted Aris’ speech sternly. “For two years. You work in a small company. You never complained so I assume you were happy there.”

“We are flatmates?” Thomas asked breathlessly and heard the rest of his family shuffle around.

“Basically,” Newt responded. There was weird coldness in his voice and Thomas couldn’t imagine living with somebody who talked like nothing really bothered him. He liked lively people. People who laughed and cried and lived. Newt reminded him of a robot, unemotional and unattached. Was it a money issue? Were they splitting rent? How did they even meet and decide it was good to live together?

How his family could talk so fondly of him? Even his expression was closed off and hard.

“But it would be better for you to stay in your family house. For faster recovery,” the blond man said and that weirdly stung, like he couldn’t kick him out of the flat fast enough. Were they on bad terms? Maybe they argued before the accident. Maybe they didn’t really get along well before either.

“Sounds good to me,” Thomas responded with a weird, irked feeling, and Newt nodded, said goodbye towards Thomas’ family and left the room as if he was in a hurry. Once the door closed behind him, Thomas’ body started to relax again and he wasn’t even aware he got so damn tense.

“Well, shit,” Aris commented and Thomas hoped he wouldn’t need to see Newt anytime soon.

***

“What’s up with that guy?”

“Huh?” Teresa raised her head from peeling an apple for him and Thomas wasn’t really sure why he brought it up again either. “You mean Newt?”

“Yeah,” he grumbled unhappily. Over the course of five days that passed Newt stopped by once, with a bag full of Thomas’ clothes and important things. He didn’t really say much, beside the contents of the bag, an inquiry about Thomas’ state and a goodbye, all in a stiff, unpleasant manner. Thomas didn’t know why he even bothered if doing it pissed him off so much.

“Um,” she seemed to ponder, then got back to peeling. “I think he’s just a little shook. About this.”

“What?”

“About this?”

“The accident you had,” she replied quietly. “I think it really scared him.”

“Yeah, he looks really shaken to me,” he uttered sarcastically and Teresa sent him a disagreeing look. “What.”

“He cares, you know,” she pointed out and fine, maybe she knew it better than Thomas at this concrete moment, but it still didn’t explain Newt acted like somebody planted a stick in his ass. “It’s not easy.”
“It looks easy to me.”

“Cuz you don’t remember,” she offered and handed him the slices. “But he does.”

“And?”

“And it’s painful,” she mumbled. “For him to… be here. With you not remembering a single thing.”

Well, he certainly didn’t look like it.

“Eat up. They’ll release you tomorrow.”

Thomas couldn’t wait.

***

His family’s house had been almost in the same state as he remembered it, maybe with more photos and some new furniture. His room stayed the same though, and despite not living here for some time apparently, he still felt like he didn’t leave at all.

It was a strange thing to skip three years – the last thing he knew had been school and responsibilities connected to it, and suddenly he had been working and living with a guy somewhere else, and geez, why a guy? Why didn’t he find a girlfriend and lived with her?

No matter who he asked about Newt at home, they all were annoyingly vague and that bothered him. He felt somehow deceived but couldn’t point a finger on why.

In retrospect, it probably should have dawned on him sooner, the evidence was all there, in the way his family talked to Newt, in the empty spaces between frames with pictures where apparently some were missing, in his own room that despite being as he remembered it all was untouched and distant.

It still took a clerk in a shop for Thomas to find out though, asking him about his husband.

His fucking husband.

“We wanted to tell you,” Ava said in defence when Thomas came back home and his hands shook. “But Newt didn’t want you to know.”

“He didn’t want me to know?!” Thomas barked out angrily. “What the hell?!”

“The doctor said not to put too much pressure on you,” Teresa added to it, and yeah, of course she would defend him, she did it from the beginning. It should have told Thomas there was something wrong long time ago. “So we thought taking it easy is the best way. Especially since you didn’t remember him at all,”

“You? Wasn’t it just him?” he stopped her sternly. “I’m fucking married to that kind of person and you thought it’s not important for me to know?”

“Well-,”

“So was it a bad marriage? We wanted to divorce? Did we fight all the time?” He needed to know. If Newt was his husband, if they were living together to the point of actually getting married, why would he act so damn cold and distant if they weren’t fighting? Maybe they fought the day the accident happened? Maybe they wanted to break up? Maybe Newt was actually glad Thomas
forgot so he could break it off more easily?

“No!” Teresa refused with surprising force. “Jesus. You were always like…”

“Sickeningly sweet,” Aris added when she was searching for the right word. “Like seriously, a commercial for gay couples™.”

“There was nothing wrong,” Ava assured him softly. “Newt broke down after the accident. He visited you every day. Now… just imagine, if you were in love and the person you promised to spend your life with didn’t remember even meeting you, how would you feel about it?”

“I’d try to make them remember,” Thomas uttered, but it still stung. Yes, fine, he had no idea when or how he met Newt, or why the hell he decided to fall in love with his cold attitude, but ditching him altogether while playing it with _roommates_ card was fucking low.

“He was just scared of telling you,” Teresa spoke up quietly when Aris left them to it and Ava seemed like she didn’t know what to say anymore.

“Scared?” he repeated with a frown and she nodded.

“Since you don’t remember,” she continued in the same manner. “He was scared you’d lash out, because you would never even date a guy, not to mention marry him. Newt… I don’t think hearing this from you out of all people would be something he could withstand.”

“I suffer from memory loss!”

“And he suffers with you. And alone,” she didn’t back off at all. “I guess it’s hard for you to understand, the struggle. But he didn’t tell you to protect you both.”

Thomas would call it cowardice but Teresa seemed like she would hit him, so she kept it to himself.

***

Finding Newt, despite all the effort the blond husband of his put into avoiding him, was not difficult. Thomas still had his phone number in his cell, and to his own surprise the SD card on it had hundreds of pictures with them together – Thomas just didn’t look.

He didn’t doubt what Teresa or basically everybody told him. He didn’t doubt he was married, or that they seemed like a happy couple. He just couldn’t understand the reason Newt had to keep them apart like this while playing a dead bug.

His husband was remembering shit and he thought it was the best to keep him in the dark while pretending to be his roommate? How stupid was that? The only conclusion Thomas could draw from it was that they weren’t happy, so Newt welcomed, as bad as it sounded, the memory loss that occurred.

So Thomas called him and Newt picked up fairly fast, and it was a weird thing to talk to this guy with knowledge they were involved. From his visits in hospital it looked like he didn’t even want to talk, let alone be in closer vicinity.

“Tell me the address,” Thomas said as the first thing and it probably sounded harsh, but he didn’t care. He was angry and he had a reason, if Newt wanted to chicken out, he was not letting him, even if it meant signing the fucking divorce papers.
“I’m sorry?” the man on the other side of the line asked, reserved as ever, and Thomas’ blood boiled.

“The address,” he repeated sternly. “To our apartment.”

“Oh.”

“I’m coming over,” Thomas warned him just in case. “And you will stay there and talk to me. Are we clear?”

“Since when you got so bossy?” Newt responded and Thomas couldn’t tell his mood at all.

“Since I found out I’m missing a wedding ring on my finger,” he uttered dryly and could have sworn he heard Newt gasp on the other side of the line, although he expected his family already told him that Thomas found out, but apparently not. “I suppose you have it?”

“Yeah,” Newt confirmed the suspicion. “I do.”

“The address.”

“I can drive-,”

“For fuck’s sake, just tell me!” Thomas barked out and only silence greeted him back, until finally Newt spoke again.

“The apartment is not really… in the right condition for you to see. Right now.”

“Are you already packing my things so you can kick me out?” Thomas responded bitterly and somehow it hurt to even think about it. There were no memories, he had no idea how the apartment even looked like, but the weird, hurt feeling still stayed.

“What?” Newt let out in confusion. “No! Bloody hell, of course not. It’s just messy, I…”

“Stop chickening out and tell me the address,” Thomas groaned and when Newt started naming the street along with numbers, the relief washed over him like a tidal wave. There could be so many things going wrong – another person taking Thomas’ place, or Newt packing his things or changing the lock and keeping Thomas out forever – all that would, despite his memory being shit, hurt Thomas to the inner core.

All the pictures in his phone were happy. They were loving and warm and absolutely gorgeous, and when Thomas was browsing through them on his way to the apartment, his chest was becoming tighter and painful. He forgot everything. He had no idea where they took those pictures, where they laughed like this, or kissed like two dorks or just posed for a selfie with big smiles on their faces.

Only bottomless pit of blackness and emptiness was on its place, and maybe he understood why Newt had been so scared to tell him. He had to admit – if he told him at the hospital the first day they had seen each other, Thomas wouldn’t admit it too. If they were in love and married and spent so much time together, Newt must have known how Thomas acted when he was confused and scared. And that must have scared him as well, even though if it was a cowardice, Thomas started to understand.

Newt opened on the first knock. He was in long sleeved shirt and sweatpants and looked tired and
maybe a little sick too. He had circles under his eyes and somewhat empty look and Thomas felt like somebody hit him with a hammer upon seeing him like this.

“You look like shit,” he greeted him lamely and Newt barked out a weak laugh before stepping away to let Thomas in. The apartment was rather spacy and there were clothes everywhere, like Newt forgot he could use wardrobes for them.

“Careful,” the blond stopped him before they entered to the living room. “There are shards on the ground. I’ve accidently dropped a mug.”

“Accidentally,” Thomas repeated and Newt avoided his eyes before going in. There was a small pile of shards already, apparently how he tried to pick them up, but several of them kept on lying around, so he dropped down and helped him to clean it up.

“I’m still angry,” he said into the silence and noticed Newt’s shoulders stiffening. “Neither of you telling me. Not even my family or my husband. I found out from a clerk in a shop. How lame is that?”

“Sorry.”

“You should be sorry,” Thomas grumbled and grabbed the prepared brush to clean up the small pieces. “Jesus, do you even realize how fucked up it is? You shut me out.”

It was apparent Newt hesitated, since his movement halted and when he started cleaning up again, Thomas knew what was coming.

“I thought it’s for the best.”

“For the best?” he repeated and even though he knew it was on the line, it still made him mad. “My husband ignoring me is for the best?”

“Tommy…”

“No, I mean, I get it, I remember shit right now, but I will remember one day,” Thomas turned towards Newt, just to see him facing him as well, and his expression was on board of terrified. “I will remember and then I will know you left me all alone, and I bet we are in love, so how do you think that would make me feel?”


“Angry!” Thomas barked and Newt quietly nodded. He almost looked like crying now and Thomas realized it hurt him even more. He wanted answers and got none and instead of it this whole situation crushed him in an unspeakable way.

“I’m sorry,” the blond mumbled, and it was all so damn pitiful – him, this small, thin nothing, sitting in the midst of broken pieces and crumbles, looking like he went through hell – and Thomas not being able to provide anything but anger and need to push all the blame on somebody.

“Fuck,” Thomas buried his face in his hands and it was all so heavy he could barely think straight. “Just… tell my why?”

“I don’t think I can explain,” he heard Newt whispering. “I was… scared.”

“Of me rejecting you or…?” It was a genuine inquiry – and Teresa’s point of view too – but Thomas didn’t find the strength to look at the man right now.
“That… too,” came a reply. “But… you almost died. I’ve seen you all bloody and barely breathing and I thought if I could do anything that would help you to survive, I would. If I could just turn back time so you wouldn’t get in that car-,”

“Well, you cannot,” Thomas stopped him firmly. “As well as you can’t fucking blame yourself for what I’ve done, unless you made my car crash, which you did not.”

“I know, but-,”

“This is getting us nowhere,” Thomas shook his head and glanced back at the blond. He looked shaken and so small it was almost scary, like Thomas had been some kind of monster that could eat him alive. “I’m just… I mean, you acted like you couldn’t get rid of me fast enough when I met you in that hospital, so I was shocked to find out we are married.”

“I panicked when I heard you don’t even know who I am,” Newt said and Thomas could believe that. “I talked with the doctor and he said there is temporary memory loss and too much pressure would only confuse you, and I’m sure you remember very well you were straight as an arrow in college.”

“Oh. Yeah,” Thomas had to admit that. He never even looked at another guy thinking he would tap that – or marry that on that matter. “But that doesn’t mean I’d be rude to you.”

“No, of course not,” Newt agreed as well, but not very happily. “You’d just ignore me until you’d feel guilty about it, or until Teresa make you feel guilty about it. I know what I did wasn’t much better, but at least it felt safer than dealing with rejection.”

“Fair enough.”

Thomas usually did ignore problems until they either went away or bit him in the ass later. The fact Newt didn’t want to go through it… made sense.

“So,” the blond finally looked at him without Thomas thinking he would run away in fear, and it was much better. Maybe he was scared of the meeting more than Thomas had been angry about it. “Are you going to help me clean this up?”

“You do this often?” Thomas replied with a question while resuming the sweeping of the shards and Newt sighed while joining him.

“Occasionally,” he admitted. “Makes me feel better.”

“To drop mugs on the ground?”

“We have a set of mugs just for this occasion,” the blond shrugged and Thomas snorted, imagining a cupboard full of ugly mugs ready to be smashed when Newt decided to hulk out. “You do it too.”

“Smash mugs when upset?” Thomas glanced at him, just to see him standing up with another brush, then bending down.


“Sounds crazy though,” Thomas pointed out with a small laugh and it was nice to hear Newt laughing alongside him, like the tension finally dissipated.

“Tell that to the neighbours,” Newt nodded towards the wall that apparently divided them from other tenants and realized it probably must have been pretty hearable. “They always think we have
an Italian household.”

“At least it’s not boring.”

“Definitely not boring,” Newt stood up to dump the shards to the bin and then returned to Thomas to take care of his pile as well. It made Thomas notice the ring on his left hand and it brought him back to the fact he didn’t have it on him.

“Where’s the ring?” he asked, looking at Newt’s hand, and the blond stopped mid-move.

“You want it?” he looked at him almost in wonder and Thomas rolled his eyes. Was it so weird he wanted his own ring? They were still married after all.

“Duh?”

“I’m just surprised,” Newt shrugged, put down the brush and pulled out a chain from under the shirt, just to reveal a golden ring hanging on it. It was weird but Thomas could tell his heart skipped a beat for some reason – he would expect him to put the ring somewhere at home, like, where he would find it later, not to actually carry it with him around his neck, it just…

“You really love me, don’t you,” he let out stupidly and Newt looked at him with raised eyebrows like he just said something absolutely idiotic.

“Well. I wouldn’t have married you if I did not?” he opened the chain for the ring to slid off it and then let it rest on his palm for Thomas to take. “Don’t sound so shocked.”

“I’m not shocked, I just didn’t really see the extend of it until now,” Thomas opposed and reached for the ring with a deep breath. It wasn’t anything solemn, yet he felt like taking it meant something bigger than he thought. “Carrying a ring with you on a chain. Like a gi-,”

“I assure you if you finish that sentence I still have some mugs I can throw at you,” Newt stopped him with faked sweetness and Thomas shut up. “Good boy.”

Thomas could tell there was a long way ahead of him with this guy. To his own surprise he didn’t really mind it though.

Chapter End Notes

Unbetad!
Husbands 2

Chapter Summary

Anonymous said:
I just saw your update on Ao3 - the one-shot was amazing :) I loved every single one of you Newtmas story and I was wondering if you'd like to write a second part of 'Husbands'? The one in which Thomas lost his memory and Newt is a sad little bean xx ily anyways

There was more asks for it, I just can't find it, aaah x.x Anyway. This should apparently have part 3 as well, alsjf1sfjd.

“It thought Newt could come over for dinner today.”

Thomas hummed, his eyes skimming over the text on his phone, and it took him few seconds before he realized his company around the table quieted down abruptly. He raised his head in question just to see his whole family staring at him expectantly.

“Oh, what?” he blinked and Ava’s face told him there was something big hanging in the air right now.

“Newt?” she repeated with raised eyebrows and Thomas cleared his throat.

“What ‘bout him?”

The conversation they had in their flat was the last one so far and they haven’t spoken since. Thomas had several weak moments where he wanted to at least text him, but he always stopped at hey, because he had no idea what to talk about. Reminiscing about the past endeavours was out of the question when he didn’t remember even meeting the guy and he didn’t want to ask him about it because he stubbornly wanted to remember by himself. But the memories didn’t come no matter how hard he stared at the pictures in his phone, and he was ashamed he couldn’t bring anything to his own marriage at the moment.

“Today’s dinner,” Ava repeated patiently. Was a little weird for her to be this meek, but Thomas counted it towards her being careful with the whole business around Thomas’ malfunctioning brain. “I thought Newt could come over?”

“Sure?” Thomas replied simply. It was no big deal, right? He wasn’t uncomfortable around the man. At least he thought he didn’t – the convo they had back then broke some ice so having him over in the house with his whole family that could eventually distract him could do them good. It wasn’t like Thomas was nervous or anything (he thought that while trying to force down a weird feeling tickling him in pit of his stomach).

“You don’t mind?” Ava’s expression didn’t change and the rest of the family was peering at him with similar looks.

“No?” he let out and the tight anticipation in Ava’s face finally eased off.

“Alright then,” she relaxed back into her seat and Aris with Teresa started to eat their breakfast.
again, like they weren’t just staring at him for minutes like two vultures. “I thought lasagne is a good choice.”

“Yeah, whatever,” he mumbled, glancing back at his phone. Was it Newt’s favourite food or something? It was a little annoying all of them could say much more about his own husband than he could.

“Call him to come over, would you,” Teresa’s voice flew over the table to him with faked sweetness and he shot her a glare. She just smiled at him, but he damned well could see the horns peeking from under her long black hair.

“Yeah, whatever,” he repeated in a low grumble and after that they finally left him alone again.

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**Thomas [10:11]** Come over tonight. Dinner time.

**Newt [10:14]** Sheesh, don’t be so friendly, my heart can’t take it.

**Thomas [10:16]** Was perfectly friendly and I even threw in a food invitation. You have no right to say no to free food.

**Newt [10:20]** Crap, you won me over.

**Thomas [10:22]** Was there ever any doubt?

**Newt [10:25]** Hell, I dunno. Maybe like constantly.

**Thomas [10:27]** You’re so fun. Expect you at 5. Wear a tie.

**Newt [10:30]** A tie?

**Thomas [10:32]** Or a dress, I won’t judge.

**Newt [10:34]** I have my nicest at the cleaners’, sorry.

**Thomas [10:37]** A tie will do then.

Newt didn’t text back and Thomas tossed the phone on the bed with a sigh. He didn’t know how to talk to him. He had no idea what to talk to him about either. It was like a person made of glass, like approaching it without the right tactics could shatter it, and it just didn’t make any sense. The photos were clear as a day – they were a couple, they were in love, yet now a brick wall was standing between them.

He crashed next to the phone, bouncing on the mattress few times before the motion stilled, and buried his face into the pillow. It was already difficult enough to get acquainted in his job he had no recollection of either, but people were at least helpful there.

Not that Newt wasn’t helpful. Well, quite frankly not that he was either. He just… existed. There, somewhere, in their flat, alone. And Thomas left him there because he didn’t know what else to do or what his *husband* thought or wanted. When he didn’t even remember meeting him, maybe it was uncomfortable for Newt as well? They were basically strangers now.

He groaned and turned to his side, his sight immediately falling on the golden ring resting on his bedside table. Wearing it felt wrong, not wearing it felt wrong as well, so Thomas just left it there –
on sight, but not on him. When talking to Newt a week ago, it was fine and Thomas even thought
being around the blond wouldn’t pose a problem. But the next day and the day after, and basically
all week later he just didn’t know anymore. So he didn’t text him, didn’t call him and Newt kept
the silence as well.

And now the dinner. Newt seemed pissy over the texts as well. Was it because Thomas didn’t call
him again? Or maybe something at work happened. Or he just didn’t feel like going for dinner with
the whole Thomas’ family. Or with Thomas specifically.

He blindly reached for the phone and stared at their conversation as if he could deduce something
else there – a coded message or a sign. He found nothing.

Thomas [10:55] Are you mad at me?

He wasn’t sure what to expect after asking that, but he still clicked send and waited. He expected
no, of course not, because that was pretty much a standard when dealing with unpleasant topics
while being in the grey area. Thomas didn’t need the politeness, but quite frankly wasn’t sure what
exactly he required instead of it.

The phone finally beeped and Thomas stared at the answer for whole minute before the word
reached him properly.


“Kinda,” he repeated and rubbed his eyes. Another message beeped.

Newt [11:00] Kinda don’t even want to see you rn.

That stung and Thomas sat up with a frown. Okay, fine, so he played the dead bug, but he didn’t
deserve this. He didn’t do anything wrong and if Newt wanted to talk to him, he could have,
obody was stopping him from taking a phone and sending a text or call.

Thomas [11:02] Tough luck, you are invited and I will be there.


Thomas cursed and tossed the phone next to him again. What the hell was wrong with that guy?
He was like hot and cold from Katie Perry and he hated that song.

Ava was not going to be pleased.

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He didn’t see Ava the whole afternoon. Basically he didn’t really see anybody that much – Teresa
went out, Aris was in his room playing videogames and Ava nowhere to be found. He roamed the
house like a ghost, not entirely sure what to do with himself, until he nestled in the living room and
turned the TV on to some dumb cooking show.

It took about five minutes of watching the food being made, which reminded him of today’s dinner
probably happening in less festive manner, until he grabbed phone again.
Thomas [14:47] What exactly is your problem anyway?

Newt [14:48] Oh wait, let me think.

Thomas grumbled. This was literally leading them nowhere. He gave Newt five minutes and when no other text came, he dialled his number with a childish need to at least tell him he acted like a jerk for no purpose whatsoever.

Newt picked up on tenth ring, seemingly wanting Thomas to give up, and his *what* sounded like a death sentence.

“Why did you put me on your goddamn shit list?” Thomas skipped the pleasantries as well and Newt on the other side of the line scoffed. Alright, so they were already in the arguing phase, which was just great. He wondered how often they argued normally.

“Bloody hell, Thomas, do you really need me to spell it out for you?” his accent was more prominent when he was angry, Thomas noted. “I’m in no mood for that right now.”

“Well, I am,” Thomas shot back. “I invited you for dinner and you turned it into a shit show, so what’s up?”

“You invited me for dinner?” Newt snorted over the line. “Ava made you.”

“What difference does it make?” Thomas rolled his eyes and heard Newt whisper *Jesus* under his breath. “Just come for the stupid dinner!”

“Oh yes, now you definitely changed my mind,” Newt uttered and Thomas heard door being shut somewhere in the distance. Was Newt out somewhere? “For what even? So we would glare at each other over lasagne?”

“Well, if you keep this up we definitely will glare any given moment,” Thomas said sternly. “Are you mad I haven’t called you over a week? Is that it?”

Only a sigh came from the other side and Thomas pinched the bridge of his nose. He didn’t want to argue. He didn’t want to make a drama out of it, no matter how weird or uncomfortable or forced it would feel in the beginning. He didn’t text him over a week because the words just didn’t come, not because he didn’t want to see him *ever*.

“Look, I didn’t know what to tell you,” he dropped the voice lower. “I just don’t know how to talk to you cuz it feels like you expect me to be somebody who I don’t know how to become.”

“What?” Newt finally spoke and Thomas took a deep breath.

“It’s just…” he tried, but the words were stuck. “Just like. I am not him, you know.”

Silence.

“The guy you married,” he tried to elaborate clumsily. “I don’t know how I to become him so you’d be fine with it and-,”

“Don’t do that,” Newt interrupted him quietly.

“But why?”

“Because that’s not how it works,” the voice over the line sounded sad. “And because I don’t want
“Me?” Thomas croaked out.

“What?”

“You don’t want me?” anymore his conscience supplied and it hurt. Yes, he didn’t remember meeting him, he didn’t remember falling in love with him, and marrying him and cutting the cake at the reception and making love to him in the bed, but he knew he would one day, or maybe never, but cutting him off completely was just... not it. Not right. Not ever.

Newt’s voice hitched on the other side and it was painful. The silence stretched between them infinitely, only the faint noise of the cooking show was filling the background.

“I want you,” Newt finally said. “Bloody hell. I want you so much here at home with me, you have no idea. But I can’t have you and it’s just too much.”

“Who said you can’t have me?” Thomas countered immediately.

“Tommy.”

“I haven’t said that,” Thomas insisted.

“C’mon, you know it’s like-,”

“Come for the dinner,” he didn’t let Newt finish because it scared him to hear it’s not like that now or it’s not like you love me now since that bullshit was way over the line. “Please.”

Another sigh.


Thomas spent the rest of the afternoon in front of the TV, while clutching his phone close to his chest.

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When the doorbell rang, Thomas wasn’t surprised nobody went for the door, but expected him to do it. He didn’t complain when getting up from the sofa, and when approaching the door, he still felt reasonably calm and controlled, until he grabbed the handle and the entryway revealed his lost husband in a leather jacket and jeans.

“Look who’s here,” Thomas welcomed him and Newt offered a small smile while raising a hand with bottle of wine in it.

“I brought a treat,” he let Thomas take the bottle before walking after him inside of the house, automatically putting his jacket in the closet without further prompting. He moved around the place with ease and Thomas had to remind himself Newt was part of the family and not a random guy who came over for dinner, no matter how alien it looked. When he started heading towards the living room, Thomas’ hand grabbed his wrist and stillled him.

“Wait a bit,” he said quietly, pulling Newt back to the hallway, and the blond went relatively easily. He had strange expression though, something akin to fear, and Thomas hoped he would be able to get rid of it someday.

“What is it?” Newt prompted him, when Thomas kept quiet even after they stood in on the spot for
a minute in complete silence and Thomas was still holding Newt’s wrist in his hand, squeezing it gently.

“Thanks for coming,” he said finally, hesitantly looking up to Newt’s confused face. “I really appreciate it. And sorry for not calling for so long.”

“I didn’t really expect you to,” Newt commented in a low voice. He didn’t move away though. “It’s fine.”

“It’s not really fine,” Thomas insisted. The conversation they had over the phone earlier today still rang in his head, and he didn’t know if it was guiltiness that kept urging him to make amends or not. “I don’t want you to be alone.”

“Oh please-,”

“No, I mean it,” he stopped Newt from pulling away. “I want to know you better too.”

The blond shook his head with a sigh.

“Look, if this is about the phone call we had…” he vaguely gestured with his free hand, but then no other words came out of him. Thomas hummed and let go of his wrist just to slide his hand lower to brush against Newt’s fingers.

“I hate the thought of you being sad,” he mumbled unhappily, looking at Newt’s long, slim fingers he gently touched one by one. Newt didn’t move his hand away, but his breath hitched several times during it. Thomas decided he kinda liked the sound. “I just-,”

“The ring,” Newt stopped him suddenly and Thomas glanced back to his face.

“Huh?”

“You’re wearing the ring,” the blond’s eyes were glued to Thomas’ left hand and for a fraction of second Thomas thought Newt would freak out and leave. He took the ring shortly before the dinner party started and it was more of an attempt of how he would feel with it – he absolutely planned not to leave it on. But it felt good, like it belonged on his finger (which was true anyway), so he left it there because it was his anyway. Nobody from the family commented on it, if they even noticed.

“Well. Of course,” he let Newt to gently touch it, like it was the most fragile thing in the world. “It’s mine after all.”

“Yes, but-,”

“I want to leave it on, if you’re alright with it,” Thomas didn’t let him say anything and Newt took a shuddering breath before nodding.

“I’m alright with it,” he concluded quietly. It made Thomas feel a lot better about the whole day.
Ava hugged Newt for 10 seconds, Thomas was counting. She gripped him like he came back from war and held on with her eyes closed, and Thomas didn’t know what it meant. Was it how she showed the blond man her support? Was it her saying *it’s alright, if not Thomas, you still have us?* Nor her or Newt said anything either, they just hugged in the middle of the living room with Thomas feeling rather left out of the whole bonding thing that was apparently happening, and when Ava finally let Newt go, Teresa was next in line, so he gave up.

They made some small talk; Ava asked about Newt’s job and successfully tiptoed around the whole marriage thing like Thomas wasn’t even there with a ring on his finger. Teresa talked about a Winston person Thomas had no recollection of, but Newt apparently had, so the main dish of the evening got eaten while they were exchanging info Thomas never heard about, while Aris was occasionally piping in as well. It was surreal, and quite frankly also uncomfortable, especially when he had literally nothing to say that would connect all of them.

He excused himself to the kitchen after 20 minutes, telling them he was still having munchies, and hoped his escape didn’t look as desperate as he felt it was. He didn’t even turn on the lights; he just stopped at the sink, propped against it and took a deep breath.

He thought it was no biggie, having Newt here. He thought if he didn’t know what to do or what to say, his family would step in. But now it was like Newt didn’t even belong to him in any kind of sense, like it was Thomas who didn’t fit in the family and nobody knew how to talk to him, or what to say. The shuddering helplessness or not being able to remember shit of his past life and the risk of the memories never returning rendered him desperate, and when he gripped the edges of the sink tighter, the pressure turning to pain didn’t feel any much realer either.

“Tommy?”

Thomas took a sharp breath and let go of the sink as if he did something wrong and punishable. His heart rabbited in his ribcage like crazy and even more so when Newt walked towards him and didn’t even turn on the kitchen light.

“You okay?” he asked carefully. Thomas looked at him in the dim hue of street lights shining through the windows and didn’t like how Newt’s face showed genuine worry in the crease of his brows. He didn’t want to upset him. This was nothing for the blond to stress about.

“Fine,” he croaked and it probably sounded forced, because the worry on Newt’s face multiplied. “Sorry, it’s really nothing. The dinner didn’t sit right with me, is all.”

Newt’s expression didn’t change and Thomas felt the panic rising in his throat. Did the family sent him here? Or did Newt come here by his own volition? How desperate must have Thomas looked?

“I will leave if it’s because of me,” Newt finally said and Thomas barked out a hopeless laugh. Leave? Newt thought it was because Thomas didn’t *want* him here?
“It’s not because of you,” he assured the blond with a heavy sigh. Ridiculous, that’s how he felt. Running away from not being included in talking, how lame was that?

Suffocating, his mind supplied, but he didn’t know why.

“No?” Newt tilted his head to the side and Thomas wondered how hard this must have been for the guy. The family still knew him, still accepted him and liked him, obviously, so that must have helped? Thomas just couldn’t get his brain to cooperate and that definitely wasn’t Newt’s fault.

“I’m just… kinda lame,” he mumbled, making Newt look confused. Well, at least the worry was gone. “I don’t remember anything about Winston.”

Newt blinked few times, and then a chuckle came out. Okay, maybe that wasn’t the best way to tell Newt he was worried about not remembering anything still.

“It’s not like you really knew him anyway,” the blond kept the smile, and that was much, much better than any of the expressions he showed today. “He’s from Teresa’s work. We just sometimes talk about him because he’s funny and keep on hitting on her.”

“Oh.”

“It’s more of a private joke,” Newt added and his eyes looked livelier and warmer. Thomas wasn’t sure if it hadn’t been just the street lights playing tricks on him, but he still liked it.

“You have private jokes with my sister?” he let out and Newt chuckled once more.

“You can say that,” he agreed with the statement and Thomas kind of knew it meant they had private jokes about him too, because of course they would.

“Tell me something about me,” Thomas said. It was a strange need to hear something familiar, or maybe just something he could relate to, because Thomas was still Thomas, his personality couldn’t change as much, could it? Marriage and 3 years didn’t miraculously make him forget what he liked and what he didn’t – at least at some parts. He apparently added guys to the mix, so that was probably new.

“You?” Newt watched him in question and Thomas gestured towards himself with jerky movements. The panic of not relating was still there and he didn’t want to feel it anymore.

“What do you like about me?” he desperately tried to find something in this person in front of him. Of his husband, of somebody he loved, of a guy his family adored while he just watched without knowing like a passer-by.

Newt looked taken back for several seconds and Thomas had a foolish thought of him not having anything nice to say about Thomas in overall. It was probably stupid, since they were married and Newt took it so hard, but the silence that stretched between them was worrisome.

“I like your honesty,” Newt finally said. He looked serious and Thomas didn’t want this to be a chore. The best answer would be carefree, with a smile, but that disappeared again. “I like that you don’t pretend to be somebody you’re not. I know it must be hard on you-,”

“I meant what you like about me… about me that remember?” Thomas stopped him with a dull feeling in his chest. He didn’t want a pity party, nor to make Newt miserable. He just wanted to hear something relatable. Something he could hold on to and aim for it.

Newt avoided his eyes and took several long, deep breaths.
“I like how you make me laugh,” fell first sentence. “How you have those little quirks of keeping the light on in the bathroom even though you don’t go back there for another hour. Or how you refuse to make the bed because you find it abundant. Or how you don’t eat broccoli like a little kid.”

“Broccoli is nasty,” Thomas mumbled and his chest finally eased off a little, let him breathe. He knew those things. He did them because he was still him, still the same person. And Newt was aware of those things because they shared them, because he saw him doing them all, because Thomas belonged to him.

He took a deep breath and almost didn’t notice his body moving until he was flush against Newt and his forehead dropped on the blond’s shoulder, as if in the search of safety. He could feel Newt going rigid under the contact, but it lasted only few seconds before he felt the shoulders relax again.

“Thank you,” he whispered to Newt’s sweater tenderly. He felt tears stinging in his eyes but he wasn’t sad. The proximity was cocooning him in a sweet, warm prison of self-satisfaction and obvious need for the touch, and he thought yeah, this is it. He didn’t remember a thing, but his body apparently did.

A touch on the back of his head was gentle and it was so easy to slip his arms around the lithe body before him and hug him, he almost thought it was just his imagination. Newt hugged him back and they were so close he could feel the wild beating of Newt’s heart against his own chest, echoing with his own.

“I feel like kissing you now,” he said. The thought of a simple kiss dawned on him like the most natural thing in the world, but in almost overwhelming fashion he alone shocked himself by saying it. He heard Newt snort and pull away, much to Thomas’ dismay, until they were staring into each other’s eyes in the dim kitchen, holding each other by their elbows.

“Good to see your pick up lines are still same as ever.” Newt’s smile was genuine and when he casually adjusted collar on Thomas’ shirt, like he probably did many times before, it felt almost too domestic. Thomas still sensed the warmth of Newt’s body against his and stubbornly refused to step away completely.

“You mean great?” he tried and Newt laughed softly.

“Yeah, of course,” he nodded. “Great.”

“And do they still work?” Thomas inquired quietly, his hands holding Newt’s forearms trembled slightly. He didn’t know why the urge was there, but it was real and apart from making him rather needy, it also triggered an immense nervousness coursing through his body. Newt could easily say no. He could tell him to stuff it, because Thomas still didn’t remember marrying him, or meeting him, and now he was asking for a kiss in a dark kitchen, in his family house with his whole family being next room. But he wanted it with strong urgency and Newt saying no was a nightmare, but at the same time also the worst that could happen and the world wouldn’t end.

He watched the blond’s eyes widen a fraction, and then they skimmed towards Thomas’ lips and back up, unsure.

He wants it too, Thomas saw it. There was no doubt and he didn’t need to know Newt for years to be able to tell – how he fidgeted, how he gulped down heavily, how his eyes darkened. The signs were there, clear as a day, and Thomas decided to be bolder and slid his hand from the forearm to Newt’s hips, pulling him forward for a fraction. No resistance, no stopping him.
“Newt,” he tried his name on his tongue, and it danced like electricity.

“Yeah,” the blond piped into the darkness.

“Yeah?”

“They still work,” came an assurance, barely hearable, but there, and Thomas thought he was having a heart-attack for how crazy his heartbeat had gotten. He leaned forward tentatively, noting how Newt’s eyes followed his movement until their lips almost touched. Thomas stopped there, nervous, but when he opened his mouth to ask if it was really okay, Newt closed the distance and kissed him instead.

His lips were warm and soft, sliding along Thomas’ slowly, almost too carefully. It was different from other kisses he had, somehow, or the other kisses he remembered at least, because this meant something more and he couldn’t point his finger on it, apart from the obvious that Newt was still his husband. They parted for a fraction of second, both breathing heavily, until Newt let out a tortured fuck this under his breath and dived in again, this time a little surer, and Thomas reciprocated in the same manner. In mere seconds Thomas felt a nibble on his lower lip, teasing him, and opened his mouth in response. Newt immediately seized the opportunity and pressed into Thomas more, the kiss deepening and Thomas made a curious noise in the back of his throat when Newt pushed him against the kitchen counter, his hands sliding up Thomas’ neck and into his hair, sending shivers down his spine.

This was no chaste kiss. Newt was completely, seriously kissing him like a lover would, with tongue and teeth and hands touching everywhere, and Thomas’ head was spinning at the disarming want he alone felt towards the blond. When they parted for air again, Thomas’ first instinct was to suck on the pulsing point on Newt’s neck and the moan that followed completely disarmed the rest of his defences.

“You like it there,” occurred to him immediately, feeling Newt shudder in his arms.

“I definitely like it there,” Newt sounded winded, but was more, so much more to him right now, like he was on the verge of something huge.

“No, I mean-,” His words were cut off by the sharp light filling the kitchen unmercifully, and several gasps completely destroyed the moment like shattering glass. The first thought that passed his skull was: hey, I’m fucking married, what’s your problem?! But then Ava’s face told him he could be married for hundred of years and still will be forbidden to make out in her kitchen.

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“I can’t believe you two.”

Thomas rubbed his eyes, but no words of defence really came to him, so he just stood there with Newt, being scolded like two kids caught playing doctor.

“I’m sure I made it perfectly clear about this,” she continued sternly and Teresa did very bad job at hiding her snickering behind her hand. He was only glad Aris didn’t join the crusade, because he really didn’t need his smartass remarks about making out with his husband in the kitchen.

“For my defence, I don’t remember you saying it,” Thomas offered and Newt made a what face at him, which only forced Thomas to add: “So it’s Newt’s fault.”

“Excuse me,” the blond stared at him with arms crossed on his chest. “I don’t know who said he wanted to kiss me?”
“I don’t know either,” Thomas shrugged. “I mean the memory loss is so steep and all…”

“You’re so dead.”

“Well, it was close,” he shot back and it was kinda funny, because Newt probably decided to strangle him, so it was a great time to start running.

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“What, are you already leaving?”

“I’m going to reflect on soiling the kitchen, at home,” Newt smiled sheepishly while putting on his jacket. The hallway was fully lit and Thomas wanted to stop him somehow, but his head was a mess and no relevant words came. The clock showed few minutes past nine and yet it wasn’t enough.

“About that…” the blond zipped the jacket all the way up to his neck and cleared his throat.

“Sorry. I just…”

“Was fine,” Thomas supplied, although probably not very helpfully, since the guilty expression on Newt’s face stayed. “I mean it was me who asked you anyway.”

“Oh, now it was you, huh.” Newt’s face brightened at it and it made Thomas chuckle.

“You know it was just fun, yeah?” he picked at Newt’s collar absentmindedly and the blond mutely nodded while catching his hand and brushing a thumb against the ring still comfortably sitting on Thomas’ ring finger.

“Thanks,” he said then, quietly. “For today. I needed the recharge.”

“It doesn’t need to end, yet,” Thomas reminded him because he could and because his chest was tight he could barely bear it. Newt was still holding his hand and it was pulling all the strings Thomas had. “You don’t need to go.”

“I should,” Newt smiled tightly. “I really, really should.”

Thomas wanted to say why not, the reason was stuck in his throat like a heavy lump, but Newt only squeezed his hand tighter and left the house with a soft click of the door.
Thomas would have expected it if he wasn’t so with his head in the clouds. But his rational part knew his family was going to be perched in the living room like vultures expecting a prey, so when he entered from seeing Newt out, their expectant looks didn’t really come as a surprise.

“What?” he stopped in between the door and Ava raised a glass with white wine towards him and smiled. “Nothing happened.”

“It better not,” she flashed him faked glare. “I believe today’s kitchen fiasco taught you well.”

“I wouldn’t really call it a fiasco,” he mumbled and finally forced his body to move from the entrance. He was already missing Newt in a weird, expectant way, and he wasn’t sure if it was the physical aspect his body craved, apparently, or if only his presence would help. His head was hazy now anyway and he didn’t know what to think about it – except that he liked Newt touching him and he wouldn’t mind to continue.

It probably didn’t make him an admirable person though.

Teresa looked like she wanted to ask him something as well, but he just took his phone from the couch and retreated to his room without giving them a reason, except of a vague wave in their direction.

What exactly he wanted from Newt? What did it make him when he asked for a kiss without even trying to remember why? Was it an instinct from his sub consciousness that wanted to be close?

**Thomas [21:31]** What would you think of me if I told you I already miss you?

**Newt [21:32]** How sweet. Did Ava give you an earful again?

**Thomas [21:33]** Not really. I’m miserable all by myself.

**Newt [21:34]** Get some wine, it helps :)

**Thomas [21:35]** Come get some wine with me then.

**Newt [21:36]** Hoo boy, one kiss and you’re already like this? You’re breaking a record here.

**Thomas [21:37]** Was I not like this before?

**Newt [21:38]** Not right away, not really.

**Thomas [21:39]** So how long did it take?

**Newt [21:41]** Hmm. Few months?

“Few months,” Thomas repeated, reading the text while curled in his bed. He wondered how it went – was it Thomas who pursued Newt or the other way around? Where was their first date? First kiss? What was the sex like? Who proposed? No matter how hard he was trying to concentrate, nothing really came.
Except of the kiss today. The kiss and then the place on Newt’s neck – which Thomas knew, he knew it was the weak spot, that Newt liked it. It wasn’t a blind shot and it felt familiar – the whole thing about him was familiar, the closeness, the warmth, how his lips felt and how nice kissing him was. And somehow it wasn’t enough and Thomas couldn’t tell if it meant he just wanted sex or if he wanted a lot more and it connected to the memories locked somewhere deep in his brain.

**Thomas [21:47]** What are you doing rn?

**Newt [21:48]** Just got home. Listening to messages on the voice machine and making tea. Is this supposed to be sexting?

**Thomas [21:49]** You want it to be?

**Newt [21:51]** Not really :P I prefer the real thing.

**Thomas [21:52]** I prefer the real thing too.

**Newt [21:53]** Oh cool, we have so much in common.

“Sassy,” he chuckled and browsed into the photo gallery once more, sweeping through happy couple photos like it could give him an answer. What was Newt doing home alone? Was he breaking the mugs when got too sad? Too lonely? Was it difficult for him? It must have been, judging from the conversations they had.

Thomas didn’t look through the whole flat before. Did they have one bed? Was it big or small? How they usually slept? Was Newt a cuddly type? He looked like one. Thomas could almost tell how his body would fit in his arms, how spooning would go, how he would kiss the back of Newt’s neck before burying his face there, breathing deeply, falling asleep.

**Thomas [22:01]** I want to see you.

**Newt [22:02]** You just saw me.

**Thomas [22:03]** I want to see you again.

**Newt [22:05]** Just get some sleep, Tommy. I put too much pressure on you, I’m sorry.

**Thomas [22:07]** You didn’t. But I still miss you and it’s a little scary.

**Newt [22:11]** I’m sorry. Get some sleep, okay?

Thomas closed his eyes and thought that maybe it was time not to be scared anymore.

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“Oh no.”

“Well, that’s not how I pictured you greeting me, but okay, I can work with that,” Thomas decided to keep a neutral expression even though Newt was standing between the doors with wide eyes and in Black Sabbath shirt and bare legs, and there wasn’t much oh man, happy to see you around as he hoped it would. It was almost midnight and Thomas was pretty sure his family was going to freak out once they find out he sneaked out in the middle of the night, but he couldn’t stop himself once the thought planted and took root in his head.
“What are you doing here?” Newt still stared, his hair sticking in all directions and Thomas felt rather bad for apparently waking him up.

“Well.”

“Come in, jesus,” a pull on his wrist dragged him inside of the flat, despite the unwelcomed guest label he got, and this time there were no shards on the floor and it looked relatively tidy too. “It’s midnight!”

“Not yet,” Thomas opposed lamely, pointing out those 4 minutes that kept on ticking. Newt looked unimpressed and okay, this was probably bad idea. “Oh man. Sorry, I didn’t really think you’d be angry about it. I even woke you up-,”

“Yeah, don’t fret about it,” Newt stopped him with a deep sigh and rubbed his eyes. “Why are you here?”

“I told you.”

“You told me what?”

“That I wanted to see you,” Thomas supplied and cleared his throat when Newt’s eyes narrowed. “Sorry.”

“You’re really testing me right now,” the blond grumbled, although it looked like it was more to him than to Thomas. He didn’t even look sleepy anymore, just dishevelled and kind of frantic, and when he started pacing, Thomas had a revelation.

“It’s my shirt,” he blurted out, stopping any movement from Newt’s side.

“What?”

“The shirt you have,” he pointed at the Black Sabbath logo. “It’s mine.”

Newt looked taken back for a second, almost guilty, but seriously, there was no reason for it. Thomas knew – he remembered buying the shirt in England in a small music shop when he was there for a visit. A visit… was he there to see Newt? That part was still blurry.

“It is yours,” Newt finally replied, gently touching a hem of it. It was kind of old now, the black wasn’t really black anymore but really dark grey, but Thomas still felt attached to it. And now Newt wore it and it was making him feel things he never felt before. “It makes me feel better to wear your shirts to sleep… I guess.”

“Which is fine,” Thomas quickly added because Newt’s face looked sad again, and apologetic and Thomas didn’t want him to feel bad about absolutely normal and kind of sweet thing to do. “I like it.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, like a boyfriend shirt kind of thing,” he pointed out with an embarrassed laugh, because it was so stupid to think this possessively about a piece of cloth and a lover in it, but he still really, really fancied it.

“Well, husband, more like,” Newt chuckled and his tenseness eased away again, slowly melting into oblivion. Thomas wanted to hug him so much, but it was midnight, he came here uninvited and it probably breached some borders Newt had.
“I’m sorry I didn’t call before, or something,” he fidgeted awkwardly on the spot. “I didn’t really think what I was doing.”

He expected an earful, but Newt smiled sweetly instead and Thomas thought it brightened the whole room. When the blond started walking towards him, he had to take deep breath to keep calm, until Newt reached him and they clicked together in a perfect whole body hug, which he accepted with a relieved sigh.

“That’s pretty much what you always do,” Newt whispered to his ear. “You hot-headed husband of mine.”

Thomas squeezed him tighter and kissed the top of his head. He still didn’t really remember all the important things, but he was so damn satisfied now he didn’t really care.

***

“It was in college. We had several classes together. You were dating this one girl for the first year.”

“What girl?” Thomas asked sleepily, his arms curled around Newt’s midsection as they faced each other in bed. Their bed. Not even that big for two people, yet they apparently preferred it that way. At least Thomas surely did now. They were lying next to each other, holding hands with intertwined fingers, and in the dim light of the street lights it was almost like déjà vu.

“I don’t remember her name,” Newt yawned, his eyes half-lidded. “You broke up at some point. Then we started talking more. You asked me out.”

“Oh, so I did?” Thomas smiled softly and Newt chuckled. He looked comfortable and happy there, and Thomas decided coming here at midnight was good idea in the end.

“Yeah. We met few times like that, then started dating,” another yawn that interrupted Newt’s reminiscing. “Then we finished college. Got jobs. Decided to live together here. And then we got married.”

“Well, I like that,” Thomas commented and pulled Newt a little closer to his body. It felt natural like breathing and Newt went without hesitation. “And I like you.”

“You bloody should,” he heard Newt mumble into his shirt, his words almost slurred together. “We’re married.”

“Yeah,” Thomas petted him gently and stopped talking. Soft, evened breathing followed mere seconds after as Newt fell asleep, his face burrowed in Thomas’ shirt. Thomas took a deep breath and his chest ached sweetly, almost unbearably so. “And I love that too.”

***

It was warm and pleasant and it smelled like home, like Newt curled in his arms on lazy Saturday morning. Thomas breathed out the familiarity and without opening his eyes planted a gentle kiss on the back of Newt’s neck. Blond hair tickled him, but he didn’t care and snuggled closer while pampering the naked skin with small pecks as far as he could reach without moving.

“Mmm,” he felt Newt stir and Thomas’ hand immediately found the waistband of Newt’s underwear, slipping under it. Newt raised his hips, let Thomas pull the garment down and then pushed his body back to him, drawing soft moan out of him by the motion.

“Lively in the morning, huh,” he heard Newt saying in a low, sleepy tone, and it made him smile
and finally open his eyes, appreciating the sweet contour of Newt’s body, his graceful neck and the line of his shoulder, down to his arm and delicate waist. He rose on an elbow and gently nudged Newt to turn towards him so he could kiss his neck some more and continue on the collarbones. There he stopped abruptly, blinked and sat up with wide eyes. Newt stared back at him with similar expression, but probably with more questions, until Thomas barked out a laugh and dived back in, plopping over his husband without grace.

“What!” Newt squeaked under the weight, but he always did, because Thomas had no borders, and he never had them and never will have and everything was wonderful. He started pushing the shirt out of the way, his damn shirt he bought in the music shop because Newt liked it on him, because he liked Newt liked it and because he was there visiting him in England to meet his parents, and there was nothing more magical than remembering all of that.

“Tommy!” There were squeaks of protest coming from the blond, but he managed to strip him anyway and then kiss him fully on the lips like starving, and Newt went completely boneless in his arms, because he liked kissing – he loved it so much Thomas used it as a bribing tactics or please don’t be mad at me anymore tactics.

“You’re amazing,” he said between kisses, not letting Newt to speak, even though the blond really tried. “Amazing and so strong.” Another deep kiss that made Newt moan into it and his hips bucked up, and yes, yes, it was exactly the right kind of morning they needed both. “So damn strong, Newt, love of my life.”

There was a shudder and Newt was panting, his eyes glazed when they parted and Thomas could die happy at that moment, because this was the best way to go.

“What the-,” the blond gasped, his body was still trembling slightly. “I-,”

“Just for the record, you asked me out,” Thomas grinned at that lovable, flushed face. “Thought you could trick me, huh.”

When Newt finally caught his breath, tears rolled out of his eyes before he could even get out the first words, a sob followed and then Thomas was crushed in a tight embrace.

***

“So like… you banged and that made you remember?”

“No, are you an idiot?” Thomas glared at Aris over the table filled with pastries and his brother only shrugged. “We banged after.”

“Dude,” Aris rolled his eyes and Teresa next to them snorted she almost spilled her coffee. It was almost surprising Ava didn’t give him a speech for it, but Thomas considered it her goodwill of him regaining the last part of his memories, even though she freaked out first because he sneaked out of the house in the middle of the night, as he thought she would. Even more so when she called him in the morning and he didn’t pick up because he was kind of busy with Newt anyway.

“Did he cry?” Teresa asked next, because naturally she would ask that to have some embarrassing ammo if anything.

“Well, he cried my name several times-,”

“Thomas,” Ava finally snapped at him and when he opened his mouth, she stuffed a muffin in to shut him up. He thought her celebration breakfast was ridiculous, since nothing that great happened, but he had to admit being able to remember Newt properly again was pretty much the
only thing on his mind now anyway, so maybe they all deserved a small treat for handling him
during the dark times.

No matter how yummy it was, he couldn’t wait to get home and feed Newt the whipped cream
though. Preferably naked and having his husband all for himself.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand that's the end, ayyyy.
One Hour

Chapter Summary

Oh man, I don't even know if you're still taking prompts for the challenge, but here goes my contribution: "You have one hour. Go."

I used the sentence at the end though, I hope it’s alright ^^

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Thomas, this is Newton.”

Newt sort of expected this type, to be completely honest. Maybe a little more buffed, or with slightly different hairstyle you had seen on about every other jock boy at school that reminded you of a parrot, but the result was more or less the same – a boy about the same height as Newt, but wider in shoulders and build, with big, brown eyes and messy brown hair, and with an annoyed look in his face that was completely expected and basically identical to any other slacker Newt had to tutor.

They were all the same, when Newt thought about it. Either living a partying life where staying at home equalled a sin for them and not able to keep it social a torture, or jock types that just had to do their daily dose of testosterone sports to feel manly enough, drank protein shakes and loved techno music, therefore not having enough time for studying – or brain capacity on that matter (Newt blamed the techno music – loud enough it definitely had to kill some braincells).

“Um,” the boy let out and critically looked Newt over, like he was analysing him. Newt didn’t need to guess what he was thinking right now, it perfectly showed on his unhappy face. “Hey. I guess.”

“I had about three days in a week in mind, minus the weekends, one to three hours per day,” the boy’s mother said and Newt was kind of glad she gave him a reason why to stop watching this guy’s distaste for a moment. His mother seemed like a strict type, but she probably should have whipped him to obedience a little sooner than when it was practically too late with all the failed subjects. “It depends on your schedule, mostly. And I guess on Thomas’ progress as well.”

“It’s fine by me,” Newt shrugged. It was about the same as everybody. “I may have a little irregular hours schedule though, if it’s not a problem.”

“Not at all,” Thomas’ mother assured him and glanced at her son like an executioner. It was roughly translated to you fuck this up and you’re dead and Newt kind of found this equally hilarious and sad – if she needed to look at him that way, then it meant Newt was going to have a hard time with him. “He’s grounded anyway, so he has all afternoons free.”

Thomas rolled his eyes, but thankfully didn’t say anything else and Newt was grateful.

***

Thomas wasn’t a jock, and probably not exactly a partying type either. He did go out a lot though
and apparently found school too boring to bother doing anything else than sit there and yawn. He was one year older than Newt and it probably made him pissier that he was going to be tutored by a 17 years old who knew more than him. Maybe that was also why when Newt asked him about the subjects he was failing the most, he dumped the whole content on his bag on the table, probably in revenge.

“Aren’t you a little too young for tutoring?” Thomas uttered when Newt ordered him to sit at his desk, not really knowing where to start. He was a damn case of a lost soul and Newt had a feeling he was going to spend a bit too long here for his comfort. His tutoring usually consisted of few months before big exams, but with Thomas it didn’t look very black and white, more like with too much grey in between.

“Aren’t you a little old for not understanding what equals one and one?” he shot back and when Thomas opened his mouth to counter with something, New crossed his arms on his chest. “If you play it tough and refuse to learn anything, you’ll never get out of here, because your parents won’t let ya. So either cooperate or say bye bye to freedom.”

Thomas visibly deflated like a balloon and Newt counted it as a win.

***

“Does anybody call you Newt?”

Newt raised an eyebrow and glanced up from homework he had to do while he bestowed a history article on Thomas to read so he could give him a test later. It had been reasonably peaceful until now (for about fifteen minutes, which was a success, Thomas usually started to be restless after five minutes of silence), but it apparently bored Thomas out of his mind already. Newt didn’t have too high hopes for the boy to remember anything too clearly, since he usually just blurted something out that wasn’t even related to what Newton asked, probably out of spite.

“You’re supposed to read the article,” he uttered icily. He had homework due tomorrow and with today’s schedule he simply didn’t have when to do finish it, so he had to sacrifice at least half an hour of tutoring time to get Thomas bend to self-studying.

“I’m reading. It’s a special case of boring,” Thomas drawled. “So, does anybody call you Newt?”

“You’re allowed to ask questions about the article only,” the blond shot back. “Any other questions are bothering me.”

“Pretty sure there is somebody calling you Newt,” Thomas didn’t let himself to be bothered by Newt’s attitude, as always, and pushed the book away while staring at him like he wanted to solve him somehow.

“Read.”

“After you answer my question,” Thomas opposed.

“You didn’t do anything for the whole day and you want a reward? That’s not how it works,” the blond glanced up at him from under his fringe and his eyes were piercing. He just needed a little more time, for fuck’s sake. This guy was a torture.

“I only asked about your name,” Thomas shrugged. “How’s that a reward?”

“Something you want is considered a reward,” Newt stated simply and scribbled a result of one of the exercises. With the amount of disturbances today he wasn’t entirely sure it was right, but at
least there was *something* and he tried. “Therefore for a reward there has to be a quest done.”

“God, you talk like Gandalf,” Thomas gave up and pulled the book back with a heavy sigh.

“Well, at least you read something,” Newt commented with a snort and Thomas only rolled his eyes and looked like he was willing to stay quiet for a bit longer.

It took another twenty minutes until Newt was actually done with his own homework and put it away while looking expectantly at Thomas’ book. It was a fairly long article, he had to admit, but probably not *as* long as the time he gave Thomas to read it. He must have gone through it several times in that case – or maybe he simply ignored it until Newt was done.

“So during which years the civil war lasted?” he asked while fishing his bag for the test he managed to get made and print it at school. Giving it Thomas with his own handwriting wouldn’t really prove helpful, since rarely anybody could read it after him.

“I dunno, from what century are you?” Thomas shrugged and Newt rolled his eyes. “Gee, like 1861 to 1865 or somethin’?”

“You’re going to be a hard work,” Newt mumbled more to himself than to Thomas, but nodded anyway. “What about the presidential election? Who led the Republicans and when?”


Newt nodded again and handed him the test. It proved better for Thomas to answer right than when he asked verbally, because at that point Thomas simply made something up to vex him.

“My friends call me Newt,” he said simply. After all he earned the answer. “My family sticks to Newton.”

“Oh,” Thomas blinked in an evident surprise. “’kay.”

Newt didn’t really say anything else until Thomas was done with the test.

He got an A.

***

“Are you always creeping in the rooms of people you’re tutoring like that?”

It was Friday and Newt was tired. He skipped the last lesson at school because he had too much to do and too little time with today’s tutoring day as well. He managed to arrive sooner than Thomas though and his mother let him in to wait in Thomas’ room in meantime, which in retrospect probably seemed a little weird.

“I usually wait for them to invite me, but you’re a special case, so I skipped the pleasantries,” Newt offered without hesitation and glanced at his watch. “Not to mention you’re late anyway. I was here on time.”

Thomas shrugged and threw his bag to the corner as he did every day and Newt was starting to get used to it. The wall already looked like it lived through it for some years anyway, so it apparently wasn’t a fleeting occurrence or an anger part on Thomas’ side for the tutoring punishment.

“How did the test go?” he tilted his head to the side and Thomas stopped mid-move like it just occurred to him. He turned around and walked back to the bag and took out the paper with a nice,
red A on it. He only made the paper a little more presentable from the state it was in and handed it to his tutor without a word.

“Not bad,” Newt spoke up after several seconds of reading and his lips curled up in a smile. There were questions Newt didn’t even go through with him and yet he got them right without a problem, which proved he wasn’t stupid at all. “You’re actually pretty smart, aren’t you? Why the bad grades when you know what’s going on?”

“I don’t know,” Thomas mumbled and tossed his bag back to the corner. “I don’t like studying.”

He circled the table and crashed on his bed and it looked like he was in a pretty bad mood.

“You study nicely,” Newt opposed, glancing at him from the paper. “An hour on Wednesday and you got the test on A, so what’s the problem? Lazy?”

“I guess,” Thomas shrugged.

“Maybe motivation would be in order,” the blond offered, putting the test on the desk. He usually did that with students that were really trying hard to get better, because motivation was always the best thing to reach the right result, and even though Thomas usually seemed like studying physically pained him, he did get an A on the test today.

“Maybe,” Thomas said shortly, watching Newt intently. There was something calculating in his stare and before Newt could come up with the right offer that could actually interest a guy like Thomas, the brunet leaned back in his bed and smirked. “How about a kiss?”

“I’m sorry?” Newt blinked. Surely he heard wrong?

“A kiss,” Thomas repeated calmly. “So I have something to look forward to after a day of school and another dose of boring here that, quite frankly, is slowly killing me.”

“That’s your motivation?” Newt pinched the bridge of his nose. Why did he offer it in the first place? He should have known Thomas would try to make fun of him somehow.

“Yep,” the brunet didn’t look apologetic at all and Newt still waited for him to start laughing and maybe pull out a camera to snap a photo of his shocked face, but he just sat there and smiled like he swallowed a canary. “You said it’s in order, so I’m telling you what I want in exchange.”

He didn’t look like the type, Newt mused. Why the hell would he even ask about something like that?

“Do I look like a kissing booth to you?” he sighed in defeat, because sometimes it was really difficult to win against guys like Thomas. He could always tell his mother, of course, but that was low even for him.

“No, the price tag is missing,” Thomas opposed simply. “But you do look kinda kissable, just sayin’.”

“I can’t believe you even have the audacity to ask about such stupid thing,” Newt shook his head. “Think again.”

“You’re no fun,” Thomas faked a dramatic sigh and plopped back on the bed.

Newt was really, really having a bad day.
“Do you even like kissing?”

Newt actually stopped writing and looked at Thomas as if he grew another head. It was Monday and Newt all but forgot about Thomas’ weird-ass proposition from Friday over the weekend, just so it could bite him in the ass today.

“Why do you ask?” Newt inquired rather unhappily, even though he knew he was not going to like the answer.

“I wanna know more about you,” Thomas shrugged like it was no big deal and Newt wanted to hit him with something heavy over the head. Maybe it would light up some synapses, finally.

“Cuz my opinion on kissing is vital information,” Newt frowned and Thomas had the nerve to nod in agreement.

“Well, I wanna know.”

“I don’t mind it, I guess,” Newt uttered. It wasn’t like he had a huge experience in that field – he kissed few people, yes, but it wasn’t anything special. He didn’t dislike it but he also wasn’t a fanboy of it either. It was kind of… meh.

“With or without tongue?” another question and Newt banged his head against the table in frustration. Who bestowed him with such aggravating pupil? Was it a punishment from above?

“Seriously, why are you asking such stupid questions?”

“To stay motivated,” Thomas pointed at the test Newt had been correcting. ‘I’ll need the knowledge soon.”

“Wha-,”

“Would be a faux pas if you actually fancied French kissing more than normal one, you see,” Thomas grinned and didn’t look that surprised when Newt threw the pen at him. Too bad it didn’t leave permanent consequences.

“Are you a virgin?”

“An Aries,” Newt countered without missing a beat and Thomas snorted.

Not again.

“Single?” he didn’t give up though and Newt gripped the pen he was correcting the test with tighter.

“Yes,” he bit out. This guy kept it up for a week already, and each question was more embarrassing than the previous one.

“How so? No girl for tutoring who would catch your eye?” Thomas leaned back in his chair and Newt let out a suffering sigh. ‘Or a boy. I don’t judge.”

“Unfortunately I tutor only the dumb ones and they don’t exactly hold much of an appeal,” Newt glared at him with from his spot. “Like you, for example.”
“Ouch.”

“Your score is 40 %,” Newt scribbled the mark on the paper and pushed it back towards Thomas. “Care to explain?”

“I’m not motivated,” Thomas shrugged without even looking at the test. Newt was pretty sure he got it wrong on purpose and it was making his blood boil. He was gathering the tests for Thomas’ mother, as a proof of her son’s progress, and as good as the first ones were, the last ones during this week were getting worse and worse, and for a petty reason on top of that. “It had been a week and I still didn’t get my kiss, what do you expect? I had been working hard without a reward, and I’m fed up already.”

“Bloody hell, Thomas,” Newt groaned and rubbed his eyes. “How long are you going to keep this up? It’s not a game. You’re studying for yourself, not for me.”

“A kiss or we’re done talking,” Thomas replied stubbornly and Newt wanted to strangle him. What the hell was his aim? He seriously waited for Newt to agree so he could make a video about it or why the bloody hell would he want that?

“You’re insane.”

“Well, that wasn’t a no,” Thomas commented and stood up, just so he could flop down in front of Newt who was sitting on the floor. “Not going to bite, I swear.”

Newt could only stare – this guy couldn’t be serious, could he? He definitely meant this as a way of teasing, because otherwise there simply wasn’t even a tiniest sense to it. But when Thomas’ hands fell on Newt’s thighs to pull him closer, the blond realized this was not just for a show. He was really going to do it.

“I told you I’m not here to do you any pleasantries,” he blurted out when Thomas started to lean in, and at least it halted the approach a little.

“You’re motivating me,” Thomas opposed with a shrug and grabbed him tighter so he could pull him closer. Newt’s hands immediately flew up towards his chest, pushing against it. “That’s different.”

“Are you out of your mind??”

“Nah, not yet,” the brunet responded and one of his hands changed the location, so he could hold back of Newt’s head. His touch was surprisingly gentle and if Newt really wanted, he could get away easily. “Getting my reward now.”

Newt was probably too stunned to react properly, and his half-hearted defence was so lame even he had to admit it didn’t look very refusing, so when Thomas actually did press his lips against his, he remained stiffly on the spot.

It wasn’t anything big or mind blowing, really. Maybe more like a peck, soft and not even forceful and before Newt could actually analyse the situation, it was already over and Thomas was pulling away with a blank expression, only silently watching the blond from under long, black eyelashes (Newt never noticed he actually had really nice eyes, which was obviously not good to think right bloody now!).

“Oh look,” the brunet said lazily. “You’re still alive.”

Newt stared dumbly without any words coming to him, and when Thomas disentangled them and
reached for the test he filled today, he took the liberty and let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding.

Ten minutes of Thomas’ work later and one more Newt’s correction after the test’s mark changed to B+.

***

“Focus.”

“My head hurts.”

“My condolences, now focus.”

Thomas groaned but actually looked like he focused back at the math problem as he should have. He had been terribly restless from the first hello today and it slowly flooded Newt’s mind as well.

“Can we leave it for tomorrow?”

“No, you have a test tomorrow,” Newt refused sternly and Thomas clicked his pen several times with a suffering expression.

“I don’t want to do anything,” he mumbled. “I feel like shit and this is not going anywhere.”

“Thomas, please be a good boy and solve at least this one problem, so I don’t need to worry about you fucking it up tomorrow,” Newt sighed tiredly. He too was not in the mood for math, especially not for equations and all the rubbish around it, but Thomas’ exam was scheduled for tomorrow and they knew about it since Monday, so no matter how Thomas struggled to delay it, Newt was not letting him. Not to mention the motivation system Thomas decided to establish was officially on, and as much as the first Friday reward was basically a peck with nothing to be worried about, the Monday one actually got longer and little surer and Newt realized that even though it was stupid and probably with a really bad intent behind it that was going to bite him in the ass in the end, it kept Thomas on the track. Most of the tests Newt gave him after a lecture were getting good results, and if not, it was in fact because Thomas didn’t properly understand it. At that point at least Newt found out what they needed to focus on without his pupil playing the lazy card.

Thomas made a disagreeing noise, but actually did what he was asked to do and started writing, then crossed it out and started anew.

“Do you need me to explain it again?” Newt asked while watching him struggling and Thomas shook his head.

“I get it,” he grumbled, visibly aggravated. “I just can’t concentrate.”

“Take a break then,” Newt took the pen out of his hand and Thomas let out a long sigh. “Maybe go take a pill or something, if your head hurts?”

“I’ll sleep it off,” the brunet shrugged and dragged himself up and on the bed. “It had been a long fucking day, I’m just tired.”

“You’re going to sleep now?” Newt turned to him with wide eyes; because really, he was paid for spending time here and Thomas wanted waste it while taking a nap? If his mother knew she would probably rage like a nine headed dragon.

“A lil nap,” Thomas mumbled while curling on the mattress. “Wanna join me?”
“Not at all,” Newt rolled his eyes and pulled his bag closer to him so he could take out his own work. He planned doing his stuff in the evening, but since the opportunity presented itself, he wasn’t going to waste it. “I have a work to do anyway.”

“Spoilsport,” Thomas chuckled sleepily and before Newt could actually react, he was out cold.

***

It was a gentle tugging on his hair that brought him back from the focused reading, and for a second he wasn’t sure what was happening until he realized he had been propped against the side of the bed and Thomas just woke up.

“You’ve really nice hair,” the brunet said while raking his hand through it and Newt let out a small sigh. He seriously couldn’t read this guy – demanding kisses and petting him like a dog, was there more to it or was he simply so bored he decided to bother the only person he could?

“Thanks, I grew them myself,” he retorted and closed the book he was reading. He heard Thomas laughing, but the touch didn’t disappear, and quite frankly it didn’t feel bad at all. “Feeling better?”

“Mhm,” came a hum. “Sluggish tho.”

“Ready to try to solve the problem again?” Newt avoided another touch and reached for the paper Thomas had been working on before, handing it to him. “At least that one.”

“You’re a slaver,” the brunet grumbled, but when Newt gave him the pen and the book he could use as a table, he actually started writing.

He was a strange guy, Newt mused. The first impression told him he was going to be problematic, but outside of him being a little pushy with rewards he turned out to be surprisingly docile and obedient, even worked hard. Newt couldn’t say he disliked him, which usually happened with these types of guys. He actually grew to like him in a sense, his humour and lazy smile.

“Ha!” Thomas’ voice almost made him jump out of his skin, and then there was the paper with the math problem, all solved, with Thomas grinning victoriously. “Is this the right result?”

Newt quickly went through it and smiled.

“Yeah, good job,” he praised him proudly. “Guess you’re ready for tomorrow.”

“Ayyy,” Thomas slid down the bed and Newt yelped right the moment he got grabbed under his knees and pulled almost on Thomas’ lap, with his legs resting on Thomas’ thighs. Before he could protest against such manhandling, Thomas was already pushing insistently into his personal space and capturing his mouth in a kiss.

It was different now – they were so damn close Newt could feel Thomas’ heartbeat against his chest, and the hands that usually only rested somewhere now kept on traveling over Newt’s back and sides and hips, like he was mapping him curiously. This wasn’t only a peck either, Thomas was pushing him more, even sucking on his lower lip occasionally as if he was teasing him, and Newt’s blood was roaring loudly in his ears and his heart rabbited in his chest like crazy.

Newt distinctly thought he should have been offended somehow – this wasn’t just a kiss anymore, it was like they were making out, and it wasn’t something they agreed on (hell, Newt didn’t even agree to the normal kissing part, Thomas basically decided it on his own and Newt tolerated it because it improved his pupil’s grades, as lame as it sounded). But he didn’t fight it, he participated and if he wanted to refuse the fact he liked it, he would have to hit himself for lying.
He just didn’t understand why was this happening.

When Thomas pulled slightly way, Newt realized he was out of air and gulped it down like a drowning man. He felt hot, on board of feverish, and the proximity they had seriously didn’t help him to calm down.

“Wha-,”

“I can’t think of any suitable excuse,” Thomas didn’t let him finish and Newt noticed how his pupils were blown wide like crazy. He kept on skimming from Newt’s lips to his eyes and back up and Newt felt the hungry gaze somewhere deep inside of his chest, slowly traveling to his abdomen like butterflies. Thomas was still holding him close, his grip firm like he was afraid Newt would run away, and quite frankly Newt should have, but somehow couldn’t bring himself to do so.

“Can I get motivated in advance?” the brunet asked breathlessly and Newt’s stomach made a somersault. “Because I really, really want to kiss you again.”

No, he thought of saying. No, because it was a bad thing, Thomas wasn’t the right person, couldn’t be – their worlds were different, their schedules didn’t match up, and once the tutoring was over, what then?

“You have one hour,” he let out. “Go.”

Thomas didn’t wait for anything else before swallowing any possible protest Newt could possibly say later. One hour was simply not enough.

Chapter End Notes

I don’t even know, man. I just had this in my head for so long ^^’ Pushy Thomas is pushy (but he means well, I swear!)
"So that's it? That's all you have to say about this relationship, whatever it is." Thomas didn't dare to say "whatever it was" because it would probably break his heart into a million pieces.

"What else do you want me to say?" Newt stood at the door and Thomas thought it was like he was ready to bolt out at any given moment. He had that look in his eyes, that haunted, unhappy expression Thomas worked so hard to get rid of, and it almost physically pained him to see it again. But as much as he wanted it gone, Newt kept on running away, as he had been doing all this time.

They weren’t dating – it couldn’t be called dating when nothing was really official. They didn’t live together, they never told anybody about seeing each other more than as a guy I know from work and when they were intimate, it was behind closed doors, alone and private.

Newt was this quiet, unresponsive guy and Thomas perceived him as a puzzle at first, an enigma waiting for its decoding and unravelling the mystery. The secret, for one, was the fact Newt struggled with himself since he realized he fancied guys more than girls, and from Thomas gathered during their meetings, it was from pretty young age. The family apparently didn’t help and Newt ended up being closed off from others so nobody would ever find out.

Until Thomas.

“This isn’t what either of us want anyway,” Newt’s words interrupted his inner monologue quietly. He was closer to the door than he had been a minute ago and Thomas’ stomach clenched painfully. If he was going to leave, he was going to leave for good and nobody could stop him. Not even Thomas, let it be by shouting or dragging him back – no. The threshold of this room, of their little sanctuary, was the final line that held them together.

“Well, yes,” Thomas bit out unhappily. “I want more, of course. I want more of you and more of your time and more of fucking everything there is.”

“Which I can’t give you,” Newt retorted, but at least didn’t move anymore. “We’ve talked about this, Thomas. Thousands of times-,”

“So let’s talk about it again,” Thomas kept his voice calm. “You’re running away for no reason.”
“Thomas, you’re a man-,”

“I’m very much aware,” Thomas stopped him with a sigh. “I’m pretty sure you’re as well and had been for the half of year we had been sleeping together.”

Newt took a deep breath and Thomas knew that gesture, how his whole body tensed and eyes narrowed. He was angry and maybe that was a better thing than the apathy and I have to go now, it’s the end. It meant there was more to it, there had to be more to it. Thomas didn’t believe Newt just woke up in the morning and decided he didn’t want to see Thomas ever again. Nothing out of ordinary happened between them, so there had to be more to it than he was letting out.

“So what,” he crossed his arms on his chest, giving Newt one of his softer glares. He didn’t earn the worst one yet. “You just woke up today, realized you had been sleeping with a guy for six months and that spooked you out?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Newt rolled his eyes and Thomas victoriously danced in his mind because the blond actually stepped away from the door. True, he looked agitated, but it was a start. If there was something bothering him, Thomas’ chance to hear it increased. “It’s not about that.”

“Well, apparently it’s about me being a man,” Thomas opposed and when Newt reached his ideal arguing distance between them, Thomas stepped away, which made the blond follow him unconsciously. He had his little quirks so apparent Thomas read those almost ritualistic habits just few days after he knew him. In few seconds he had Newt on the opposite side of the room, far away from the door. “And since you know I am, but you still use it as an argument, there has to be something else you’re not telling me.”

“I’m telling you this doesn’t lead anywhere,” Newt bit out. “And I had been telling you for months!”

“Where the hell would you want it to lead? To the space travel?” Thomas groaned and Newt made a dissatisfied sound in the back of his throat. “When I tried to have more, you’d turn me down!”

“Because I can’t give you anything!” the blond barked and immediately shut up like he got burned. Thomas blinked in confusion, repeated the sentence in his head, but when it still didn’t make any sense, he looked at Newt in silent question. Newt didn’t return the attention and for a split second he really seemed like wanting to bolt back to the door and out of the apartment, his body in even a bigger spasm than before.

“Newt,” Thomas said evenly. He had no idea what he could mean by anything. Thomas never wanted anything terrible from him, maybe just a little more time together, or for him to spend night and not getting dressed and leaving right after sex, and little by little Newt started easing the strictness off in some things. But anything?

“Because you’re a man who wants to have children,” Newt finally said and maybe it would be better if he punched Thomas instead. “Because I can’t give you any. Because I can’t even say anybody I’m in love with you and I can’t ask you to marry me in public either and I can’t-,”

“Stop right there,” Thomas raised his hand and his gut was churning. That was what Newt had been mauling about? That’s what made him to decide that Thomas was not a good choice because suddenly he was a man who wanted to have kids? “What are you even… what… I don’t understand?”

There was strange sort of reconciliation on Newt’s face, a sense of defeat and immense sadness and Thomas hated that image so much. He knew the blond was insecure mess sometimes and it was...
frustrating in some matters, but there was always way around it, they could always work something out. The sudden decision without even telling Thomas about the real reason if he didn’t press was the worst damn thing that could happen.

“I just… seeing you yesterday with your cousin’s kid made me realize few things,” Newt’s shoulders dropped and his voice was too weak, too lost. “I knew about them all this time, but I pretended it’s different with us, that you’re not interested in having a family or proper home or being able to hold hands when walking down the street. But you are and I know you had been trying to tell me, I just… I can’t give you those things.”

Thomas really felt sick. Newt, a man he loved, he adored, was ripping his heart out with his bare hand and it hurt like hell, he could barely breathe.

“Of course I’m interested in family, jesus,” he buried his face in his hands, his legs threatened not to support him. “I care about all of it, but Newt, oh god. With you, it was always with you.”

“And I’m telling you I can’t give it to you!” the blond insisted desperately and that was it. The force that held Thomas back all this time in calm, patient stance, disappeared, and before Newt could react, Thomas crushed him in a hug that probably had to hurt a little, but he couldn’t bear the thought of Newt going out of these doors with such stupid, reckless and hurtful thoughts.

“Cut the bullshit,” he hissed into Newt’s ear, holding him flush against his own body. He wasn’t sure whose heartbeat was the craziest, but the mad rhythm was ruling over both of them. “I don’t know what the hell have you been seeing yesterday, but it definitely didn’t mean I stopped loving you, or wanting you, just because I saw a kid that quite frankly slobbered all over my shirt.”

“Stop trying to make jokes-,”

“I thought you didn’t want more than sex, you stupid, insufferable prick,” Thomas didn’t let him protest anyhow, his blood was boiling. If Newt’s confession meant anything else beside his insecurities overriding him, it also entailed his feelings for Thomas, which he never heard out of his mouth before. That little fuck never actually showed he thought of Thomas more than just of a sex friend. “Whenever I asked for extra meetup or something not in the stupid schedule, you’d turn me down.”

“People would talk,” he heard Newt mumbling into his shirt. “And you’d get into trouble.”

“What trouble?” Thomas rolled his eyes, because naturally, Newt just had to worry about the most stupid things there were

“They could suspect we are involved-,”

“Are you joking?” Thomas sacrificed the momentary advantage he had when holding Newt so close and pulled him away, so he could look at his face. “Are you seriously trying to tell me you’ve been worried about people finding out we’re together, and that I’d mind?”

Newt stared back, apparently at loss of words, but then finally gave a tiny, almost embarrassed nod.

“How about you actually asked me next time?” Thomas huffed and New gulped down heavily. “Newt, for fuck’s sake. If you want something, you gotta say it, I can’t read your mind.”

“You wouldn’t mind them knowing?” the blond piped, and it was so sheepish Thomas felt like shaking some sense into him. Half a year of seeing each other and he didn’t know Thomas at all.
“Do you think I’m embarrassed by being with you or something?” he shook his head and when Newt didn’t say anything while averting his eyes, Thomas cursed internally. So that was what Newt was about? That what they were doing equalled some sort of sin and Thomas would rather burn in hell than having people know?

“Oh man,” he let go of Newt completely and took two steps back. His thoughts were mingled, but at least he had a little clearer picture of the situation. Newt liked him. Wanted to spend more time with him. Probably even marrying him if anything? But he held back and played the cold card because he lived under presumption Thomas was some kinky asshole that wanted to have sex with guys in secret because it would otherwise ruin his image. Unreal.

That blond lanky somebody standing in the middle of a rented hotel apartment was going to be the death of him.

“I’m sorry,” Newt finally said and his lower lip trembled. “I thought this would be easier.”

“What, leaving me?”

“Yeah,” he nodded while mauling the hem of his shirt. “I thought you wouldn’t fight against it, because it’s nothing serious for you-,”

“Okay, stop,” Thomas raised his hand again, almost in a déjà vu. “Let me just… let’s start again.”

“Again?”

“Tell me you’re leaving me again,” he pointed towards Newt with a frown and the blond took a step back. “C’mon.”

“I have to break up-,”

“No, you don’t, because we never dated,” Thomas stopped in midsentence sternly. He wanted to punish him a little, but hearing it again was too much even for him. “So it’s irrelevant.”

“Oh,” the blond let out lamely. Then nodded. “You’re right.”

“So let’s date,” Thomas added, and it was easy to say all of sudden. Easy and anticipated and when Newt’s breath hitched, he reached for him and pulled that insufferable being back flush against his body and kissed him without hesitation. “Let’s date.”

Newt’s tiny okay he whispered to his lips was about everything he wanted to hear in his whole life.
Anonymous said:

can you maybe write a sequel of “one hour”, maybe with Thomas and Newt already have a relationship (cause I can totally see this happening after the ending

“I must say I’m impressed,” Thomas’ mother commented while going through all the tests where the marks weren’t worse than B. Apart from ones Thomas had before Newt started tutoring him it was an immense change. “I sincerely thought he’s a lost case with his head in the clouds, but this is absolutely mindblowing. Good job, Newton.”

Newt managed to smile at her, but he was afraid it looked rather forced, even for his taste. Thomas was standing next to him, being positively disinterested, but his hand was groping Newt’s butt in front of his mother for about two minutes now and he couldn’t even tell him to stop, not to mention kick his shin in reprimand. After two months of schooling and two weeks of… of… dating? (Newt wasn’t sure how to call their co-habitation without sounding nasty even to his own ears) he gathered enough tests and improved Thomas’ grades by a wide margin, and this meeting with Thomas’ mother was basically a judgement of his and Thomas’ work. But he definitely didn’t need to goddamn grope him right here.

“I believe it’s time to lift the grounding then,” she looked at Thomas with sterner expression, as if she was warning him she could do it again anytime. “And since now we see you’re able to do well in school when you want to, I think it’s time to conclude the tutoring as well.”

“What?” this woke Thomas up and he finally stopped being handsy, so Newt could breathe a little easier again. He took a small step away from him just for good measure too. “Why?”

“Because you have good grades now,” she responded with a raised eyebrow. “Shouldn’t you be happier about it?”

“But there is a big test coming up!” Thomas shot out and Newt blinked in surprise. Big test? From what? When? He never heard about it!

“Oh,” she glanced at Newt questioningly and he had a strong urge to deny knowing about it since it would be great revenge for the inappropriate touching. Now when he thought of Thomas’ reaction, it was probably just to keep Newt here anyway without any damn test being real. “Is that right?”

“Yes,” he answered her and mentally slapped Thomas for making him lie. “But he does study nicely by himself now-,”

“It’s a really huge test,” Thomas countered immediately, his eyes too serious for Newt’s taste. “I don’t get all of it yet.”

“Okay then,” his mother didn’t fight it and Newt would say she even looked rather pleased about her son’s determination. Little she knew Thomas’ real motivation and Newt sometimes hated himself for giving in so easily as well.
But then again, mostly he simply enjoyed it and he would be a hypocrite to deny that.

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“A big test, huh,” Newt commented the moment he closed the door of Thomas’ room and the brunet smiled predatorily at him while walking backwards to his bed. It was enough to tell Newt there was no bloody test involved at all.

“Lying is a sin, you know,” he told him with a sigh. “Are you wasting your mother’s money just because you want to have fun?”

“Are you complaining about getting money for having fun?” Thomas opposed and sat heavily on his bed. He sat far enough for Newt to fit right between his legs and usually such invitation worked, but Newt was determined to punish him at least a little for the lying. “Cuz I think it’s great.”

“I think you’re too full of yourself,” Newt shrugged and stayed on the spot right at the door. “Not to mention groping me in front of her was really low.”

“I needed the mental support!” Thomas whined and patted the space on the bed right between his open legs. Newt wanted to smack him with a newspaper.

“Was more of a physical one though,” he uttered dryly. “I’m not going to support you through this. Not to mention I already have another tutoring on the hold-,”


“Does it matter?” Newt tilted his head to the side and judging from Thomas’ darkening expression it did. “Jesus. It’s just tutoring.”

“As was this,” the brunet responded stubbornly. “And look how it ended!”

“With me lying to your mother because you can’t keep it in your pants,” Newt shot back and Thomas sulkily shut up.

To be completely honest, Newt probably understood Thomas a little. Where he was involved, just leaving the tutoring aside, he didn’t know if the relationship they had would be able to continue. What even bound them together except of Newt coming here to whip Thomas’ ass to obedience? Because Thomas couldn’t go anywhere except of school, so Newt was the only source of possible fun? But it ended and Thomas could go anywhere and do anything, so what did it mean for them? If there even was any them, since all they did was some making out here and there and neither of them confessed love or anything. They didn’t even talk about it, they just occasionally kissed or touched or even took few naps together, but that was the peak of their co-habitation (quite frankly he was glad Thomas had the common sense intact because if he wanted to do more while being under his mother’s roof, Newt would definitely doubt his sanity).

“I wasn’t really lying though,” Thomas spoke up after a minute and Newt pinched the bridge of his nose. “There is a big test coming up. But in a week and half. Though I think I get most of it anyway.”

“Oh?” Newt finally abandoned his spot at the door and walked closer to the bed. Maybe it was a little desperate, but having a legit reason why to stay made him a tad happier. He hated to lie to anybody and already having to conceal the fact he kind of dabbled with Thomas made him uncomfortable (but still willing, ironically).
Once he got close enough, Thomas reached out and pulled Newt closer to the edge of the bed, hugging him while resting his head on Newt’s stomach. Newt automatically raked his hands through Thomas’ hair and it was almost too domestic all of sudden. It was true Thomas was demanding things like this even without any work done, but Newt didn’t refuse him, so fault lied mostly in him anyway.

“I’m just kinda scared,” he heard Thomas mumbling to his shirt and it made him pet his hair a little gentler. “That if the tutoring ends, you won’t be coming here anymore. Or wouldn’t want to see me anymore anywhere else.”

Newt’s breath hitched and his hands stopped momentarily before resuming their movement again. Weren’t those his fears? His insecurities? Had Thomas have them as well?

Bloody hell, were they in love?

“Is that… what motivated you to tell her about the test?” he managed to get out and Thomas sighed, still not letting go.

“I panicked, alright,” he said quietly. “That she would say it’s fine now and you’d agree and leave and never answer my texts again.”

Newt thought about it, but mostly other way around. Why would somebody like Thomas even want to spend time with somebody like Newt when he had his freedom again? There must have been plenty of people catching Thomas’ interest outside of his home confinement. Girls or guys of his level, of the same hobbies, of more time to fool around. Newt didn’t have the time. He had to maintain a part-time job, he had to keep the stable income, and that ate most of his free time like crazy. It was easy now because his work entailed spending time with Thomas, but after it would end, what options would they have? Newt’s schedule was school, then work, and when there was no work, school lasted until late and the little of free time he had was precious, so he could do other things he didn’t manage to finish on working days.

“I’d never do that,” he replied carefully, because at least this was definitely true. He liked Thomas, despite the initial prejudice and his pushiness. He found him attractive and smart in his own, witty way, and quite adorable at times. Just cutting him off sounded unnecessary and hurtful and nobody needed that.

“But?” Thomas glanced up at him, resting his chin against Newt’s stomach, and his eyes were piercing. Newt hated lying and Thomas was aware.

“But I’m busy most of the time,” he admitted unhappily. “Most of the week there is some sort of part time job. Other times of the week there are long school days and other stuff I neglect. I just…”

“Just?”

“I don’t want you to expect something that may never happen.” The words were rolling off his tongue all wrong, all bad. He didn’t want to end this, yet he did his damn best to lead it to it. Thomas was still holding him, but there was an evident understanding in his eyes and Newt partly despised it and partly accepted the outcome. It was not his right to hold Thomas on spot with promises he couldn’t keep – he wasn’t even his. There was no claim, no commitment and Newt was scared to ask for one.

“You think I’d be angry cuz you don’t have every day free?” Thomas asked and the hold eased off, much to Newt’s dismay. The touch stayed, Thomas’ hands were still resting on Newt’s waist, but there was no strength in it.
“I may have one day to offer only,” Newt avoided his eyes. Usually he had at least two, but one day wasn’t anything farfetched, it could easily happen.

Thomas suddenly stood up and the mood shifted like turning a page. There were lips on Newt’s mouth, gently coaxing him to let him in, and Newt gave in without a fight, opened his mouth for a deep, toes curling kiss and barely registered Thomas lifted him until the world tumbled and he was lying on his back on the bed, feeling Thomas’ body against his own with all the muscles and warmth and languid touches, and it was too nice, too sweet to let go.

“I don’t mind,” Thomas was whispering to his lips, pampering him with small kisses to the corner of his mouth, his cheeks, his brows. “I don’t care. Any moment I can see you is enough for me, even for a short while.”

It took Newt several long, pleasure filled seconds before he realized it was tied to an unpleasant conversation that still hadn’t ended, and it was like a punch in his gut.

“You’re saying that now,” he tried to avoid another kiss, but Thomas chased his mouth with his and Newt was too weak to refuse. “I don’t understand why m-me.”

“Why you?” He heard Thomas chuckle and forced down the moan that was trying to get out of his throat when Thomas managed to nestle between his legs, pressing down. “Because you are everything.”

“That’s just attraction talking-,”

“Hell yes, it’s attraction talking,” Thomas stopped him mid-sentence. “I’m so madly in love with you it’s not probably even healthy anymore.”

Love?

“You’re in love with me?” Newt breathed out and when Thomas kissed him again, this time his hips buckled up and he almost blacked out of the sheer pleasure that hit him. Thomas licked into his mouth with determined force and Newt never thought kissing could feel this good to make his brain short-circuit like a piece of old tech.

“I’m mad about you,” the words were searing into Newt’s consciousness, leaving him completely defenceless, and he could perfectly pinpoint the moment he stopped caring about consequences and let Thomas to overpower him thoroughly.

“Stay until the test at least,” Thomas pleaded him with a heavy voice and Newt’s hands trembled when he was reaching for him, pulling him back down by his shoulders. “At least until then and after we will think about it more.”

“Okay,” he squeezed out, his heart pounding crazily in his chest. “Alright.”

Another week and half never looked more promising.
Scared

Hei, don't know if you still take requests but I had a really bad day and I wanted to try. "You are so scared about me hurting you that you don't realise that you are hurting yourself." It's for Newtmas and if it's possible a happy ending. Thank you and have a nice day! P.s. My english is garbage so if there is any mistake pls correct them.

I hope you’re feeling better, anon, and I also hope this super fast thing will at least cheer you up a lil ^^

"You are so scared about me hurting you that you don't realise that you are hurting yourself.”

If there was a contest of a broken record, Thomas’ brain would win it. That one sentence was haunting him for two days now, over and over again playing in his mind while he tried to go on with his life the best he could without reducing himself to a depressed mess.

He didn’t believe in relationships. He just couldn’t condone the fact that two people were able to love each other for longer than few weeks, until the flaws would come out and the arguments would start and the problems, quarrels and inevitable break up would occur. He had troubles with comprehending the obvious need for sharing the life with somebody, the voluntary freedom clipping that followed, the moving in and sharing one quarters and free time and hobbies and a fridge and a TV. The jealousness that would come with other friends and going out without the partner, the creepy phone checking and hysterics.

Going out with somebody was a menace, an abundance of society that made it a norm, the obligation to the world of leaving at least one offspring – all of it was making Thomas’ skin crawl. His distaste didn’t just appear – he had seen it all his childhood and during his teen years in his own family, and quite frankly all around himself when growing up.

Of course, he liked spending time with people, he liked the intimacy, but only up until it would lead to something more serious where he put a stop to it. Casual meetings and occasional fooling around was all he needed, as long as he could return to his own home where nobody was waiting for him, demanding an explanation of his late arrival or not texting back.

He was happy. He relished the feeling. He was free.

Then Newt happened.

Newt – a blond man with bright smile and sharp humour, his absolute spirit animal in about everything they did. They met on a birthday party of their mutual friend Minho, drank few shots together, played billiard and decided they both really liked Minho’s hair. From apparent cheesiness of it they became friends and spent quite lot of time together. They fooled around on several occasions and everything was simply perfect – no consequences, no commitment, just a person that completely understood Thomas’ need of space and freedom and was willing to fill up blanks where the need raised.

Up until it was not. Up until Thomas became a boyfriend and everybody referred to him as such,
and Newt made fun of it, because he did that all the time, but they were always together, and sitting close, and quite frankly even touching at times like two newlyweds, and Thomas panicked.

The familiarity was setting in so casually, so easily, that he didn’t notice and let it come, up until it was late and he had the boyfriend label and a boyfriend, and a creeping fear coming to him in waves. He stopped returning texts. He stopped meeting up with people they both knew. He holed himself up in his apartment and couldn’t believe nothing came to him sooner, because there were signs everywhere, all over the damn place. They even spent evenings together, they spent nights in each other’s homes, Thomas even met Newt’s fucking parents! It was all there, all in his face, and he just walloped in it like a pig in a mud and let Newt to completely overwhelm his life.

But then one day Newt called and Thomas picked up and everything fell apart. They didn’t really argue. Thomas would say they talked quite normally, with occasional questions being raised (Newt) and answers being vague (Thomas), up until Newt just sighed into the phone and got quiet.

“Newt?” Thomas asked that time, because it was worrisome, because Newt always talked his ear off when he had the chance, and now he was silent and the sigh was definitely sad.

“You are so scared about me hurting you that you don’t realise that you are hurting yourself,” Newt told him and then hung up. Two days passed and Thomas kept on thinking about those words, couldn’t get them out of his head no matter how hard he tried.

Scared? Maybe he was scared, okay. Maybe he didn’t get into relationship because he always saw all of the couples breaking up around him, and because he saw they were in pain and shed tears and didn’t want that in his life. Who would want it anyway? He was never willing to become dependent on one person! He was fighting against it all his life, why would Newt be any different? They were perfect as friends, why the hell ruin it with commitment?

But then Newt didn’t call again. Didn’t text. Didn’t come for the gatherings of their mutual friends. People started to ask if they broke up.

If they broke up.

The question out of his nightmares was haunting him everywhere he went and where they knew his boyfriend. The never-ending salve of oh no, you were so cute together was making him kind of desperate.

“Just tell them he dates somebody else,” Minho took pity on him one evening and even bought him a drink. Newt didn’t come again and Thomas thought he kind of deserved the pitying looks and pats on his back, because at least it reminded him what he definitely didn’t miss.

“Like that would help,” he retorted snidely and Minho shrugged while drinking his own Cosmopolitan. Seeing him with such soft drink was rare, and Thomas kind of blamed it on some dare he was probably doing.

“It would,” Minho opposed between sips. “He already does anyway.”

“He does what?” Thomas blinked, because surely Minho didn’t mean Newt was already seeing somebody else, did he?

“Dates somebody else,” his friend filled the sentence easily. “So you can let it go and go back to your, you know. Fucking around.”

“That’s mean,” Thomas glared at him from the side, but Minho didn’t look at all apologetic. “I was not fucking around when we were together.”
“I thought you weren’t together,” Minho raised an eyebrow. “Wasn’t that the point anyway? You smell commitment and run, so this works in your favour.”

Except Newt was dating somebody else and not Thomas. Well, of course he didn’t date Thomas, when Thomas run and basically told him he was not interested in dating. What kind of desperate loser would stay single anyway, when he was attractive, fun and lovable?

Damn, he was really lovable. All those little quirks of his – like he hated cold and always bundled up in Thomas’ hoodie, like he made faces when eating broccoli even though he secretly liked it, like he was great with kids and his sister’s hellsawns, how… how he made Thomas feel like being with somebody was this easy. This nice.

“Uh oh,” Minho voiced out his inner conclusion perfectly. “You regret it.”

Perfectly.

“Fuck my life,” Thomas added for good measure and Minho patted his back. “On scale of 1 to 10, how screwed am I?”

“I’d say twelve,” his friend finished his drink, made a face and returned the empty glass on the bar. “Fuck your life, dude.”

Thomas decided he need another drink.

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It was eight in the morning and the doorbell was loud and obnoxious. Thomas wasn’t sure how he managed to get home, and quite frankly not even how he got himself to the door to open them, since his hangover was reaching nasty highs and his insides hated him with passion – especially stomach.

But he managed to open anyway and almost threw up on the spot when he realized it was Newt standing before him with a passive face that immediately changed into disgusted one.

“Jesus, Thomas, you reek like you drank a liquor store,” he told him instead of hello and Thomas let himself to be pushed back to the apartment. In next half an hour he got bathed and changed his clothes and Newt didn’t say a single word while moving around the place like he knew where everything had its spot, until everything was calm and quiet again and Thomas was sitting on a couch with a wet towel on his forehead.

“What about the text?” Newt responded quietly and Thomas tilted his head to the side whole peering at Newt under his towel.

“What text?” he asked and Newt’s expressions changed so fast he almost missed the pain that flashed there.

Oh god. Did I send him a text when drunk? Was it whiny? Was I begging him to come back?

“Alright,” the blond sighed, again with the fucking sighing, turned around and went for the door. Thomas’ mind immediately panicked, then fell back into hangover agony, and panicked again.
“Nononono, wait, please,” he blurted out, almost falling off the couch, realizing his legs apparently stopped working at some point, and Newt glanced at him with exasperation. “I admit I remember shit, but I got really drunk yesterday-,”

“Bye, Thomas.”

“Nonono, I didn’t mean I just went and drink!” This time Thomas definitely sounded whiny, even to his own ears. “It was just that everybody was pitying me for the break up-,”

“They were pitying you?” Newt finally turned back around, but he definitely didn’t look pleased.

“But then Minho said you’re dating somebody else anyway-,”

“Oh god,” the blond buried his face in his hands and Thomas thought it was a great sign for him to stop talking, but his mouth refused to take orders from the brain, and just kept on blabbering.

“And I realized it was not me and I hated it, so I drank-,”

“Thomas, drinking is not a coping mechanism for relationships,” Newt groaned and kind of looked to be in the same hangover pain as Thomas now.

“But I don’t remember the text!” Thomas exclaimed in desperation. “I don’t know what I texted you, but you’re here, and I just can’t let you go-,”

“Can’t let me go?” Newt stared at him dubiously and then shook his head. He pulled out the phone from his pocket, browsed it for a second and then took a deep breath. “You wrote: fuck my life.”

“That’s it?”

“Basically,” Newt shrugged and hid his phone back. “I thought you did something stupid. And well, you did.”

“I broke up with you,” Thomas countered without missing a beat and Newt stared at him in silence. Thomas wasn’t sure if it was good or bad. “That was pretty stupid.”

“Yeah, that was pretty stupid,” the blond shrugged. “But then again it was also you who said there was no dating anyway, so technically we didn’t break up.”

“Which was also stupid,” Thomas supplied and if he didn’t feel so miserable, he would at least try to reach out for him and coax him into a hug or something similar and mushy and relationship-y. Yesterday night made him miss Newt like nothing else, and his constant absence was tearing down his defences. When Minho told him Newt was dating somebody else, it was like a punch to the gut and that punch stayed with him up until now.

Another sigh came, and Thomas was fed up with the sighing, why was Newt suddenly sighing so much? He never sighed these many times in such short span before!

“Alright,” Newt said again, but this time it didn’t sound so fed up and Thomas felt a relief washing over him when instead to the door Newt walked towards him and sat down on the couch. “So what’s the plan, dumbo?”

“To date you,” Thomas shot out immediately, earning a nod. “Like properly date you.” Another nod. “With all the commitment stuff and the jazz.”

“Yeah, okay, that sounds amendable,” the blond agreed. “And?”
“And…?” Thomas cringed a little when Newt’s eyes narrowed. Was there something else the relationship required? A flower maybe? A dinner? A…oh.

“And I love you. And I am sorry I made you miserable.”

“Yeah,” Newt’s face finally smiled, his lips, his eyes, his whole being. “Yeah, that’s it.”

Kissing him never felt so right before, like it did now.

***

The text said: *Fuck my life. I miss you so much I think it’s illegal. Please don’t be dating anybody else before I get my shit back together and ask you out properly.*
Newt was born in England, Brighton, but when he was five, his family decided to move to America and settle down in a house with a white fence and a dog, living the American dream. Newt hated it there – he hated how people spoke, he hated how they laughed, how they behaved, how nothing was like he was used to. He missed his friends and their little house near the coast, the air and the beaches.

After a year he got used to his new life to a degree where he didn’t whine to his parents anymore, but secretly remained bitter about people around him, until the first day of the first grade where he met Thomas in his class.

Thomas was a kid of the same age; with big brown eyes and really adorable way of pronouncing “squirrel” (that was also why Newt remembered him so well right the first day). He didn’t live too far from Newt’s house, just few blocks actually, and he was the friendliest person Newt met in America so far. They became friends very fast and 11 years later Newt considered him his best friend he could tell everything to.

Well, almost everything.

He started crushing on him when he was about fifteen, but if he really wanted to be honest, he probably somehow fell in love with Thomas’ adorableness right in the first grade and it stuck to him like a glue. He tried to get rid of the feeling at first, because hey, two guys and Thomas being straighter than an arrow didn’t really offer anything but trouble, but he failed miserably, so he just decided to ignore the problem until it would eventually go away.

He was 17 now and it was still there. Newt would even say worse than before, especially when Thomas started to date his high school sweetheart Teresa and Newt had no idea what to do with himself. He was still the best friend, still the main person Thomas turned to and tell everything (sadly definitely everything) but how the creeping desperation inside of him progressed, Newt started to hate himself with passion and the fear of not fulfilling the expectation of the The Best Friend™ was eating him up alive.

“You’re awfully quiet today.”

Newt jolted and almost spilled his drink he was absentmindedly holding all this time, while sitting in Thomas’ bedroom, completely ignoring the TV that was playing. He didn’t even know why he came over in the end, but it probably involved Teresa not being present. Spending alone time with Thomas had been rather difficult lately, but Newt thought it was better, since it would give him less chances to screw up.

“Sorry,” he put the glass with drink on the table, wiping his hand to his trousers. “Just thinkin’.”

“’bout?” Thomas’ voice was full of curiosity and Newt sometimes thought he should work harder
on pretending everything was fine before Thomas would put one and one together.

“How lame your hair is today,” he shot back, glancing at his friend with a perfectly faked smirk, and Thomas sputtered.

“Noooo…”

“You look like an idiot,” he insisted, because hey. Thomas really did look strange with the hair being all up and ready to run away, judging from the weird angles it had. He kind of guessed it was Teresa’s influence or something, but it didn’t mean it looked good. Thomas groaned and slid down his bed and onto the floor like sack of potatoes.

“Fuck, I really hate it too,” he heard him saying. “But I tried; therefore no one should criticize me.”

“Go wash it,” Newt nudged him and Thomas crawled away, whining all the way to the bathroom, and then some more from inside. He was dating Teresa for about four months now and Newt was already spotting her touch on all kind of things – the hair, some clothes, even music taste. All things were screaming no to Newt, but he couldn’t really say much about it, unless he wanted to upset Thomas marginally (unless it was really bad, like the hair today). They were meeting up less too, gaming together felt like impossible task and all the free time got usurped with deadly accuracy, as if on purpose. But Newt was brave enough to say it couldn’t be Teresa’s aim, because he was really trying his best to pretend, and nobody found out yet. Thomas even preferred her most of the time and Newt wasn’t the one to complain, it was usually other Thomas’ friends who did.

Or was it because he wasn’t loud enough? Because he acted so reconciled with the fact Thomas was in love with somebody else?

No, he thought. Can’t be it. Would be weirder if I whined about it.

“Phew, that’s better,” Thomas emerged back from the bathroom, towel around his shoulders and his hair wetly plastered on his head. “That’s for me believing what a girl is saying.”

“Feels bad, man,” Newt commented with a smile and Thomas sat next to him on the floor with a sigh. The TV played some random drama and Thomas seemed too interested in it, which meant something was bothering him but he tried to pretend everything was fine.

Newt tilted his head to the side and nudged him again.

“What’s wrong?” he asked quietly and Thomas made a face at the TV. Newt wasn’t sure if it the scene was that bad, since he barely paid attention, or if it meant he didn’t want to talk about any problem that could be occurring.

“Think I’m a shitty bf,” Thomas said with his eyes still fixated on the screen. Newt stared back at him with no idea what the hell to say, until Thomas finally glanced towards him with embarrassed expression.

“What,” Newt managed, his mind reeling. True, it was kind of strange Thomas wasn’t with Teresa as he always did, or at least on the phone texting her, but he didn’t really think much of it until now. “Why?”

“Cuz she’s not happy,” Thomas answered with surprising calm.

“Not happy?” Newt repeated incredulously. What else she wanted from Thomas than what he was already giving her? They were basically always together lately too. “She told you or something?”
“She didn’t need to,” Thomas shrugged, but it looked rather weak. “She’s not happy cuz I’m not happy.”

Then break up with her, Newt greedy side wanted to say, but he forced himself to stop. Under no circumstances he would say something like that, ever. He was going to support Thomas because he was his best friend, even though he repeated it in his head like mantra too many times so it would still be true.

“Did something happen between you?” he asked instead, carefully, like walking over broken glass, and Thomas shook his head. “You talked about it with her?” Thomas nodded. “And?”

“I guess it’s kinda over?” Came a reply and Newt’s heart almost stopped. They broke up? Broke up for real?

Nonono, stop thinking about it!

“’m sorry to hear that, man,” Newt forced out as apologetically as he could and patted Thomas on his back. “Can I do anything for you to feel better?”

Because of course his stupid, greedy self would say that. Like oh great, you broke up, let’s spend more time together again, so I can get my dose like a junkie before it’s too late!

“You being here is already doing a lot,” Thomas smiled at him gratefully and Newt kind of wanted to cry. This was not fair and yet it absolutely was, and in the end it changed nothing and it never would. Teresa might have been out of picture, but there were going to be other girls, other dates and relationships and Newt was stagnating on one spot, unable to move forward, the best friend watching from side lines.

“Anytime, man,” he said anyway and when Thomas rested his head on Newt’s shoulder like a content overgrown cat, Newt was pretty sure he was soon going to burn in hell.

***

“Man, I’m so jelly of that guy.”

“Huh?” Newt raised his head from the notes when Winston was staring into his phone like somebody sent him a death threat.

“I wanted to buy a ticket for today’s B-Club performance, but they are all sold out already,” Winston whined, uselessly clicking on order while getting error messages.

“That rubbish band?” Newt raised an eyebrow and Winston made a face at him.

“They may be rubbish, but it’s full of pretty ladies, sue me,” he commented with pursed lips and Newt shook his head with a chuckle. “And that bastard Thomas already have a ticket!”

“What?” that made Newt alert again, this time with confused undertone. Thomas never listened to the band, quite frankly never even paid them much attention, despite the fact it was full of young girls, and suddenly had a ticket for the show? Why?

“That chick Brenda got him one,” Winston let out a sigh. “Seriously. Lucky bastard, scoring a date and ogling at one night.”

A date?
Newt hated how his stomach clenched at that, like somebody was kicking him repeatedly. It had been two weeks since the break-up with Teresa and Thomas fell back into his let’s hang out every day routine with Newt. They usually had at least dinner together, either at Newt’s or Thomas’ home, and their parents were like: oh, glad to see you coming here again [name]! It was almost like they were kids once more, playing videogames or just talking, even helping each other with assignments. Thomas never mentioned any Brenda during the talks, and Newt was perfectly sure if there was a dating possibility, he would tell Newt as the first person. And Newt would smile and congratulate him, as he always did, and the meetings would diminish, as they always did, and everything would be the same once more.

But now he didn’t know about anything that might have even resemble Thomas wanting to date, and unless he met her just today and she immediately gave him a ticket for a rubbish show, it just fell out of the learned way of Thomas’ behaviour pattern.

He despised himself the moment he grabbed his phone and sent Thomas a message about tonight’s dinner, because his masochistic side of wanting to suffer just couldn’t be repressed, apparently. Surely Thomas would tell him about dating. Surely Winston just heard wrong?

Thomas – 14:21 – Sorry my man, can’t tonight! Call it for tomorrow though, ayyy!

Newt sent something neutral back, he knew that, it was a well learned move, and then the rest of the day somehow passed as a blur.

***

“Chinese food.”

“You’re too nice,” he said instead with practiced smile, and no, he was happy for him, he was glad Thomas was in good mood and in great place right now. He was still his best friend, and best friends were basically family. He was (bitterly) happy for him. “What’s the occasion?”

“Thomas,” he eyed him warily, but the brunet just grinned and gestured towards the chair again, so Newt sat down and hoped for the best. “You’re creeping me out now.”

“Oh no, this soon?” Thomas faked a shock and Newt wanted to groan. “What are you going to say after the candles and the marching band I ordered to play your favourite song?”

“I’d just rather die already,” Newt buried his face in his hands and Thomas laughed in honest amusement and patted his back.

“Oh c’mon, Newtie, you know you love it anyway,” he had the nerve to wink at him and when he finally sat down on the other chair and handed Newt one of the boxes without pulling a bouquet of
roses out of his ass, Newt could relax a little.

“So, I had been thinking,” Thomas started and Newt braced for the inevitable as casually as he could. It was fine, a good friend ordering his favourite food while telling him something insane, like that whoever Brenda had been was now pregnant and Thomas was dropping out of school to marry her to have a nice house at the beach, a golden retriever and a white fence.

*Good grief, I hope not, for his own sake.*

“I hope it didn’t hurt,” Newt piped without looking at him when Thomas grew quiet. “You rarely use your brain, don’t strain it too much in one go.”

“Oi, I use it when it counts!” Thomas retorted back with a smile in his voice and Newt’s mouth curled up in a smile too, almost involuntarily. He kept his eyes on the food though, just to be sure.

“So?” he asked matter-of-factly and Thomas sighed.

“Are you not going to look at me at all tonight?”

Newt blinked and glanced up, spotting Thomas’ sour expression aimed at him.

“Huh?” he let out stupidly. “Uh, sorry. Looking at you now.”

The sour expression stayed and Newt cleared his throat and put the box back on the table.

“Sorry,” he repeated. “What’s yours I had been thinking thing then?”

“Eh, never mind, the mood is gone,” the brunet shrugged and reached for his food as well. “My bad.”

He didn’t elaborate even when Newt was glaring at him for a full minute after and then half of the first episode of Scrubs.

***

It came as no surprise when Thomas couldn’t come for dinner the next day or the day after. It gave Newt the right message, and quite frankly he was a little glad he managed not to hear Thomas out the other day, because even when he could imagine what Thomas had to say, it would still take too much effort to keep straight face during it. So he was now content with the Schrodinger relationship that kept Thomas busy and just wallowed in his own self-pity for a change.

Was it going to be like this forever? Was he going to pin after him until he would be old and wrinkly and Thomas would have a wife, and kids and grandkids and occasionally invite Newt over for the good old-time sake while sporting his wife’s favoured brand of clothes and hairstyle?

*Am I going to be bitter and alone forever because I just can’t give up?*

He took his phone, his eyes fixated on Thomas’ name in the chat log, and the last message was a lil busy this week, I will make it up to you.

“Make it up to me,” he read out loud, the light from the phone almost blinding him in the dark room where he was hidden under the covers.

Newt – 20:11 – *Hey, I really miss you.* He wrote, then his fingers stopped and got back to the delete button, erasing the whole message.
**Newt – 20:15 – I love you since the first grade and can’t stop thinking about you.** He wrote again, his fingers trembling, and it hurt inside. He left the text shine on the screen for a while, reading it over and over again, but it didn’t make it a lie, it didn’t erase the truth in the words. He deleted it again until there was only a blinking cursor staring back at him, mockingly challenging him to write something that wouldn’t completely destroy the friendship he clung to almost his whole life.

**Newt – 20:30 – Hey! Any plans for tonight? :)**

He hit sent and tossed the phone next to him on the mattress, leaving it bounce several times before landing screen down, muting the light. He knew what answer to expect and didn’t want to read it anytime soon.

The sleep claimed him almost immediately.

***

“Newtie, you’re getting old,” said Thomas’ voice in his dream. It was warm and friendly and Newt imagined him sitting on his bed, gently stroking his hair while smiling down at him.

“Am I?” he asked back, basking in the rare moment of calmness, free of bitter reality and his own wicked thoughts about his best friend.

“Falling asleep so early,” Thomas was still smiling and his hand was warm on Newt’s cheek, caressing it. “Is there something on your mind?”

“You,” Newt responded back and it was so easy and liberating to say it. “It has always been you.”

The caressing stopped for a fraction of second, but then Thomas was leaning down, tilting Newt’s chin up, and his lips were a little dry, but Newt loved the kiss anyway. It was soft and gentle, like sailing on waves of serenity and when Thomas started to pull away, he boldly chased his lips, stealing one more kiss before letting go, swiping his tongue over Thomas’ lower lip in satisfaction.

“I know it’s a little overdue, but,” Thomas’ voice was lower now, huskier, and Newt goddamn loved this kind of dream. He let his best friend, his unfulfilled love, to sit over him like a knight waking up a princess and it was ridiculous to think about it that way, but it fitted so well Newt just had to chuckle at the thought.

“What?” There was evident confusion in Thomas’ eyes, but Newt wished it away – not here, not now. Thomas, his dream Thomas, understood his thoughts.

“A knight and a sleeping beauty,” he said with a smile and Thomas barked out a laugh.

“Can’t say it doesn’t fit,” he agreed, and Newt felt more clarity now, more noises came to him. He must have started to wake up and the thought made him sad.

“What I meant to say,” Thomas started talking again and Newt started to feel thirsty, like after a night in a hot room, and a little stuffy. Didn’t he turn off the heating before going to sleep? Damn, it was already ruining the dream like an apocalypse. “Was that I had been thinking-,”

“Déjà vu,” Newt mumbled and then it hit him.

He wasn’t sleeping. This wasn’t a dream. Thomas was in his room, sitting on his bed, talking to him. *Kissing him.*
“And you never let me finish,” Thomas sighed, fully in flesh and here and Newt started to panic. The terror was setting in his bones like lead and pinned him to the bed with deadly accuracy of somebody, whose sentence was to die in the very bed, by shame and mortification and so, so much bitterness.

“What are you doing here?” Newt croaked out, his eyes wide, and Thomas didn’t move an inch from his current bent down position above him. The living nightmare was too cruel now, too merciless.

“You asked me what plans I have, I answered you and you didn’t reply,” Thomas responded with eerie calm for somebody who just got kissed by his best friend out of the blue. “So I stopped by, auntie said you’re in your room and then I found you here sleeping.”

“Oh no,” Newt croaked. “Oh god no.”

“Then I kissed you, you were fine and now you’re freaking out,” Thomas ended the elaboration and added an eyeroll for a good measure. Newt hoped the bed would open and swallow him whole.

“You were a dream!” Newt whined in defence, but unfortunately knew already it wasn’t the case. Thomas was here, and had been here when the apparent dream started, and Newt told him things he shouldn’t have, and the world might have ended today and it would be just perfect.

“Nope, not really,” Thomas assured him. “Wait, do you mean you’d kiss only dream me but not real me? Where’s the equality?”

“Thomas, please-,”

“Newt, I know you’re a smart guy.” Thomas didn’t let him finish. “I know you are. But this is slow even for a snail running dry, just realize it already.”

Newt never felt so scared in his life, so fragile upon hoping in impossible, of Thomas being here, telling him he liked him back in his own way, and no, it couldn’t be true, it couldn’t be happening. Not after all these years and-

“So I had been thinking,” Thomas started once more, and it was so familiar now, and he even stopped, looked at Newt expectantly like he was challenging him to interrupt him once more, but Newt remained quiet as a mouse, drinking Thomas in. “I had been thinking that we should date.”

Newt was happy the world didn’t end just yet.
leniati said:
Hello!! I adored your "Husbands" AU in your "prompts challenge" in AO3 ❤️ and I was wondering if you would be interested in writing sometime one more chapter for it, exploring the car crash and Thomas being in coma at hospital from Newt's pov? (Yeah I'm a sucker for angst). Bc I would love to read that if you will ever decide to write smth like that!! Can't stop thinking about it. Also them being happy after Thomas regained his memory is also a trope I love :D

I tried lol. Not that good with angst, I apologize ^^' I guess Newt has a bit more issues than I thought he had x.x (also thank you for all your lovely comments at the chapters :))

„He’s stabilized and out of danger. The worst is behind him now.”

Newt felt the words were being spoken somewhere very far from him, maybe on another planet. His mind was completely blank, filled only with white noise ringing in his ears, loud enough to be deafening. He had been in a haze the moment his phone rang and Ava cried into his phone, but standing in a hospital now made him enter a complete stupor.

Everything smelled like death in this place. Hospitals were clean and sterile, but scary and the reek of disinfection made his stomach churn. He saw it in the movies but it never did it justice – the real deal was horrifying and the flee or fight instinct came to life the moment he stepped into the white building.

“Newt,” he heard near him again, the ringing barely let it through. “Are you okay?”

No.

How could they even ask that? How could he be okay – did he even look that way? He doubted it. He could feel the blood draining from his face, maybe his whole body, his skin going white as paper sheet.

The worst is behind him now.

It didn’t reach his panicking brain. All he could think of was Thomas battered and bruised lying on the bed with all those tubes and machines around him, steadily breathing but unconscious, and it made him want to throw up.

A car crash. It just happened so suddenly he could barely comprehend how. Thomas was always driving safe. He never risked needlessly.

A car crash.

A car crash. A car crash.
“He’s going to be fine, Newt,” another voice chimed in.

“Excuse me,” he just said and later found himself at the hospital toilet, throwing up.

***

“You look even worse than him.”

Newt didn’t say anything, didn’t even look up. He was holding his husband’s hand in his, a hand pierced with a needle and cold as ice. The steady beeping of a monitor with Thomas’ heartbeat filled the room tirelessly, but offering little to no comfort.

Somebody clasped his shoulder, giving a gentle squeeze before letting go. Then a chair got dragged towards him until Aris sat down next to him, dressed in a grey hoodie and jeans, wearing pitying expression. It didn’t suit him, but then again when did it suit anybody.

“What have you slept?” Aris tried again and Newt felt like his voice went somewhere far away. He simply shook his head in retort and would add he didn’t feel like it, if he could.

Nothing came out of his throat before, so he didn’t bother now.

“You should,” Aris commented. “Thomas is fine, you know.”

Fine looked different. He was very far from fine.

Newt frowned and Aris patted him on the back in consoling gesture. He got lots of those lately. It changed nothing. Thomas was still unconscious, still in a bad shape, still out of his reach.

They sat in silence. The beeping creeped into the rhythm of Newt’s heart, synchronizing. He squeezed Thomas’ hand tighter for a second before easing off and the lack of reaction dug into him more than he thought it would.

Not dead. Not dead.

He had to remind himself every breath Thomas took.

***

“A momentary case of memory loss is possible,” the doctor said. Ava gasped for air, Teresa squeezed Newt’s hand in hers on board of it being painful. “We don’t think it’s going to be permanent though. The head trauma was severe, but we treated it in time.”

“Is he not going to remember who he is?” Aris asked, his voice wavering only slightly. Ava was already weeping and Teresa’s eyes were full of tears. Newt’s chest hurt like bitch.

“I can’t say the concrete consequences,” the doctor shook his head. “It may take this form or it can take random memories from over the years. There is no telling before he wakes up. There may be nothing wrong as well.”

Newt’s eyes swept back to Thomas’ unmoving form in the bed. The wounds healed but the bruises remained, changing colours from threatening red to sad purple and yellow. Most of the machines were gone but the beeping stayed, offering Thomas’ heartbeat as a consolation.

What if he won’t be able to remember anything about them? What if he will wake up completely disoriented and scared? What if it’s never going to come back? What if it’s going to change him completely?
There was a lump in Newt’s throat he was unable to swallow down. He spent so much time here, praying and comforting Thomas’ unmoving form, and it scared him, all of it, the wounds and the coma, but this? Memory loss? It terrified the shit out him.

He zoned out for the rest of what the doctor said with the white noise filling his ears again and terror washing over him in waves. The pain and the suffering his husband must have felt was one thing, but not remembering his own life… nothing could prepare them for that.

***

He got the message at exactly 1:12 PM.

It said: He’s awake!

It was from Teresa. She added tons of smileys behind it. It was very much like her. Newt dropped everything he was doing, barely excused himself from work while probably sounding incoherent and went to the hospital. The bag he had prepared in his car for a week now was the first thing he grabbed once he got to the parking lot and almost tripped over his own feet on the way to the building. Even one of the nurses told him to behave himself when he ran to Thomas’ room but his wildly beating heart didn’t care. He probably didn’t even apologize to her.

He stopped behind the door to calm his breath at least, ignoring the stabbing pain in his side from the running, until he heard Ava’s voice through the door, saying something about being happier for the home care. Newt’s name dropped as well when he reached for the handle, his chest still heaving.

“I’m sure you can talk him into it,” he heard her saying. “You can both stay there, I’m sure it’s manageable even with his job.”

“Um. I mean, sure, uh,” Thomas’ voice, sounding fine and alive and Newt pressed the handle with immense relief. Before the door could open, Thomas added: “But… who exactly is Newt?”

It was too late. He couldn’t back away. He entered the room with a crushing feeling he never, ever felt before and almost missed the first step. It took all of his willpower not to turn around and run and when everybody’s eyes turned to him, something on an autopilot opened his mouth and announced his own presence. Somehow. He could have sworn he didn’t even hear himself saying it over the white noise.

“Oh,” Thomas let out blankly. Nothing else. No recognition in his eyes, no spark. There was a fading bruise on his left cheek but all of the tubes were now gone. No beeping to greet Newt as well, everything was gone, along with Thomas’ memories.

“The doctor said the memory loss shouldn’t be permanent,” he was distinctly aware Ava was speaking, but he couldn’t stop staring at Thomas’ face as if he liked the pain it caused him. Thomas looked uncomfortable. And thin. And like a different person. “So far he remembers about everything except…”

“Of me,” Newt finished for her and finally tore his eyes away from the man for a second. Ava looked even more pained than he thought she would and he couldn’t decide whose face was worse to look at. He settled back on Thomas like a masochist. “That’s quite steep memory loss though. You have no idea who I am, at all?”

“Um,” Thomas cleared his throat and fidgeted, obviously quite unhappy about the attention. Teresa gasped somewhere on the side and Newt was glad he didn’t do the same.
“Three years,” she whispered, confirming Newt’s fears like an executioner. Newt still stared, the change in Thomas’ face apparent. “That’s not a small memory loss anymore.”

“Three years?” his husband repeated and it must have made him realize he was no longer living the life he remembered. Far from that, actually. “I’m off college?”

“Yes,” Ava agreed with that. Everybody agreed with that. Newt didn’t move an inch, his breakfast was threatening to come back up.

“What… else?” the question was asked without wanting to hear the answer, Newt could see that. Shivers moved Thomas’ body pitifully and Newt felt himself taking a step back in terror without giving his body the command for it.

“Well,” Aris started, glancing towards him and Newt threw him a pleading look.

No.

No no no. Please don’t say anything.

“-you and this guy are marr-,”

NONONONONO.

“Living in the same apartment!” he shot out in panic. It came out of him like a bark and he noticed how Teresa flinched. He prayed to anybody who would listen for the whole family to keep their mouths shut. “For two years. You work in a small company. You never complained so I assume you were happy there.”

He was blabbering. He had to fill the silence and then run. He had to say something to throw him off the track. He had to… he had to protect him. He had to protect them both. The doctor said it was a possibility. He told them not to pressure Thomas with anything big.

Anything big like having a husband. Like being gay. Like changing his preference three years prior. Like making love to Newt instead of a girl. Like hating the fact he was gay now, when he was set back for three years where he was still straight.

Bad. It was bad. So, so bad. Newt felt the fear paralysing him.

“We are flatmates?” it came out of Thomas like he was a deflating balloon. Bad, but not that bad. Bearable enough. Newt could work with that. He could… spin it around somehow. Maybe point out a money issue. Not on Thomas side, he would find out the money was not underpaid at his job. Newt’s side then. Being a leech could sound believable. Pathetic, but there.

Basically,” he responded and could only hope his voice didn’t waver. He must have wavered since Thomas frowned. Was he doubtful? He had to say something. He had to keep it secret for a little more. He was so scared.

I will think of something after.

“But it would be better for you to stay in your family house. For faster recovery,” he shot a small glace towards Ava, she seemed to understand, before looking back at Thomas. He was still frowning, now probably even more, already angry. Not disgusted. Not yet. It could come.

“Sounds good to me,” Thomas bit out. Cold, unhappy, unfriendly. Newt almost threw up on the spot. He wasn’t sure what he said after, though he vaguely remembered leaving with the bag again
instead of giving to somebody there.

He was trembling the whole way home.

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“I don’t want him to know yet,” he answered without saying hello when he picked up Ava’s call. He knew what it was about.

“Newt,” she sounded sad. “He will remember-,”

“Yeah, but please don’t tell him yet,” he stopped her mid-sentence, pinching the bridge of his nose. His eyes were fixated on a ring resting on his palm. Thomas’ ring. He wanted to give it back to him personally as a thank god you’re alright kind of thing. Now he couldn’t do anything but stare at it. “The doctor said not to pressure him. I don’t want to cause him any trouble.”

It was a lie. He was terrified of the current Thomas. He was scared of the ire and doubt and disgust he could and would hear in his voice. He didn’t want to feel the pain, not yet, not ever if possible. He knew how angry, cornered and scared Thomas was able lash out. He knew he would if he heard about the marriage. It would be inevitable.

It was not possible to avoid it forever, Newt was aware. But he could dream. He knew Thomas was going to confront him one day. But every day of Schrödinger’s cat of Thomas maybe not knowing yet was a blessing for his fucked up psyche right now.

“Alright,” Ava spoke again, softly. “But don’t shut yourself out of this. He needs you.”

No, he does not.

“He will ask for you.”

Maybe, yes. Definitely. Someday somebody will tell him about the marriage, sure. Not yet though.

“Please, take care of yourself,” she reminded him before saying goodbye and hanging up.

Newt let the tears fall while he curled on the bed in a ball, clutching the ring in his hand.

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Newt took a break from work and holed himself at home. He didn’t want to count, but he had a feeling he didn’t leave the flat for four days by now and it showed – not only on him, since every time he passed a mirror it felt like it’s going to break, but on the flat as well. The clothes were everywhere, he didn’t do any housework altogether that didn’t involve moping the floor with his own body, just lying there, staring into the ceiling.

His only real activity was searching for a chain he could put the ring on, three days ago. It offered no comfort, maybe only added weight of guilt, but it was there, with him, under the shirt he didn’t change for the same amount of days.

He answered some calls at least though. Mostly from work or from Teresa or Ava or Aris. He was completely apathetic and he probably preferred it instead of the fear he still had lodged in his gut. When the phone rang again, he blindly grabbed it and answered, until Thomas’ voice asking for the address flooded the line and Newt’s body flipped the switch for anxiety attack.

“I’m sorry?” he gulped down the fear un成功fully, his blood pressure raising.
“The address,” Thomas repeated without niceties. “To our apartment.”

Newt’s blood ran cold.

“Ah,” his throat formulated, but nothing else. The lump was back, choking him.

“I’m coming over,” Thomas had no mercy. “And you will stay there and talk to me. Are we clear?”

He wasn’t fucking around. Newt lived through terrible times in his high school, he knew what bullying was and how a fist in his face felt, but the possibility of it happening from his own husband was frightening on board of painful.


The fear stayed.

“Since when you got so bossy?” Newt managed somehow, stalling.

Stalling, stalling, stalling, Time. Need time.

“Since I found out I’m missing a wedding ring on my finger,” Thomas shot back with evident anger in his voice and that was the end of the charade.

The Schrödinger’s cat was out of the bag. Thomas knew and was angry and Newt was going to get it. The consequences were coming closer like a tidal wave, with roaring and desolation. He couldn’t stop the gasp coming from his throat, no matter how hard he tried to sound collected.

“I suppose you have it?” he almost missed the sentence before his brain connected it to the ring hanging on his neck. It felt like it weighted a ton now, dragging Newt to the dirty floor.

“Yeah,” somehow came out. “I do.”

“The address,” Thomas demanded.

No.


“I can drive-,” he tried, but Thomas was having none of it.

“For fuck’s sake, just tell me!” His voice was loud and hostile and the white noise returned with vengeance. It deafened everything. Newt felt tears prickling in his eyes so he couldn’t see his surroundings anymore. The dirty, messy place that was their home. Their home. A pile of rubbish. And the biggest trash was sitting on the floor now, in the midst of broken mugs he was throwing around an hour ago in hope it would make him feel better.

It did not.

“The apartment is not really… in the right condition for you to see. Right now,” he squeezed out, holding back the sobs.

You’ll hate it. You’ll hate me.

“Are you already packing my things so you can kick me out?”
Newt had to run the sentence in his brain at least five times.

“What?” he let out, repeating it again and again until he finally grasped the meaning. It horrified him even more. “No! Bloody hell, of course not. It’s just messy, I…”

“Stop chickening out and tell me the address,” Thomas snapped, stopping Newt in his blabbering and all the escape routes closed shut simultaneously.

Newt admitted his defeat.

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“You look like shit.”

It made Newt laugh bitterly. He knew. He must have smelled horribly too but he had no strength to do anything until Thomas arrived. He was like a dog sitting on his place until the owner would come home, punishing him for misbehaving.

The thoughts were dark. There was no reason for them, Thomas never ever did anything wrong, but they were still there, a painful reminder how it could go, how all nice things come to an end.

He let Thomas in only grudgingly, taking in the state of the flat it was almost a crime.

“Careful,” he warned him quietly. “There are shards on the ground. I’ve accidently dropped a mug.”

Lies.

*Lies lies lies. All I tell are lies.*

“Accidentally,” Thomas repeated and Newt avoided his eyes before going in. He attempted to clean the shards, but he gave up every time. When he tried to do it now, Thomas crouched next to him and helped and Newt kept his mouth shut, his lips trembling.

The retribution was near.

“I’m still angry,” Thomas announced. “Neither of you telling me. Not even my family or my husband. I found out from a clerk in a shop. How lame is that?”

A clerk in the shop? Newt felt the spasm coming back to him, almost painfully.

“Sorry.”

“You should be sorry,” Thomas reached for the brush and started sweeping in small, angry moves. “Jesus, do you even realize how fucked up it is? You shut me out.”

Bad. So bad. It was so, so bad. Newt’s body froze for a second, the fear raising in him painfully.

Say something. You gotta say something.

“I thought it’s for the best,” he said lamely.

For the best. To protect himself. He was too bloody scared of refusal it made him paranoid.

“For the best?” Thomas repeated and his voice raised slightly. Angry. So angry. “My husband ignoring me is for the best?”
“Tommy…” Newt tried, the name shooting out of him out of habit and Thomas stopped with the sweeping and turned to him with fiery eyes.

So angry. I’m scared.

“No, I mean, I get it, I remember shit right now, but I will remember one day. I will remember and then I will know you left me all alone, and I bet we are in love, so how do you think that would make me feel?”

Newt’s heart was beating so wild it felt like a heart attack approaching.


“Angry!” Thomas barked and Newt stiffly nodded. He hurt him. He made a bad decision and it hurt Thomas, even when he didn’t remember, why?

Why, why why?

“I’m sorry,” it escaped from his lips and it felt lame even to his ears.

“Fuck,” Thomas buried his face, his voice finally dropping lower, calmer. Sad? “Just… tell my why?”

Why? There was no point in lying.

“I don’t think I can explain,” Newt said, because he really couldn’t put a label on this all. It was so many things at once the only thing he could put a finger on was the fear. “I was… scared.”

“Of me rejecting you or…” Thomas looked at him again and there was something softer in his eyes now, something less angry at least.

“That… too,” Newt admitted. There were things in his head that were never going to go away. The call from Ava on the day of the crash. Thomas’ unmoving body on the hospital bad. The doctor telling them the swelling went down but the memory loss is a probability. Thomas’ uncomfortable face when they met supposedly for the first time after he woke up. All of those and more. “But… you almost died. I’ve seen you all bloody and barely breathing and I thought if I could do anything that would help you to survive, I would. If I could just turn back time so you wouldn’t get in that car-,”

“Well, you cannot,” Thomas stopped him firmly. “As well as you can’t fucking blame yourself for what I’ve done, unless you made my car crash, which you did not.”

“I know, but-,” Newt took a breath, but Thomas shook his head.

“This is getting us nowhere,” he glanced back at Newt. “I’m just… I mean, you acted like you couldn’t get rid of me fast enough when I met you in that hospital, so I was shocked to find out we are married.”

That came out worse than Newt thought it did. He would be a pretty bad actor.

“I panicked when I heard you don’t even know who I am,” he said truthfully. “I talked with the doctor and he said there is temporary memory loss and too much pressure would only confuse you, and I’m sure you remember very well you were straight as an arrow in college.”
“Oh. Yeah,” Thomas agreed and Newt hated how it stung. “But that doesn’t mean I’d be rude to you.”

“No, of course not,” Newt had to remind himself all the time of that. Thomas was never treating him bad, even in college when they met. But circumstances were different now. “You’d just ignore me until you’d feel guilty about it, or until Teresa make you feel guilty about it. I know what I did wasn’t much better, but at least it felt safer than dealing with rejection.”

Thomas took a breath and then nodded.

“Fair enough,” he said and the angry aura around him thinned out. Newt felt the spasm slowly melting away to his own immense relief.

“So,” he looked at his husband with a bit more courage. “Are you going to help me clean this up?”

Thomas resumed the sweeping again which Newt took as a yes.

“You do this often?” he asked with curiosity in his voice and Newt reminded himself to go and buy another set of ugly mugs, since he trashed almost all of them this week.

“Occasionally,” he admitted. “Makes me feel better.”

“To drop mugs on the ground?”

“We have a set of mugs just for this occasion,” he shrugged. “You do it too.”

“Smash mugs when upset?” Thomas followed Newt with his eyes when he stood up and it felt easier now, when the cards were on the table.


“Sounds crazy though,” Thomas laughed and Newt chuckled at the thought of how a mug smashing must have seemed for people not acquainted with it.

“Tell that to the neighbours,” he nodded towards the wall that divided them the elderly couple living next door. They were nice but a bit too nosy sometimes. When Thomas and Newt wanted to fuck with them a bit, they always answered when the elderly couple asked that they had a disagreement. They never ended a real fight with the mugs flying around, so that made all the occasions nothing more than a prank. “They always think we have an Italian household.”

“At least it’s not boring,” Thomas pointed out and Newt walked towards the bin to dump the shards in it.

“Definitely not boring,” he agreed when returning towards Thomas’ pile, sweeping it up. It was silent for few sweeps until suddenly Thomas cleared his throat.

“Where’s the ring?” he asked suddenly and Newt froze. His own ring was on his hand, as always, and when he looked at Thomas, his husband was staring at it as expected.

“You want it?” he asked in surprise and Thomas rolled his eyes. Rude.

“Duh?”

“I’m just surprised,” Newt shrugged, put down the brush and pulled out the chain with the ring from under the shirt. It didn’t feel as heavy as before, as if the guilt got almost completely lifted from it.
“You really love me, don’t you,” Thomas deadpanned and Newt raised an eyebrow at him. He couldn’t say if he was serious or not – was it connected to the chain or it just occurred to him?

“Well. I wouldn’t have married you if I did not?” he opened the chain for the ring to slid off it and then let it rest on his palm for Thomas to take. Saying *of course I love you* now felt like an unwelcomed addition, so he kept it for himself. “Don’t sound so shocked.”

“I’m not shocked, I just didn’t really see the extend of it until now,” Thomas opposed and reached for the ring with a deep breath. Newt couldn’t help but wonder if it made him feel weird, this whole business with marriage. If it did, why would he want the ring though?

“Carrying a ring with you on a chain. Like a gi-,”

“I assure you if you finish that sentence, I still have some mugs I can throw at you,” Newt stopped him with faked sweetness and Thomas shut up. “Good boy.”

Somehow… this Thomas was no longer scary.
Actors

Chapter Summary

Jonipony:
So this idea just came to me out of thin air, Thomas and Newt are actors who don't get along well together, but they have to do a love scene together for their characters and end up falling in love in real life. I was thinking maybe they forced themselves to spend time together in order to make their character's relationship seem more real and once they fall for the other person they can't tell if it's real or just their characters. And of course you can put your own twist or interpretation on it, you don't have to do just that. I think it could work for a longer fic or just a one shot depending on how you want to do it. Thank you so much for considering it!

Holy shit, I'm so sorry it took forevrrrr. I started writing it, then suddenly didn't know HOW to approach it, so I scrapped it, started again, scrapped it, wrote first 10 pages and stopped. Then returned to it after several months, wrote another set of pages, stopped. And now I FINALLY finished it, aaaaaaaa. Seriously, sorry it took ages lmao. Not even sure if it's what you've wanted, they seriously started to live their own life in there :'D (and they got so rude at the end, I'm still laughing)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Maybe it would do you good if you spent a little more time together, off set.

In retrospect Thomas should have known it meant bad business, because as much as he liked his job and the series he was in, spending more time with Newt out of all people was not the best idea. Not that he could do anything about it – their producer and writer Jorge simply decided their characters needed to become less flat and also had the guts to say he was planning it all along, because representation. So Thomas’ until then completely straight character Stephen who liked parkour and Chinese food became miraculously captivated by a scientist Isaac, even though up until then they didn’t really have much screen time together.

When the morning read-through of the new episode revealed Jorge’s masterplan, Thomas didn’t know what to say or how to act. Him and Newt – they were like water and fire, and even though they didn’t clash loudly or made scenes, their civil behaviour had pretty low borders and they simply couldn’t be bothered to raise it. Up until today they didn’t even need to, because hey, one, two scenes per episode were only necessary evil and they usually didn’t even have the space to glare at each other much.

Thomas wasn’t sure how exactly it started – there wasn’t a girl they were both interested in involved, no role they both wanted and one of them got it, no pranks they played on each other that embarrassed them in public. There was nothing wrong with their interactions up until there was and Thomas couldn’t point a finger at it. The animosity was just there, sitting on the perch like a duck, ready to strike when they got into few meters wide vicinity of each other.
He didn’t know what exactly bothered him about that thin, blond nobody either. His appearance was pretty normal, maybe he just needed to gain a pound or two, and he had kind of unreal baby face, but apart from the lankiness and blond hair ruffled all the time, his looks were not that notable to irritate him. Neither did his British accent he usually concealed anyway or the way he talked to people. He just didn’t sit well with him, and quite frankly the antipathies were mutual and Newt wasn’t shy from showing him. So they kept their distances and interactions to minimum and everybody was happy.

Until Jorge fucked it up. And by fucking it up Thomas meant he *started an apocalypse*. Basically the series’ new couple was fancying each other because why the hell not, precisely after meeting in the university infirmary where *Stephen* ended after rather risky parkour manoeuvre that ended in few bruises, his friends who studied on the university thought it was a good idea to use the infirmary to patch him up, and then wild Isaac appeared, and his white coat and glasses apparently did it for Stephen.

As much as Thomas was concerned, he would say the plot was weak as morning coffee they had in cafeteria. But apparently where *representation* mattered, it was basically much better when no annoying drama got involved and it had a carefree flow, apart from the usual society problems Thomas kind expected to jump at them in the upcoming episodes somewhere.

“There are going to be snogging scenes.”

He almost jumped out of his skin when he heard the exasperated voice, and then once more when Newt sat heavily next to him and the chair squeaked.

“I just asked Jorge,” the blond added with a deep sigh and Thomas mentally ticked it in his *to do list*. He knew there were conditions like stunts and possible romantic storyline with physical exposure when he signed the contract for the series, but he had no idea his partner would be a guy he couldn’t stand even on his good day. Was this Jorge’s version of the *get-along shirt*?

“Amazing,” he commented and Newt hummed in agreement. Jorge recommended a solution for their antipathy – which naturally included more contact – but Thomas had a feeling it would only worsen their current relationship. So far he had no idea what Newt’s bad habits were because he never spent time with him, but if he added something seriously annoying to the already bothersome mix, murder would sound like a good solution.

“Let’s grab lunch together,” Newt stood up while glancing at his watch. “We can talk about it there.”

“Lunch,” Thomas repeated, because man, hearing that from Newt was seriously unreal. The blond looked at him with furrowed brows and took Thomas a second before he realized it was his way of saying: *okay, we gotta work on our attitudes, so this is where it starts.*

“Ye, you know. A place where they serve food for money,” Newt deadpanned. “I’m sure you’re familiar with the concept, at least from TV.”

“Just thinking if I want to ruin my day by spending it with you, is all,” Thomas shot back and it made Newt snort and shook his head.

“Great start, mop head,” he commented and started walking to the exit. “And they say *I am defensive.*”

Thomas wasn’t defensive, but maybe a little desperate.
“Look, I’m sure we both are professionals,” Thomas started when they finally found a free spot in a restaurant that led them to a secluded corner with small table and a candle in the middle. Thomas kind of thought this was on purpose, but he kept it to himself.

“Well, one of us definitely is,” Newt retorted without even looking at him, his eyes fixated onto a menu. Thomas wished he would order beer, so the waiter could tell him they are not serving alcohol to kids and he would have to give them his ID. “Your point?”

“We don’t need this torture,” Thomas decided not to snap at him for the time being. “It’s gonna be fine on set.”

That finally made Newt to glance at him.

“You think so?” he put down the menu and leaned a bit forward, his elbows on the desk. “So Jorge shouting at us because there is no chemistry whatsoever and it looks more like we want to kill each other, that’s fine by you?”

“He never said that,” Thomas disagreed stubbornly.

“He did,” Newt shrugged. “Sure, it was a year ago, but mate, I still feel like kicking your shin most of the time I see you, it kinda shows.”

“For you maybe-,”

“It shows for both of us,” Newt stopped him mid-sentence and sighed before getting back to the menu. “If you don’t believe me, ask the rest of the cast. Or the crew.”

Thomas didn’t need hear it from other sources to be able to tell Newt was right. The glares they occasionally sent to each other spoke volumes and he knew that, but he was almost sure it didn’t really show when they were on the set together, filming a scene. They were actors, it was their job to pretend to love people they didn’t fancy as much or at all, they were taking money for that kind of shit.

“So what’s your problem then?” he crossed his arms on his chest, looking at Newt expectantly.

“Why am I on your shit list?”

“Why am I on yours?” Newt uttered lazily.

“I asked first.”

“It’s exactly this,” Newt finally stopped paying attention to the menu completely and closed it, then leaned back to the chair. “That thing you do all the time.”

“What thing?” Thomas raised an eyebrow and Newt gestured towards him with click of his tongue.

“That overbearing and unhealthy competitiveness,” the blond elaborated. “You hear an opinion and you immediately challenge it or you try to surpass it with me, me, me. Just talking to you about literally anything is a bloody waste of time because you’re unable to talk about anything else but you.”

Thomas blinked, then tilted his head to the side, and kept quiet. When nothing else from Newt came, he cleared his throat, just to be interrupted by a waiter asking for their orders and lighting up the candle between them with a weird smile.
Well, maybe not that weird, judging from where they were sitting. Thomas wondered what kind of bad karma was punishing him today, because he was slowly reaching his bullshit quota. Unhealthy competitiveness? Great! Maybe Newt could even make a whole psychological profile while at it!

“Don’t fry your brain, mop head,” Newt spoke up the moment the waiter left their table with orders. He reached for the candle and held his hand above the flame, changing heights like a kid that got a new toy. “I guess it’s just your thing. Rarely anybody acting like that realizes they are doing it. And if they do, they don’t care. Which is probably your case too.”

“Thanks, Dr. Freud,” Thomas forced out and pinched the bridge of his nose. The sole image of him having to pretend to be in love with this jerkface was making his blood boil. “I guess my reason is just that you’re such an insufferable brat I simply can’t stand you.”

“Well, it’s a start,” Newt uttered back and crossed his arms on his chest. “I propose to spend time together between sets, to go through the lines. If we won’t kill each other, I’m sure there is still hope for us to be able to survive the filming.”

“I refuse,” Thomas shot back without hesitation and it made Newt to bark out a laugh. “What.”

“Nothing, nothing,” the blond waved his hand, but kept on smiling and Thomas’ frown deepened. “It’s just that you’re such a kid all the time, it’s bloody hilarious.”

“If this is supposed to help me not to hate you, then you’re doing a very bad job,” Thomas warned him and then the waiter was back with their food, to which Thomas completely lost his appetite. Newt was still grinning at him like he won some sort of competition, and if it had been a race of who will get pissy first, Thomas had to admit he did lose.

“Hate is such a strong word though,” Newt commented with apparent amusement and pulled the plate with his lunch closer to him. “You shouldn’t use it so deliberately. What if there would be somebody you’d hate even more?”

“I don’t think it’s possible at this moment,” Thomas gritted through his teeth and it finally made Newt to stop with the nit-picking and his face turned a little more serious again.

“Allright, sorry,” the blond gestured with his fork. “Not going to push you anymore. Was just wondering how much you can take.”

“Not much more than this, I assure you,” Thomas said gruffly and Newt still had the nerve to smirk at him.

“Are you not going to eat?” he pointed at Thomas’ plate and when Thomas made a face, he insolently stole a fry and ate it. Thomas was sure one of them was not going to survive the filming at the end of the season.

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“Can you stop glaring at me?”

Thomas groaned and put down the script with a loud bang against the table. Newt was in front of him, in his stupid oversized sweater and crazy hair and Thomas was literally on edge.

“Does it matter? It’s just a script reading,” he growled at him and heard Minho next to him laugh. Jorge on the other side of the table shook his head.

“Thomas, pull yourself together,” he said with a strict voice he usually reserved on sets when they
kept on butchering the lines, and Thomas wanted to point at Newt and shout it’s all his fault! But
he didn’t, because of course not, that would be childish and something Newt apparently wanted to
provoke out of him. That little blond shit was taunting him from the first moment they sat down in
the meeting room and he kept on smirking at him even when there were no lines they had together,
and Thomas felt his blood pressure rising. Seriously, this couldn’t be healthy.

“Sorry,” he managed to bit out and looked back into the script where he was supposed to be flirting
with Isaac, but it got out of him as a death sentence. Even he heard that, so naturally there was no
denying it, and Newt just had to point it out in front of everybody.

“Minho, continue from the second paragraph,” Jorge commanded and the room grew quiet.
Thomas wondered if he could fake a voice loss for a month or two, maybe it would help him get
his shit together while avoiding his co-star like a plague.

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“Oi, come here.”

Thomas almost did a pirouette when a hand stopped him from his march out of the building, and
before he could properly react, he got dragged inside of the now empty meeting room by Newt.
The cast was already gone and most of the crew as well, the studio was filled only by low hum
from cameras not yet turned off.

“What now,” he sighed unhappily and the blond leaned against the table and crossed his arms on
his chest.

“How did you get hurt?” he asked and Thomas stared at him like he lost his mind. Hurt? Him?

“What?”


Thomas opened his mouth to call him an idiot, but then it hit him. It was the line from the script.
Newt’s character line from the dialogue the two of them had and kind of failed in the script reading
this morning.

There was a small moment of him wanting to leave, because he was still bitter about the morning
scene, but Newt was apparently trying to make amends and Thomas would be against himself if he
just left without even giving it a chance.

He shook his head and reached for the door so he could close it while Newt watched him from his
spot, and then took a deep breath.

“Tried to conquer the walls,” he finally responded with his line and it was easier without people
staring at him, expecting to bite Newt’s head off. “They kind of won.”

“I can see that,” Newt continued, the exasperation easily believable. He pushed away from the
table and took several cautious steps closer to Thomas, then lifted his chin and turned his head
from one side to another.

Right, injuries from the fall. Isaac was supposed to check them and treat them.

“Huh, you have really long eyelashes,” he said then and Thomas blinked. That wasn’t in the script,
he was sure of it.
“Are you improvising or is it just a statement?” he broke the character too, tilting his head to the side and Newt let his hand fall back again.

“A statement,” he answered with a shrug. “Sorry. Just never noticed that.” Then he looked Thomas up and down. “This should get treated.”

Is he back in the rehearsing scene? Jesus.

“Are you always this on and off?” Thomas asked instead and Newt’s lips curled up in a smile. For once it even looked genuine.

“I might be,” he admitted. He was almost the same height as Thomas, but definitely thinner and lankier. With the oversized sweater he reminded him of a kid that got lost in a filming studio, especially with his baby face. “And I might have an idea too.”

“An idea?” Thomas crossed his arms on his chest, because hey, so far Newt’s ideas were only making things worse, so he was right to be wary.

“Like, I’m aware you don’t like me, and that’s fine,” Newt made a vague gesture towards them both and Thomas only nodded in agreement. The antipathy was there and he would be lying if he tried to tell him the opposite all of sudden, especially after yesterday. “So consider this – stay in character.”

“I do stay in character-,”

“I mean stay in character all the time you’re around me,” Newt stopped his immediate defence swiftly. “And I’ll stay in mine. So every time we will interact, just let Stephen and Isaac do it.”

“I don’t follow,” Thomas sighed in exasperation. What was that supposed to be about? “What if I’m going to need something not work related or-?”

“Stay in character even for personal-related things, for work things, for all things, with me,” Newt proposed. “Think of it as a roleplay? Ever done that?”

“Roleplay,” Thomas repeated the word with raised eyebrows and all he could think of was Dungeons and Dragons or something really kinky. “Well, not outside of work, I guess.”

“It’s a perfect way how to get into the character and understand him better,” Newt explained with strange happiness around him and Thomas gulped down the comment he probably did it a bit too often. “And maybe it’s what we need as well. If you think of me as of Isaac?”

It was true Isaac was rather interesting character – the show portrayed him as smart, a little geeky, but fun, and with sharp sense of humour. Apart from Newt’s own stubbornness and nasty comments it could be a nice change.

“Okay then,” he agreed in the end, because what was there to lose? Apart from some dignity, he mused, because as much as being an actor made his living, playing the character outside of it sounded more like a chore than fun. Then again – if he had to do that only around Newt, it could work.

“Great, it’s settled then,” another genuine smile and it felt like aura around Newt changed somehow, it was almost eerie. “I’ll see you around.”

“Yeah,” Thomas managed and Newt was out of the door in a second, leaving the brunet alone and confused. He was a little worried this state would be a norm around the guy from now on.
“Morning,” Thomas yawned on his way to the table, coffee in hand and several greetings echoed back at him, Newt’s included. It sounded friendly and Thomas had to do a double take before he reminded himself it was supposed to be that way because they weren’t them, but their friendlier counterparts. He seated himself across the blond and glanced at him out of curiosity, just to get another smile in response before he looked back at Jorge, leaving Thomas in slight stupor.

So this was how Newt interpreted Isaac? Thomas wasn’t sure if it made him uncomfortable more than his usual snide remarks for how big the change was, but at the end of the meeting he felt a little more relaxed around him at least, because apparently no verbal attack was coming. Newt behaved like there was no bad blood between them and the lines reading was easy and probably surprising for the rest of the cast. At least Jorge looked satisfied at the end, which was a small victory.

“Lunch?” Newt asked him at noon and Thomas thought it was fine to say sure more easily now.

They grabbed food and actually talked about non-work related things without any poison threw in, which made Thomas conflicted as hell. He felt like he was sitting on needles for about first 20 minutes in, during the menu studying and ordering and sipping his soda, like the attack could have happen anytime and he needed to be ready, but Newt sat on the opposite side of the table like a holy picture, smiling and telling him about a football game that happened last night (and Thomas missed it because sleep was too demanding) and not a single bad thing fell from his mouth. Not even a dirty comment about Thomas’ obvious lack of knowledge about football teams – Newt actually explained why he liked his own team (apparently family fixation, so he was a long-time fan) and what games have great moments in it and Thomas found himself relaxed and listening for the first time ever when in Newt’s company.

“You strike me as a sports fan,” Newt offered leisurely while poking in his food. He barely ate anything since he mostly talked, but somehow didn’t even look like he had the appetite.

“I’m more of a baseball fan,” Thomas responded easily and wondered if this was even allowed. Was he supposed to talk about himself or about Stephen? He made a mental note to ask Newt at some point, but so far it looked like the blond was talking about his own hobbies rather than about Isaac’s, but he couldn’t be sure. He knew Stephen was more into adrenaline sports, especially the ones he could do himself, rather than watching others to do it, but Thomas liked all his limbs intact and not broken, so he was mostly Stephen’s opposite. “Long time Mets supporter.”

“Nice. Watched baseball sometimes with my uncle,” Newt flashed him another oh-so-genuine smile and Thomas felt himself tensing again, alert and ready for a flip without any real means to. The difference from normal Newt and Isaac’s Newt was huge, to the point of worrying, and Thomas couldn’t help but wonder how much of a self-control it had to take for Newt to maintain this happy-to-go attitude with him when normally he was about to bite Thomas’ head off.

He took a breath to point it out, but then deflated when Newt finally started eating, relaxed and for the lack of better word vulnerable. Attacking him now in any way was low even for their normal interactions.

He kept his peace for the remainder of their break.

***

“You sound angry.”
Thomas stopped mid move when Newt’s words flew over to him, blinking in confusion. The scene was called cut a few seconds ago for another take and Thomas wasn’t really thinking about why, since Jorge didn’t really pinpoint anything being wrong. They were in Isaac’s lab, the crew around them busy as bees, preparing for another take, the cameras pointed at him and Newt with deadly accuracy.

“Angry?” he repeated and Newt walked towards him with thoughtful expression.

“Yeah, like. You’re mad about something,” he gesticulated between then while he stopped in front of Thomas. “I don’t know if it’s intentional. The script doesn’t really say he should be angry, but it’s kind of sharp from you?”

“Oh,” Thomas cleared his throat. It was actually a valid point. Not even an attack, more like an observation. Newt was trying to be helpful. Towards Thomas. Without malice. So weird.

“You’re right,” he admitted, taking the script to his hand from the table behind the scene, going through it. “I’ll try to soften it a bit.”

Newt nodded, still thoughtful, and retreated back to his spot. He was in the white lab coat and had thick, black glasses and wild hair and Thomas caught himself staring without any means to do that. He had seen him in his getup before, it was nothing new. Yet somehow it was like interacting with a completely different person and when Jorge came back and the scene played out again, he found himself talking softer and Newt’s eyes told him it hit the right spot.

The scene didn’t need to be repeated anymore and Jorge patted them happily on the back. Thomas pretended he didn’t see the smile Newt sent his way.

***

The days passed and the strange roleplay approach worked like a charm. Even the crew noticed and the cast was commenting on it at readings repeatedly, but without real heat. Neither Thomas or Newt elaborated though, and it was probably for the best to keep it at vague we talked it out.

He thought he was going to be much more opposed to the romance progression part in the story, but when the more intimate scenes started, Thomas didn’t have an urge to strangle Newt anymore, so he had to admit Newt’s idea wasn’t bad. The story romance was cheesy but slow and getting accustomed to Newt’s Isaac was no work, since they did that the whole time now.

“Gotta work on your stiffness,” Newt piped after the wrap up when the crew was packing up and they were putting costumes away. “You’re like a wooden board when we touch.”

“I guess that’s my default setting,” Thomas joked back because he had no idea what else to say. He was aware every time Newt touched him (and they weren’t even in the intimate part of touching yet), his body seized up and he moved like a robot for the remainder of the recording, mechanical and unattached. It wasn’t like he expected a punch or anything, but his brain didn’t get it yet. “I will work on it.”

He saw Newt nod in the corner of his eye when he was pulling the shirt over his head and then yelped when he got seized in a strong hug from behind, clutching him like a vice.

“What the-!”

“Practice.” Newt squeezed a bit more and then finally lost the strength Thomas would never believe he possessed in that lanky body of his. He still held on though and Thomas hung there helplessly like a doll. It was uncomfortable and weird angle too, but Newt didn’t look like he cared.
Well, when he ever did?

“This is not really helping though,” he commented with a huff, letting his arms fall and Newt barked out a laugh. He was plastered over half of Thomas’ back and his side, just holding him like a teddy bear, and his body was warm like a thermo blanket.

“Don’t worry, it will,” he assured him, gave him one last squeeze and then finally let go. Thomas wasn’t surprised by the big grin he had when he turned around to tell him off. So he let the words die in his throat and only shook his head.

Newt did the hugging thing every day after and Thomas resigned to his fate after a week (once he even leapt to Thomas’ arms without any warning except shouting *sike!* and Thomas had to praise himself for actually catching him properly while swearing like a sailor). He pointedly ignored Minho’s smartass commentary about it though.

***

It was usually Newt that approached Thomas on his own, either with some work-related questions or even a simple talk and for some reason Thomas started to expect their daily 15 minutes of freestyle since then. Maybe that was why today he was so weirded out when Newt didn’t really do that before the reading, or after reading, or for lunch. He saw him several times during the day usually staring into his phone or talking to somebody else, but he didn’t make a move towards Thomas at any given time. True, they there were no scenes involving them together scheduled, but normally it didn’t stop him.

Thomas, to his dismay, realized he grew restless.

When he saw Newt again in the hall, he decided to be a big boy and start conversation on his own, even though he had no idea why. He grabbed two cups of coffee on the way (one with milk and sugar, one purely black) and let his legs carry him all the way towards his blond nemesis, who was staring into his phone again.

On one note Thomas hoped nothing serious happened, and that care alone surprised him. Just a month ago he wouldn’t give a rat ass about Newt’s problems, so this was definitely new. And concerning, really.

Then again that’s what you get when you act like a decent being, I guess.

“You seem awfully quiet today,” he greeted him with an outstretched hand holding the cup and Newt glanced up from his phone with badly masked surprise. Thomas would even say it could equal a shock for a split second before he mastered it enough to hide it.

“Oh,” he let out, kind of lamely, and Thomas had to clear his throat for the blond to notice the coffee. When he finally took it, Thomas felt a wave of relief he wasn’t turned down. Somehow, he already dismantled most of his defence mechanisms against this guy; it would suck if he allowed being vulnerable now just for Newt to blew it out of blue.

“It’s black,” the blond commented when he sipped the coffee, his brows furrowed. Thomas made a humming noise.

“You drink it black, as far as I know?” he offered and Newt’s eyes searched for his. It was a weird look, like he didn’t know what to do or say.

*It’s just a coffee though, sheesh.*
“I do,” he replied after a moment.

“Okay.”

“You remembered,” Newt added a little more hesitantly. “That I drink it black.”

“Yes?” Thomas raised his eyebrows. “I mean you always drink black, it’s kind of easy to remember?”

“No, I mean…” he stared a bit more, but then averted his eyes. “Never mind. Thanks.”

The uneasy feeling of something being wrong creeped into Thomas’ stomach almost instantly. He stood there in complete stupor, no words coming out of his mouth, paralyzed of the sudden change he got so easily unaccustomed to in a span of several weeks. Newt was not looking at him and Thomas wanted to ask if the roleplay was over and they were about to be mean to each other again, but couldn’t get it past his lips.

“So, what do you want?” Newt finally asked and it was bizarre to hear now. What would Thomas want from his colleague he spent few weeks talking daily to about any possible thing? Gee, who knew. Was him doing the first step not allowed?

He didn’t say anything because he had no idea what would be an appropriate response Stephen would give. At this point he drew blank even for his own reactions. When Newt glanced at him worriedly, he wanted to ask why the hell was he making that face, but at the same time didn’t want to know.

“And here we can see two awkward roosters in their natural habitat,” came suddenly from behind them and an arm landed on Thomas’ shoulders, almost making him spill the coffee. Minho shook him like a rag doll, grinning from ear to ear. He didn’t even hear him coming. “Never saw courting so painful than with you two, I swear.”

Newt made a face and Thomas felt his stomach drop somewhere between his legs.

“Fuck off,” he shot out and shook off Minho’s arm unhappily, pushed his coffee to his hand and left the hall like a tidal wave.

He ignored his phone for the rest of the day. It was constantly beeping.

***

He had never seen anybody with deadlier puppy eyes than Newt had. The moment he arrived on set and before he could even greet anybody and get a cup of coffee, the blond was there, gazing at him with the ultimate weapon of mass destruction, and it didn’t get any better with time.

“Oh, I’ll bite, what’re you doing?” he finally confronted him, arms crossed on his chest, and Newt gave him almost a full body shrug. The meeting room was half empty and Newt was following him around the whole day like a sad dog. Thomas didn’t even read the messages from yesterday and already knew they were from him and what approximately they said.

“Trying to make you feel sorry for me, naturally,” he replied with ease. “Is it working?”

“Sorry for you,” Thomas repeated with raised eyebrows. “For what?”

“For being a target of somebody’s ire.”
“Shouldn’t you be doing that at them in that case?” he decided to play the game as well, because for some reason the Newt’s Isaac was back and yesterday’s Newt’s Newt departed once more like a glitch in Matrix. Thomas didn’t lose any sleep over it, but then again, he went to bed so late there was almost no sleep to be talking about.

It wasn’t because of Newt though. Why would it be, even?

Newt made a face at him, but the puppy eyes resumed right after.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged again. “They’re stubborn.”

“That so.”

“Yeah,” the blond took few steps closer. “Need them not to be mad. Want to kiss them.”

“Wait, what-,” Thomas barely get the words out and Newt was already in his personal space, hands on his cheeks and leaning in and Thomas felt like he was losing balance for how much he was trying to avoid him, and would probably fall flat on his ass if Newt didn’t grab him around his waist to prop him back up.

“Nice gymnastics, you two!” Minho shouted from the table and Thomas felt the heat rising up in his cheeks, his body pressed against Newts’ from their chest to their knees while he heard others snapping pictures of them.

“Are you fucking nuts?!’ he hissed at Newt in a hushed whisper and the blond grinned, not letting go.

“Nah, but I’m helping,” he had the audacity to squish Thomas’ cheeks and Thomas grabbed him by his wrists to stop him. Newt didn’t budge and that unnatural strength was beginning to make Thomas worry.

“To my grave, yeah, you are,” he growled and Newt laughed quietly while his hands finally let go of Thomas’ face.

“It’s today, you know,” he said with a smirk and Thomas frowned. “The snogging scene. It’s today.”

“It’s today?!”

“Today.”

Thomas blamed Newt for not knowing and not checking the plan yesterday and for the sleep and bad mood too – and quite frankly even for the spoiled food he found in the fridge because Newt was weird and out of what Thomas was used to and it threw him off more than he thought it would and it sucked.

The hands on his cheeks were back and then there were also lips on his own, smooching him like grandma visiting on Christmas along with obnoxiously loud mwuah and the cameras snapping were even louder now, throwing Thomas into a murderous spree.

“You-!”

“Meet me in five at the trailer and let me snog you right, dog,” Newt stopped him from the
outburst and pinched his cheeks, then let go. “No homo.”

“Fuck you!” Thomas barked with his chest heaving at Newt’s retreat back, and the blond glanced back at him and smiled.

“No u.”

And left.

***

In retrospect coming after Newt to the designated meeting spot was a bad idea, but Thomas had seen red and didn’t care. He had no idea what the hell was the blondie thinking and he was about to shake it out of him if he had to, truce be damned.

“My, don’t you look ravishing,” Newt greeted him between the doors with a chuckle and if Thomas was just a bit angrier, he would probably greet him back with a fist in his face.

“I thought you said we’re going to be fucking civil with each other,” he barked instead and Newt tilted his head in silent question. “Your stupid roleplay shit! And then you pull this out?”

“What’s this?” the blond opposed calmly. “Don’t tell me you’re angry over one smooch. What’re you going to do after the rehearsals with the crew watching us make out? Kill me?”

“Listen-,”

“No, you listen,” Newt stopped with an exasperated sigh. He ran his hand through his hair, making it even messier than normally, and his shoulders sagged down as if he flipped a switch. “I’m sorry I was a dick yesterday. I guess it threw you off and it’s my fault, and I want to make amends.”

Thomas opened his mouth in opposition before it dawned on him that Newt was, in fact, apologizing. He had to do a double take and run it again in his head until he was sure he heard him right, and it still didn’t really make it as believable.

“Oh,” he let out.

“And also, I wasn’t lying about the snogging shooting, so,” the blond took a step away from the door and gestured for Thomas to enter. “I’m sorry and let’s try it before we look like complete idiots in front of everybody else.”

Let’s try to snog, that definitely wasn’t something he thought he would ever hear from this guy. It must have showed in his face since Newt’s mouth curved up in obvious amusement.

“I know right? What’s been happening to us lately,” he commented on it like he read Thomas’ mind and then reached for his shirt and pulled him in the trailer. “I’m sorry and let’s try it before we look like complete idiots in front of everybody else.”

There was a pressure and a hand on the back of Thomas’ neck, but other than that nothing else really happened and then Newt was pulling away, looking at him with mild annoyance.

“Can you do something better than the dead fish lips?” he asked and Thomas blinked, his vocal cords not working in the slightest. He could imagine all kind of things happening with Newt – a fist in his face, a vicious prank of sitting on a pin, but being kissed when not in front of a camera (since that’s where it was supposed to happen) was not one of them.
“Uh oh,” the blond stepped away. “Did I break you?”

“I think so,” Thomas heard himself saying. He couldn’t really recall much about the kiss, his brain drew a blissful blank, not even how long exactly it was, but he knew it happened. “Little warning next time?”

“Isn’t the shock value counting as a plus point though?” Newt’s face relaxed and even smiled and Thomas shook his head.

“Not if you aren’t trying to cause me a heart-attack,” he commented sternly and then took a deep breath. “Fine, okay. I’m ready.”

“So clinical,” Newt rolled his eyes and took a step forward but Thomas’ hand flew up and spread in the middle of Newt’s chest, stopping him. “What now?”

“Is it supposed to be Isaac to take the lead?”

It was a valid question, because Thomas didn’t see Isaac as a leading man for this kind of thing. But then again, he purposely left the snogging scenes be so he couldn’t say.

“Yes,” Newt shrugged. “Think nerds don’t take initiative?”

Thomas rumbled but let his hand fall down.

“You didn’t even read it, did you,” the blond smirked. “You left those scenes alone.”

It’s not like Newt could read Thomas mind, but lately it felt like he did and it was terrifying.

“Maybe,” he let out grudgingly.

“You’re adorable.”

“Shut up, nerd.”

“That’s not very Stephen of you,” Newt commented with a grin and he looked so smug Thomas couldn’t stand that. He grabbed the blond by the collar of his stupid striped shirt and pulled him forward until their lips met in the middle, along with Newt’s yelp somewhere in between.

It was mostly just pressure with almost no movement of the lips, like proving a point he could do it as well without warning if he wanted to, and for a while it kind of worked, since Newt was standing on the spot like a frozen statue.

“Hmm,” Thomas pulled away with a cocky smile, drinking in Newt’s wide eyes. “Can you do something better than the dead fish lips?”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” the blond breathed out and quite frankly Thomas expected him to lean back in, since he presented it as a challenge, but still didn’t think it would be open mouthed and pushing and that there is going to be tongue involved right off the bat. He made a muffled noise when Newt stepped even closer and grabbed Thomas by his waist, bringing them chest to chest, kissing him so deeply it made his head spin.

Was it supposed to be like this? It didn’t even feel like simple kissing anymore, but make out with the way Newt’s hands started to travel over Thomas’ back and his sides and hips and even fucking squeezed his butt few times. He was tilting his head and pushing into Thomas so insistently it felt like he just wanted him horizontal in near future and Thomas felt his body moving backwards, step
by step until his back hit the wall and he made another muffled noise that should have showed his
discomfort but Newt probably didn’t even hear it.

It felt like forever before Newt finally pulled away, drawing in a shaking breath, his eyes still
closed and lips almost red. Thomas couldn’t help but think he looked like he was ready to shoot a
porn scene, with his ruffled hair and heavy breathing and like, *everything*, but quickly got rid of the
thought. Newt, out of all people, definitely didn’t look erotic to him. *No fucking way.*

“You done?” he croaked out, cursing his own voice to be so weak in a situation like this, and Newt
finally opened his eyes, almost black how his pupils were blown wide and had the audacity to
shook his head.

“Not in the slightest,” he replied in a low voice, so low Thomas barely heard it, and his hands, up
until now resting on Thomas’ hips, travelled up, dragging over Thomas’ shirt up to his neck, warm
and sure. The silence in the trailer was almost suffocating, making Thomas hear his own heartbeat
so clearly he was almost sure Newt had to hear it too.

“Newt-,”

“Not at all,” the blond didn’t let him speak, his thumbs started caressing Thomas’ jaw and before
Thomas could at least ask him what the hell was wrong with him, he was already being kissed
again, gentler this time, but not less lewd with all the tongue, and Thomas found out he couldn’t
move, like his body rooted to the spot. The blood was now roaring in his ears and he was goddamn
confused about it, because it was Newt kissing him, Newt being here, crowding him against the
wall in the trailer, holding him on the spot by caressing his neck and his face and kissing him like
he wanted to do it for ages and then some. The same Newt he hated to bits just a month ago, who
was bitter and sarcastic and never said a nice word to Thomas.

Was this some sort of revenge, maybe? Some elaborate prank he played, maybe with a camera
rolling from a hiding spot, so he could laugh about it later with others? His *let’s try it* before
actually shooting the scene in front of the crew now blurred together with unreasonable making out
and Thomas was damn sure they didn’t need to do this much up until who knew when in the
shooting.

Yet he still didn’t push Newt away. Hell, he even participated in the kiss – slowly, maybe,
hesitantly, but he wasn’t just taking it like a figurine either, no matter how hard he would try to
deny that. So when Newt let go of him with a slow exhale and his hands slowly fell from Thomas’
neck, Thomas was at loss of what to say. He couldn’t really accuse him of anything, though maybe
he sort of wanted to, but words simply didn’t come.

“Well,” Newt finally broke the silence, stepping away. “I think we’re good.”

He cleared his throat about three times and it felt awkward, like the reality caught up with him and
now he was internally screaming. Thomas was surprised his own inner monologue stopped
instead, only accompanied by a low hum of his thoughts.

“Right?” the blond finally looked up from the floor he was hypnotizing since the kiss ended and
Thomas stared back at him in silence. He could still feel Newt’s mouth on his own and he licked
his lower lip without even thinking about it and Newt’s eyes followed the movement with wide
eyes.

“Right,” Thomas said eventually, refusing to try deciphering that particular look, and left before
Newt could say anything else.
Hiding was a wrong word to use for Thomas’ current behaviour. He wasn’t hiding at all. He didn’t have a reason to hide, what happened was Newt’s initiative and Newt’s alone. If he ever wanted to make Thomas guilty about it, Thomas was ready to kick him back with something equally nasty, like you were the first who stuck his tongue into my throat or grabbing my ass or rubbing against me – which he was by the way, he totally was at some point but Thomas didn’t want to think about that. Hell, he tried to push it out of his mind the whole time between sets while reading the incriminated scene in the script (damn Newt being right about Isaac taking initiative, damn him), up until he couldn’t anymore because it was the scene, and Newt was standing in front of the camera already in the white lab coat and crazy hair and Jorge was talking to him about something and Thomas felt his legs turning to jelly.

“Oi, don’t look so scared,” Newt’s voice flew over to him, making Thomas’ stomach make a double flip. “We practiced, right?”

“If you call that a practice…” Thomas uttered under his breath, but at least he felt little less intimidated when the Newt in the trailer with almost black eyes and heaving chest and red lips bruised from kissing got replaced by this cocky shit again. Jorge was behind the camera and Thomas had to mentally praise him for not grinning at them like a loon and making it even more awkward.

Because if anything, awkward definitely fitted the description the best and probably even more so after the practice Newt put him through. At least most of the crew left, even though they usually only did when there were more intimate scenes involved, but Thomas was still grateful he didn’t need to try and ignore Minho making faces at him from behind the scene.

When the camera started rolling and their lines flowing in, Thomas was surprised he didn’t feel nervous as much as he thought he would. If anything, he was anticipating, because he knew how Newt felt already against him, so when the blond stepped close with the scripted line and touched Thomas’ chest in the middle, he was ready for the tongue and teeth and hands everywhere and maybe even the butt touching because Newt did that plenty.

But then there was pressure on his lips and a gentle touch of hand on his cheek for split second and then Newt was pulling away, eyes downcast, small smile playing on his, no, on Isaac's lips, and it was over.

He couldn’t help but gawk at him, and quite frankly wasn’t even surprised when Jorge ended the scene and called him out for looking like somebody just told him he lost the raffle for a teddy bear and demanded a retake.

“Uh, yeah, sorry,” he responded sheepishly and they started anew, the marks, the lines, the touch on his chest, the fucking innocent peck on his lips, the small smile scripted to a tiniest detail, the end. Thomas still gawked and Jorge let out a sigh, giving them ten minutes before trying again.

“What’s wrong with you?” Newt asked him like there was nothing wrong going on, like he didn’t just endlessly grope him in the trailer and then kiss him here like grandma on Christmas visit. Thomas wanted to tell him, he wanted to throw it in his face, but he just couldn’t bring himself to.

“Sorry,” he repeated, clearing his throat. Jorge didn’t say anything about the kiss, only about Thomas’ bewildered expression, so there probably wasn’t anything bad about it, but it still felt like… nothing. In comparison, at least.

“You really did look like somebody stole your cookie though,” the blond poured oil into the fire
and had the audacity to smirk as well. “Didn’t we practice?”

“Not enough tongue here, I guess,” Thomas bit back and felt a small amount of satisfaction when Newt averted his eyes with small hitch of his breath.

“Well, it’s not really in the script,” he mumbled after, almost grudgingly and Thomas took a deep breath.

“Interesting,” he commented. Nothing else. Newt kept his eyes casted on the floor, looking stiff and uncomfortable and Thomas wondered if he kept quiet long enough, if he would elaborate. He did not, not until Jorge got back, sent Thomas questioning glance and he managed to muster a smile.

The camera rolled again, the lines, the touch, the kiss, Thomas forced himself to look happy and Jorge was looking satisfied at the end. He even praised him with a pat on his back and when Thomas turned back towards Newt, he realized the blond was already gone.

Typical.

***

They didn’t have any shooting together the next day and Thomas frankly wasn’t surprised he didn’t even catch a brief glance of Newt. Probably for the best too, since his mood was so bad, he would probably only bark at him and neither of them needed that. He barely slept, his thoughts kept on swirling around the weird intimacy Newt showed him and then proceeded to be shy about it, and it just didn’t make any sense.

“Newt called in sick,” Minho told him around lunch, sitting next to him when Thomas nursed his coffee and only nibbled his food with fork. He ordered Chinese and it was great but his appetite probably called in sick as well.

“Mhm,” he let out. No surprise there, probably. Thomas thought he should have been relieved but quite frankly nothing much came.

“Didn’t text you?” Minho asked, eyebrows raised and Thomas sipped his coffee.

“Nope,” he responded coldly. “Am I his mum or something?”

“No, but you do spend lots of time together lately,” his friend shrugged. He meant well, probably, but obviously wanted some gossip too. Thomas couldn’t blame him. “Thought you’d know.”

“Nah, he’s sulking now,” Thomas uttered and Minho’s expression changed to a surprised one. “Better leave him to it, I guess.”

“Sulking cuz of the snogging?” Came a question and Thomas had a fleeting panic reaction of Minho knowing about the trailer make out, but he squashed it fast. “I thought it went well?”

“Yeah, was fine,” Thomas waved his hand. “He’s just being weirder than normally about it.”

“Huh,” Minho propped his chin on his palm. “Thought you’d be the one freaking out, not him.”

“Same.”

“But maybe it’s cuz he likes you,” his colleague offered with an absolute calm. “So kissing you sorta flipped his switch?”
Thomas glanced at Minho with a sigh. It probably looked that way from outsider’s point of view, he mused. Newt suddenly being nice to him, asking him to go for lunch together and then having all those weird quirks like hugging all of sudden or smooching him in front of everybody and all in all being quite affectionate, so coming to a conclusion of falling in love was logical. They didn’t know it was Isaac’s character and Isaac’s quirks and Isaac’s affection that Newt played, that it was part of the deal between them. All fake and calculated, all according to plan... until the trailer. Or so Thomas thought, because even though Newt was so confident in there, in the aftermath he just looked vulnerable and guilty, as if he took it too far but didn’t know how to remedy that.

Thomas kind of wanted an explanation. Anything would do, really, but Newt didn’t say anything, so Thomas decided to ignore it as well. Not that it was possible to just forget about it, but not talking about it worked.

“You know what,” he pushed away the plate and put down the coffee. “You’re probably right. He’s totally in love with me and he stayed home cuz he has to think of an elaborate love confession that will sweep me off my feet.”

Minho made a face but left him alone. Thomas was really looking forward to his day off tomorrow.

***

**NEWT**: So now you’re sulking?

Thomas blearily looked at his phone, the clock showed something past nine in the morning and he would never believe a text alert could actually wake him up.

**THOMAS**: What

**NEWT**: You’re not here, so I’m asking if you’re sulking

**THOMAS**: Weren’t you the first one to sulk yesterday?

**NEWT**: Called in sick

**THOMAS**: Yeah, aka sulking.

**NEWT**: I was sick, not sulking

**THOMAS**: Convenient.

**NEWT**: Was throwing up

**THOMAS**: Sure you were.

**NEWT**: C’mon, were you lonely?

**THOMAS**: Just enjoyed some peace and quiet for a change.

**NEWT**: You were and now you’re sulking

**THOMAS**: It’s my day off, Romeo. Fuck off my DMs.

**NEWT**: Wait, what
THOMAS: DAY OFF. LET ME SLEEP. FUCK YOU.

NEWT: In that order?

“Jesus fucking Christ,” he groaned and plopped the phone next to him on the bed, ignoring how it beeped several more times. He planned to sleep the whole day.

***

NEWT: Jesus, it’s so boring here without you

THOMAS: You’ll live.

NEWT: You should stop by

THOMAS: I don’t want to get molested, so no.

NEWT: Molested? Preposterous

THOMAS: You’re an old pervert.

NEWT: I’m quite young tho

THOMAS: Still a pervert to the boot. Touching my butt and all, no manners.

NEWT: I never said I have manners

THOMAS: I already knew you didn’t have any manners, trust me. No illusions.

NEWT: See so don’t act surprised

THOMAS: I was hella surprised, but I admit not really about the practice kissing as I was about the scripted one.

NEWT: Oh yeah not enough tongue

THOMAS: Like you got all shy.

NEWT: I got all professional

THOMAS: So the practice was all personal?

Thomas wasn’t surprised when no reply came.

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NEWT: Sorta was personal yeah

The clock showed something past 7 in the evening and Thomas didn’t expect Newt to reply anymore. It took him three hours, but the text actually came and Thomas was staring at it with *Who framed Roger Rabbit* playing in the background.

THOMAS: Took you three hours to come up with that?

NEWT: If you didn’t notice I’m at work
THOMAS: No, I didn’t, you’re bothering me the whole day.

NEWT: I’m making it more pleasant you mean

THOMAS: No, not really.

NEWT: Liar

THOMAS: So what was personal about it?

NEWT: Your butt was

“Fucker, you just can’t give me a straight answer, huh,” Thomas grumbled, debating with himself if he wanted to continue the pointless conversation or not. Newt was all bold over the phone which was frustrating – in person he would never tell him all these things.

THOMAS: So you decided to practice some French on me cuz of my butt.

NEWT: Huh that sounds like a better excuse than the one I had prepared

THOMAS: You’re so fucking annoying. Just tell me wtf it was already or I’m turning my phone off.

NEWT: Damn you so mean today

THOMAS: Turning it off.

NEWT: Nononono wait

Thomas frowned and sent a question mark instead. He would rather to hear it personally but if Newt needed to hide behind the texts, maybe it was for the best.

NEWT: I’m totally in love with you and wanted to kiss you and grope your butt cuz yolo

THOMAS: Fuck off.

NEWT: What it’s a legitimate reason and also totally believable cuz Minho said so

THOMAS: Maybe you need better friends.

NEWT: Please love me back baby

THOMAS: You’re not my type.

NEWT: Don’t break my heart :( 

THOMAS: I don’t like blond people.

NEWT: You don’t like … WHAT

NEWT: ARE YOU FOR REAL

NEWT: YOU HEATEN
**THOMAS**: Blond people are meh. All stupid. No brains, ever. It’s the bleach.

**NEWT**: Bleach! But I’m natural c’mon

**THOMAS**: That’s even worse. You were born with small to none brain already. You’re doomed to be an idiot for the rest of your life.

**NEWT**: Oof you real mean now

**THOMAS**: Newt.

**NEWT**: Yes

**THOMAS**: Seriously. Be honest with me.

**NEWT**: I’m honest. I’m really a natural blond

**THOMAS**: Do you like me or something? Or you hate me and thought it was a good prank? Or you went with the flow and sort of didn’t think of consequences cuz the kissing was nice? Did you freak out after and did the lame kissing thing during the scene on purpose? Or did you want to throw me off by it?

**NEWT**: Yes

**THOMAS**: Yes which.

**NEWT**: Just yes you can pick the one you like the most

Thomas turned his phone off and left it that way for the rest of the day.

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It was Newt’s day off, Thomas knew that. Maybe that was why he went to work less stressed than in an opposite situation, but hated it all the same. Stressing himself over Newt was never really a thing, but he was always somewhere on his mind even before, though only because he found him annoying. But now it was different, tugging in the back of his consciousness and demanding attention 24/7, which quite frankly started to be a problem. Yesterday text exchange didn’t help matters either – it actually only made it worse.

“Wasn’t it your day off? You look like shit.”

Thomas stopped abruptly when Newt’s voice came and then there was coffee in his field of vision and a veiny hand that was holding it, and Newt stood there in white shirt and jeans, offering him the cup.

“Whose fault you think it is?” he barked and didn’t take the coffee in defiance. Newt looked guilty and it served him right.

“Yeah, I know,” the blond admitted and Thomas heard the sound of the cup hitting the table while he was on his way to the changing room. “Look, I’m sorry.”

“You came here today to tell me that?” Thomas refused to look at him. “You could have sent a text. You’re good at that.”

“You turned your phone off,” Newt opposed and caught up with him enough to walk beside him
now.

“I told you I would if you keep that up,” Thomas uttered and was glad nobody else was here yet, since hearing them arguing about this was honestly slightly embarrassing.

“I know.”

He didn’t say anything else and Thomas was at the end of his rope.

“Jesus, what else do you want from me?” he finally stopped and looked at the infuriating man next to him in anger. “I played your stupid roleplay game, your practice game, your texting game and your hugging spree and I just don’t want to anymore, I’ve had enough. So just tell me the punchline already so we can go back to hating each other without pretending we’re fine!”

Newt took a deep breath, then another and another and then gnawed on his lower lip for several seconds, keeping Thomas in painful suspense. It made him want to leave him be and just close this chapter of his life, but then Newt finally opened his mouth and said: “I think you’re a bloody prick.”

Thomas stared at him, not really sure how to react. It took several deeper breaths from Newt and then he was talking again, this time in a lower voice.

“I always disliked you,” he said gravely. “You were just so opinionated and stubborn. I thought we could never bloody get along and then Jorge decided to put our characters together and I thought it’s the end, that we’ll kill each other eventually and it’s going to suck-,”

“Why-,”

“Let me finish,” Newt stopped Thomas’ speech quickly. “You bloody wanker, jesus. You just. Made things so hard, so needlessly complicated, I just couldn’t take it. Even at the first lunch you were so full of yourself, so confident you were in the right, it was maddening.”

“Holy shit, why-,”

“Just let me!” This time Newt raised his voice and it echoed in an almost empty studio almost eerily. Thomas shut up. He felt his body shaking and couldn’t even say why, his nerves were like too tightly bound strings.

“You insufferable...” Newt took another deep breath. “I just don’t get it. I don’t fucking know who I love. You or Stephen. I just don’t know who of you two is the one I just can’t leave alone; it’s making me so bloody frustrated.”

Thomas opened his mouth, but nothing came out. Newt would probably tell him to shut up again anyway.

“I kissed you back there, in the trailer, because I thought we gotta, cuz if I did that without you getting used to it, we would fail so hard,” Newt continued and started pacing back and forth, back and forth. “I thought it was smart of me, to just bait you, to make you angry so you wouldn’t protest. But then I kissed you and it all went to shit.”

He stopped, glaring at Thomas from under his blond fringe. He looked angry but at the same time not really.

“You played your part and I played mine and we clicked. You were still struggling, but you were nice to me and I was nice to you and I think it was kind of fun to do that, to play around like that.
But now I don’t know. Now you’re here and I know it’s you who is angry at me, but it was you who I texted as well and I’m still bloody attracted to you—"

“You’re not making any sense,” Thomas finally managed to say, silencing Newt to a complete stupor. “Me or Stephen, what’s that even supposed to mean? I’m me, for fuck’s sake, nobody else.”

“The you that hates my guts,” Newt pointed out with arms crossed on his chest.

“You hate my guts too!” Thomas barked and took a step forward.

“Well not anymore!” Newt copied him and then they were standing in each other’s personal bubble and everything was hot and frustrating and Thomas wanted to punch his lights out so bad, but he grabbed his shirt instead and mashed their mouths together.

There was not even a fraction of second of hesitation on Newt’s end. He grabbed Thomas’ head between his hands and immediately deepened the kiss like he was drowning and Thomas was the only air supply, licking into his mouth so insistently and pulling them together from head to toe, every part of their body touching. Thomas couldn’t breathe but he didn’t even want to, falling into the same frenzy, the same heat and rhythm of tasting, tasting, tasting and more, more, more.

“You just piss me off so much,” Newt was growling against his lips, biting and sucking in between the words. “You always have your way to press all my buttons like you have manual somewhere—”

“Oh come on,” Thomas pulled Newt’s hand that insistently grabbed his butt away, imprisoning it in a steel grip. “You think you’re hard to read, you spoiled brat?”

“Yes, I am,” Newt struggled to break free and succeeded after a moment, immediately returning his hand on the spot Thomas wanted to keep him from. He even squeezed as if in victory. “You were bloody begging me yesterday to tell you why I frenched you in the trailer—”

“Begging?!”

“You were pleading—!” Newt devoured his mouth again and Thomas found himself pressed against the wall again but now with Newt’s knee between his thighs, pressing up, making him whine. “You wanted to know, you needed to know what’s going on, you were so cute—”

“Jesus, I hate you so much,” Thomas struggled against the hold but he only made the friction more insistent and instead of a curse a moan escaped his lips, only to be swallowed by Newt’s mouth closing over his again.

“You don’t mean that,” Newt purred into his ear once he moved his lips to Thomas’ neck, biting it with an obvious intent to leave a mark. “You actually like me, don’t you—.”

Thomas, to his own horror and maybe also relief, realized that he actually did like the guy. And to add to his even worse revelation – it was Newt who he fancied – the foul mouthed and frustrating brat rather than the all likable Isaac persona he was using.

He decided to keep it to himself.

Chapter End Notes
(Thomas really likes blonds. Sorry to all blonds, he just wanted to be an ass.)

Minho: I heard from the makeup guys there was somebody banging the other day, they totally heard them moaning in the changing rooms.
Thomas:
Newt:
Minho: What. It's what they said. You think those things doesn't happen? People have sex everywhere.
Thomas:
Newt: Well, I guess keeping quiet while feeling like super, super good, is just kinda difficult, right.
Thomas: Even mediocre fucking can make you moan.

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