Online

by lokiDiabolus

Summary

Playing TERA was a relaxation for Thomas. He jumped in, threw away what bothered him and played the game. The Maze Runners guild was a pearl, a gamer's dream. Until an IRL meeting descended upon them and his life took another unexpected turn, showing him that knowing someone online and in person can sometimes hold the biggest difference ever.

Notes

English is not my first language, therefore I am terribly sorry for mistakes!
It is going to be betad by the amazing elenlit!
I needed to get this out of my system, and since TMR felt neglected and I swore to myself I won't write FF for anything, I created this in my mind only at first, before reaching out to the possibility of making it into this fandom.
The whole work can be also found on my tumblr:
http://lokidiabolus.tumblr.com/tagged/Online-series
Hope you enjoy it! Feedbacks are highly appreciated ;)
Khiori logged in.

[Guild][Minmin]: Khioriiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!

Thomas snorted loudly. It was a habit for him, almost a reflex lately, to turn on PC and Tera right when he got home, even before he got out of his clothes, or at least his shoes. He wasn’t disappointed; the guild burst with life all the time, and it didn’t let him down today either. Such a happy greeting (or at least he considered it happy, with Min it could have been an accusatory shout as well as a love confession) meant mostly one thing: they were actually waiting for him because they needed a skilled healer - or better, someone who could actually put up with them till the end of the dungeon without kicking them or leaving with a disgusted swear words on a tip of his tongue. And… well, who could heal a bit, up to their expectations. Which were insanely high. Especially if the tank was the one Thomas thought it would be.

He shook the jacket down his shoulders and nearly tripped over his jeans when he tried to pull them down too fast and stepped out of them too soon. He almost crashed over his keyboard and thanked all the gods above him that no one could see him right now with an AC/DC t-shirt and pink boxers (he hadn’t bought them pink, mind you, they used to be white; but living alone, doing his own laundry, and putting red and white together without anyone there to stop him, or at least to give him a warning, had its downside), or they would probably die laughing. Especially the guys from his guild.

[Guild][Khiori]: hey Min, and all :-)

He typed it still standing, tearing down the rest of the offensive clothing, while almost blindly reaching for rumpled spares on his messy bed. The guild chat flashed again and Thomas grinned at what he read.

[Guild][Badland]: Eeeeh. You again.

[Guild][Khiori]: eeeeeeexxth his filth again >.>

[Guild][Minmin]: REHM!

[Guild][Khiori]: sure Min

[Guild][Minmin]: Woooooooot!

His screen immediately lit up with a raid invitation and he confirmed it while finally sitting down. He longingly glanced back at his kitchen, but dinner preparations would take at least half an hour, and he doubted Min would wait that long without bitching. And no one wanted to read his bitching, no one who was fully sane.

Well, Badland probably would. He always nagged him until he shouted, and then nagged some more and waited for a rage quit like a kid during Christmas. It was amusing in its own way (although Thomas never actually said out loud he enjoyed it, because he would get bashed for siding with Bad in these situations), if it didn’t happen during a raid, which left them without a pro slayer.
[Guild][Minmin]: You fucker. Accept!

[Guild][Badland]: Fuck you.

[Guild][Minmin]: Come on, you are stalling us, slowpoke.

[Guild][Badland]: I am not going to a noobish REHM _._.

[Guild][Minmin]: Ffs.

Another flash and Thomas found himself being a leader of the raid. Naturally.

[Received Whisper][Minmin]: Get him here right nao.

[Sent Whisper][Khiori]: why meeefeeefee

[Received Whisper][Minmin]: Show him your boobs!

[Sent Whisper][Khiori]: he is a pedo. my boobs won’t work

[Received Whisper][Minmin]: Well, find another way then. We need a tank. I want him to tank it.

Thomas smirked. He made himself more comfortable on the chair and typed Bad’s nickname into the chat.

[Sent Whisper][Khiori]: come with us, stop pouting in a corner little girl

[Received Whisper][Badland]: Stop talking to me, you slutty elven trash.

“Uh huh,” Thomas voiced out loud, amused. “Pretty sure you drool over the busty elf anyway, boyo.”

He clicked his name and sent the invitation anyway. A ring filled the room when Badland’s name appeared right under his own in the raid and Thomas couldn’t hide the grin blooming on his face.

Easy. That guy was just so easy.

[Raid][Minmin]: Fucking finally.

[Raid][Badland]: Shut up and be grateful.

[Raid][Minmin]: Make me, you sweet little thing <3

[Raid][Badland]: Eww, not even with a stick.

[Raid Leader][Khiori]: will ask in a guild who wants to go first

Guild raids were the best, after all, Thomas mused while typing the question in the guild chat. He almost couldn’t remember for how long he had been playing this game, but he had actually become part of the Maze Runners guild only two months prior. The legion itself hadn’t changed as much as he often observed in other games, or even in guilds of this game (before ending up in this one he had gone through some, but never stayed for too long). At first the core pulled all kinds of people towards it, making the guild seems nice and lively. Then one person suddenly left, and
the guild fell apart, because that certain someone made it tick. At times a sudden surge of people leaving killed the chatter with no one knowing what happened, or the most eccentric players kept on quarrelling, and the guild just got fed up with it. It happened to every big guild at some point – people changed interests, games or just stopped playing altogether, and the previously burning star dimmed and fell.

The Maze Runners had been up and running for at least two years now, with Min as a guild leader this past year. Thomas heard Alby started it first though, two years ago. According to others he was a pretty easy going berserker, leading the guild through exarch’s era and all, until he decided to stop playing. A rumour he got a girlfriend and she didn’t like the constant PC nursing got never really confirmed, but most of the people went by it. Alby gave Bad the guild leader title without asking or a single warning. One day Bad logged in and stared at the sudden change with wide eyes and WTF-Just-Happened attitude. Alby left him some sort of note, but Thomas never heard what it contained. Bad didn’t hold the leader title for long though, as far as Thomas understood; it took him few hours to pass it over to Min and distance himself from the formality, playing the “shadow eminence” only.

This core stayed strong and unchanging, and Thomas, even though he was still sort of new, found himself drawn to the centre of their community.

He found out very soon Minmin was basically the nicest, most sarcastic macho ever. At first he pulled out the badass attitude, being all impressive know-it-all, but after a time and actually getting to know Thomas’ style of playing he softened a bit. He appreciated a healer who actually knew the basics and the advanced usage of the game, and it didn’t take long for them to actually find the right note to talk about all kinds of stuff. The flashy Castanic male with an arrogant smirk fitted Min’s personality the best, and since Thomas didn’t know how he looked in the real life, he just settled on this image. He knew Min had all sorts of alts, but the slayer always stayed his main, as well as the guild leader.

Badland was something else though. This guy was an enigma, an unapproachable jerk who, by some sort of miracle, still had the power to draw people together. He hated levelling and always called Min a “twat” when he appeared with yet another alt in the guild. He always took the liberty of kicking one of Min’s older alts out, then got bitched at, but never took it back. Min threatened him with taking the second-in-command title away from him, but it never worked, and he never fulfilled the threat anyway.

Badland was an Elin lancer. He never tried anything else (or at least according to Min, Thomas wasn’t sure), he just stubbornly stuck to the first character he had made in the game; another toon was too much work for him. From the very first time Thomas and Bad just couldn’t find the right angle how to handle each other. But after several days (well, almost weeks) later Thomas understood that Bad’s nagging and insulting was just his way to express his friendliness. Sort of. Some people he openly didn’t like. Thomas used to be between that group too at the beginning; Bad even refused to go with him to the simplest dungeon. But at some point tables had turned.

[Guild][Terra]: I'll go on my mystic, hold on. Will relog real fast.

Another response flashed in the guild chat and Thomas hummed in appreciation. Terra was another part of the gang, even though she was even “younger” than Thomas in the terms of belonging to the guild. She was undoubtedly confirmed as a girl gamer, even by the rest of the guild (who mostly lived by the creed that there are no girl gamers until proven otherwise, aka boobs or it didn’t happen). She was Thomas’ classmate, Teresa Agnes by default, and she definitely had “boobs” as well as “touch-me-and-you-will-lose-that-hand” attitude most of the time. The fact they both played MMOs came out very soon in the 1st year of their class, until they both settled in Tera.
[Guild][Terria]: Here, inv

Thomas immediately clicked on her name and invited her smoothly.

[Raid][Terria]: Sup!

[Raid][Badland]: Oh fuck no. Two idiotic healers now, must be my lucky day

[Raid][Terria]: Shut up, or I will stick my sceptre up your little bunny hole and stir it.

[Raid][Badland]: Kinky

[Raid][Terria]: Always.

[Raid Leader][Khiori]: fuuuuuuuu let’s roll

Thomas rolled his eyes when another jib landed on his and Teresa’s account, but it quieted down once the dungeon started and everyone got busy.

***

Two hours and a dinner later, and a tad more comfortable, Thomas lazily browsed the Trade broker while watching a swiftly moving guild chat by the corner of his eye.

[Guild][Minmin]: I am sure Khio’s coming, right?

He blinked, confused, and scrolled quickly up, but in his haste he didn’t find what Min could be referring to. He grudgingly pulled himself up from an almost lying position and swiftly typed his question.

[Guild][Khiori]: coming where?

[Guild][Terria]: Irl meeting.

“What?” his eyebrows shot up, he almost felt the panic swelling in his throat at such suggestion. An “in real life” meeting, his nightmare. He always had troubles with those, since he started playing and meeting new people, and those people had expressed their wish to actually meet him, personally. It never ceased to be a big deal for him, although he didn’t really know why exactly. He told himself it was probably out of fear of not being up their expectations, but he suspected he was just being a coward of those anonymous people having suddenly too real faces (of course it was different with Teresa, but yeah). What if they wouldn’t be up to his expectations? What if their attitude was going to bother him? What if they wouldn’t like his real character? He was always aware he acted differently online. Everyone did. So what if the real life version of his guild sucked? What if he sucked?

[Guild][Khiori]: oh I dunno

[Guild][Minmin]: Well, I know! It’s gonna be fun! I am so going to invite everyone!

[Guild][Terria]: Good luck with Europeans ;)

[Guild][Minmin]: Stop spoiling my delight, you minx. Khio, say you are going to come, c’mon. Don’t leave me hanging here.

Thomas gulped. The bad thing was – he couldn’t just say he had something important at school,
because Teresa would call out his bluff. He couldn’t really say he was needed somewhere else, because again – school and Teresa. Asking her not to say anything to them would be futile anyway, he knew that. But being honest and telling them he just didn’t want to go… he just couldn’t.

[Guild][Khiori]: I rly dunno, man.

[Guild][Minmin]: I take it as a yes. Cool!

“Fuck,” he mumbled. His mind was blank. He couldn’t come up with any excuse; it was frying his brain cells. A beep interrupted him and his heart almost skipped a beat, expecting Min demanding a clear confirmation of his attendance. He wasn’t ready for that.

[Received Whisper][Terria]: You are freaking out, huh.

Of course she knew. He sighed, watching the text quietly, contemplating if he should act as if he didn’t see it, until another pink flashed.

[Received Whisper][Terria]: Don’t think too hard, you will fry your brain. I can hear the wheels turning all the way from here.

Thomas rolled his eyes. They weren’t even close friends and yet she just perfectly knew him. It felt a little creepy at times.

[Sent Whisper][Khiori]: can’t find a suitable excuse.

He sent it with reluctance. Am I saying too much? Will she laugh? I would.

[Received Whisper][Terria]: Then don’t search for any. Irl meetings are fun, you know.

[Sent Whisper][Khiori]: experience?

[Received Whisper][Terria]: Yup.

“I see,” he whispered. He heard about fun times. But he also heard about fiascos, super awkward situations of people not having anything to say to each other when the anonymous barrier fell. What if The Maze Runners ended the same?

[Guild][Khiori]: going to sleep for today. Talk to ya all tomorrow, night :-)  

[Guild][Minmin]: booooo. Night Khio!

[Guild][Terria]: night

[Received Whisper][Terria]: think about it. Don’t be a coward ;)

[Sent Whisper][Khiori]: yeah yeah

He waited a bit more for people wishing him good night and out of morbid curiosity looked if Bad was still online, because he had been suspiciously quiet all along. He felt a little disappointed by his greyed name and he logged off a second after.

Chapter End Notes
Beta'd by the amazing elenlith! Thank you so much! <3
“What if it’s going to suck?” he piped, fiddling with the hem of his jacket. “What’s gonna happen next?”
“The world will burn under unmerciful sun, people will get sick and crazy from a mysterious illness, and your self-pity is going to be the only possible cure,” she deadpanned and stared at him, hard. “What do you think it’s gonna happen? You will laugh about it in-game.”

[Guild][Terria]: Ugh, not that one, Min. I saw him tanking, it was painful to watch. Mostly because I had all the aggro on me all the time.


Thomas stopped in front of his PC with halfway stripped hoodie and squinted on the text in confusion. The LFG channel got spammed by Min periodically with a request for “an experienced tanker for ABHM”.

“A tank?” he mused to himself and quickly pressed G to see his guild. “Bad is off?”

He swished through the names and found Badland’s name greyed out, as it was yesterday evening.

He quickly got rid of the rest of the school clothes, picked a clean t-shirt and sat down in front of the screen.

[Guild][Khiori]: Bad is off?

[Guild][Minmin]: Hey Khio. Yeah, got some GF trouble, so he is staying out today. And tomorrow. And possibly forever. In case she kills him.

“Girlfriend?” Thomas asked himself before the right line of thought reached him. Why not? Why wouldn’t he have a girlfriend, right? Not everyone playing MMOs regularly had to be twelve years olds or thirty years olds living in their parent’s basement.

Or 20 years olds living alone in an apartment, going to college and colouring their underwear pink.

[Guild][Khiori]: oh alright

Before he could type anything else, a raid invitation flashed on his screen and he chuckled. Well, of course.

He accepted with a little delay to tease Min a bit and earned unhappy smiley in the chat for it. The raid was almost full, now only the tank was missing, and Thomas felt fuzziness all over from the thought Min actually saved a spot for him. He was extra late at home today, so the guild leader didn’t even need to do this, but it still felt welcoming.
Ten minutes later they finally got a tank. Teresa was satisfied with (she didn’t know the nick, so “satisfied” was maybe exaggerating. She expressed a wish to be able to adopt Bad’s personality for a while in case the tank sucked and oppress him into leaving by himself).

***

[Guild][Terria]: I can’t believe I am saying this, but I miss that pedo loli.

[Guild][Khiori]: yeah

[Guild][Minmin]: I can’t believe finding at least a one good tank is so hard these days?

[Guild][Khiori]: well we made it at least

[Guild][Minmin]: With me tanking half of the time, yes. We did. Good heals as always tho.

[Guild][Shizzle.Fizzle]: sooooo going to tell Baddie you were QQing about him not being here

Thomas snorted. This guy was a constant source of amusement in the guild, even though Thomas suspected he had to be only 12 or so. He never actually reached 60 level with any of his toons, explained it as “the end game sucks” and “I’d rather play with lowers”.

[Guild][Terria]: Sure, feed his ego even more, he so needs it.

[Guild][Shizzle.Fizzle]: mmmmmmmmmkaaaaaay :)))

[Guild][Shizzle.Fizzle]: so what about the irl meeting???

Thomas groaned. There was no way to get out of this without being a jerk about it, he realized.

[Guild][Minmin]: Oh right! Yeah, so it’s totally happening, man. I was thinking next week, since you know 9 days off the school.

[Guild][Shizzle.Fizzle]: duuuuuuude, not all of us going to college >:(

[Guild][Minmin]: It’s still during the weekend, so you can come at that time :P You just won’t stay for 9 days (no loss).

[Guild][Shizzle.Fizzle]: mean :( 

[Guild][Minmin]: Yep, that’s me, now, you coming or not?

[Guild][Shizzle.Fizzle]: yes :P I am :P

[Guild][Minmin]: Coolio. I posted stuff on the guild site, will add details later, yada yada yada. Terra, you are coming for sure, right?

[Guild][Terria]: Ofc ;)

[Guild][Minmin]: And you will drag Khio with you as well, yes?

[Guild][Terria]: You can bet ;)}
“Oh my god, Teresa, you traitor,” Thomas groaned while reading the chat for the third time. She just loved to gossip.

He was utterly fucked.

“I can’t believe you actually talked me into this,” Thomas hissed through his clenched teeth, sitting at the bus station with his jacked zipped as much as it was possible, shivering in the unmerciful autumn wind sweeping the streets.

Teresa offered a little smile in return, probably meant as an apology, but the apparent smugness in it made Thomas even grumpier. She even looked as she wasn’t cold at least a bit, standing there in a light black coat (coat, ha! It was probably made from a drapes only for how thin the layer was) and skinny jeans. He already took her scarf because the cold got unbearable and she actually offered it, so her long, swan-like neck was exposed to the wind without shame. He felt a little bad for it, but she didn’t even have goose bumps. Maybe her already too long black hair served as a reserve heater, even though it mostly flew around her head as the wind pleased. She also put on makeup, her deep blue eyes even more prominent with layers of black mascara and cat-like lines in corners. He made fun of her she is not like this even at school, as if bunch of nerds are going to appreciate it on the irl meeting.

“You never know,” she said. “You are a nerd and you are still sporting a pretty attractive exterior.”

“What if it’s going to suck?” he piped, fiddling with the hem of his jacket. “What’s gonna happen next?”

“The world will burn under unmerciful sun, people will get sick and crazy from a mysterious illness, and your self-pity is going to be the only possible cure,” she deadpanned and stared at him, hard. “What do you think it’s gonna happen? You will laugh about it in-game.”

“Hmph,” he turned away from her to watch a clock on the bus station instead. He still felt fidgety and the idea of turning around and going back home tempted him a lot. But Teresa almost put a leash on him, and he didn’t doubt she would literally drag him to the meeting if she had to.

“What are you so afraid of? You get along with everyone,” she pushed insistently, circling him so she stood in his line of vision again. “You actually have super long nerdy talks with Min, and he is the main thing there. If no one is going to be as you thought, I am pretty sure that guy is the exact copy of his online character. Well, maybe minus the horns.”

He smirked at the image and her features softened when she saw him relax.

“And if he won’t be any good either, well. I am still here too,” she added with a shrug. “I can put up with you for some time.”

“Geez, thanks,” he rolled his eyes and flicked her ear, and laughed when she let out a squeal and jumped away from him. It was good the bus decided to arrive at that point, because he saw plans
for revenge in her blue eyes.

***

“Right, so we need to go by this bus, it should get us right to the Min’s place,” Teresa pointed at the just arriving silver vehicle and nudged Thomas to hurry up. He just dragged his own bag from the previous bus and had to already run for another – he made a mental note to himself – do not let Teresa plan ever again. They made it just in time, breathless and probably little sweaty, and stalked through the bus to find an empty seat.

“How many stops btw?” he asked while Teresa pushed forward towards two empty places in the back of the bus, and she didn’t even stop or glanced back when she answered with number 7. She sat heavily once she reached their destination and Thomas noticed how the fair haired boy a seat before them frowned a little at that. Thomas mouthed “sorry” his way, but the boy probably didn’t even notice that, since he turned his head towards the window again and ignored them completely.

“Traveling is tiresome,” Teresa mumbled when her companion finally got seated next to her, pushing his back under his legs. “And I am hungry.”

“Just a bit more,” he consoled her half-heartedly. It was her idea after all. She heard his tone and sent him I-Know-How-You-Meant-It glance, but he decided to ignore it and flipped open his phone instead, typing a quick text to Min about their current position. The guild leader of Maze Runners basically forced his cell number to everyone who was coming, to be able to contact him if anything, and Thomas couldn’t shake the feeling their GL is even more excited than all of them together.

Several seconds later his phone lit up with “K! Will wait for you outside! Hope you like omelettes. M”

“Omelettes?” he repeated with a snort and Teresa perked up.

“Food?”

“Guess so,” he nodded with a smirk when her expression changed into pure bliss and hid his phone back into the pocket. “Min asked if we like it.”

Before Teresa could even respond, another groan sliced the air, but this time it came from the boy at the seat before them.

“Bloody hell,” the blonde added, loud enough for them to hear it, and then suddenly turned around, seizing them both in a calculating stare. He had to be around their age, Thomas mused while staring back at him, confused.

“You are coming to see Minho, right?” the boy shot at them.

“Guess that’s Minmin?” Teresa immediately reacted and another groan from the guy confirmed it.

“I didn’t realize he was bloody serious about this irl meeting,” the blond sighed. “Buy eggs, he said. For omelettes.”

“Cute,” Teresa laughed a little and pushed herself closer to their sudden companion with a wide smile. “Well. I am Teresa. Terra in the game.”

“Figures,” the guy replied, almost as if he really wasn’t surprised. She gestured towards still a little shocked Thomas.
This is Thomas aka Khiori.”

The boy’s eyes widened, almost comically, and then his face broke into hysterical laughter. Thomas blinked several times, now definitely not getting what was so funny about it, before the guy finally straightened back, wiped tears from his deep brown eyes, and stifled more chuckles bubbling in his throat.

“I told Minho you can’t be a girl, he is going to be so disappointed,” he clarified and Thomas paled.

“He thought I am a girl?” he choked out, a terror gripping his insides again. That’s why he hated irl meetings. All expectations others had got crushed in a single glance, and he despised that.

“Well, he hoped you are,” the boy smirked. “I didn’t believe it. Won the bet, hah.”

Thomas didn’t even need to look Teresa’s way to know she is biting her cheek to remain quiet, so he wasn’t surprised when she spoke her voice was laced with laughter.

“So, I presume you are Minho’s friend?”

“Name’s Newt,” he shrugged, leaned heavily over the back of the seat, facing them. He got a lazy smile on his face. “Minho is my roommate.”

“Hope you brought the eggs then,” she said sweetly and laughed when Newt bristled. Thomas’ appetite disappeared completely.
Chapter Summary

“Wow, sounds like you have a hella big revelation here, buddy,” Min grinned. “Do you want me to assign you to his room? Fully exclusive and all, you look like you are ready to swoon.”
“Very funny,” Thomas seized him in a cold stare and almost missed Teresa laughing with a full mouth of pickles. He hoped she will choke.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You look manlier than I thought.”

Thomas cringed internally under the intense scrutiny he obtained right after getting out of the bus and arriving at the right place for the meeting with their host. Newt led them without delays and useless take backs through the busy city and when they finally arrived in front of the huge housing estate, a single dark haired person was waiting for them there.

Minho, how Newt addressed his roommate, didn’t betray the Asian-like sounding name, but his attitude screamed anything but. He smiled at all of them brightly, all teeth as if he couldn’t express his happiness enough. He looked strong and fit and Thomas immediately rethought his shattered expectation of the Guild leader. His cocky attitude stayed though, something Thomas was desperately clinging to as a one sure fact in the whole mess. But then the introduction came and he could literally see how Minho’s thoughts came to halt, his body froze and his eyes bore into Thomas’ frame like a laser.

“Yeah, well. Left my dress at home,” he shot back lamely, trying to lighten up the disappointment dripping from Minho’s features. But then the GL reached to his pocket, pulled out a wallet, took a bank note and held it up. Newt immediately snatched it away, grinning at him with a I-Told-You-So look on his face.

“I swear I thought you are going to be a gal, man,” Minho chuckled right after he sent Newt a dirty look for being so smug. “Maybe not the hotshot gal, but a gal nevertheless. Pretty cool you are not.”

“Cool?” Thomas blinked in confusion and Minho smirked, something that reminded Thomas who he is talking to. This was Minmin, always pushing and pulling, and very rarely dishonest.

“Yah, girls are bor-I mean,” Minho cleared his throat when Teresa shot him a death glare. “Girls are girls. Ha, yeah. Girls.”

“Meaning, he is going to make you regret you didn’t change your sex before going here, for how many manly things he is going to put you through,” Newt added and raised the bag he held higher towards Minho. “Got your bloody eggs. Be sure I am not cooking.”

“Cool! Let’s go inside,” Minho immediately took the bag before Newt even attempted to lower it again and basically sprinted towards the door.
“He is probably getting off of the fact so many people arrived,” Newt remarked. “I’d warn you, but it’s too late anyway.”

“I just want to eat,” Teresa said and her stomach growled in response.

***

“So many people” as Newt foreshadowed didn’t even properly described the insane amount of faces Thomas encountered right the moment he set foot in the massive apartment. There had to be at least 30 of them (although maybe he exaggerated a bit, because when he looked later, it seemed they diminished more towards 20 or so). They shouted names and nicknames around and Thomas found out he got lost at whose nickname was whose, so he just gave up. Minho disappeared in the kitchen and Teresa tailed behind him with hope of getting something to eat even before the omelettes. Thomas found a quieter spot near doors and hoped he looked very busy on his phone.

“All born strategist, aren’t you,” he heard somewhere above him and glanced up to stare at a glass full of bubbly water. It took him a second before he realized someone had to be holding it and his eyes travelled even more up, to the blond smirking down at him.

“Why do you think?” he asked, taking the glass with silent thanks, realizing how thirsty he actually became. Newt nodded towards the nearby door Thomas was sitting at.

“Ready to run when the shit hits the fan.”

“A coincidence,” Thomas mumbled and scooted over, inviting Newt to join him without a word. The blond boy understood and sat down with a barely stifled yawn.

“I gather you are not really big on this,” Newt remarked once he settled as comfortable as he could on a big cushion Minho probably arranged there to make as much sitting space as possible.

“Not really. Makes me… giddy.”

“Why?”

Thomas wanted to just shake his head and pass it without an answer, but once he looked at his companion, the big, trustful eyes without any sort of judgement in them, only wondering, something broke in him.

“Feels like letting people down,” he blurted.

“I don’t see how you would let them down, Tommy,” Newt shrugged, pet-naming him without a single flinch. Thomas contemplated the nickname quietly, counted people who were still calling him that, and found none. Even his parents called him Tom, or Thomas when he did something bad. It felt strangely satifying and welcoming.

“It’s just…” he took a deep breath, sorting his thoughts. He saw Newt waiting patiently in the corner of his eye, not pushing, only sitting there, and listening. “When you play the game, you just… get this identity, you know? And then others are getting used to that sort of thing, and it’s all fine. But then you meet them, personally, and it all kind of shatters.”

“Is this ‘cuz of Minho?” Newt asked. “In which case I want to apologize, ‘cuz I exaggerated a little with that ‘hoping you are a girl’ thing. I mean, he thought you are a girl, but he certainly didn’t hope you are one.”

“Nah,” Thomas shook his head and smiled a little, looking back at it at this moment made it look hilarious. “It’s not about Min. I mean in general. You expect someone to be super nice, and in
reality they are… I dunno, jerks even. Or not, they are fine, just… not that… not something you are used to, just, plain. Boring. I don’t know if you play too, but…”

Newt snorted and Thomas stopped talking, confused what was so funny again.

“Really, Tommy?”

“Huh?”

“Are you asking if I play?” The pure amusement got Thomas’ mind reeling with desperation he overlooked something important.

“I don’t really know, do you?” he asked, tentatively, and Newt burst out laughing. It almost started to feel like a pattern with them.

“I must really have the game identity if you didn’t know by the first word I said it’s me,” Newt patted his back with a wide smile. “But then again, I guess it’s only for the best.”

“Newt-,”

“Ah, it’s fine, it’s fine,” the blond boy assured him with a wicked smile. “This may even turn to be amusing in the end.”

“But-,” Thomas got cut again when a sharp ringtone of “Come with me now” sliced through the constant chatter and Newt quickly fished his pocket for a phone. One glance on the caller ID made him lose the smile and he rose to his feet abruptly.

“Sorry, gotta take this,” he excused himself hastily and before Thomas could react he disappeared in between the mass of bodies in the living room, apparently aiming for a secluded area.

“Huh.”

Thomas watched the crowd for a moment, waiting for him to come back, but when he didn’t emerge once more, Thomas gave up and dragged himself to his feet. He should at least check on Teresa and Minho, and maybe even hunt something to eat as well.

The kitchen was surprisingly empty except the two previously mentioned protagonists trying to cook. The room smelled somewhat burned and one glance toward the black mess in the trash can gave Thomas the memo they indeed ended up at “trying” and didn’t complete the “succeeding” part.

“Not going as planned?” he commented while waving his hand to get some burned air away from his nose, stepping over to a window in front of the stove, and Minho turned around to send him a sheepish smile. Thomas pushed the window wide open and stood beside it, actually enjoying the wind that bothered him so much before with its coldness, now chasing away the unpleasant smell.

“It’s Newt who mostly cook, so I guess experimenting is now off the table,” he pushed away the burned pan and took another one from the cupboard with a sigh. “Where is he anyway?”

”He got a call,” Thomas shrugged, watching Teresa eating pickles out of the jar, sitting at a bar chair. She looked super satisfied. “Seemed serious.”

“Ah,” Minho’s brow furrowed at that information. “Guess it’s his pursuit plane checking up on him once more.”

“Grfrnd?” Teresa spitted around the pickles and Thomas cringed.
“Ew.”

“Shtp!” she grumbled and stuffed her face with one.

“Girlfriend, yes,” Minho grinned. “She is like the worst kind of illness you can have on Earth and beyond.”

“That bad, huh,” Thomas laughed and set down the glass he kept from the moment Newt gave it to him on a windowsill. It was almost empty anyway. And then it hit him.

A girlfriend? And Minho is talking about her like this?

“Min,” he called the dark haired boy and immediately got the full attention. “Is Newt Badland?”

“Yeah,” Minho shrugged as if it was no big deal. “Thought that’s obvious since we live together.”

“I didn’t know you live with Bad!” Thomas breathed out. “He is so… nice!”

“Of course Newt is nice,” the Asian boy laughed at that while taking another two eggs from the package and breaking them into a clean pan. “He just loves to put up a show in the guild, playing the “good cop and bad cop” game with me. It’s probably his hidden side which doesn’t want to put up with people’s stupidity. Or he just enjoys being mean, I dunno.”

“But…”

“Wait, you really didn’t know?” the Guild Leader raised both his eyebrows it nearly climbed up to his perfectly styled (“How long does it take for him to actually make it look like this?”) black hair.

“No, I… I dunno, I assumed he knows you play and maybe even saw it, or you talk about it, so he knows the nicknames, therefore he knew us, but… He is Badland. The Badland.”

“Wow, sounds like you have a hella big revelation here, buddy,” Min grinned. “Do you want me to assign you to his room? Fully exclusive and all, you look like you are ready to swoon.”

“Very funny,” Thomas seized him in a cold stare and almost missed Teresa laughing with a full mouth of pickles. He hoped she will choke.

Chapter End Notes

Newt's ringtone is from Kongos - Come with me now. The song is badass! Here is the link if anyone is interested :) https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gz2GVIQkn4Q
“Dude, you cook all the time, you sure you don’t wanna just laze around?” Newt asked and Thomas blinked in surprise. He hadn’t seen him coming back at any point, but suddenly he was there, sitting next to Minho on an arm of a sofa. Thomas realized he changed his clothes and appeared more formal, and looked like he is ready to go out. He even held a coat in his hands and Thomas felt a pang of disappointment for some reason.

“And let Min poison us to death? I thought this is an In real LIFE meeting, not a suicide rendezvous,” Frypan teased, making Minho gasp in a fake shock.

Surprisingly no one died. Thomas expected at least one person to choke, but all stayed safe and sound, even after tasting, and in the end basically devouring, Min’s cooking. At first Thomas wanted to recommend letting Teresa do it, she was a girl after all, but a sixth sense inside his head warned him to keep quiet. He vaguely remembered her saying she set a kitchen on fire at school during the Cooking day by boiling an egg when she was 13, so maybe he just saved the whole flat.

“I can cook next time,” one of the boys offered (Thomas had to laugh when he told them to call him by his game nick “Frypan”, even though he introduced himself as Siggy, because it just fit with the cooking offer) when Minho complained about how he sucked as a cook even more than he expected.

“You’re a sorc in Tera, right?” Teresa interjected and Frypan nodded with a smile. Thomas remembered him only so-so, although he was in the guild far longer than Thomas or Teresa. He didn’t play frequently though, since his part-time job took the majority of his time, and the game was more of a relaxation for him than a fixation, at least from what Thomas gathered.

“You ate it! I cook just fine!” the Guild leader exclaimed with a mocking hurt tone and Teresa on the other side of the sofa laughed quietly. She ate the whole jar of pickles, two omelettes and a bowl of an ice cream on top of that, but Thomas was too scared to call her a trash can for it, even though she probably was able to eat anything and still stay chipper.

“That’s why it smells here like you burned down half of the house,” Newt added matter-of-factly and slung the coat around his shoulders. “If Frypan doesn’t mind, I won’t be complaining one bit.”
“You wound me,” Minho clutched his chest and got a shove from his roommate for it. “Wait, where are you going?”

“Movie. Will be back at some point,” Newt replied while jumping to his feet and smoothing the coat over. He looked surprisingly elegant, even with his ruffled hair and red sneakers.

“Can’t you tell her you are busy for a week or so?”

“I can, but the question is… do I want to?” Newt gave him a tight smile, saluted to the rest and disappeared in a corridor. When the door shut closed behind him, Minho visibly bristled, but held back from commenting further, although Thomas had an idea what he would say.

***

“Well, that’s disappointing.”

Thomas’ eyes narrowed while looking over the sitting boys, right at the one that said it. Minho gathered them in the living room like chickens and basically made them all get to know each other. When Thomas’ turn came and others realized he is Khiori, most of the reactions included slight giggles, raised eyebrows or a simple nodding (Thomas understood these reactions for what was worth, his game toon was a busty elven chick after all, with clothes perfectly revealing the important bits for horny teenagers. Thomas made the elf on purpose, teasing his previous guild mates with it, and when he left the guild, he didn’t have the heart to delete the perfect white haired beauty). All seemed to just overlook it (it’s nothing unusual for a guy to have a female toon, quite the opposite), except this one guy, watching him from the opposite side of their gathering, his mouth curled into a strange smirk Thomas didn’t like.

His game nick was Blazin, and Thomas never concealed his resentment towards the Aman warrior when playing. They barely spoke to each other in the guild, and when they did, it mostly ended badly. Blazin had that annoying habit calling Thomas “a greenie” even after two months, mainly because he seemed to be keen on making Thomas pissy. They had many quarrels at the beginning before setting on blissed avoidance after Thomas decided he had enough and stopped paying attention to Blazin’s health in the MCHM dungeon. He had a thing about idiotic sub-tankers constantly spamming aggro skills even with lancer around, and he didn’t need to talk to the tank at that time to know he is pissed off too (was a shame it wasn’t Bad in there, but truth to be told he wouldn’t have this position threatened like that if he was). So when Blazin finally died under the heavy boot of a boss after another attempt to steal aggro, Thomas congratulated himself and left him lying there until a random dps outside their guild ressed him.

For a week after that, Blazin never missed a chance to remind anyone who would listen Khiori is a very bad healer, “a noob” who doesn’t even know where the resurrection spell is hotkeyed, and it made Thomas super annoyed he considered leaving the guild. Min and Bad stepped in when it became literally hostile and put Blazin back on his place, reprimanded him, and that was when the two-sided ignorance started.

Now, seeing him face to face, Thomas’ blood boiled hot.

“Thought your bad playing skills could have been excused by being a blond girl with Chihuahua, but this just makes you hopeless,” the dark haired boy added with a scratchy voice and Thomas wondered how his fist would look on that face. It would probably fit like a piece of puzzle, because there was no way this guy hadn’t got beaten up regularly.


“Gally, what the fuck?” Min immediately growled towards Blazin and Thomas bit his lip. Gally,
The name would win the prize for an asshole of the year, that’s for sure. “The stick in your ass reached your brain or what’s your problem?”

“Nothing,” Gally shrugged, his expression disinterested. “Just sayin’.”

“Man, this is very uncool,” the Guild leader frowned and opened his mouth to continue, but Thomas cleared his throat and that stopped him.

“Don’t bother, Min. He is still butthurt.”

“Yeah, right-,”

“Did you just suggest girls can’t play?” Teresa suddenly interrupted him, her voice wavered dangerously. “Or heal?”

Thomas could hear the “ooooh” coming from other guys in the group and it almost cracked him up, with seeing Gally’s face going through several stages of surprise, shock and desperation until the arrogant mask resumed its place.

“I never said girls,” he argued and Teresa folded her arms on her chest, waiting with a strict face. Thomas had to admit she had this scary cold exterior going, something threatening without even needing to say a single word.

“Bad skills excused by being a blond girl?” she repeated sharply. Her blue eyes narrowed and Thomas had to bit an inside of his cheek to stop the laughter, when boys around Gally suddenly pushed themselves further from him, away from the dangerous zone.

“With a Chihuahua,” Gally added, his voice slowly losing strength. It felt a little like an elementary school. She only raised an eyebrow.

“It was a matter of speech!” he finally snapped. “Do you really need a chaperone, greenie? Because you can’t stand up for yourself, so a girl has to do it?”

“What? This is not about me, you id-,”

“A girl has to do it?!” Teresa roared now, successfully cutting Thomas’ response off. “Do you want to see how a girl can kick your sorry ass?! ”

And with that, the living room exploded in a maniacal laughter from everyone.

***

Thomas was amazed by the amount of patience Minho’s neighbours had. In the end he counted 16 boys present, including him and with Teresa 17. Such an amount of people made a mess, especially guys around 17 years old, even though most of them were hard-core nerds happy with notebooks and bags of chips. Minho’s lan party celebrated an immediate success and the last time Thomas looked half of them were rocking “Orcs must die” with howling laughter.

Even with not as much running around, they still shouted a lot, laughed all the time and called names anyone who messed up. The neighbours never came to tell them to shut up though, no police arrived, no bricks landed through windows, so either they were super chill, or Minho somehow managed to get them out of the house.

With how much sociable Thomas was, he still preferred to shy away from the crowd when the night approached, leaving the happy core alone. Minho’s and Newt’s flat (or better a huge-ass apartment) had the advantage to be super spacious and even two-floored. Most of the boys stayed
in the living room, but at times he met some people secluded, alone or in small groups or pairs just
talking quietly or watching The Star Gate, Doctor Who or Hannibal on their laptops.

In overall Thomas felt the meeting was a success, and it made him feel relieved. Except for Gally,
most of the guys were surprisingly normal, and basically no one was over 22. Minho definitely
adopted the leader skills even in real life, and the organization almost reached flawlessness, so
Thomas didn’t feel that bad for leaving them and stalked to the second floor where a rumoured
balcony lied.

The balcony wasn’t a joke, and it was perfect. The wind outside subsided and even that the sky
darkened already, the chill didn’t creep on Thomas at all (although he still took Teresa’s scarf and
his jacket outside). The view from spacious area limited by railing opened a shiny city for
Thomas’ eyes, blinking with neon lights and lamps surrounding pathways with cars driving
through it. It had a strangely calming effect, and Thomas was able to push the annoying thought of
Gally out of his mind. He couldn’t say it seriously bothered him, but the sheer animosity between
them even here, face to face, felt a little troubling.

“Heard your girlfriend is pretty scary,” an amused voice dragged him out of his thoughts and he
turned around fast, heart thumping loudly from the unexpected visit. Newt stood in between the
balcony doors, watching Thomas with a smirk on his face. He didn’t have the coat anymore, not
even the clothes he wore out.

A ninja, Thomas thought. He just appears from a thin air every time.

“Heard yours is worse;“ Thomas retorted fast, making Newt snort.

“Guess Minho talked, huh,” the blond observed in a good humour and entered the balcony. His
toes were bare, but he didn’t seem fazed by it.

“Sort of,” Thomas shrugged, turning back towards the view, his heart slowly calming down.
“And Teresa is not my girlfriend.”

“I meant Gally, but okay.”

“Oh fuck you.”

The laugh didn’t come as a surprise, but Newt let it on only for a while before patting Thomas on
his back in conciliation.

“It’s fine, Gally is a jerk,” he added as if it needed to be said. “We had troubles with him too. He
likes to do things his way – you either like it, or you don’t and therefore have a problem with
him.”

A sudden moment of silence made Thomas look at him for a continuation, only to meet his
curious eyes, searching for who knows what.

“Do you have a problem with him?” Thomas asked a little quieter than he wanted and Newt’s lips
curled into a small smile.

“Who doesn’t?”

“True,” the brunette admitted and Newt leaned over the railing. His body seemed tense; he held
his shoulders too high, back too straight. Thomas couldn’t help but wonder why.

“Nah, would be a lie tho. There are a lot of people liking him. Looking up to him even,” the
blonde resumed the conversation a little tightly. “He still is a good warrior. I think.”
“He can die with a dramatic shout, I admit,” Thomas added with a straight face.

“Pretty sure he took the drama classes for that,” Newt chimed.

“His Juliette brought a tear to many eyes,” the guild healer nodded with a feigned seriousness.

“As well as lunches into many toilets,” Newt played his part and that took the last ounce of Thomas control and he started to laugh. Newt immediately joined him and his body visibly relaxed, making Thomas feel good about it. The atmosphere felt friendly and pleasant.

“Join me for a beer?” Newt offered with a warm smile and who was Thomas to say no to this face?

“That would be awesome.”

Chapter End Notes

I had an immense fun with this chapter for some reason. Woooo Gally, go! :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


Thomas groaned and banged his head over the table they were sitting at. Newt’s room resided at the second floor, the furthest from the stairs and the closest to the balcony. It consisted from a king sized bed with rumpled bed sheets, clothes hanging from any possible place they could hang from, and super comfortable sitting pillows around low table. The walls were surprisingly empty, no poster decorated a single surface, and it made it look a little too grown up. A spacious desk with a chair in front of it was probably the only indication a gamer lived here, the PC with oversized screen accompanied typical gamer equipment – the massive keyboard, pro mouse and headphones with microphone ready to use.

Thomas liked it here, even that it felt a bit clinical with empty walls around them. He appreciated the pillow he was sitting on the most now; it let him reach the table with ease to rest his forehead on. “I meant,” he tried once more without sitting straight, “you looked tense. And worried. You are... relaxed now.”

No answer. Thomas took a deep breath. “I mean... it was probably only my imagination, sorry.” “It’s fine,” Newt finally responded and Thomas heard how he moved in his seat and sighed. “You are pretty perceptive though.”

Five

Chapter Summary

It made Thomas glance back, locking his eyes with his suddenly very tiredly looking companion.

“Am I?”

“Mm.”

“Do you want to talk about it?” Thomas offered, dragging his body back upright. They were sitting here for at least an hour now and the clock on Newt’s bedside table showed half past eleven. He immediately noticed how Newt’s body went rigid, and he bit his tongue for even bringing it up.

“Wow, Tommy. How much are you charging per hour?” the blond forced out a short laugh, but Thomas noticed it made him uneasy, and if it didn’t freak Newt out, he would so jump out of the window or maybe run towards a wall with full speed, just to escape his own stupidity.

“One beer,” he replied quietly and rose a half full bottle from the table.

“One beer per hour?” Newt chuckled, watching Thomas almost fondly. “You are going to get pretty wasted, man.”

“I was told I am an amusing drunk,” Thomas shrugged, grateful for the lighter note the conversation turned to.

“Yeah? I am mostly depressing,” the blond sighed again. “Or touchy feely. Must be annoying for others.”

“Touchy feely sounds good to me,” Thomas blurted quickly and shut up as fast.

“God, Tommy, you are a killer today for sure,” Newt snickered, holding his beer up, as if he wanted to toast. He stopped mid-move, his expression thoughtful.

“I don’t even know what to toast to,” he admitted with a sheepish smile, a strangely shy gesture Thomas should have not found adorable. He was probably getting drunk. His alcohol tolerance always sucked anyway.

“To something we will specify later!” he rose his bottle high and fast he probably spilled a little on the carpet, but decided to act he didn’t see it.

“Sounds good,” the blond grinned and bumped their bottles together. It clanged loudly and they both took a several sips before putting it down again. Newt buried deeper into the cushion and dipped his head back, staring at the ceiling.

“Man, I am beat,” he yawned, scratching his belly absentmindedly. Thomas watched the movement almost hypnotized before he realized what is he doing and snapped his eyes higher, towards his companion’s neck.

Before they sat down and started drinking, Newt discarded his hoodie he put on after coming home, and the brown sweatshirt he wore under it revealed perfectly his whole neck and arms. Thomas cocked his head to the side, watching his Adam’s apple bob when he swallowed and then noticed a deep purple bruise on the left side of Newt’s neck, right under his jaw. It looked almost threatening, with rich, dark colour, and Thomas’ brain didn’t really understand the meaning for a while. Nothing else than – who hurt him like this? – came to his mind before he realized Newt just came home from a date. He couldn’t stop the groan and Newt immediately shot back up to the sitting position, eyes wide and frantic.
“What, what?” he looked around as if something got set on fire, and when he found nothing but Thomas staring back at him in a first-hand embarrassment, his body relaxed once more.

“Tommy?”

“Sorry,” Thomas apologized slowly, feeling the heat coming up to his face. “Popped a knuckle.”

Wow, way to go, Thomas. Excuse of a blabbering idiot.

An answering burst of laughter confirmed it, but it was better than telling Newt he just thought about him and his girlfriend making out somewhere in a movie theatre. It would probably buy him a fast ticket out of the apartment.

Newt was hiccupping with laughter and curling into a ball on the pillow, his breath coming out raggedly how he couldn’t stop himself.

“Sorry, I am turning into an idiot when the clock goes past ten,” Thomas offered a small smile, hoping to smooth his own thoughts the right way, and Newt’s laughter slowly subsided into occasional chuckles.

“It’s perfect, god. I didn’t laugh this much for a while,” the blond assured him happily, setting an almost empty bottle on a table. Thomas copied the move, not trusting himself to drink any more.

“By the way, what movie did you watch?” he picked hopefully safe enough topic and Newt glanced back at him in an evident confusion.

“Huh?”

“With your girlfriend?” Thomas added helpfully and Newt made a silent “oh”. Thomas felt his body freeze and his eyes landed on a hickey once more. God, what an idiotic question. A movie? Bullshit. They probably weren’t even in a theatre, for god’s sake, they are a couple, not classmates, with a flat suddenly occupied by bunch of teenagers; of course they wanted to get out of the hook for a while.

“I don’t even remember the name,” the blond said with a shrug, making Thomas even more uncomfortable by his own racing thoughts. “A sex tape? Or something. She chose it.”

“Never heard of it,” Thomas almost choked oh the answer, but masked it by clearing his throat. “Liked it?”

God, why am I digging the grave even deeper?

“She did,” Newt mumbled, the humour slowly fading from his tone. “It was fine I suppose. I think I slept through the second half though.”

Thomas opened his mouth to ask more about the girl with the same morbid curiosity that drew him towards Badland’s mean attitude (and to the promise of getting a terribly rude answer in the guild chat), but stopped himself just in time. What would he ask about? And why exactly? He didn’t even want to know about her, not really. The simple fact Minho seemed to honestly dislike her and Newt always getting a strange, almost hunted look on his face, already told Thomas what he needed to know.

Off-limits.

“We should break up.”
Thomas mind did a double take, and then a triple take on what Newt just uttered, and felt mortified when his first reaction wasn’t “What are you taking about?” but “What did I do wrong?”.

“Break up?” he repeated after several seconds of getting his raising level of blood pressure, or whatever that made him think like a school girl, under control, and Newt dragged his knees under his chin and draped his arms around his legs. It looked like he built up a fort around him.

“Yeah. I wanted to do it for months already. Maybe even half a year, I dunno,” he almost whispered and rested his chin on top of his knees. “But every time I want to say it, it’s like something is stuck in my throat, you know.”

Wow. That’s not what I expected.

“Wow,” he breathed out, a little speechless. “You don’t… like her anymore?”

It was a stupid, cliché, and very personal question. But if Newt was actually willing to talk about it, turning him down with a half assed response would ruin everything.

“I do like her,” Newt hid his face for a while, breathing in and out, and then mumbled something Thomas didn’t quite catch.

“Didn’t hear you,” he told him softly and Newt looked back at him.

“I said,” he raised his voice a little more. “That’s the problem.”

That’s the problem. That he likes her?

“I think you lost me,” he admitted lamely and Newt’s lips curled into a small, almost private smile, only slightly tugging at his corners.

“What I mean is… it feels like I’m letting her on, I think. I like her, but I also like an apple pie.”

Newt smiled a bit more when Thomas face broke into a final understanding, but he looked lost and vulnerable, and Thomas had no idea what to say to make it better.

“Does Min know it?” he blurted out the first thing that came to his mind and Newt blinked in surprise at the mention of his roommate’s name.

“Min? We don’t really talk about this stuff,” Newt face became suddenly closed again, guarded. “He never liked her anyway. It felt stupid to talk to him about my love life.”

“Makes sense,” Thomas piped.

“It feels stupid to talk about it to you too, but strangely not as much,” Newt added and straightened his legs again, as if readying himself to get up and end the session. It made Thomas panic and he desperately searched for something to remedy the situation.

“I don’t mind,” he said quickly, almost too desperately it made Newt rose an eyebrow at him. “I mean. You evidently need to talk about it. I am pretty willing to listen to it; maybe we will come to an understanding?”

The blond huffed a short laugh and shook his head.

“It’s all good, Tommy. Thanks for the pep talk anyway,” he said at the exact tone Thomas was afraid he is going to ask him to leave the room. “It’s getting pretty late. Wanna go take a look
downstairs or sleep?"

*Oh well. Messing up is my forte after all.*

“I’d look downstairs for a while. Check on the bunch,” Thomas dragged himself from a pillow and stretched his body with several loud cracks he would normally be ashamed of.

“Alright. Maybe we will get a late snack from Frypan too,” Newt noted in a lighter tone as if a mask slipped on place, and walked towards the exit. Thomas felt like something important is going to leave once the door opens and before he could stop himself he called out to him, barely audible, but it successfully stopped the blond boy in his tracks.

“Hm?”

“You should break up with her,” Thomas said firmly, maybe even a little harder than he wanted to, but didn’t take it back. Newt visibly recoiled, apparently unsure how to respond, until he turned away from the door, facing Thomas fully again.

“Yeah?”

“I don’t know you *personally* long, but… you are such a nice person,” Thomas gestured nervously, grasping the right thoughts and carefully morphing them into words. “And every time she gets mentioned, or you come back from her… you are so tense and… unhappy.”

Newt’s face fell a little at that, and with a sigh he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I didn’t realize I give this kind of vibe, geez.”

He stayed like that for several seconds and then took a deep breath and locked his eyes with Thomas. His expression was surprisingly calm and maybe he was even smiling a little.

“Alright. Let’s get something to eat,” he turned back towards the door and finally opened them. Before he stepped out to the hallway he paused though, glancing back at Thomas with an unreadable expression. “I consider this first session closed for today. You already got paid, right?”

Thomas frowned, not grasping the meaning until Newt grinned and nodded towards the table. Thomas copied his line of sight and two bottles of beer immediately caught his attention, standing abandoned in between their pillows. He chuckled at that and nodded.

“Yeah. Paid in full.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the Bare-My-Soul moment there, it had to be done :)
Enjoy! Feedbacks are loved <3
Six

Chapter Summary

This was Newt’s room. Check.
Newt’s bed. Check.
Newt was clothed… (boxers peeked from under the shirt when he stretched). Check.
Thomas was also clothed (he wriggled experimentally, yes, yes, he is). Check.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Thomas didn’t want to get up. He cocooned himself in a super warm blanket like a burrito, snuggling into pillow and breathing in and out slowly in contentment. It felt like an ideal setting, nothing pressed him to get up and get dressed, no alarm, no loud neighbours, no annoying sounds from the street below his apartment.

It felt serene.

Then a loud crash accompanied with several screams and shouts sliced his brain like a hot knife through butter and he catapulted himself into a sitting position, suddenly wide awake and completely disoriented. Tall windows? Why is that kind of table in my room? This doesn’t even look close to my bedroom.

“What the bloody hell…?” another voice next to him grumbled and Thomas breath hitched in his throat for several seconds when he looked on his right side, staring at dishevelled Newt peeking from under the blanket with sleepy eyes.

“Did they blow up the kitchen or something…? I thought Frypan is gonna cook,” the blond yawned and slowly pushed himself up on his elbows. He slept in a black Star Wars t-shirt with brightly yellow lettering across his chest and Thomas just couldn’t wrap his head around it in his hazy post-sleeping state.

This was Newt’s room. Check.
Newt’s bed. Check.
Newt was clothed… (boxers peeked from under the shirt when he stretched). Check.
Thomas was also clothed (he wriggled experimentally, yes, yes, he is). Check.

“What time is it?” Newt asked a little more awake now, apparently taking in Thomas’ expression of an utter shock, or something equal to it, because his brow furrowed a little as if he tried to find a reason for it. The screams and shouts from downstairs continued, and Thomas had a hard time to concentrate.

It took one more minute for his brain to finally kick back in and fill the gaps the sleep fogged so thoroughly. They ate homemade chips yesterday, Frypan basically glowed when he served it (“We still had potatoes?!?” Minho shouted from behind someone’s laptop, earning a painful squeal from the speakers when his character died, “Goddammit!”), and everyone literally devoured each
and every piece of the food.

Newt and Thomas settled at Teresa’s side on a couch in front of the TV where she beat the shit out of Ben on Minho’s Xbox (Tekken), and spent one more hour commenting on how Ben’s poor performance is going to fuel Teresa’s superiority and how that is going to damage Gally’s ego. Gally surprisingly didn’t react at all and Thomas related it to the fact he was too engrossed in playing Portal 2 to notice.

Around 2 AM the least sleep-immune people started to doze off and Thomas called it night. Newt had similar thoughts and that’s how Thomas ended here, in Newt’s room, because Minho couldn’t keep his mouth shut and of course chickened Thomas’ weak moment of Badland’s identity revelation and the exclusivity of Newt’s quarters to his amused roommate (“I feel worshipped, Tommy, that’s so adorable,” Newt had a Cheshire cat grin going on and Thomas wanted to dig a deep, deep hole and hide in it. “Tommy? Oh my god, he pet-named you already? Did you reach the second base?” Minho patted him on the back, almost saying good job before he burst into hysterical laughter he almost broke in half with how low he bended. Thomas wanted to kill them both slowly).

“You just looked as if you realized you left the stove on,” the blond commented when Thomas’ face relaxed once more, “or haven’t fed your hamster.”

Must have been some expression then.

“My turtles!” Thomas exclaimed in a mocked terror and Newt snorted, which made Thomas feel over enjoyed by finally talking to someone who understood all the references he used.

“Someone watched too much SGA,” the blond commented in a rougher voice than normal, heavily affected by the recent waking up, and Thomas’ first thought was he wouldn’t mind getting used to it, which successfully fitted into “You are being a weirdo again” column he used a bit too much recently, mainly around Newt.

“And someone has an exquisite bed hair,” he immediately countered which made Newt groan and hide under the blanket. Thomas couldn’t help but laugh, even that Newt’s hair wasn’t as bad as it probably sounded, although the possibility to catch HBO on it was pretty high. Thomas would smooth his hair down, but it boarded with another column labelled “Don’t you do it, you idiot!” so he let it slide.

“Your only luck is you are not a restless sleeper,” he heard Newt’s mumbling from under the cover. He contemplated the fact and had to admit he never heard anyone telling him he kicked them out of the bed or clicked his tongue while sleeping.

“No kicking or gritting teeth?” he tugged at the blanked and a hand sneaked out and smacked him.

“C‘mon, Rapunzel, let down your hair,” the brunette laughed and tugged once more, this time successfully revealing Newt’s I-Am-Not-Impressed face, and it made him cackle even more.

“Next time you are sleeping with Gally. Let’s see how you gonna like that,” the blond flipped him off and kicked to blanket away, stretching once more. He was all long legs and arms it almost fascinated Thomas while watching him getting out of the bed and coordinating such body without a single tumble. Thomas had problems to even enter the right door and not meet the wall head on when he woke up. It took at least one coffee to get him fully operational again, although now he felt surprisingly chipper already. Must have been the shock he gave himself while thinking he unknowingly ravaged Newt in his sleep, or maybe all those shouts and screams coming from downstairs. He swung his legs over the bed and stood up, scanning the room for his clothes when Newt chuckled while picking his jeans from the ground, glancing back at Thomas.
“What?”

“Well. At least those idiots downstairs scared the shit out of me and killed any awkward morning wood that could have occurred,” he said with a smirk. “Guess you are braver than me.”

Thomas groaned and fell back to the bed, intending never get out.

***

The world was cruel, cruel place to live. The apartment was a pure torture. Newt’s room was hell. And Newt’s bed didn’t even qualify for the mortification Thomas fell into and couldn’t get back out. Every time Newt turned to him to say something he had this smirk going on, the knowing smile that was forcing Thomas whimper pathetically and scramble for yet another stupid excuse of such situation.

During the way down to the kitchen he tried to explain it may have been a nice, pleasant dream, but admitting that felt even worse, so he aborted the mission and left Newt tell him about a Chinese restaurant two streets away from the apartment.

During the breakfast he thought about yet another excuse, a sexual frustration, but it got stuck in his throat the same way and he rather went back to nursing his cup of coffee and perfect toasts with scrambled eggs (“There were any eggs left?!” Minho exclaimed while sitting down and quickly jumping back up when he realized he almost squashed his phone he had in the back pocket. “God that scared me.”).

He kept on thinking about it until Newt took pity on him and swung his arm around his shoulders, squeezing him reassuringly.

“Tommy, it’s normal, stop thinking about it. Hell, the bed is super comfortable, and there was also me in it! I’m flattered! Now let it go and get some juice,” he said in one go and pushed a glass with orange liquid in it into Thomas’ hand.

“What was that ruckus about in the morning by the way?” he turned back towards Minho, pulling a tea bag out of his cup. “It scared away my manliness.”

Thomas coughed and almost drowned in the juice.

Minho apparently didn’t notice, because he pointed at his head and it was the first time Thomas realized his hair was literally plastered to his head, wet as a mouse.

“These idiots decided to wake up the rest of us with water as you can see,” he ruffled his hair with a sad expression, probably missing the style he had the night before. “And it got a little wild. Don’t go the living room; it’s a swimming pool now.”

“Wow,” Newt hummed around his toast. “You saved the electronics I hope?”

“Yeah, thankfully, but man, the couch is a sponge.”

“Isn’t that where Teresa slept?” the thought suddenly occurred to Thomas and Minho’s face broke into a wide smile. It finally occurred to the brunette the only girl was missing from the table and with Minho expression it clicked together.

The last time he saw her on the couch she was in a tank top and shorts, and if that was what she had been sleeping in, a vision seeing her all wet and bothered must have been a real fuel in all those teenage guys’ brains.
“She got a little more drenched than the others,” Ben admitted from the other side of the table. He alone was sporting a half wet shirt still.

“Thought I heard a girlish screams,” Newt mused. “Thought it’s Minho, but it could have been Teresa.”

“Smartass,” the Guild leader shot back, and Teresa chose that exact moment to finally enter the dining room, dressed in completely dry clothes but with wet hair she pulled back into a ponytail. The half of the boys seemed a little sheepish, but she didn’t really say anything, or appeared angry, only sat down next to Thomas, took his half empty glass and refilled it with juice to drink.

A regular banter resumed a few seconds later and Thomas sent her a smile.

“ Heard you had a shitty wake-up call.”

“Just a little wet one,” she shrugged. “Since someone wormed their way into others bed and left someone else on the couch with bunch of horny teenagers.”

“Can’t help Newt got charmed by my excellent personality,” he retorted calmly and the blond on his other side snickered.

“Personality is exactly what I am after,” he aimed the reply more towards Teresa than Thomas, playing the game with them. “His sexy brain.”

“Something a zombie would say,” Thomas objected and the blond shrugged, taking a sip from his tea.

“You offered only the personality.”

“True, Newt didn’t say he wouldn’t take the rest too as a nice bonus,” she added with a sly smile and Newt, currently drinking tea, spurted the last sip out.

***

When the afternoon came, the guild got divided into two groups. One itched to go out and breathe fresh air; the other preferred taking their notebooks and resume playing. Minho didn’t really mind the big bunch splitting up and offered the more active half to go out for a run, and maybe a stop in a shop (since Frypan suggested making lasagne, but missed ingredients, and the longing looks from others at the mention of such food woke a parental instinct in the Guild leader). Thomas never thought he is going to welcome a simple running, but excitement from promised movement pumped his blood and he was ready to go. They gathered 6 boys from the whole bunch who was willing to go and Minho ordered them (literally ordered, using his commanding voice and all, as well as a military speech) to go get dressed and meet him in 10 minutes in front of the house (“We start at 1400, hoo?!”).

Thomas pulled more comfortable pants than his jeans on and a long sleeved shirt to protect him from the wind that howled outside. The sun didn’t have much strength anymore, but he abandoned his jacket with a knowledge he is going to warm himself with the running soon.

“Thought you would be a jock type,” Newt’s voice interrupted him from the changing and he smiled innocently.

“Getting little restless, is all,” he confessed and noticed Newt didn’t make any move that indicated he is going with them.

“Not joining?”
“For a run? Nah,” the blond shrugged, stepping inside the room, and Thomas noticed he was clutching a cell phone in his hand. “And my leg wouldn’t really cooperate after time.” He patted his right thigh absentmindedly and Thomas blinked in surprise.

“Does it hurt?”

“When I strain it too much, yeah,” the blond boy responded lightly and put his phone on the table while reaching for Thomas’s hand. The brunette was too intrigued by this new information he didn’t even realize his companion is opening his palm and putting something in it.

“Buy me chocolate, you jock, I am low on sugar,” he said when Thomas glanced down on their hands, seeing a bank note in his palm. “A milk one!”

He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. He stared at Newt like a deer in headlights, phased by such sudden proximity, and the blond raised an eyebrow and stepped back.

“I am not asking you to marry me, Tommy, calm down. I think I can see smoke coming from your ears.”

“No, I… sorry,” Thomas shook his head and clutched the note in his palm tighter. “A milk chocolate, got it.”

“Right.”

“Will see you later then,” he offered and Newt shrugged in response.

“Later.”

His sudden lack of energy made Thomas nervous, but before he could make a remark or cheer him up, Minho’s voice called him from the outside (“Come on, Thomas, kissing good bye time is over! Adventure awaits!”), and Thomas run out of the room, suddenly with much heavier feet than few minutes ago.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter took me longer, even though I found it fun to write, but returned to certain paragraphs repeatedly and kept on changing them.
One thing I am not sure about here is Newt's limp. Left leg, right leg? I am already pretty rusty in TMR lore, and even that I read all three books, and saw the movie, these details are sketchy. I chose the right leg, but if it's wrong, be sure to tell me and I will change it ;)
Thank you for reading! I’d love to hear opinions on this one <3
Seven

Chapter Summary

“This is weird,” he said. “I know you for two days. It feels like forever.”
“Yeah,” Thomas hummed in agreement.
“I didn’t even like you in Tera that much,” Newt pointed out in the same tone. “You were just… plain. Never understood why Min had been so taken up with you. Khiori this. Khiori that. Let’s wait with REHM for Khiori. I was so fed up.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What Thomas had to admit Minho had without a doubt the best stamina from all of them. They tried to keep up as best as they could, but he still had a head start. Once he got too far, they saw him stop and wait and when they got close again, he said: “Nice job!” and urged them to continue.

They run all the way to the shop. Thomas didn’t even want to know for how long and how much, but he started to feel the first aching in his side when the shop finally came into view. He was grateful when Minho finally slowed down and the rest of the boys, based on their relieved sighs, felt the same.

“Nice stamina,” Minho nudged his side and grinned when Thomas glanced back at him, huffing and puffing, and definitely drenched by his sweat.

“Yeah?” he choked out, trying to regain his breathing. “You almost lost us, geez. Are you-,” - deep breath- “doing this often?”

“Yeah, sort of,” Minho shrugged nonchalantly. He wasn’t even out of breath. “Keeping myself in shape. Running this every day, or at least once in two days when I don’t have as much time. Clears my head and I feel, you know. Calmer and stuff.”

Thomas only nodded tiredly. He could see getting used to running every day, each day conquering a bigger distance and maybe even getting hooked on it, but he felt like the time would be against him, with the college going on, taking majority of the day. And then on weekends he was always so happy he didn’t need to care about classes he delved into the game and that would be hard to break.

He felt his legs starting to hurt a bit but he refused to stop and give it a rest. It brought him back to Newt though, and since Minho was still walking next to him and the rest of the boys stayed in safe distance, his curiosity got the best of him.

“Did Newt hurt his leg?”

“Hm?” Minho glanced back at Thomas, almost unfocused, until he realized he had been asked a question and snapped out of any trance that held him under its spell. “Oh, yeah. He did. Two years ago or so.”

“Oh. Was it bad?”
“He got some heavy limp back then,” Minho shrugged. “But he worked hard on it and now you won’t even say something is wrong with him, right?”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t even think about it if he didn’t mention it,” Thomas agreed thoughtfully. He never paid any special attention to how Newt walked, but he would definitely notice limping if it was evident.

“What?” Minho suddenly stopped and his look had gotten sharp, almost accusing. “You mean he talked to you about his leg?”

Thomas recoiled and frowned at the surprisingly accusatory tone Minho used. Under the simple sentence lied some serious unfounded speech that might have sense, but Thomas couldn’t pinpoint it.

“He just said it hurts when he strains it,” he clarified little coldly. “That’s why he didn’t come running with us. That’s all.”

“I see,” Minho uttered and resumed his walking as if he just didn’t snap on him. Thomas pressed his lips tightly together and caught up, stubbornly keeping the silence until it reached a boiling point. Because really? What was that about?

“What’s the problem?” he demanded. “What did I say?”

“Nothing,” the Guild leader replied easily. “I was just surprised he would talk to you about it.”

“Well, he didn’t.”

“Figures.”

“Why?” Thomas pressed again and Minho sighed and stopped once more. The remaining group closed the distance in meantime and he gave them a short nod.

“You can go ahead, we will catch up with you,” he said, and the group passed them without comments. And if they had any, they had the dignity to leave it after they couldn’t be heard. Once they were out of reach, Minho turned back to Thomas with untypically serious expression.

“Look, Tommy,” he used Newt’s nickname with an almost patronizing tone Thomas didn’t like one bit, “I came to an understanding you are a good guy. Like, really, sensible and all. And Newt took a liking to you, which is great. So do me a favour and leave this out of your mind and do not mention it, ever. Yeah?”

Thomas frowned even more. A secret? Something happened? He hated being pulled into situation where he had to ignore something of an apparent great value for somebody else.

“Thomas,” Minho grumbled, this time a little more demandingly and Thomas shortly nodded, not trusting himself to speak without saying something he would regret later.

“Good,” the Guild leader straightened his back and glanced towards the shop. The rest of the group was already waiting for them there, watching them expectantly. When Minho looked back at Thomas, something in the brunette’s expression must have made him realize the situation got a little out of hand.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, his voice sincere. “I didn’t really mean to snap like this.”

“It’s fine,” Thomas retorted coldly and resumed his walking, not waiting for his companion to catch up. Sometimes was better to leave skeletons in the wardrobe.
Newt wasn’t at home when they got back and Thomas knew he didn’t really have the right to feel annoyed. What was wrong with him these past two days? He didn’t even know the guy properly and suddenly he wanted to complain to anyone who would listen that Newt went somewhere without him?

“Wow, why so down,” Teresa’s voice interrupted his disturbing thoughts of where Newt could be and what could he be doing (not his business, why would he care this much? Newt wasn’t a kid anymore) and he was a little grateful for the intrusion, although he knew she is going to nag him about that one unavoidable topic for sure.

“Pining already?” she didn’t disappoint and he couldn’t say he hadn’t expected it.

“No,” he mumbled.

“You are moping,” she opposed.

“I had a small disagreement with Min,” Thomas uttered to make her leave the topic alone. It worked; her face went through surprise and suspicion very fast he couldn’t even tell the emotions apart.

“About what?” she demanded and Thomas held himself from snorting. The disagreement with Minho was the least on his mind, he basically forgot about it in the shop, but it was better than talking with her about his so-called moping.

“Nothing important, it just wore me out a little,” he shrugged, trying to give her the best No-Big-Deal vibe, and she sighed.

“Did he refuse your request for Newt’s hand in marriage?”

“Really?” he grumbled and she smiled innocently. All those jabs about this topic were starting to make him angry.

“Sorry, it was too good to pass the opportunity. You two are cute.”

He didn’t answer, because, really? They were cute? Did this become some kind of cheesy soap opera while he was outside the house?

She didn’t say anything else for a long time and Thomas busied himself with watching the life around him so he didn’t need to concentrate on her presence. The living room they were sitting in buzzed with constant chatter. One group played Activities and for what Thomas heard, they were enjoying it immensely. Others actually started up Tera (Minho was one of them) and probably rocked a dungeon or some pvp stuff, judging by the shouts.

“I saw him leaving like… an hour ago,” Teresa suddenly said, her voice a little quieter. It made Thomas flinch, but he held himself in silence. “He didn’t look very chipper.”

“So? He wanted to say. So what?

“I will go get something to drink,” he announced and rose up, and was glad she didn’t decide to follow him. He took the longer route to avoid boys scattered in all possible rooms, aiming for the balcony to get some fresh air.

Maybe he lied to himself a little with the afternoon scene, but he trusted Minho had a good reason to snap like that. It sounded like a painful topic, almost dangerous, and it included Newt at some
high level of secrecy, which made Thomas a tad uneasy.

He slinked through the main corridor in darkness and almost tripped over his feet when he reached the hallway with stairs leading to the second floor. It took few steps only for him to realize someone is standing at the main door, leaning against them, almost unmoving. His eyes adjusted to the dark slowly, but suddenly he knew it’s Newt there, alone, looking utterly abandoned.

“Newt?” he called his name softly and the blond boy only nodded towards him.

“You okay?” Thomas tried again and Newt sighed, his body suddenly slinking down along the door until he sat on the ground, legs stretched before him.

“Just thinking how fucked up is my life,” he finally spoke up. His voice sounded normal, almost amused. Thomas’ hands twitched along his sides, unsure what to do, until he realized his body already moved towards the blonde and sat down right next to him on the cold floor, only their shoulders were touching and sending a pleasant warmth into his body through the contact. It made Newt laugh a little bitterly.

“This is weird,” he said. “I know you for two days. It feels like forever.”

“Yeah,” Thomas hummed in agreement.

“I didn’t even like you in Tera that much,” Newt pointed out in the same tone. “You were just… plain. Never understood why Min had been so taken up with you. Khiori this. Khiori that. Let’s wait with REHM for Khiori. I was so fed up.”

“You showed me,” Thomas chuckled and Newt sprawled even more, flipping his toes around.

“Yeah, I tried to scare you off at first. Too bad you were already pissed off at Gally, felt like I’ve missed my chance to show you how unpleasant it can get when someone is not welcomed.”

“Why didn’t you? You could have sided with Gally in the conflict.” Thomas asked, not even feeling offended. It felt like some sort of confession.

“You grew up on me I guess,” Newt shrugged and Thomas felt his shoulder rise and fall again. “Or Minho gave me The Talk. I don’t remember.”

“I will hope in the first option,” Thomas nudged him encouragingly and Newt nudged him back.

“The point is,” the blond continued with a deep breath, “I never liked you there. I tolerated you, but didn’t feel like we need to talk or anything. Not like Minho who kept on dragging you everywhere. I must have been jealous of that attention I guess. I am not really that good with sharing.”

He stared at his hands balled on his thighs for a while and then rested his head against the door.

“So…”

“So?” Thomas inquired.

“So why do I feel like I can tell you everything now?” the question came barely as a whisper and it made Thomas’ chest tighten. “Why are you so different in person?”

“Why are you?” the brunet countered in a similar tone and felt more than saw Newt’s smile.

“I am weird. It doesn’t count.”
“Yes, it does,” Thomas objected and Newt took another deep breath. “Do you want me to get Minho?”

“Minho?” Newt repeated the name, apparently confused. “No. It’s fine. I’ll get over it—”

“You are doing it again,” Thomas stopped him urgently when he started to move away, and Newt stared back at him.

“Doing what again?”

“This. Suddenly distancing, being… tense and sad. You don’t need to close off you know.”

The blond boy’s eyes widened, but he stopped moving and after several seconds settled back down, pressing against Thomas again. Silence engulfed them like a blanket and Newt suddenly breathed out, wriggling until he slid even lower where his head leaned against Thomas’ shoulder. His hair tickled Thomas in the face, but it wasn’t enough to make him move away.

“You make me nervous, you know that?” Newt mumbled.

“Do I?” Thomas raised an eyebrow at him, even that he couldn’t see it.

“Very. It’s like you can read my every move. No one can. I consider myself a good actor,” Newt turned his head towards his partner, his expression carefully blank as if he wanted to prove him he can do it. “But not you. You just know every time.”

“I think you are easy to read,” Thomas reacted calmly. “Your body language speaks volumes.”

“Surprise you are not deaf already then.”

“It’s subtle,” the brunet shrugged, swinging his arm around other boy’s shoulders, dragging him closer. “Or maybe I just pay more attention to you.”

“Maybe I like that,” Newt sighed.

“Cool,” Thomas smiled. “Also, I have that chocolate for you.”

An amused laugh sounded through the whole hall and Thomas drowned in it without regrets.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for such sudden serious tone it prolly got, be sure to tell me what you think! :)
“Thomas, man, control yourself a bit,” Winston snickered after a curious inspection and Thomas couldn’t even think of a suitable answer (“Suitable? What the heck is suitable to say on that!”), Newt sighed and shrugged like it’s no big deal. “Leave him alone,” he said with resigned tone. “Can’t blame a guy for marking his territory now, can you.”

“God, Tommy, you let me die and I will break one of your bones per zyrk I lose.”

Thomas groaned and smashed the hotkey for targeted heal furiously, but each time he actually aimed right at the small Elin lancer in front of the boss, several hits from adds knocked him down.

“Well if someone would at least care the healer is getting attacked?!?” he barked angrily and heard others laugh behind his back. “Dammit!”

[Party][Badland]: You fuckers, if my healer dies, I am going to strap you to those bloody barrels and repeatedly revive you to strap you to a new one!

Thomas saw two dps stopped moving after the message Newt sent, and then finally a berserker waltzed towards Thomas’ healer and actually got rid of mobs that kept on chasing him. The bad thing was he used AOE right next to the barrel and with dead bodies of mobs he also fell too, and naturally took Thomas with him.

“My god,” Thomas wailed while restoring stamina to his toon and running frantically towards Badland. “I am never going to do the Blast from the Past ever again.”

“I am going to rent a better healer,” Newt snickered from behind Minho’s laptop and Thomas heard how the audience “ooooohed” at that. His lancer already had full health again, even Kaia’s shield and everything he needed, but the teasing hadn’t stopped.

“With how you handled a 47 level instance I’d be scared to go with you even to an AC, man,” Ben laughed around his pizza he munched on and Thomas couldn’t mash the button for leaving fast enough. He wanted to point out the group they got matched with was full of 48-49 idiots without the holy potion mandatory for the dungeon, and without a single care the healer got 50 mobs on him that can kill him in an blink of an eye, but he bit his tongue and left the topic alone. It sounded like a typical whining of any bad player in any MMO, pushing the blame on someone else, and even that Thomas knew (grudgingly, he knew, it wasn’t his fault) he could try to play that card, he just accepted he sucked in there and Newt almost got his lancer skinned alive.

“Yeah, sorry,” he mumbled.

“The Blast from the Ass equip is bloody bad, did you notice?” Newt suddenly piped, pushing away the notebook and stretching. “It’s like one hit and half of my health was gone. No wonder you had a hard time healing. I think they gave us the rustiest shit in the game for that.”
“Did you just call it Fart?” Winston snorted he almost spilled his drink on Teresa who was sitting next to him on the couch, and she gave him a dirty look for that. Although being in that mess in white shorts was a stupid enough, but Thomas thought she just wanted to make a nice impression. Even after three days in she still looked pristine as when she arrived.

“It’s shitty enough,” Newt shrugged. “The reward is a stupid Oculus gear you can get by soloing BT, so what’s the point of doing that?”

“I saw pros failing solo BT already,” Ben noted, “so it may have a little value to somebody.”

“Painful to think about that,” the blond rolled his eyes and stood up, smoothing his cargo pants slowly. “Either way-,”

“Wow, Newt,” Ben suddenly gasped and his eyes bulged with huge revelation. “That hickey is of size of Texas, jesus.”

Newt stopped for a second, looking back at Ben without any evident reaction, until he just voiced: “Oh.” It was immediate when others stretched their necks to see it too.

“Thomas, man, control yourself a bit,” Winston snickered after a curious inspection and Thomas couldn’t even think of a suitable answer (“Suitable? What the heck is suitable to say on that!”), Newt sighed and shrugged like it’s no big deal.

“Leave him alone,” he said with resigned tone. “Can’t blame a guy for marking his territory now, can you.”

An avalanche of shouts, ewws, aaahs, or small comments like “nasty” or “no way” filled the living room and Thomas just sat there, dumbfounded, with Newt smiling innocently in his direction.

*Did he just…?*

It was Minho’s phone which ended the scene abruptly, and the Guild leader (apparently very amused by what he just witnessed since he was grinning from ear to ear) answered the call with a happy “nice!” Then nodded towards Newt and gestured to the door.

“Okay, end your bitchin’, go play something,” the blond waved his hand in general direction of laptops lying around and manoeuvred between them towards the exit with Minho right behind him. Thomas didn’t even have the strength to go find out what happened and just remained seated, staring at the screen, trying very hard to ignore others watching him.

“Well, at least it explains why they share a room,” he heard someone say, but refused to look up.

“Yeah, right,” he only mumbled, more to himself than to others.

Did they seriously all think he and Newt were banging each other’s brains out when they had a chance? It was a pretty well-known fact Newt had a girlfriend, for one. And for two this was just plain ridiculous.

*Yeah. Hilarious.*

He pressed the F button a little too hard and could swear he heard it crack.

***

When Minho came back, his face hosted the widest, most shit eating grin Thomas had ever seen
on him. He basically bounced inside, did a dramatic beat boxing and then presented them his new
discovery.

A little boy.

Thomas did a double take, but his mind just didn’t come with any rational explanation why Minho
was all happy with, what 12, 13 years old boy? A curly haired and with a round face and belly,
this shorty greeted everyone with an enthusiastic wave and when Newt re-entered the living room
with a sleeping bag under his arm, the kid opened his arms and shouted: “Baddie!”

And at that moment Thomas realized it’s “Shizzle.Fizzle”, their own guild’s sunshine and
unicorns with a streak of telling anyone to shut up on spot. Newt managed to avoid a hug coming
his way by pushing the sleeping bag towards the boy and stuffing his arms with it.

“No touchy,” he reprimanded him when Chuck, as Minho introduced the kid, made another
grabby hands attempt towards him.

“You are no fun,” the kid pouted, but it took him only few seconds before he bounced in between
others and immediately fitted in like a piece of puzzle.

It reminded Thomas the date moved and it already pointed at Saturday. They had only three more
days before going back to use the rest of the break for other necessary things (for Thomas it
basically meant getting ready for school (essays mostly, oh joy), moving he promised to help with
(aka: “Tom, we are moving.” “Congratulations, mom.” “You are going to help us with it, so don’t
sound so chipper.” “Am I now?” “Isn’t your break coming up?” “I have plans?” “Of course you
do. Moving.”) and the part-time job he put on halt because of the meeting).

“Hey, loverboy!” a sudden shake tore him away from thoughts and he quickly looked up to
Winston standing next to him. “ABHM?”

He blinked few times before his brain connected the sudden change and it made Winston laugh a
little.

“Earth to Thomas, you are so out of it today,” he nudged his shoulder. “You coming with us or
not?”

“Ah, no, thanks, not today,” he quickly shook his head. He felt the bad AH today left him clumsy
and he couldn’t even properly concentrate, not to mention heal. “I will go get some fresh air I
think. Anyone want something in a shop?”

A rain of requests filled the room right away; he had to ask Minho for a pen and paper to write it
down. He refused everything heavy (“Beer!” Ben shouted. “Do I look like a mule to you?
Next.”), but even without it the list counted a lot and the money he god dumped with would
probably buy him a horse (or the mule).

“Accept the inv, Newt,” he heard Minho calling over the ruckus of orders piling up and Teresa
asking him to get her a light coca cola (“I know it’s a can, but please, please, please! At least the
small one. I will not tell anyone. For my pretty eyes?” “God, you are wicked.” “And that’s good,”
she winked at him and he made a mental note to put it in the “Favours to be repaid” column).

“I’ve changed my mind,” Newt’s answer was barely audible, but Thomas noticed it anyway.
“Will go with Tommy. There is no way he is going to drag this all by himself.”

“Baddie noooo,” Chuck howled, disappointment dripping from his voice. “I’ve wanted to see you
play!”
“We are not leaving for honeymoon,” Newt retorted with a sigh. “You will get the chance. Like it’s something you need to see.”

“Goddammit, are you doing this on purpose?” Minho grumbled while Newt put the laptop away and walked to Thomas, leaning heavily over his shoulder and raised an eyebrow at the completely filled page.

“Of course,” he retorted without giving Minho a single look even that he was answering him. “It’s my job to make you frustrated by looking for another tank.”

“Let Gally tank it, he loves aggro spamming,” Thomas jabbed with a smirk and Gally, sitting in a corner of a sofa, flipped him off without bothering to use his mouth for a verbal assault.

It took Thomas a second to notice his body automatically accommodated to Newt’s presence and his right hand managed to sneak around Newt’s waist and rested there as if it was completely normal, even rubbing small circles there.

“When did I even…?”

“Who bloody asked for smoked ribs?” Newt demanded with a disbelieving stare and Thomas jerked his hand back. “Do we look like Omaha Steaks?”

“Was just an idea,” Winston piped from behind his notebook and Newt rolled his eyes.

“I can’t believe you even wrote that down, Tommy,” he addressed his partner with a small laugh, and was that his hand tracing Thomas’ spine? “Let’s go before it gets dark.”

“Yeah,” Thomas exhaled slowly and folded the list so he could hide it in his pocket. The touch burned him even when they exited the house and a chilly weather greeted them along with the grey sky above.

“God, I needed to get out of there, this was the best idea ever,” Newt took a deep breath of the rain-filled air and contentment settled on his face. He didn’t even take the coat, only a hoodie with Pink Floyd on its back and super close fitting jeans which made Thomas groan internally, because why the hell was he noticing how the jeans fit? Newt glanced back at his companion and extended his hand towards him with a small smile.

Thomas later thought it was a reflex, or his brain was currently occupied by the snuggly lines of Newt’s pants (really? Really?!), but he grabbed the hand without even one second long delay. Newt froze, looked at their hands and back, and burst into hysterical laughter.

“Oh my god, Tommy, you are such a dork!” he hiccupped in between the giggle fits and Thomas let his hand go quickly, burning red and with an urge to jump into the nearest hole (it was happening a bit too often lately; one would thought he produced a fetish or something).

“The list,” the blond boy held his hand up again, still laughing, but softly now. “Just wanted to read it properly.”

“Kill me now,” Thomas groaned, even redder, and pulled the list out of his pocket and handed it to the other boy, then crouched and hid his face in the sleeve of his jacket.

“Oh my god, Tommy, you are such a dork!” he hiccupped in between the giggle fits and Thomas let his hand go quickly, burning red and with an urge to jump into the nearest hole (it was happening a bit too often lately; one would thought he produced a fetish or something).

“The list,” the blond boy held his hand up again, still laughing, but softly now. “Just wanted to read it properly.”

“Kill me now,” Thomas groaned, even redder, and pulled the list out of his pocket and handed it to the other boy, then crouched and hid his face in the sleeve of his jacket.

“Oh come on, it’s fine. I’ve seen a better faux pas from you already,” Newt patted him over the back and then caressed the nape of his neck lightly, almost like a ghost. “I let people hold my hand after a good dinner and few dates though, so don’t think I am this easy.”

“I don’t think you are easy,” Thomas mumbled into his sleeve and suppressed shiver that the touch
caused him.

“Good,” Newt retorted and his hand slowly moved into Thomas’ hair, dragging his nails over the scalp. “That would break my heart.”

“I wouldn’t do that,” he blurted out. It felt like his brain got disconnected from his mouth.

_Crap. Fuck my life._

“Break my heart?” The hand in his hair stilled and Thomas forcefully pushed the disappointment back.

“Yeah,” he almost whispered. “I wouldn’t do that.”

“You will be the death of me, Tommy.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took so long! D:
Also sorry for all mistakes I just know are there but couldn’t get it right QQ
I think I finally moved it a bit forward, so hopefully it’s not too cheesy >.
Nine

Chapter Summary

“It’s like in the movie,” the blond remarked. “We get drenched, rent a motel room and make out in front of the fireplace while the camera is going to take a close up at our wet clothes drying in the heat of the fire.”

“There are no fireplaces in motels,” Thomas opposed.

“Ah,” Newt sighed. “Not worth it then.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thomas considered Newt attractive. In a normal, human way, without all those social barriers that made half of the male population say “no homo” when they wanted to touch someone of the same gender or accidentally brushed hands at some point.

No, as a person, who can say other person is attractive, yes, he definitely thought Newt belonged to the gifted part of the population. He was tall and lean, not at all awkward as Thomas would expect from someone of such build. He had those big, trustworthy eyes and sort of cute, almost child-like face at times, mostly when he was excited for a game or he found out his favourite band is going to have a concert soon, or his beloved song started to play while he shopped in a mall, and decided that dancing is the best way how to express himself.

Like right now, when he was swinging his hips through an aisle, singing along the song with a big, happy smile on his face, and with Thomas literally staring at him, contemplating about attractiveness of Newt’s degree.

“You put your hand out, opened the door,” Newt’s voice perfectly synchronized with the song made Thomas chuckle, “You said come with me boy, I want to show you something more.”

He extended his hand towards Thomas and the brunet made a negative gesture. He already went through this: hand grabbing? Bad!

“Tommy,” Newt sing songed, “loose up a little. I am not going to bite your head off.”

“I haven’t even taken you on a proper date, I can’t hold your hand,” Thomas shot back, not feeling even a little bit ashamed when an old couple passing them gave him a weird look. Newt howled with laughter at the cornflake aisle and threw one bag into the cart. He didn’t offer his hand again, but swayed further the aisle, twirling the list with requests between his fingers, more humming now than singing along.

Sometimes Thomas didn’t know what to make out of Newt. For how confident he acted the previous evening in the dark hallway, telling Newt how easily he could read in him, it all shattered by today. With happy Newt, smiling and dancing (dancing! He couldn’t stop a terrible, terrible thought of Newt in a kitchen wearing an apron, having a radio on and dancing to this song while using whisk as a microphone) and making double meaning remarks Thomas suddenly was at loss.

“Do we have everything?” Newt asked with furrowed brows, looking into the paper and probably making mental notes about what he already put in the cart. Thomas only added the coca cola can
for Teresa (like it or not her beautiful eyes worked) and nodded in agreement.

“The cashier is going to think we are nuts,” he commented while pushing the cart forward. The majority of things consisted of terribly unhealthy things only kids could want for a sleepover. Which perfectly fitted, Thomas mused.

“I am more concerned about us dragging it all back to the apartment,” Newt noted but sounded anything but.

Going out like this was the best idea ever.

***

Going out now was the worst idea ever.

Thomas could only stare how the sky got darker and whipped the ground with unmerciful rain, drenching everything and everyone who dared to step out into it. Newt whistled when the pouring intensified, making it look like the water danced over the dark asphalt on the mall’s parking lot.

“It’s like in the movie,” the blond remarked. “We get drenched, rent a motel room and make out in front of the fireplace while the camera is going to take a close up at our wet clothes drying in the heat of the fire.”

“There are no fireplaces in motels,” Thomas opposed.

“Oh,” Newt sighed. “Not worth it then.”

Thomas snorted, rubbing his hands together when the mall doors opened to let in a couple of drenched people, and a cold air hit him.

“Making out with me isn’t appealing enough? That’s mean.”

“I am a sucker for the fireplace scene,” Newt shrugged, but Thomas noticed the amused smirk playing on his lips and it made him smile like an idiot too.

“Why does it look like it won’t stop raining any time soon?” Thomas asked while another several people arrived through the door, dripping wet.

“Because we are super unlucky?” Newt suggested. “You wanna wait?”

“Do you?” Thomas glanced back at his companion and Newt shook his head.

“I never heard of anyone who got killed by getting rained at,” he pointed out and then tilted his head to the side, as if he was really thinking about it. “Unless it was acid, that is.”

“Cheerful thoughts,” Thomas smirked and looked down at the big bag they brought with them, full of requested items. “But it’s not just us who are going to get drenched. Half of these things are going to be inedible once we get home if it gets wet.”

“No shit, Sherlock,” Newt uttered in muffled response how he was getting his hoodie over his head at the same time, and Thomas quirked an eyebrow (and definitely didn’t look at the stripe of bare skin of Newt’s stomach when his shirt ridden up).

“What are you-,”

Before he could finish the sentence, Newt tucked his hoodie over the top of the bag, successfully covering everything inside, and flashed him a victorious smile.
“Problem solved, now let’s go,” he gestured towards the downpour outside and Thomas critically looked him over.

“Are you kidding?” he frowned at the thin white t-shirt Newt wore. “You will freeze outside.”

“Oh please,” Newt waved his hand, clearly amused, “I know I look like a wind can take me away, but I am not a sickly kid from Brooklyn.”

“No, that was Steve Rogers,” Thomas immediately countered and both of them chuckled. He never considered Newt weak or anything, but the t-shirt just screamed COLD (and also transparent when wet, Thomas could do without it if he wanted to stay sane and on the track) and he couldn’t help himself but worry, so he pulled his jacket down, quickly looked it over and handed it to Newt with a meaningful look. There was no way he would let the guy waltz in the rain in only a shirt while he still had at least his hoodie and jacket on.

The cheesiness of the gesture dawned on him right the moment Newt bit his lip to stop himself from laughing and he felt his arm he held the jacket in wavered slightly.

“Newt, I swear to god, if you don’t take the jacket now…”

“You will chase me around the mall with it and propose in the end?” this time the snicker escaped the blond’s mouth without an attempt to conceal it and Thomas shook the offensive piece of garment menacingly.

“Yes! That’s exactly what I am going to do, so if you want to escape the first hand embarrassment of running around a public place full of seniors who is going to judge you, with me cornering you somewhere-,”

“A fish section would be cool.”

“-and probably do something inappropriate to you as well-,”

“Like smacking me with dead fish?”

“you will take that jacket right now!” Thomas ended the rant with a deep inhale and Newt’s face broke into wide grin.

“You are the boss,” the blond assured him, his tone fond, and took the jacket like it’s something fragile, putting it on in a similar manner.

Thomas watched him until the ordeal was done and tried very hard to repress a creeping feeling of satisfaction that seized him while seeing Newt in his clothes. The jacket was probably a size bigger than the boy’s frame, but Thomas considered it a victory anyway.

I almost had a heart-attack there, Jesus.

“Satisfied now?” Newt cocked his head to the side like a curious child and Thomas’ body moved without a proper reason, until they were face to face.

Wow, why did I…?

A surge of panic shot through him when Newt adopted a confused expression looking back at him, undoubtedly waiting for an explanation of such move. Bad thing was Thomas didn’t have any, only that searing need to suddenly be close, and in the best case also touch him, at least a little.
His hands gripped the edge of the jacket tightly and Newt froze at spot, as if he rooted there or changed into a statue, absolutely rigid.

_Fuck, definitely wrong move, idiot._

Thomas’ mind frantically jumped from solution to solution until he let his hands drop lower and zipped the jacket till Newt’s neck.

“Now I am,” he remarked, hating, how weak his voice sounded, even to his own ears. Newt’s body relaxed immediately and the blond smiled lightly.

“Who would say you are such a mother hen, Tommy,” he said softly and smoothed the garment over, as if he tried to memorize it.

“Comes with the package,” Thomas retorted, hoping the nervousness that gripped him didn’t colour his voice enough to be noticed, and grabbed the bag. It weighted at least a ton and successfully rewired his mind from the awkwardness of the previous situation.

“Let me,” Newt batted his hand away and gripped one of the handles, gesturing for Thomas to take another one. “I will make them play slaves for a week for this, I swear.”

Thomas snickered and nodded in agreement. They could have taken a car (at least Minho offered them his before they left), but Thomas thought a nice walk would do him good. He didn’t really think the rain is going to catch them like this.

By Newt’s command they both left the safety of the mall and got immediately sprayed with heavy drops of the rain landing with accuracy of a master sniper. It made Newt laugh as if he actually enjoyed being in the rain without an umbrella. Thomas laughed with him because he couldn’t defy the contagious happiness that radiated from his companion, and they basically jogged through the city like pair of idiots, until the rain got even stronger and they decided to hide for a while and catch their breaths under the safety of a bus stop.

Thomas had to admit the bag got even heavier during the time they carried it, and the moment he could put it down was appreciated. Newt seemed to think the same because he massaged the hand he held it in. They run a good amount of the way, Thomas thought maybe ¾ at least, and he was looking forward to take a hot shower, get dry and not move for several hours. He felt even colder how the sudden stillness had gotten to him and the cold air poked at his wet clothes. He checked Newt’s condition and saw the other boy staring into the distance with arms draped around his torso.

“How’s the leg?” he asked carefully, holding himself from prying deeper, with Minho’s unpleasant reminder still vivid in his memory.

“Doesn’t hurt as much as I thought it would,” Newt’s gaze got focused again and he turned towards Thomas calmly. His hair was plastered over his head, dripping water on his temples and the droplets travelled all over his face under the hem of the jacket. Thomas found himself tracing the beads, almost hypnotized, and fighting the urge to rub them off (or lick them, but he would never actually admit that to himself).

“See something you like?” Newt asked suddenly and it pulled Thomas back from whatever trance he fell into. There was no playfulness in the other boy’s voice. No smile on his face. He only watched Thomas with flat expression as if he was daring him to voice his thoughts aloud.

“Sorry,” Thomas mumbled and avoided the eye contact shamefully.
It’s getting out of hand.

“We should continue,” he heard Newt saying. “It’s getting chilly.”

“Good you have the jacket, yeah?” Thomas attempted to make the situation lighter again and it finally put a small smile on Newt’s lips.

“Good I have you.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is probably a little dull QQ I am very sorry for that, but I just really, really wanted them to interact like this for a while :D
The song Newt likes is from Sea Wolf - Dear Fellow Traveler.
If lucky, I should post one more chapter by today :) I have so many things I wanted to put in this one, but it got surprisingly longer than I expected, therefore I should all smash it into the 10th chapter.
Thank you so much for reading!
I'd love to get feedbacks as always! <3
Also. If you have any idea, a note, something you don't like or think should be different, don't be afraid to tell me! <3
“You are warm,” he whispered without even looking back and Thomas gave up. “You too,” he mumbled in return, forcing his body to relax and let Newt lean into him even more.

Chapter Notes

This chapter has a rated ending. Sort of. Nothing explicit, but you have been warned :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Thanks for the cola,” Teresa’s voice greeted him before he could even enter the living room and he almost jumped out of his skin. Knowing her she hid herself in the shadows just to spook him.

He and Newt managed to get home very shortly after the pause at the bus stop, and probably left a wet trail everywhere they went in the apartment. Newt dumped the bag in the living room for others to take care of it, and disappeared in his room to change. Thomas used the same tactics once he dried everything off, hanging wet clothes where he could, and once he again felt like his boots didn’t make squelching noises with each step and nothing cold clung to his body, he went back to others, just to be scared to death by his classmate. She smiled predatorily while sipping from her can and then leaned against the door frame. Her posture meant business.

“You missed a super fucked up Rift’s Edge,” she informed him surprisingly cheerily after such revelation. He expected something a little more accusatory. “We wiped so hard Minho wanted to throw his notebook through the window.”

“Wow, what?” he stopped in his tracks and turned to her, barely stifling his laugh. “Hard mode?”

“Nope, that’s the best thing. Normal,” she grinned. “Minho got this warrior tank and he pulled everything he could right at the entrance, with half of people skill a bit afk. And well. Bam, wiped.”

“Oh my god,” Thomas didn’t even bother hiding his amusement. “Did you kick him?”

“No, in the end we left, because there was this retarded healer who started pulling first. That pissed off the warrior, so he trolled us and wiped on purpose. And then they proceeded to blame each other who was the first to mess up, who should apologize and it wasn’t possible to kick either of them, because both had someone from their guild there who refused the kick.”

“Did you play with bunch of kids by any chance?” he snorted, and Teresa gulped down the rest of her cola before answering.

“Definitely not with normal people, kids or not.”
“You always have the best RE when I am not around,” he teased her and she just stuck her tongue at him.

“What could we do when our best tank and healer went for a date,” she said, absolutely ignoring his raised eyebrows at such statement. “So how was it? Did you make out?”

“Very funny,” he rolled his eyes and quickly glanced around the room. He didn’t see Newt anywhere.

“I thought you would,” she continued while looking at her nails as if she was in a movie where this gesture gave her the needed superiority. Her nails were bloody red and it made her look a little more menacing than usual. “With all the touching and stuff.”

“Psh, what touching?” he crossed his arms on the chest and she stared at him, hard.

“Really? Are you in denial now?” her voice got a little quieter. “Because even that little kid noticed, and he is only here since this morning.”

“Chuck?” he offered and Teresa sighed with a resignation.

“Well, it’s not my business anyway,” she mumbled, but her voice sounded a little disappointed. “Also, they are going to play Destiny.”

“That’s cool,” he said lightly, not really in the mood to argue with her, and finally stepped inside the living room with her tailing behind him. “Who is playing?”

“Newt and Minho,” she pointed towards the fully occupied couch with Minho sitting at the left side, next to him Winston and Chuck, and Newt almost hidden in the right side corner, leaning over the armrest as if he wanted to escape Chuck’s presence. Or maybe he was just falling asleep, Thomas couldn’t say for sure. Everyone was munching on their requested snacks and Thomas felt like the mission was accomplished successfully.

He didn’t even need to overcome the whole distance for Newt to spot him almost immediately and smiled at him, gesturing to come closer. Teresa cleared her throat behind him, but he ignored her.

“Destiny, I heard?” Thomas queried while he leaned against the armrest, drawn closer to Newt’s body heat. The blond nodded slowly and Thomas felt how Newt’s arm sneaked around his legs and pulled him a tad nearer.

“Hopefully we will get a good group,” he noted, smirking towards Minho. “Cuz Min sucks at it big time. And I don’t want to solo it again. That’s boring.”

“I don’t suck at it, don’t believe him,” Minho immediately shot back. “I just got… into bad situations few times.”

“Every time,” Newt corrected him and the rest of the boys laughed loudly, making Minho shout profanities at them.

“You gonna watch?” Newt glanced back at Thomas, his smile lazy and content while his hand started rubbing circles on Thomas’ leg, and it made Thomas’ brain short-circuit a little.

“Yeah,” he breathed out, pushing the mortification of how his heart started to beat faster and breath quickened somewhere back and deep into his mind.

“Sit behind me,” the blond straightened quickly, hopping closer to the edge of the sofa, patting the newly made space in between him and the back.
“Uhh…”

“C’mon, I am getting pretty cold again. Never heard of sharing body heat?” Newt teased him in lower voice, so Minho probably didn’t hear, but Chuck, sitting right next to him, definitely did. As did Teresa who apparently hadn’t left his side yet, looking at him pointedly with unvoiced “You see?!?” in her eyes. He realized she is waiting for him to confirm her observation and glared at her.

“If you are not going to sit there, I will,” she told him threaternply. “Your call.”

“Hmph.”

It was childish, he was aware of that, but it worked anyway. He crammed himself at the free spot, suddenly feeling big and awkward, and with no idea where to put his legs or arms and not being a bother, and then Minho shouted again for them to be quiet and Destiny started. Thomas tried to find a comfortable position and not look over to Teresa again, but everything was too close to Newt and he couldn’t get enough space to stay at a good point and not touching him by any part of his body. But Newt suddenly leaned back and literally pinned Thomas to the sofa, using him as a backrest with a content sigh.

“You are warm,” he whispered without even looking back and Thomas gave up.

“You too,” he mumbled in return, forcing his body to relax and let Newt lean into him even more. He fiddled with his arms for a while, not really knowing how compromising the position can get, but then the game progressed from the tutorial screen into the normal map and everyone became so engrossed in it he took the chance and slipped his arms around Newt’s waist, resting his fingers on his belly. The warmness immediately seeped into him through the fabric of Newt’s shirt and made him feel pleasantly satisfied.

By the end of the first game Newt was almost lying on top of him, with his head resting on Thomas’s shoulder, and Thomas basically hugged him close and slowly dozed off.

***

“Tommy?”

The voice sounded familiar.

“Tommy, wake up.”

A light shake finally roused him from his slumber and he blinked blearily at Newt sitting next to him, watching him expectantly. When Thomas apparently showed enough signs of being awake again, Newt rubbed his shoulder reassuringly and almost cooed:

“Go sleep upstairs, you would hurt all over here.”

“What? What time is it?” Thomas rubbed his eyes sleepily and realized it already got pitch black outside.

“A little past ten,” the blond answered with a shrug. “They want to watch Insomnia, but you don’t really look like you would stay awake for it anyway.”

“I don’t like that movie,” Thomas admitted lamely and Newt chuckled.

“Me probably too. Now go up.”

“Are you coming with me?”
The question was out before Thomas could even think what is he saying, but Newt shook his head.

“Will watch it first, Minho says it’s educational.”

“Okay,” the brunet agreed grudgingly and roused from the sofa like a zombie. His body felt strangely heavy. Sated, but heavy and a little cold. “Night all.”

He got mostly “night lovebird” as a response, but his sleep-hazed brain let it slide and he dragged his body up the stairs and into Newt’s room without incident. He dropped to the bed like a sack of potatoes, groaning into a pillow, drifting off again.

***

When he woke up the second time, the room still posed empty and one look towards the clock ensured Thomas he slept for only half an hour. He felt cold and a little shivery even under the blanket he somehow managed to get in his sleep from under him and cover his body with it.

“A shower,” he mumbled to himself. A super warm one, preferably.

The quick trip over the hallway to the bathroom at this floor made him hear only a short mumbling coming from downstairs, and he couldn’t be happier he escaped that event. For how comfortable the spot he apparently fell asleep was (with Newt providing the best heat ever), the movie would probably ruin it for him.

He quickly stepped into the shower to minimize the chill creeping up on him and fiddled with taps to get the best temperature. Once he felt the warmness engulfing him, he sighed with contentment and felt the tension he didn’t even know that was there slowly leaving his body; shivers gradually subsided under the stream, but a strange anticipation stayed.

The sleepiness flooded away slowly and before he realized he was there for at least ten minutes, just dumbly staring at one spot in the stall, letting the water cascade over his shoulders, his mind suddenly repeating the afternoon scene in his head over and over.

*See something you like? Good I have you.*

No, he couldn’t read him anymore. Or maybe he just never really understood and could only say when Newt was troubled. But he wasn’t now, was he? They both got along pretty well, great even (that great others started to notice too, it probably spoke volumes already), but Thomas wasn’t a complete ignorant to dismiss the tension he felt. The sporadically happening moments of need and attraction he felt towards the blond boy was getting stronger and run deeper than he expected.

Hell, he never even looked at another guy like that, never felt an ounce of it (but if he wanted to be completely honest with himself, he never felt this strongly about a girl either, not even the ones he dated before), but with Newt it suddenly started to be more and more apparent every passing day.

Even the touching problem (as Teresa pointed helpfully out) sufficed for him to know he didn’t think of him only as a friend (or not just a friend, he felt a connection between them of a friendly nature very strongly, he would never say otherwise). His hands apparently had mind of their own and kept on searching for a place to latch at (the contour of Newt’s hip, the dip just below his waist, the curve of his spine, the crook of his neck). Thomas realized he had been watching, all this time, noting these small things that came to his mind as clearly as if he saw him standing right there. Or right here, with him, in the small shower.
How he would smile with that little smirk of his, dragging his fingers through Thomas’ hair and over nape of his neck, feather like touches around his spine and down to his hips, repeating his name like a mantra, over and over and over again, until-

Thomas shuddered and his knees almost gave out under the onslaught of hot searing pleasure wrecking his body. He had to support himself, leaning weakly against the wall, breathing heavily. It took him several minutes to understand what he just did. He looked at his sticky palm and cursed internally, a tsunami of shame crashing into him.

_Fuck my life._

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully it hadn't been as uneventful as I thought, but Thomas had to go through some monologue stuff to get his thoughts together :) And well... take himself apart as well.
I hope it didn't fail the expectations :)
Thank you for reading, as well as comments! <3 It always cheers me up so much :)}
Eleven

Chapter Summary

A fucking lunch with her parents. As every Sunday. So he just dressed up nicely and went there, sitting happily at the table, talking with his fucking almost father-in-law and almost mother-in-law, holding hands with a girl that made him feel like a shit, eating his vegetable, after all this time he kept on touching me and-

“Thomas?” Teresa’s voice jolted him he almost fell off the couch and Minho nearly let go of the popcorn bowl how Thomas startled him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Sorry, did I wake you?”

Thomas only shook his head silently, watching Newt moving from door to the desk where he stripped his pants and shirt and grabbed his Star Wars one.

“That movie was boring,” he commented while putting the shirt over his head, “I should have listened to you and go to the bed right away. I am beat.”

He threw the discarded clothing on the chair and padded barefooted to the bed. Thomas saw basically only his silhouette until he came closer and climbed on the mattress.

“It’s bloody cold,” came barely a whisper. “I can’t get warm since we got back.”

“Yeah,” Thomas agreed quietly, watching how Newt cocooned himself in the blanket, making dissatisfied noises along the way. “Newt?”

“Mhm?”

“How is that thing with your girlfriend going?”

Silence. Thomas held his breath for a while to hear if Newt hadn’t fallen asleep within seconds, and noticed a sigh coming from the blond boy.

“Steady,” sounded a reply.

“What’s steady?” Thomas pressed, probably a little desperately, but he needed to know. He just had a date with his hand in the shower thinking about a guy who was lying in one bed with him, someone who he became friends with, and who was in a bloody relationship. He spent one hour staring into the ceiling and thinking of everything Newt said or done during the time they met personally, trying to decode the meaning of his mixed signals. The constant touching went both ways, he saw that now (no thanks to Teresa, thank you very much, you minx), but it also included Newt’s moments of detachment when Thomas got too close, touched too long, as if his whole body suddenly screamed “NO!” And that confused him, even more than he confused himself with a sudden revelation he wouldn’t mind kissing this guy senseless and probably include even other bodily fluids in the mix.
He freaked out, of course he did, during the hour of thinking he freaked out non-stop, and basically he still didn’t quit. He considered everything – his parents if they find out (Dad would probably kill him and mom would start decorating his room pink), his school mates if they learn his new discovered sexuality (painted target on his back and never ending bullying with sweet voices and Chihuahua references, and “who is on top?” “are you the princess?”), or the guild mates, Minho and Ben and Winston and everyone, finding out he wants to get in the pants of their best tank. He didn’t even want to know what Teresa would say, even though she seemed already aware of what’s going on.

But did Newt? Was Thomas as obvious as he thought he was? Repeating all the incidents in his head pointed at the big neon YES, but the blond boy didn’t act on it (and Thomas found out there was a ton of opportunities already. Hell, even this was an opportunity). Even that he did touch him and said all strangely endearing things at some weak moments, and apparently relished in double meanings, it never moved south (compared to Thomas’ hand in the shower and the shame that almost burned him alive before he got it back together).

“Do you want me to find you a dictionary?” Newt grumbled, successfully bringing Thomas back to present, and with it also a crushing doubt at such strict answer.

“No,” he huffed. “Sorry.”

Newt hmphed and wriggled until only hair was visible out of his blanket fort. The conversation was apparently over before it started, and Thomas couldn’t bring himself to press it any further.

***

He woke up alone. The room was quiet and empty, Newt’s side of a bed abandoned with rumpled sheets and a cold spot. Thomas gulped down the uneasiness that he managed to mess up so cardinaly Newt rather left, and rolled on his back to reach for his phone.

It showed 11 AM already and Thomas sat down abruptly, staring at the clock in an utter disbelief. He slept for this long? No wonder Newt was already up. He dragged himself off the bed, feeling strangely tired even after such long rest (or maybe exactly because of it) and moped around the room for his clothes. He found his jeans he threw on the ground next to the chair yesterday, and then a shirt sitting just on the top of the backrest.

Except it wasn’t his shirt.

“Huh,” Thomas looked it over again, but nope. He never owned a shirt with Rolling Stones lettering and immediately realized it had to be Newt’s from yesterday.

“Where the heck did I put mine then?” he mumbled while going through all possible places, even under the bed and found nothing.

Probably the bathroom then. Oh joy.

He dived for another t-shirt in his bag before going back to the crime scene to take a (incident-free) shower, and by the time he left the room he already forgot about the complication.

***

“Look who rose from the death!” Minho’s voice greeted him from the kitchen once Thomas hunted for food. “I was afraid Newt tied you up there for his wicked pleasure.”

The Guild leader grinned at him from the stove and it seemed like he actually cooked, which made Thomas stop in his tracks.
“Where is Frypan?” he asked cautiously, earning faked gasp of shock.

“You see me cooking and immediately ask for Frypan? You have no respect for the art!”

“Just don’t want to spend rest of the day on the toilet,” Thomas opposed with raised hands and chuckled when Minho huffed like he just mortally offended him.

“I am just watching it till Teresa gets back,” the black haired boy grumbled. “Once I mess up omelettes and I have it on my plate every time I get close to the stove, that’s just unfair.”

“At least you will be remembered?” Thomas suggested as a plus point and Minho made a loud “hah!” and nearly burned the mash he was supposed to take care of.

Teresa hushed the guy away from the stove right the moment she entered the kitchen and smelled something burning, and that was probably when Minho gave up on cooking completely.

The whole bunch already diminished about half (especially Frypan had to leave because of his part time job as Thomas learned while trying to pretend the mash is the best he had ever eaten for Minho’s sake), most of the guys had to return to their duties at home, and Thomas apparently missed their departure. The apartment got a little quieter, that for sure.

“Where is Newt?” he finally asked what bothered him right the moment he couldn’t find the blond boy in between others when he left the second floor, and hoped he sounded casual.

Minho sat heavily next to him and from his face could be seen the casualness didn’t really work.

“Left early in the morning.” he said with a shrug. “It’s Sunday after all.”

“What’s so important about Sunday?” Teresa sat next to Thomas and asked before he could even process the information, and the Guild leader grabbed a bowl with popcorn from yesterday, stuffed his mouth with it and muffled something incoherent.

“Ew, you pig,” she poked his shoulder with a sneer. “No one told you talking with full mouth is disgusting?”

“Thought it’s ‘rude’,” Thomas pointed and her face only sneered more.

“Mainly disgusting. So what’s on Sunday?”

“I said lunch,” Minho repeated after he managed to swallow without Teresa mentally strangling him. “With her parents.”

“Did Newt changed sex while we haven’t been looking?” Winston joined the conversation and propped against the sofa behind their backs while reaching for the popcorn.

“It’s kinda rubbery already,” Minho warned him but it didn’t look like it fazed the other boy much since he grabbed handful and ate it. “And what are you smoking? I meant her parents, like his GF’s parents, geez. Catch my drift.”

“Poor guy, is that mandatory?” Winston mumbled with full mouth of the popcorn and Teresa groaned.

“Pretty much always was, yep,” the Guild leader nodded and Thomas felt like he kept on watching him by the corner of his eye. He forced himself to remain absolutely passive, even that it mingled in him wildly.
He mentally kicked himself to look sharp while he used every possible swear-word he knew in his mind on his own stupidity. He just sort of assumed (stupid, so stupid, assuming is always bad, it’s wrong and it never ends well and the biggest misunderstandings always happen when someone just assumes and doesn’t bother to get it right, so serves you right Thomas, you stupid idiot) that he broke up with her after their talk, after all he said he wanted to for long but never did. And Thomas felt like his opinion mattered at that point, and Newt hadn’t seemed sad or tense the whole rest of the week since the talk in the hallway. And even that it was selfish and probably also rude, he hoped he just came from the meeting with her, where he told her they are over and it maybe wasn’t very pretty and that’s why he had been so down, but now it all but fell apart.

A fucking lunch with her parents. As every Sunday. So he just dressed up nicely and went there, sitting happily at the table, talking with his fucking almost father-in-law and almost mother-in-law, holding hands with a girl that made him feel like a shit, eating his vegetable, after all this time he kept on touching me and-

“Thomas?” Teresa’s voice jolted him he almost fell off the couch and Minho nearly let go of the popcorn bowl how Thomas startled him.

“Fuck, sorry, spaced out,” he blurted, ashamed and noticed she had that strange pained look on her face.

“You are crushing my hand,” she whimpered and he realized he is really holding her tiny hand in his and squeezing it tightly, and immediately let go.

“Sorry, sorry,” he caressed her knuckles comfortingly. “Did I hurt you?”

“No,” she snatched her hand away with a frown and flexed it. “Just the pressure. What’s gotten into you?”

“Sorry,” he apologized again, promptly avoiding anyone’s eyes. “I am just a little cranky.”

“A little doesn’t really cover it,” she mumbled, her voice cold. “How about you go do dishes? Sort it in that hard head of yours.”

He wanted to say something witty in return, but her fierce look took away every possible reply and he only nodded and disappeared in the kitchen.

***

“I think I am getting sick.”

Thomas looked up at the same time as others, surprised by a sudden voice coming from behind them, and he felt his stomach lurch a little at the sight of Newt in his coat stepping inside the living room.

“What, did they try to poison you with broccoli?” Minho snorted and Newt sent him a dirty look.

“Smartass,” he said and started to pull his coat down. “I am sporting a fever, I guess. That bloody rain yesterday.”

“Oh,” Thomas piped before he could stop himself and everyone turned to him, waiting for the continuation. Even Newt, and Thomas only gestured towards him.

“Was just wondering where my shirt went. Guess the hell didn’t swallow it.”
“Yeah, right,” Newt chuckled, looking down at a light blue t-shirt he wore. It was a little oversized, but didn’t look that bad. “Sorry about that, took the first thing that was under my hand, must mixed it up.”

Thomas only nodded stiffly and turned his attention back to the Nightmare before Christmas Minho forced them to watch (“It’s 1st October! This is mandatory!? “But it’s not even Halloween yet…” “The whole month is Halloween!”). The gnawing hurt inside of him forced him to abort every instinct his body had towards the blond boy and act like he didn’t want to pull him closer and hug like a teddy bear.

He didn’t. At this moment he would rather shake some sense to him, demand answers, maybe even shout, but because the audience was wide and he never had as much courage to be this tough and risk they will never even talk again, he stayed quiet and passive and held his hands balled into fists away from Teresa.

“What are we watching?” Newt’s voice sounded much closer this time, until Thomas felt the backrest of the sofa dip a little when he leaned over it, just above Thomas’ head.

“What do you think? It’s October!” Winston called, perfectly imitating Minho’s previous scene, and Thomas wasn’t even surprised by the slap over the head he got from the Guild leader sitting next to him (more like lying sprawled and taking up most of the space).

“Riiight,” Newt drawled and Minho sat straight to see him properly.

“Make yourself useful and get us some more popcorn,” he ordered him and held up the empty bowl, “than you can maybe sit on Thomas’ lap.”

“Kinky,” Newt snorted and Thomas stiffened when he suddenly felt someone pulling lightly at his hair. “You are such a slaver though. I just arrived!”

“I will do it,” Thomas interjected quickly, feeling the heat of Newt’s presence behind him overwhelming, and grabbing the bowl. “Anything else while I am going there?”

“Make me a tea?” Teresa asked quietly and he nodded. Then several more people voiced their requests and Thomas felt like in deja vu for a while, almost asking for the pen and paper again.

He left the sofa after full minute of people talking to him and when he arrived to the kitchen, he let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. His body shook he had to put his hands on the table and take a deep breath.

“Need a hand?”

Newt’s voice.

Fuck. Not now.

“It’s fine,” he mumbled, forcing himself to stop shaking. “It will take just a minute.”

Silence. Thomas wanted to believe he left, but then he heard footsteps and Newt started rummaging through the cabinets for tea bags, and Thomas had to bite his lip to keep quiet. He felt anger bubbling inside of him, threatening to burst with an unpleasant questions (How was your lunch? Made wedding plans already? Can you call her father ‘dad’?) or remarks (You look happy, had a ‘happy to see you again’ sex?), but he kept it in, fuming to himself.

“Sorry about that shirt,” Newt broke the silence with a sheepish smile. “I realized it when I was already leaving.”
“Don’t worry about it,” Thomas retorted without looking at him and rather pretended to be busy with the popcorn. *So childish.* “It’s fine.”

“It doesn’t really look fine,” the blond boy’s voice dropped a little. “I mean, if I know it’s such a faux pas, I’d never-.”

“It’s just a fucking shirt, Newt, don’t worry about it,” Thomas barked and cut himself short before adding anything else. A flash of hurt passed on Newt’s face for a second, before he gulped audibly and avoided his eyes.

“Okay,” he responded softly. “Alright.”

“Yeah,” Thomas grumbled and put the popcorn on the stove.

“I’ll take the tea to Teresa at least.”

“Suit yourself,” Thomas uttered and tensed when Newt appeared next to him, grabbing the kettle with hot water. Newt apparently noticed the reaction because he moved away immediately and with few clangs of cups he left the kitchen without another word.

Thomas felt like throwing up.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter gave me many feels QQ I can only hope I was able convey at least some of them to the text.
This chapter also gave me a hand cramp! xD I thought I won't finish it, haha.
Tell me what you think about this bit! Did it leave at least some sort of emotion?
Thank you all for reading! <3
Twelve

Chapter Summary

“Are you imagining me naked now?” she cocked an eyebrow and he snorted.
“No Teresa. I really don’t,” he assured her, putting the tea bag in the cup and starting the kettle.
“Are you imagining Newt naked?”
“Not if I can stop it,” he retorted a little irritated and she crossed her arms on the chest.

Chapter Notes

I think I should warn you about the ending rating, but there is not much to be considered Mature. Just sayin’.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You are in here for fourth time already. Want to tell me what’s going on?”

Thomas fiddled with a tea bag nervously, but remained quiet. Footsteps approached him until Teresa was standing right next to him with a determined expression on her face.

She is really pretty. I never noticed before with her attitude.

“Are you imagining me naked now?” she cocked an eyebrow and he snorted.
“No Teresa. I really don’t,” he assured her, putting the tea bag in the cup and starting the kettle.
“Are you imagining Newt naked?”
“Not if I can stop it,” he retorted a little irritated and she crossed her arms on the chest.
“Something happened,” she stated. “And now it’s bothering you. And apparently it’s bothering Newt too, he looks like someone just kicked his puppy.”

Thomas didn’t say anything, it wasn’t something he wanted to converse about with her. Or anyone at that point.

“Now, think about this. You have apparently an intimacy problem-,”

“What, I don’t-!”

“Or you know, love trouble,” she pressed her hand on his mouth to shut him up. “Now count with me. It’s bugging you, and you want to resolve it, somehow. I know you always talk about stuff that bothers you, so. Your options? You either go talk to Newt and you two will deal with it.”

He rolled his eyes and she smiled sweetly.
“See. So there is who. Winston? Yeah, right. Ben? Absolutely! How about Minho? I am sure he would be delightful to talk with you about your evident attraction to his roommate. Not that he doesn’t know about it. Everyone knows. My point still stands though. Who does it leave for you to talk to?”

She slowly let her hand go and Thomas sighed.

“You,” he admitted grudgingly and she nodded with another flashy smile.

“So. How about you tell me what the problem is?”

“How about I talk to you when I want and not when you order me to?” he pointed out and she simply shrugged.

“Maybe I wouldn’t want to listen at that point anymore.”

“You? The Gossip girl? Yeah, right,” he smirked at her and poured water into the cup, watching how was the steam rising up and letting out a pleasant aroma of the tea.

“Fine,” she said nonchalantly. “You don’t want to tell me? Then you can shove it and go cry in the corner for what I care.”

“Tough,” he uttered. She only hmphed and left his side with a dramatic sway of her long black hair.

His mood hadn’t improved a bit since the first time he was in the kitchen, but he could always breathe a little better when he hid here. He felt the atmosphere in the living room got suffocating, and the fact Newt had been curled in an armchair several feet from Thomas must had already spoke volumes to others that something happened. Not to mention they basically didn’t say a word to each other from the kitchen conversation, and he was aware how Minho kept on looking between them like on a tennis match, shaking his head occasionally.

“Have you noticed he never touch anyone?” Teresa’s voice made him jump a little and he quickly glanced back, finding her standing two feet from the door to the living room, looking inside.

“Are you blind?” he blinked, not very sure if she meant it or it was just a matter of speech, “never touches anyone?”

_Joke of the century._

“Except you,” she corrected. “I’ve had him two times around the kitchen desk this morning. I took step closer, he took step back. Subtly, but he didn’t let me touch him or disrupt his personal bubble.”

“Maybe he just doesn’t really like you? Have you considered it?” he didn’t mean to sound bitter, but it was out sooner than he could stop it. She stepped away from the door, closer to him, and held his gaze firmly.

“I believe it’s harder for you to notice, being the centre of his attention and all.” she said in a serious tone that seemed strange on her, almost dangerous. “But I think he just really doesn’t like when people touch him.”

“And?” he frowned a little, the irritation rising. “How is that having any point with him flirting with me while having a girlfriend?”

“So that’s the problem,” she concluded and Thomas hissed. “You are mad because he is in a
relationship with someone else, but is fond of you too?"

"Fond of me, that’s how they call it these days?" another sharp answer and her face got harder.

"I don’t know, did he make a move on you?" she inquired, “did you two make out? Declare you are going to get married? Having a dog or a fish and live together?"

“That’s not fair,” he grumbled.

“No, I think you are not fair,” she barked. “Well yeah, shocking, maybe he does like you. And maybe he feels comfortable around you as well, bite him!”

“Look,” he lowered his voice and dragged her closer to him and further from the door. She was getting louder and risking that someone is going to hear,

Newt is going to hear, made him giddy. “Before you are going to shout at me for how heartless I am. We talked about it. He wanted to break up with her for like… half a year already. And I gave him my opinion, and since then he didn’t go anywhere, no date, no sudden disappearance, and no stress and all the tenseness he had.”

“And that gave you the right to mark him like a dog?” she growled in response. “That you told him what, to break up with her I assume? And did he say ok? Yes, we did break up? Did he?”

“No,” he spat out. “And that’s the fucking problem!”

She straightened her back and looked him over as if she tried to understand.

“That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Look, forget it. We will deal. I will deal,” he turned away from her again, grabbing the mug with tea and aimed towards the door. “Just don’t try to poke it or solve it for us.”

Without waiting for an answer he left the kitchen and returned to his spot on the sofa, feeling Newt’s burning gaze on his back.

***

“I’d been patient, I swear I had, but I’ve had enough. What’s the deal?”

Thomas knew going to Newt’s room was a mistake. He just wanted to grab his bag and disappear, but he should have known Newt is going to follow him and demand answers. He thought he had been subtle enough with disappearing from the living room, but of course he would notice. Thomas stopped in the middle of the room like a deer in highlights and stared at Newt’s rigid form standing in the doorway, arms crossed on his chest, still in Thomas’ shirt and his face a cold mask. His posture radiated annoyance, something Thomas had never seen on him before – or at least not aimed at him.

“What happened?” Newt pressed again when Thomas remained quiet and took one step inside the room, closing the door slowly behind him. “We were okay yesterday.”

The sudden proximity and a full attention Thomas relished before felt almost electrifying now, and he felt tense as a string ready to crack. Without any place to turn to, with the only option to leave blocked by Newt’s lean frame, Thomas felt cornered and it irked him to no end.

“Yesterday I didn’t know you are still with her,” he retorted as steady as he could, suppressing the flinch his body was trying to tell him with how moronic it sounded. Newt visibly recoiled, his eyebrows shot up. The argument sucked now, Thomas saw it, but it bothered him anyway and the
logic was out of his reach for the moment.

“With her?” he repeated. “Tommy, what the bloody hell are you talking about?”

“Minho said on Sunday-,”

“What the hell does this have anything to do with Minho?” Newt interrupted him briskly, his voice rising. “All the time, Minho, Minho, Minho. He isn’t my bloody chaperone, you know?”

“If you let me finish!” Thomas shot back, the anger he felt growing. He was very close to losing it, it boiled in him since yesterday night, the first spark of doubt and insecurity from Newt’s answer, and then the absolute desperation that gripped him when Minho mentioned the lunch thing. With Newt actually being gone without a single note (“A note?” his subconscious screamed at him mockingly. “A note for what? He is not yours to mark or take! Why would he have to leave a note?” The voice sounded strangely like Teresa) “You disappeared in the morning because the traditional family lunch or whatever shit you are sharing with her parents, and I didn’t even know-,”

“What the hell!” Newt exclaimed angrily and took another step forward, his body in a defensive stance. “A bloody traditional family lunch? What? Why the bloody hell would I go to my ex-girlfriend’s house to eat a bloody lunch?!”

“Because you… what?” Thomas stopped in his tracks, staring dumbly at the blond. Surely he heard wrong?

An ex-girlfriend? But that doesn’t make any sense!

“Oh my god,” Newt hid his face in his hands and groaned. “Don’t tell me we are bloody tiptoeing around each other because you think I am still with her?”

“What…?” Thomas couldn’t understand the sudden twist of events. Newt groaned some more as if the situation basically made him unable to deal with it calmly, and looked at Thomas with a strange defiance in his eyes, a stubbornness that made him look taller and almost severe, a sudden authority filling the room to the brink.

“We bloody broke up several days ago, idiot,” he growled, his voice cracking dangerously. “You even did all that comforting shit and all, geez.”

“You didn’t say…”

“I thought that’s obvious,” Newt sighed tiredly and turned around, as if he wanted to leave, massaging his temples. He took two steps towards the exit, stopped, and leaned over the door as if he lost all his strength. “And here I was, an idiot, waiting for you to do something. Fuck you, really.”

Thomas wanted to say something clever, but at the last words his anger burned anew. He stared at Newt’s back, fighting with an urge to at least push him around, get physical, and get it over with. Tell him it’s not just him who felt like an idiot, that he also left Thomas in dark for all this time, but he settled on one question only, a strong demand.

“What did I do?”

Newt sharply turned back, his eyes fiery, and the intensity almost made Thomas to take a step back.

“Nothing! You did absolutely nothing!” the blond spitted out. “And I don’t know if you can
imagine how bloody unbearable it got during all those moments I could touch you, and you still stayed bloody adorable like a puppy that wants to be petted!”

“What?”

Newt dragged a hand through his hair in exasperation as if explaining was the biggest bother ever and Thomas felt something in him was getting loose, trashing wildly to be freed. The implication was there, strong and pulsing, and he felt his body thrumming with energy and anticipation, and only something small and miserable was holding it back, the last remnant of doubt igniting the hope and desire to burn it into ashes.

“I don’t know what else should I do for you to realize what’s going on,” Newt added, not minding how Thomas stared at him. “I’ve tried to take it easy, to be subtle and not force anything, because you looked like you don’t even know how babies are made, but if your skull is so thick the information won’t get past it, or if you are just not inter-“

At that moment it broke and Thomas lunged forward. He didn’t let him talk anymore, no other chance, he just pounced, slamming the blond boy against the wall with his lips firmly pressed against Newt’s, and kissed him as hard as he could, poured everything he felt and wanted and needed (oh god, needed, he wanted and ached and it was scary and not enough, never enough), and he was so engrossed in it, so determined he didn’t even realized Newt’s kissing him back with equal ferocity, biting his lower lip and soothing it with licks, angling his head just right for them to click together like the right pieces of puzzle, hands skimming over Thomas’ sides and over his back, clutching his shirt when the kiss deepened.

Thomas couldn’t breathe, and he didn’t even want to, there was no way he was letting Newt go again, never again, but then he started to black out and pulled back for a barely an inch, gulping down air as if he was drowning, finally realizing the situation. Newt was messed up, his face flushed, hair ruffled and lips red and swollen, but he was staring back at Thomas with pupils blown wide and heaving chest, and his hands were holding Thomas’s shoulders in a death grip. And there was no way he didn’t want it, no way he would be like this if it wasn’t mutual, and it made Thomas deliriously happy and a little light-headed.

“Are you kidding?” the blond laughed breathlessly. “You were holding up on me with this? You bloody bastard.”

“Newt,” Thomas pushed a bit more, pinning him to the wall. “Your inner Badland is showing.”

“Shut up,” Newt wriggled against the grip and grabbed his shoulders even firmer, pulling him forward. “Shut up, shut up, shut up. Do it again.”

Thomas was only happy to oblige.

Chapter End Notes

Phew!
Did this meet your expectations?
It was fun to write it!

I’d love to hear what you think!
PS: it’s not the last chapter, don’t worry :) But the next chapter is probably tomorrow, even that I posted this early. I am not going to be at home the whole day, so I won't
be able to post it, but dw, the update won't take long :)

“You are still hot,” he whispered and Newt chuckled at that.
“Still have the fever.”
“You are hot even without the fever.”

Chapter Notes

The whole chapter is rated M! (M for Mindless Making Out, sorry for your time, thank you for your attention).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kissing Newt was amazing. Thomas couldn’t get enough and pulled away only when the air supply got low, pressing into the contours of Newt’s body with insistence and stubbornness.

“Thom-mhnn.”

No talking. Not now.

He captured Newt’s lips one more time, demanding entrance, searching and probing, memorizing every reaction his partner had.

The kiss got wild, it burned searing hot and made Thomas’ blood pump with adrenaline. Newt was pliant and so, so warm, moaning in his throat, cupping Thomas’ face in his hands, tongue curling around his.

“Tommy,” the blond finally managed to speak when Thomas pulled away to breathe, and his voice was so wrecked and sexy Thomas could only groan and kiss him again before any other words could have been spoken.

“God, you are insatiable,” a small laugh escaped on another air break. “Come on. You are not going to hold me here forever, are you?”

“Just a bit more,” Thomas whined when Newt avoided his lips with a smirk and pulled at his hair, reprimanding him.

“For how much I find your demanding attitude hot,” he lowered his voice into a hoarse whisper and brushed their lips together teasingly (hot, so hot, almost unbearable and Thomas followed the movement with hunger and whimpered when Newt pulled away again, smiling, fuck, definitely having an upper hand in this). “I’d prefer to move this somewhere more comfortable.”

The suggestion went straight to Thomas’ groin and his breath hitched in his throat, body going still, thrumming with energy and waiting for a command (Can I? Shall we? Yes please, yes, yes, yes).
“Wow, did I break you already?” Newt chuckled, his hands slowly dropping from Thomas’ hair to his face, thumbs delicately tracing his cheekbones, sliding gently to his lips, barely touching, but yet burning like thousands of fires, and caressing his jaw, mapping every curve. Thomas couldn’t take his eyes off him, finally being allowed to actually look without searching for an excuse or freaking himself out, noticing every detail. The enticing shape of his lips, the rich colour of his eyes (now almost black and so, so deep and captivating he wanted to get lost in them), the mead coloured hair, so soft looking he couldn’t resist and dragged his fingers through it, utterly lost when Newt followed the touch with closed eyes and the most adorable sigh of contentment.

I love you. He wanted to say. I fucking love you and it just dawned on me, but oh my god, you are beautiful.

He couldn’t help himself but pull the blond boy into a tight embrace, softly kissing his neck, hugging him close.

“Bed?” Newt suggested softly, caressing Thomas’ back with long, languid strokes.

“Yeah,” he breathed out and felt how Newt was moving him like a puppet, making him go backwards until his legs touched the edge of the bed. One push and he tripped over, falling easily and looking up to Newt smiling down at him before straddling his thighs.

“You look so awed,” Newt commented, his hands traveling from Thomas’ waist to his shoulders, mapping touches full of wonder.

“I am awed,” Thomas admitted, letting his own hands roam up Newt’s thighs to his waist, rubbing small circles there. There was no way he wouldn’t be, having this perfect person all for himself. It’s finally happening, it really is. It’s not just me thinking about it in a fucking shower.

“Well, no wonder. It’s me who you are looking at,” the blond sent him a cocky smile, but his arms trembled when Thomas touched him, and it was strangely endearing.

The warmth engulfing him was calming and arousing at the same time and Thomas didn’t know what he wanted more – snuggling close and kissing him goodnight or pushing him on his back and kiss the air from him (among others, less clothes-including things).

Newt apparently already decided because he suddenly leaned over and nipped at Thomas’s lower lip.

“The thought,” he almost growled into Thomas’s mouth while scraping his nails through his hair, “that we could have been doing this for days makes me bloody mad.”

“Uh-huh,” Thomas hummed in response, moving towards Newt’s neck. “I can’t say I haven’t thought about it.”

“You did?” the blond tipped his head up to give him better access and Thomas happily latched his mouth at one spot where the neck met shoulder and sucked, earning a delightful groan in return.

“Mhm,” he voiced his agreement and pulled away a little to admire his masterpiece. The viciously red bruise wasn’t anything pretty, but it screamed mine miles away, a perfect mark he put there and that couldn’t be hidden easily. Newt shuddered above him, his whole body shaking.

“Since when?” he demanded breathlessly, propped himself above Thomas with hands next to his head, his eyes glazed and dark and consuming.

“Uh… yesterday?” Thomas raised his head thoughtfully and Newt snorted, sliding his thumb over
Thomas’ swollen mouth in a tender gesture. It was ridiculous how it felt much, much longer than several days since they actually met each other personally.

“Slowpoke,” the blond grinned down on him.

“Mean,” Thomas commented with a fake pout and when Newt laughed with a happy, delighted laugh, a surge of want rose within him like a tsunami and he flipped them over, trapping Newt under him.

The blond immediately pulled him down for another kiss as if he expected it, and the explorative caving-in left Thomas hot and bothered, and when another nip to his lower lip landed, his hips bucked automatically. Newt gasped into his mouth in surprise and Thomas realized he is almost painfully hard and now pressing against Newt shamelessly.

“Sorry,” he mumbled in an apology. “Natural reaction.”

“Hot,” Newt bit out excitedly and in a flash of a second he locked his legs around Thomas’ hips, pulling them closer.

Thomas couldn’t stop the moan fighting its way up his throat at the contact and nearly lost his mind when he realized Newt is same as him, breathing heavily and pushing up for more friction.

“You are so hot,” Thomas murmured, licking and biting at every patch of Newt’s skin he could reach, leaving wet trails and pushing back down.

“Fever,” Newt whispered back, squirming under the attack of Thomas’s hands and lips, his voice quiet.

“Mmmmmhm.”

“No, I meant, it’s ‘cuz I have a fever,” Newt chuckled weakly and Thomas froze, his mind doing a double take on the information before his normal, not desire-fuelled receptors started to function again.

Yes, Newt did radiated warmness, no doubt about it, but he didn’t think it was anything unusual at this situation. One touch of his hand on the boy’s forehead confirmed it’s not, in fact normal, and that Newt burned like a furnace.

“Oh my god, you are feverish like hell,” he straightened like a bolt, trying to disentangle from Newt’s grip, but the boy grabbed his arms to still him.

“Thomas,” he called him roughly, “you leave me hanging here and I am seriously considering neutering you with a spoon.”

“But you are sick-.”

“I am also after several days of an intensive foreplay, for god’s sake be merciful,” Newt growled, his eyes intense and hungry, and Thomas was only a weak, weak human. He gulped down protests he prepared in advance in his mind and leaned back over his partner, slower now, more delicately, reaching for Newt’s face, taking in the heat coming from him with a less guilt than he thought he is going to experience. Newt watched him with furrowed brow as if he expected another attempt to postpone it, but Thomas was far gone for that already. He would have to beg him to stop, and even after that he probably wouldn’t yield.

He returned to Newt’s neck, dropping light, soft kisses along the line down to his collarbone, his hands sliding from Newt’s sides to his hips where suddenly Newt’s hand batted him away and
pushed him up.

“You are too slow,” the blond grumbled. “I am on a verge of losing consciousness here.”

“So bossy,” Thomas couldn’t stop himself from grinning at that, and Newt only tsked and started to open Thomas’ belt with nifty fingers, even pushed to the sitting position, suddenly close, so close they breathed the same air. Thomas saw the intense concentration in Newt’s eyes, how he was biting his lip (cute, too cute) and how his chest moved up and down in a perfect rhythm. Thomas watched him for several seconds, noting every little breath or hitch, until Newt’s eyes suddenly bored into his and lips captured him in a deep kiss, into which Thomas moaned in shock when he felt Newt’s hand curling around him. He was so captivated before he absolutely forgot the boy was working on his pants and actually finished the job, now slowly stroking him without shame while his tongue plundered Thomas’ mouth. When he finally let go and latched himself on Thomas’ neck, the brunet couldn’t stifle a guttural moan, trying to regain his breathing which was coming out in quick, shallow doses. His body was tense as fiddle string, but it felt good, too good, the right amount of pressure and hotness. Thomas’s mind swam on excitement and Newt’s lips moved on his neck up and down, sucking and biting, and his hand held a maddeningly delicious pace and Thomas couldn’t take it anymore (have to touch him, need to touch him, this is too much, too good, more) and his hands shot towards the jeans of his lover (lover, the ting to that word was amazing and possessive and made Thomas feel so good about it). Newt’s body shuddered again and when Thomas finally got rid of the belt and all the obstructing layers of clothing, and touched, the blond gasped for air like a drowning man, clawing on Thomas’ back with his free hand.

“Oh my god,” he whimpered in a broken voice. “Ohmygodohmygodohmygod.”

Thomas would probably smile if his own mind hadn’t been similarly supplied.

“Newt,” he croaked, barely audible. “Newt, I can’t-,”

He didn’t get any better answer than “unf” and then he felt the hand tightening, the pace speeding up and he cried out when the electrifying pleasure hit him like a tidal wave and swept him along into a blissed state of satisfaction, feeling similar hotness on Newt’s side, before he slumped over the blond boy’s form, catching his breath and rebooting his brain.

“Bloody hell,” he heard after a minute or so of them just sitting there, absolutely wrecked. “Bloody hell, that was awesome.”

He felt his body shook with laughter and then he realized it’s not his, but Newt’s. The blond boy was laughing quietly, but it was making his body move so much Thomas just couldn’t hold anymore and laughed too.

“We basically came in our pants,” Newt hiccupped with unstopping giggles. “That didn’t happen to me since… high school, oh my god.”

Thomas grinned like an idiot, taking in their state with a strange proudness. They were both sweaty and their pants were a mess, even shirts got hit, and he couldn’t bring himself to care. He only nuzzled Newt’s cheek affectionately and kissed the corner of his mouth, closing his eyes and breathing deep.

“You are still hot,” he whispered and Newt chuckled at that.

“I still have the fever.”

“You are hot even without the fever.”
“Sweet-talker,” the blond pressed his warm lips on Thomas’ temple and sighed. “I was planning a better first than a messy handjob, but I guess it’ll do for now.”

“You should sleep,” Thomas murmured. “I will clean us up. And get you tea and pills.”

“You don’t even know where that stuff is in here,” Newt opposed, but he was smiling still. He swung his legs from Thomas’ thighs and pulled his jeans down in several slow, exhausted moves.

“I have an extensive knowledge of the tea position from this afternoon, thank you very much,” Thomas retorted while watching his partner to throw the offensive pants aside. “And for pills, I can always ask Minho.”

“Yeah, right,” Newt grumbled and it finally hit Thomas.

“Oh my god, you are jealous!”

“As if,” the blond bit out, but averted his eyes and Thomas just knew he was right. It never occurred to him until now, but lately Newt always got a little defensive when Minho got mentioned, and a memory from the hallway talk was flooding back – “not really that good with sharing”, he said. And it just made the perfect sense.

He held the teasing and a knowing smirk for himself though, seeing Newt’s nervous fidgeting, and crawled closer to him again, pulling at the shirt. His shirt.

“How about you take this off. Clean up yourself with it.”

“But it’s yours,” Newt protested and Thomas smirked.

“Yes, it is.”

“Sorry about it again,” the blond mumbled.

“I told you it’s fine,” Thomas assured him and Newt slowly pulled it over his head.

“I took it on purpose,” he admitted quietly, holding it in his hand, staring at it. “Guess I am a little messed up.”

“I think it’s pretty adorable,” Thomas shrugged, finally making Newt to look back at him again. He definitely looked feverish now, all flushed and tired.

“Okay,” was all Newt whispered and it was all Thomas needed.

Chapter End Notes

I am terribly sorry for this chapter. I meant to accomplish a little more than describing these two making out the whole thing. Asdfdjfd, anyway. Sorry for the later update than usual QQ Wasn’t at home since Friday morning and only had my phone on me, so yeah.

Anyway. Comments are love! I hope I didn't scare you off with this mindless bit, haha.
Thank you all very much for reading! I am immensely happy you are enjoying it <3
“Yeah yeah, I get it, you are in love, planning a family and the firstborn is going to be named Minho, thanks by the way, now let get him the shit before he burns through the bed.”

“Who would name their kid after you?” Thomas snorted while opening the door and the Guild leader just nudged him forward with his boot to his butt.

“Oh good, you are alive.”

Thomas stopped right at the door to the living room and blinked few times at Minho, who was watching him from the sofa with others nestled there like a pile of puppies.

“Yes?” he confirmed it a little confused and others suddenly turned to him as well, looking at him expectantly.

“We thought Newt killed you or something,” Winston pointed. “When you left he immediately went after you and looked like he wants to break few bones. Preferably yours.”

“I won the bet, he is still alive!” Ben exclaimed happily and immediately yelped when someone kicked him under Thomas’ line of sight.

“Did you win then? Or where is Newt?” Minho asked a little warily.

“You had a different shirt,” Teresa noted.

“Newt is asleep, and yes, great deduction skills,” Thomas replied with a shrug and aimed for the kitchen, trying to keep the stupid grin off his face. It felt like the happiness stuck to his features permanently. “He is feverish, it’s kinda scary. Going to make some tea, and… where are pills?”

“I won that one, told you Newt survived as well,” he heard Winston grumble while he entered the kitchen, and just chuckled at that. They seriously didn’t need to know everything, did they?

He left Newt in the bed, basically cocooned under two blankets and in another of Thomas’ shirts (Thomas actually handed him his instead of Newt’s, as an experiment if he would notice. He didn’t or was really good at acting and pretended to overlook it, or maybe the fever just got him too tired to be aware of what’s going on), where he fell asleep almost immediately Thomas put him there. Making out while burning like frying pan wasn’t probably the best idea, but Newt had that determined look on his face while talking about neutering, Thomas would do it anyway, even if he hadn’t been driven by the unstoppable need to touch and claim.

He put on the kettle and started rummaging around the well-known cupboard for tea when Teresa suddenly appeared on his left and Minho on his right.

“What the f-,” he almost dropped the tea box how he got startled by their sudden proximity and
took several steps back from them. “Don’t do that! You scared shit out of me!”

“Was just looking at the hickeys you have like… all over your neck,” Teresa shrugged and Thomas’ eyes narrowed at her smug expression. “Pretty sure you have a cool constellation there.”

“Yeah, would spell Newt all over,” Minho added from the other side and Thomas glared at him too.

“Is that all?” he asked in a gruff tone, not even bothering to cover all those love bites (he was almost sure Teresa bluffed, when he took a shower he didn’t notice any apparent hickeys. But it also might be because he was like in a haze and remembered only the fact that he stepped into the shower and then he was out, checking on Newt’s sleeping form in the bed and leaving for the tea and pills).

“Nope,” Teresa piped and waltzed to the fridge, pulling out a ginger root. “Make him ginger tea; it’s probably just a cold. This one is the best.”

“Oh,” he blinked and put down the doze he held. “Thanks. Any special preparation? Dancing naked in the moonlight? Or rhymes?”

“Not stopping you, but boiling in a hot water is enough,” she smirked and instead giving him the root to his extended hand she started cutting it. “Lemon and honey and it’s all good.”

“Thanks,” he smiled gratefully and Minho in meantime handed him a bottle with pills.

“Nothing you want to tell us?” the Guild leader asked when Thomas took the bottle with a nod and reached for a tray.

“Like what?”

“Like how was it?” Teresa interjected with a glee and Minho groaned.

“Leave me out of that, thank you,” he raised his hands to the air and Thomas snorted.

“As if I would walk around, spouting my sex life,” he rolled his eyes and quickly leaned to Teresa with his hand next to his mouth: “It was awesome, pass it on.”

She started to giggle and Minho threw a lemon at him.

***

“So what was it all about?” Minho asked, holding a teapot in his hand while trailing carefully behind Thomas, who carried the rest of the needed things on the tray. He didn’t really need help, but couldn’t blame Minho for trying to get some information. Newt was his roommate after all, and definitely also a very good, if not the best friend he had.

They stopped in the hallway and Minho turned to him with raised eyebrows, reaching the point of the Spill-The-Beans zone, and Thomas sighed. It felt a little unfair to talk about it without Newt’s presence, but he could imagine the awkwardness in the opposite situation.

“Misunderstanding,” he uttered, not really very keen to talk about it so close to Newt’s room, even that he was pretty sure the blond was still asleep. “I thought he is still with his girlfriend.”

Minho kept on staring at him, holding the steaming tea pot like a statue, apparently wanting to hear more. His face was completely blank and Thomas couldn’t even guess what he is thinking.
“He is not,” Thomas clarified. “They broke up two days ago. Or so.”

“I see,” Minho nodded thoughtfully.

“You knew?” Thomas asked, nonchalantly, but his insides were clenching at the answer for some reason.

“I wasn’t sure,” the Guild leader shrugged, glancing at Newt’s door solemnly. “We don’t talk about this stuff. He is terrible with getting people close like this, always puts up that mask of his like nothing hurts and keep at it. But since he didn’t go anywhere past those days, I thought they broke up, yeah. Because that girl, let me tell ya. A pursuit plane 1-oh-1 with a wide network of gossipers around. I am pretty sure she already knows about you, too, and is planning revenge. Try to avoid public places.”

“Riiight.”

“Yep. But it confused me today; he usually disappeared like that for the lunch, so I assumed it’s still on. Just wasn’t sure how you are at it, but when I saw how you almost crushed Teresa’s hand, well. Obvious, man. Too obvious,” Minho grinned at him cheekily, apparently enjoying the situation. “I mean, it wasn’t a secret, right? You were like Siamese twins. He even went with you to the shop, which is annoyingly far and his leg hurts when he walks too long, but nooo. Tommy went, so he had too. I would have been laughing, but was too busy getting a tank and a healer for ABHM cuz you two had to have a date in a rain.”

“You don’t even know how not sorry I am, Min,” Thomas assured him with a smirk and wasn’t even surprised Minho rolled his eyes.

“Yeah yeah, I get it, you are in love, planning a family and the firstborn is going to be named Minho, thanks by the way, now let get him the shit before he burns through the bed.”

“Who would name their kid after you?” Thomas snorted while opening the door and the Guild leader just nudged him forward with his boot to his butt.

The room was quiet and smelled like sex. Thomas wanted to dig himself a nice, comfy grave right the second he entered and swore in several different languages for his inability to at least open the damn window before leaving. He was literally scared of even glancing back at Minho, because damn, this was even more awkward than walking at them during the thing itself.

Minho cleared his throat.

Thomas waited. And waited. Until he heard a soft clang how the Guild leader set the tea pot on the table, and considered it safe to turn around, just to see him waving his hand in front of his face.

“Yuck. Smells like in a ZOO after the mating season.”

“Oh my god,” Thomas hid his face in palms and rather jumped to the window in a swift motion, opening it wide and breathing the fresh air deep, calming down a little. When he turned around, Minho was already at Newt’s bed, checking his fever with back of his hand, face frowning.

“Hand me a thermometer,” he uttered and Thomas quickly rummaged through all things he brought on the tray till he found the object and hopped back to the bed, giving it to Minho’s hand.

“He is burning, jesus,” the Guild leader mumbled with a worried curve of his mouth and gave Thomas a strange look.

“Wake him.”
Thomas blinked few times, not really getting why Minho’s voice got so tight, but proceeded to do so – they needed to give him the pills at least. He bended over Newt’s sleeping form, softly dragged his hands through his hair, noting the heat radiating from his body.

“Newt,” he whispered gently. “Newt, wake up. We gotta get rid of the fever, buddy.”

The blond boy mumbled something incoherent and then opened his eyes a little, taking in the scene before him. He looked a little confused at first, blinking owlishly.

“Tommy…?” he muttered; his voice dry and hoarse it made Thomas flinch. Minho handed him a full cup of tea and the thermometer without him even asking for it, and Thomas nudged Newt a little.

“Drink this,” he put it into Newt’s hand when he finally unwrapped himself a little from the blankets, and extended a hand towards Minho again for the pills.

“Thanks,” Newt croaked while gulping down the first half of the tea, and with the pill he downed the second as well. “’S cold.”

“I know,” Thomas mumbled, giving Newt the thermometer under his arm, wrapping the blanket back over his shoulders and kissing him on the forehead. “Get some more sleep. It should be fine after you sweat it out.”

“Mmm.” Newt’s expression got a little dreamy and unfocused, but his face broke into a content smile Thomas loved.

“Well, at least you should had some common sense and not get sweaty with the other stuff in this state,” Minho suddenly spoke up and Thomas almost jumped out of his skin how he completely forgot about his presence for the moment.

Newt’s eyes focused back again immediately and his face got blank when he actually gazed at his roommate.

“Anyway, going back down. Come back when you can, hunk,” Minho said, and was that a wink?

Thomas wanted to answer something witty back, but when a slap over his ass landed with an audible smack, all words died in his throat. Minho turned around with a satisfied smirk and left the room, closing the door behind him.

What the…

“Fuck you too, Minho!” a sudden call from Newt brought him back from the shock and he blinked few times when he realized Newt was out of the covers again, looking literally in rage, clutching the blanket in his hands. “He keeps on doing this and I swear to god I will stuff something sharp and pointy into that that stupid face of his.”

“Whoa,” Thomas quickly put his hands on Newt’s shoulders and sat down on the bed in front of him, rubbing his skin reassuringly. “It’s cool, Minho was worried about you, he wanted to check.”

“Yeah, checking, that he did,” Newt grumbled, his eyes still fixed at the closed door and Thomas squeezed a little harder, finally making himself known. Newt’s eyes skimmed back at him, quickly roaming over and then finally relaxing again. “Sorry. I am just so tired, it’s getting me cranky.”

“Drink one more cup at least,” Thomas smiled at him, filling the mug with the warm beverage (they specially waited for it to cool down a little, Teresa insisted, and he now saw why and sent her a mental thank you) and handing it to Newt, taking a thermometer back in return once it
beeped. The blond sipped the tea obediently, looking at him with half lidded eyes, and Thomas glanced quickly at the little display. It showed 101.2, and he frowned a little at that.

“’S pretty good,” Newt said in a quiet voice.

“Ginger tea,” Thomas nodded, putting the thermometer away. “Teresa’s idea.”

“She’s cool,” Newt mumbled, finishing the cup swiftly and licking his lips. “It burns a little.”

“Ginger does that,” Thomas chuckled. “You should be grateful; I had to do a ritual dance around fire, naked and singing for it to brew like it did.”

“And didn’t invite me to watch? That’s just so bloody rude, Tommy,” the blond handed the cup back and pushed himself closer, leaning his head on Thomas’ shoulder and wrapping his arms around him. It was like being covered by a thermal blanket, Thomas thought.

So warm.

“I can repeat the performance for you once you get better,” Thomas whispered into his hair, kissing him there.

“Looking forward to it.”

“Now sleep,” he ordered the blond boy firmly. “I will go back down for something to eat.”

“But you will come back,” Newt squeezed him harder and Thomas chuckled.

“Of course.”

“You will come back right away, yeah?” another ask and a squeeze and Thomas pulled away, earning a whimper in return, and then a moan when he pressed his lips on Newt’s in a firm, quick kiss.

“Right away,” he assured him once they separated. “Sleep.”

Newt held on for a little while longer, watching him with a strange expression on his face, but then he finally released him and buried himself back into covers.

“Tell Teresa she is a goddess,” he mumbled before rolling over and closing his eyes.

“Will do,” Thomas nodded, petting his head softly and getting up.

“And Minho that he is a dickweed and should go flush himself into the toilet.”

Thomas couldn’t stop laughing all the way to the living room.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is prolly pretty uneventful, but! I answered the inquiery about Minho's knowledge of Newt's relationship status at least :D That counts, right? :D But yeah. Fluffiness ensues I suppose :)

Also, I am not very well acquiated with Fahrenheit, we use Celsius in Czech, so I am not sure about the thermometer thing (if the 102.2° is belieavable or not. In Celsius
I’d say 39,5° at least, so if it’s wrong, please tell me :))

Enjoy!
Comments are, as always, loved to the death <3

Edit: Thank you so much LilyGrey for correcting the temperature! I used 101,2, thank you very much again <3
“You are a dickweed,” Thomas uttered, stifling his laugh to deliver the insult intact. “And should go flush yourself into the toilet.” “Wowowowow,” Minho bolted upwards and stared at Thomas with wide, awed eyes. “Man, you are practically married then! He uses this on me only when he is super into the person, that’s awesome.”

Chapter Notes

Rated M, beware (mwuahahaha). See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Did he shout a lot?”

Thomas gave Minho a criticising look before he passed the couch where surprisingly sat only Minho now (well, laid more like it) when the others rested on the ground with laptops. “You are a dickweed,” Thomas uttered, stifling his laugh to deliver the insult intact. “And should go flush yourself into the toilet.” “Wowowowow,” Minho bolted upwards and stared at Thomas with wide, awed eyes. “Man, you are practically married then! He uses this on me only when he is super into the person, that’s awesome.”

“You are happy he is calling you a dickweed?” Chuck piped from watching Winston play from an armchair. “Isn’t that kinda messed up?” “It’s actually brilliant,” Minho opposed, jumping off the sofa and patting Thomas over the back as if he just won the first prize in a rally. “Good job, man, good job.”

“You should sleep here tonight,” Teresa appeared from the kitchen, giving Thomas a bowl with soup (he eyed it warily, waiting for an eye to appear or a finger to swim there, but it smelled surprisingly good and sort of like a chicken). “Or you will catch it.”

“Isn’t a little late for that?” he raised an eyebrow at her. “I mean we already, uh. Did. Something.”

Another commentary full of “ew” and “I just knew it” or “What does he mean?” (oh Chuck, you precious soul) came from the floor where boys sat and he just turned away from them. “Bless you for that,” she smirked slyly, sitting at the empty couch and patting the space next to her. He rolled his eyes at that but sat there anyway, ignoring her smug expression as best as he could. “But apparently you are still fine, so maybe you got lucky.”

“Well, idiots don’t catch colds, maybe it’s saying something,” Minho interjected as he leaned over
the couch backrest. “I think he is perfectly safe.”

“Ah, ah. I get it why Newt is calling you a dickweed,” Thomas shot back with a fake hurt and Minho gave him a smack over his head.

“What I meant,” Teresa sighed, watching those two with exasperated look, “is that we are leaving tomorrow. Or did you forget?”

Thomas did.

***

“That was slow,” Newt grumbled right the second Thomas opened the door. The clock showed half past ten and Thomas had to agree that his “right away” changed into “right when I stop freaking out I’ve just got you and have to leave tomorrow”.

“Sorry,” he apologized with a weak smile and offered the blond boy sitting in the bed a steaming soup in a bowl. “Brought you something to eat.”

Newt dug himself from under covers and Thomas immediately noticed he looked a lot better. His eyes were fully focused, and he clearly saw how his hair was drenched by sweat on his temples and back of his neck.

“The fever is gone?” he asked hopefully and Newt only nodded, tasting the soup carefully. After the first spoon his expression changed into neutrality and he began eat without delay.

“What happened downstairs?” he asked after several seconds of eating and Thomas slowly climbed onto the bed.

“Why do you think something happened?”

“You look down,” Newt shrugged. “And you came back after like… two hours?”

“Sorry about that,” Thomas mumbled guiltily and scooted a little closer, putting his hand on Newt’s back, caressing him slowly. “Just realized…”

Newt stopped eating and stared on him with his brows furrowed. There was something in his eyes Thomas hated to see, a resignation maybe, and it made his throat tighten.

“Realized?” he repeated the word. Thomas felt how his body tensed under his hand and it made him feel even worse.

“It’s Monday tomorrow, I gotta go back home,” he delivered the news hesitantly. “Have a full schedule for the rest of the week. Then school.”

Silence stretched between them and Newt stared a bit more. Then he avoided his eyes and resumed the eating, but his body remained stiff.

“And?”

“What do you mean and?” Thomas blinked and Newt sipped loudly the last three mouthfuls before putting the bowl to the side and glancing back at him.

“Well, what else?” he gestured towards Thomas, suddenly with a very apparent nervousness. “You look like there is something else.”

“There is nothing else,” the brunet assured him with a shake of his head. “I just… I forgot it’s
already Sunday and… this happened and I am… What did you think I wanted to say?"

“That it was a mistake?” Newt shrugged, but his posture was unsure and his eyes a little desperate. “That you, in fact, didn’t mean to… with me, I mean.”

“Are you serious?” Thomas sputtered in shock. “You don’t mean that, do you?”

“I don’t know,” Newt mumbled and curled a little into himself, a position that didn’t suit him and Thomas hated it (hated was a mild word, he despised seeing him insecure and it ignited something protective inside of him it was scary). “I just… got a little scared I guess.”

“Newt, for god’s sake, have a little more faith in me, man,” he dragged his hand through hair with a long, tired sigh (after all he just spent two hours contemplating how to persuade everyone he promised his presence on Monday to shove it up in their asses and stop expecting him to come, because he had a boyfriend – yes, a boyfriend, they established that term with Teresa in a long-ass discussion – who he needed to spend time with). “I am definitely not regretting a bit of what happened, ok? Well, except the fact you got ill, that sucks.”

Newt nodded quietly, but his posture hadn’t changed. He looked too vulnerable and Thomas didn’t know what to do to make him feel sure about this, adamant even, that it’s the right thing; that they came all this way here because it was meant to happen, and neither of them should even think of giving it up.

“Newt,” he called his name warningly. “Get out of that head of yours and talk to me.”

“What’s wrong with my head?” the blond looked at him with a tight expression and Thomas flicked his ear just from the spite of it. The yelp that came from the boy made him smirk and when he attempted to do it one more time to the other ear, Newt caught his hand in a death grip and pushed. Strongly.

Thomas let out an unmanly squeal when he fell over and then an oof when Newt pounced on top of him, holding his hands up his head by his wrists, reminding Thomas of a predator on hunt with how his body curved delicately.

“Well, that worked,” he breathed out, looking back at Newt’s narrowed eyes and wriggled his arms half-heartedly. Newt’s grip tightened. “This is really hot; I hope you do realize that.”

“Is that so?” Newt raised an eyebrow. “Sporting few kinks, aren’t you.”

“Apparently,” Thomas smiled up at him and Newt’s face softened, tension slowly leaving his body and the grip eased off until he let go completely, leaning back to his heels, sitting on Thomas’ legs.

“It’s not I don’t believe you, Tommy. It’s just… you are so open. To everything and everyone,” he muttered barely audible, “and I just… I’d just strap you here and won’t let anyone go near you, and it’s kind of sick and creepy and I don’t want to freak you out, because I am terribly possessive, and it just gets worse by every moment you do something nice for me, and you didn’t do anything else besides nice from the time we met here, and I am babbling, for god’s sake, sorry.”

An abrupt silence filled the room like a heavy curtain and Thomas felt his heart must have stopped for a while, because it suddenly started to pump wildly, in his chest, in his ears, he felt in his temples, the crazy pressure reminding him that something huge just happened.

“Kiss me,” he shot out. Newt flinched at the sudden order, blinking in confusion when it got to him what he just heard.
“What?”

“Kiss me. C’mon. Kiss me, now, Newt, move it, hurry, ki-mphm.”

It started tentative; he could literally feel the insecurity on tip of Newt’s tongue, dripping out from his features, straining his body like an invisible rope, but Thomas was having none of it. He cupped the blonde’s head and angled it just right, slipping his tongue inside his mouth, licking and exploring, and then suddenly as if the switch went off Newt’s kiss became more aggressive and dominant, and Thomas found himself gasping into it from the sheer ferocity and want that Newt poured through it, and it was such an incredible turn on he didn’t even realize he is already pulling at Newt’s (Thomas’, for god’s sake, still his, like a brand, a mark of his, his, his) shirt, scrambling for the naked skin under his palms.

And Newt moaned rich and deep when Thomas’ hands suddenly latched themselves down to his ass and pulled him closer. They broke apart, breathing heavily, but neither of them realized the kiss ended because the sudden frenzy stayed. Thomas pulled Newt’s shirt off with a quick move and sat up to lick and bite at the newly exposed skin of his chest, feeling the tugging on his own top garment. He pulled away just for the second so his shirt could join the other one on the ground (or somewhere where it landed, who cares, Newt was there, on him, and he was so sexy and needy it basically fried Thomas’ brain cells just by looking at him, trying to understand) and resumed the exploration, all the contours and dips, and the taste was intoxicating, and Newt’s voice sounded so good to his ears.

“My,” he whispered against Newt’s neck, sucking there insistently until Newt let out a yelp and Thomas let go, leaving yet another hickey for everyone to see, aggressively red.

“Mine,” he repeated when flipped them over, trapping Newt under him, tugging urgently on his sweat-pants, nipping at his shoulders.

“Oh my god,” Newt groaned when Thomas growled it again to his ear, a possessiveness claiming him like a prison cage he never wanted to leave. “Yes, yes, yes.”

He took Newt into his hand, a sure and firm grip, and the blond swore under his breath, scrambling to get a good hold of Thomas’ back, and threw his head back in an ecstasy, shuddering with each stroke and pull, repeating Thomas’ name over and over again. It was so hot and needy and when Thomas claimed his lips in another kiss the whole world shrank to this place, this bed, this concrete person writhing under him and moaning, and when the air got pierced with a litany of swear words, each of them louder than the next, and ended it with: “I loveyouIloveyouIloveyou” Thomas lost it.

***

“Aww, morning sweethearts,” Minho cooed from the table while he poured milk on his cereals, and Thomas didn’t even need to wait for others to immediately start making kissing noises at them. Newt rubbed his eyes sleepily, looking back at Thomas, probably for an explanation or something, but the brunet only shrugged and took his hand.

Another wave of comments like “that’s so elementary school” or “where is your sign with just married?” came their way, but Thomas stubbornly led forward and seated both of them next to each other at the end of the table. Teresa sent him a big, bright smile and pushed a pan with scrambled eggs towards them.

“Are you going to feed him too, Thomas?” Ben giggled from the opposite side of the table and Thomas rolled his eyes while pouring a cup of coffee into the mug.
“Had all of them got their brain eaten over the night it’s just the degenerative result of Minho’s influence?” Newt commented with a raised eyebrow and Thomas snorted when Minho shot Newt an offended look with toast stuffed into his mouth (threat level: zero).

“That’s just their immature way of showing support,” Teresa explained calmly and pushed another mug of a steaming liquid towards Newt. “Your tea.”

“You are the best,” he smiled at her happily when he realized it’s the ginger one and Thomas grinned when he noticed the pink tint on Teresa’s cheeks. “Chuck already left?”

“Yesterday evening,” Winston confirmed. “His parents picked him up. Said we should tell you bye and get well soon. Or something along the lines.”

“Was much more expressive,” Thomas assured him in a lower voice. “But without using all the words he did, yeah, that’s basically what he said.”

“Too bad,” Newt sipped his tea. “Will talk to him in game next time.”

“You also ready to leave?” Teresa asked, sounding a little unsure, and Thomas nodded.

“Yeah, work to do, people to see,” he said with a sigh. “As if they couldn’t do it without me.”

“Or just couldn’t send you the marks from school and money from work,” Newt added with a grin. “People are inconsiderate these days.”

“I know, right?” he smiled fondly at the blond and got a lot of coughs and throat clearings when Newt smiled back and nudged his shoulder with his.

“I thought we can take the bus at 3 PM,” Teresa offered. “We would get home at considerable time.”

“Alright,” Thomas nodded and beamed reassuringly at her. She looked strangely down, but he couldn’t blame her. Even after such short amount of time they both grew used to this place, and all people in it, so a sudden return to their normal lives surely left a bitter taste for both of them.

The breakfast resumed its usual pace and Thomas felt fuzziness in his chest at such display. The thought of how he used to dislike IRL meetings now seemed small and stupid, because, hell, this one had been hell of a ride!

He squeezed Newt’s hand under the table and Newt smiled at him with almost private small smile curling corners of his mouth up. Why would he be sad anyway? He was in love with the most amazing person in the world.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone. Every single one of you for your support and kind comments and everything. This creation wouldn’t be what it is without you, without your likes and comments and the endless support and excitement, and every comment I got lifted my spirits and made me want to continue.

This chapter is the last one, the only thing that is missing now is the epilogue.

Words are not enough for me to express how grateful I am! You are the best, and I
would hug you all if I could <3
I hope you enjoyed the ride as much as I did, and I certainly hope you will enjoy all
pieces that comes after this, and I will try to give all of you my best and hardest to
keep the story interesting :)

One more thing before I go melt somewhere - prompts are still open for another AU.
If you have an idea, don't be shy and tell me. The more challenging the better :) 
Thank you all so much again and have an amazing day! <3
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

“It worked out, didn’t it,” Minho said next to her in a surprisingly quiet voice. “I had my doubts, but it did.”

“Yeah. Think they are going to make it?” she looked at him, noting how relaxed and actually pleased his expression was.

“Psh. Give it few years and we will get a wedding invitation,” the serenity of his voice disappeared, and the typical grin returned in full force.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“God, the thought!”

“I am sorry, I didn’t even realize…”

“Without a phone number, the thought Tommy!”

“I know!”

Thomas burst into fit of laughter, hiccupping with failed attempts to stop it, and Newt meanwhile fiddled with his phone, brows furrowed in concentration, clicking away. Teresa hid her amused smile behind a coca cola can, but hadn’t averted her eyes.

She knew Thomas for a year already even that their school interaction never excelled; they both found the same interest in TERA and bonded over it. Now she couldn’t have been happier with the outcome of an IRL meeting, besides getting to know an awesome bunch of people she also witnessed the most ridiculous and sweetest falling in love in her life.

“Wish I got to experience something like that too,” she pouted a little, staring at her can. The busy bus station got even fuller with all of them coming to see Teresa and Thomas off, and even that she felt content, a pang of a sudden loss made her a little sad anyway. She grew fond of every single Maze Runner she met, and couldn’t even imagine how hard it has to be for Thomas to actually leave Newt here. She wasn’t stupid, they didn’t live that far from each other and she knew they were going to meet when they can, but it still had to feel a little heart-breaking. She saw it when these two thought no one is looking – the longing and sad little smiles, lingering touches here and there.

“Oh c’mon, it’s not like it’s difficult,” she heard Thomas exclaiming in a lower voice and she tilted her head to hear them better (screw manners, she just loved to get some info, even though she wasn’t as big “gossip girl” as Thomas kept on implying, she just preferred to stay informed).

“Riiiight. Says a guy who came untouched in his pants yesterday,” Newt retorted and even that she couldn’t see him, the smirk was evident even in his tone.

“Oh c’mon, it’s not like it’s difficult,” she heard Thomas exclaiming in a lower voice and she tilted her head to hear them better (screw manners, she just loved to get some info, even though she wasn’t as big “gossip girl” as Thomas kept on implying, she just preferred to stay informed).

“Riiiight. Says a guy who came untouched in his pants yesterday,” Newt retorted and even that she couldn’t see him, the smirk was evident even in his tone.

“Wha-hey, that’s not fair,” Thomas grumbled. “It’s not like I needed some extra help with that.”

“It’s not like I blame you,” Newt chucked. “It’s adorable.”
“It was your fault anyway.”

“My fault? Who begged me for a kiss?”

She had to stifle a laugh when Thomas groaned and Newt chuckled, cooing at his boyfriend teasingly.

They did, in fact, talk about the boyfriend term yesterday. Thomas kept on circling around it, trying all possibilities, from partner to lover (“What, are you from 60’s or something? How about my beloved? He could call himself Mr. Darcy.”), until they settled on the practical (and also a little childish) phrase a boyfriend. Thomas made a face at it at first, but after few tries he actually took a liking to it.

“It got delayed only for 15 minutes,” Minho suddenly appeared in the waiting room, a little out of breath from the running around the bus station, trying to get the needed info, and the rest of the boys caught up with him a minute later. Their bus should had left already, but it got stuck somewhere outside the city, so they had to wait without any knowledge of how long is it going to take.

“So get ready, it should be here soon.”

“Damn, the assassination on the bus driver must have failed,” Newt uttered, standing next to Thomas who smiled at him stupidly (he had that expression for some time already, basically since this morning) and Teresa immediately noticed their joined hands. When she looked back up, Newt was watching her with a smirk on his face, apparently very well aware of her constant surveillance. He looked happy, a lot happier than when she first saw him, and it surprisingly saddened her on his account that he had to stay here, when Thomas was leaving.

“There it goes!” Winston informed them loudly when the silver vehicle approached the station, and Teresa got suddenly crushed in a hug. Minho lifted her from the ground and spun her around before setting back and grinning goofily.

“See ya in game, Wildfire,” he tapped a finger against her shoulder, using a nickname that spread through the Maze Runners guild in a speed of light the morning she got drenched by the water wake-up call.

“Yes, leader,” she saluted him back with a smile and caught a glimpse of the boys saying their goodbyes to Thomas with lots of shoulder patting and loud exclamation of “protecting Newt’s virtue” (“His what? You must be mistaken.” “Whaaaaaat.”).

“It worked out, didn’t it,” Minho said next to her in a surprisingly quiet voice. “I had my doubts, but it did.”

“Yeah. Think they are going to make it?” she looked at him, noting how relaxed and actually pleased his expression was.

“Psh. Give it few years and we will get a wedding invitation,” the serenity of his voice disappeared, and the typical grin returned in full force. “Have to teach Newt how to use skype. He refused to install it once I told him about it.”

“Pretty sure Thomas already mentioned that to him,” she giggled, recalling the conversation she overheard before they left for the station (“What do you mean? How do we talk over webcam when not with skype?” “But skype is garbage!” “But I want to see you more than just once a month!””).
“What are you two gossiping about?” Newt’s voice interrupted their conversation, standing there with his arms crossed on his chest.

“Your firstborn’s name of course,” Minho shot back with a laugh, making Newt to roll his eyes.

The rest of the boys meanwhile aimed at Teresa and she got handed from hug to hug until they were satisfied and only Newt remained.

“Well, take care,” he told her with a smile. “Thanks for the miraculous tea.”

She smiled back and pulled him into a hug, even that he didn’t really look like he appreciated the effort with how stiff he became.

“Teresa is a nice name by the way,” she remarked with a wink and laughed when Newt groaned and wriggled out her embrace. “Will see you in the guild, Badland.”

“Of course,” he sighed with a faked exasperation, and his face changed rapidly into a startled one when Thomas’ hands encircled his waist.

“Excuse us,” Thomas said without waiting for a reply and Teresa snickered, watching Thomas dragging Newt away from the crowd with a hilarious manhandling.

“Get your phone ready,” Minho muttered while taking his own cell out, readying the camera. “This is going to be a perfect blackmail material.”

She didn’t doubt it, and actually joined the rest of their group with applause and whistling when Thomas lifted Newt up and kissed him soundly. Even that other passengers stared at the display a little warily, the two evidently didn’t care, because it took Newt only a fraction of a second to put his hands on Thomas’ shoulders and then at nape of his neck and kiss back.

***

“So bold, Tommy,” Teresa cooed, sitting comfortably in her seat and Thomas smiled at her:

“So worth it. You have no idea how much.”

Finis

Chapter End Notes

And that’s about it :) 
This is the end of the Online series, and I can’t thank you all enough for all the kind comments and support you have given me. I enjoy writing these two, so there should be a new bit tomorrow (aka new story), or the day after (well, first part, that is. Sadly, I can’t write short stuff when it doesn’t have origins like this one. For the Online I am already planning some fluffy one shots along the way, but that’s because it has some background already :)).

So... I’ve probably spilled it all in the previous chapter’s notes, but waaaah. I love
you all. I can't thank you enough. I wouldn't be able to finish it without your support. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. So, so, so, so much <3

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