Slowly But Surely

by moretrash

Summary

Virgil is a cuddler. Like, the biggest cuddler ever. Slow but surely, he's learning that this is okay.

Notes

I think I have an obsession with Virgil fluff please help

Virgil knew that cuddling with Patton was okay. It was almost an instinctual type of knowledge. If anything, Patton was a bugger cuddler than he was. Even before he had gotten comfortable with cuddling, Patton would pull him onto the couch and just hug him. That's it. And it'd confuse him, because why would anyone want to cuddle with him?

Because he was loved, his mind supplied. This was a fact that came to him much later than the others would have liked, but it came to him nonetheless.

His own form of cuddling would start as subtle, gentle signs that he wanted to cuddle.

First step: sit next to whoever it was he wanted to cuddle with.

This was the easy part in Virgil's mind.

Even with the four if them, the couch in the mindscape still was not filled. He could easily take a
seat in the spot next to them instead of on the other side of the couch.

Step two: attempt to initiate contact.

This was significantly harder. What if they didn't want to touch him? While he had been used to rejection on the point before he became closer with the three other sides, he had been pleasantly surprised.

He would do something small. Lean his head on their shoulder, or place his arm in their lap. It was hard to do with a fear of rejection, but he tried his best to do it.

And sometimes he couldn't. That was okay, though. There was always another time.

Step three: if no response is given with contact, hug said person.

This was Virgil's favorite part. The time he got to curl up against someone, hugging them. He often drifted to sleep like that.

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It was easy with Patton.

The father-like side was sitting on the couch, watching TV. So, Virgil initiated his first step.

It got a good response, to say the least.

Patton grinned and wrapped an arm around Virgil's shoulders, pulling him close. "Hey there kiddo!" He'd exclaimed brightly.

Virgil was shocked, but glad that he didn't have to go through the steps on his own.

So, he relaxed in Patton's arms, leaning against him. The comforting warmth of another person never failed to relax him, his muscles untensing as he melted into Patton's embrace.

This was so nice. He loved it.

Before he knew it, he had fallen asleep on the other trait. And it didn't surprise him when he woke up and he was tucked under the blankets of what was unmistakably Patton's bed.

And Patton was asleep next to him, an arm wrapped around him. It kept nightmares and worries at bay, somehow. He couldn't explain it, but the feeling was there.

He knew from then on that it would be easy to get cuddles from Patton.

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It was a bit more difficult with Logan.

After all, Logan was logic, he didn't understand feelings, least of all affection. And while Virgil wanted to change that, it wasn't simple. Logan was just too grounded into reality. So much so that Virgil was pretty sure that if Logan's grounded-ness was a hole, it would reach the core of the Earth.

Nonetheless, he tried to get a cuddle from the stoic man.

Step one was ignored. Logan couldn't care less if someone sat next to him.
Step two caused Logan to pause, his hands hovering over the keyboard on his laptop.

"Would you like help with something?" He asked as Virgil laid his head against his shoulder. Virgil simply shook his head, fiddling with the soft hood of his jacket.

They stayed like that for a few minutes. Slowly, Logan relaxed and continued his work. It looked like some type of table. Virgil couldn't tell, though.

Step three was a bit harder. He'd gently wrapped his arms around Logan's shoulders, slumping against him.

Logan paused again, glancing at Virgil. "What exactly is it that you're doing?" He asked. Virgil smirked.

"I'm giving you a hug. As logic, you should have figured that part out," Virgil said simply, his face flushing red.


Virgil groaned a bit. "Logan, just tell me if you don't want to hug me, goddamn." He said.

Logan sighed. "Virgil, that is not what I meant. You're flushed, so you might be sick." He pointed out, wrapping an arm loosely around Virgil's waist.

Virgil huffed, hating the logical side's... well, logic. But the hug did feel nice. He loved it.

He didn't fall asleep this time. No, Logan's grip was far too stiff for that.

He simply sat there, listening to the steady sound of Logan typing.

And he was happy this way too, he realized.

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Approaching Roman in general filled Virgil with a feeling of sadness. It wasn't anxiety, no, that felt different. It was more... anticipation. Because for so long, Roman had done nothing but insult him.

His eyeshadow, his clothes, his personality. All of it had been insulted at some point.

Virgil was used to it at this point. But that didn't mean it didn't hurt him.

So, trying to get a cuddle from Roman had downright terrified him.

But, he had to accept him at some point, right?

So, with this thought repeating in his mind, he settled himself in the seat next to Roman at the dinner table, a bowl of cereal placed in front of him. Roman didn't seem to notice. And if he did, he didn't say anything.

Virgil had to take a minute to calm his racing mind before attempting contact. No matter what, he couldn't stop overthinking. What if he insulted him again? Oh, god, he didn't think he could handle it that day. He had been feeling upset since he woke up, and all he wanted was a bit of comfort. If this failed, Patton or Logan would surely come to help him, right?

No, his mind told him. They're faking it. They hate you.
Virgil closed his eyes, starting on his 4-7-8 breathing pattern in an attempt to calm himself down. It worked, somewhat. And he was proud of himself that he could start his breathing before he sent himself into a panic attack over his thinking.

Patton and Logan would be proud if he told them.

But Virgil knew that he would never get anywhere with Roman if he didn't try.

So, he gently placed his arm in Roman's lap. He wasn't surprised when Roman grabbed his sleeve and put his arm back on his lap.

So, he tried to lean his head on Roman's shoulder. Except, he forgot one key thing.

He hadn't yet washed his hair. He normally did it after he had breakfast, and his hair was slightly dirty. Of course Roman would flip out over something slightly dirty touching his pristine clothes.

Roman shoved him roughly, his words now a blur to Virgil's mind at the feeling of being knocked out his chair.

Oh god, this had gone worse than he thought it would.

Frantically, he tried to steady his breathing with the same technique. However, it turned into more of a 3-9-4-5-6 type of thing. Just a jumble of breathing in and out. He couldn't have a panic attack in front of Roman. Dear god, out of anything that could have happened, why did it have to be this?

Roman paused in his tracks when he saw Virgil. He was breathing erratically, though he seemed to be trying to get a rhythm. His eyes seemed to have taken on a far away look, and Roman knew that nothing he said would get through to him at the moment.

He hesitantly crouched in front of Virgil.

"Hey, uh... breathe? Its okay. 4.... 7? Yeah, 7.... 8...." he said, his voice soft as he tried to both help Virgil and remember what the others did when Virgil got like this.

Stay a good distance away to avoid panicking him more? Check.

Telling him to breathe in a certain rhythm? Check.

What was he missing then?

And it clicked as Virgil inched closer to him as his breathing evened out.

Virgil would want to cuddle.

Roman smiled and gently held out a hand, helping the slightly shaking man to his feet, murmuring apologies.

He led him to the couch, humming quietly as he draped Virgil in a blanket and letting him curl up against him.

He felt horrible, and Virgil knew he did. He curled up hesitantly. Though this was a beginning, it'd get easier to cuddle.

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It was a week after all of the sudes had agreed to be in a relationship together. It had taken a lot of
reassurance that people wouldn't be intruding, but so far it had been peaceful.

And then Virgil got sick.

It wasn't often that sides got sick. But when they did, it hit them hard, and often lasted for several days.

Just his luck, Virgil had gotten sick. He hated it so much, but maybe he didn't have to anymore. The other three sides would take care of him, right?

He thought so, anyway.

The other sides were slightly worried when Virgil didn't make an appearance until two o'clock in the afternoon. When they saw him, though, they knew immediately what was wrong.

Virgil's skin was flushed pink from a fever. His nose was running and he was crying from the misery of being sick. His movements were slow and clumsy, and he was coughing up a storm. He wasn't wearing his hoodie for once, too sweaty and hot to even think about it.

Patton moved forward and held out Virgil so that he wouldn't fall, guiding him to lay on the blanket nest they had made in the living room. He draped one of the many blankets over the shivering side, frowning. Logan left the room and came back with cold and flu medicine. Luckily, Virgil never put up a fight about taking medicine, so it was easy to get him to swallow the pill.

Roman laid next to Virgil, holding him securely against his chest.

Patton laid on Virgil's other side, with Logan letting Virgil use his lap as a pillow.

And Virgil knew that he had made the right choice by letting himself be a part of this amazing relationship that was blossoming.

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