

Somebody Loves You

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Snapshots of Chris and Darren based on various prompts.

<http://archiveofourown.org/series/235335>

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Part 1: Who's around when the day feels long?

It had been one of those weekends they couldn't spend together, which meant they only called each other a couple of times and, having different schedules on Monday, they didn't even get to see each other in the morning. Usually Darren still stopped by his set to say "hi" and when it didn't happen, Chris started to get worried a little.

Once he was done shooting, he decided to go look for his boyfriend. But when he reached the choir room set, Darren wasn't there.

"Hey, you looking for Darren?" Cory asked, walking up to him.

"Hey, yes. I still haven't seen him." Chris nodded, still looking around the room.

"Ha, that explains why he's here." Cory sighed, shaking his head. "He's as stubborn as you, though. I swear you'd still come to work with both your legs broken."

"I did a number with a broken wrist and a sprained ankle." Chris replied without even thinking.

"Exactly." Cory laughed.

"Chris?"

Chris turned only to see Darren looking up at him, his eyes teary and his nose and cheeks a little bit pinker than the rest of his face, even with the make up on. "Dare." Chris sighed, stepping closer to him.

"What are you doing here?" Darren asked, confused. His voice sounded so rough and strained, Chris just knew he was sick.

"What are *you* doing here?" He replied, carefully touching Darren's cheeks, trying not to mess up his make up. "God you're burning up."

"I'm fine." Darren sniffled, batting away Chris' hands. "Lydia will kill you if you mess my make up." He added, covering his mouth with his hand as he coughed.

"Jesus, Dare." Chris sighed. "Why didn't you tell me you were sick?"

"I'm not." Darren shrugged, stepping away from Chris and letting the make up crew give him the last touches.

"It's like a déjà vu." Cory chuckled, patting Chris on the back. "Only last time, it was you in his position."

"Fuck off." Chris pouted, letting the cast and crew take position to start shooting.

"Come on. It's only one scene." Cory reassured him, smiling one last time before joining the others.

But Cory probably didn't consider how long it would take to shoot only one scene.

"I start sitting at the piano, right?" Darren asked, frowning in concentration.

"Yes. And then you kick the stool back and start going around. Like we rehearsed earlier." Brooke answered.

"Okay, okay, yeah." Darren nodded, taking his position.

"Action."

The first try went pretty well, or so Chris thought.

"You were a little bit off the whole time, Darren. One more time."

Darren nodded and redid it. Five times. From the same angle.

"Okay, this was good." The director called, making Chris sigh in relief.

Darren was already in position again, waiting for the cameras to change angle.

"No, hey, take a break." Brooke said, everyone else agreeing with her. "You look like you're gonna pass out any second now."

"Reminds me of someone." Kevin pointed out.

"I know right?" Cory chuckled.

"Shut up." Chris hissed, glaring at them. "Here, drink this." He worried, giving a bottle of Gatorade to his boyfriend, helping him to hold the bottle up to his lips as he sat down on the stool next to him.

"Thanks." Darren whispered once he was done drinking.

"You're sweating a lot. You need to at least keep hydrated." Chris smiled, kissing his temple, tasting the salt of his sweat.

Darren turned his head to cough and it didn't sound good. Not even remotely good.

"You are so going to regret this." Chris sighed, moving to let room to the make up crew.

"Thank god I got you to take care of me, then." Darren smirked, before starting to cough again.

It went on like that for five more hours, Ryan giving Darren as many breaks as he needed, even if Darren was getting worse with the time passing. Chris stayed there behind the cameras, making sure his idiotic boyfriend at least kept hydrated and drying his burning hot forehead. Finally, around 8 pm, Ryan called it a day, saying they could work with what they had.

"Thank you for still doing this, Darren. I really appreciate it." He nodded, patting him on the shoulder.

"It's my job." Darren shrugged, taking off the hat and passing it to Lydia.

"Now go take some rest. And I don't want to see you for at least the next three days." He chided, sharing a look with Chris before leaving them.

"I really can't wait to just lay down on bed." Darren admitted to Chris, his chuckle soon turning into another coughing fit.

Chris just sighed again, maneuvering his boyfriend out of set and to their trailers. He realised he too was still in his Kurt clothes. "Come on. Let's get changed and go home."

"Yes." Darren yawned, leaning more into Chris' touch and putting most of his weight on him.

Chris bit his lip, making sure no one was around, before hoisting Darren up in his arms, carrying him to their trailer. "Thank god you're so tiny." He smiled, letting Darren rest his head against his shoulder, already dozing off. He could feel the warmth of his forehead against his skin. "Shit." He hissed, opening the door to the trailer and laying Darren on the couch they had there. He then quickly changed both of them into their cloths, Darren completely out of it, making it more difficult for Chris. "Honey? You still with me?" Chris called softly, lacing his boyfriend's shoes.

"Mmmyeah." Darren mumbled, starting to shiver.

"God, here." Chris took one of the blankets they kept on the couch for their naps and wrapped it tightly around Darren's shoulders. "Jesus, baby. You're so fucking hot."

"Thanks." Darren grinned, a coughing fit making him sit up and shiver even harder.

"There, there. Just take deep breaths." Chris tried to calm him, drawing circles on his back and holding his hand, once Darren was done. "Okay?"

"Yeah." Darren nodded, wincing when he tried to stand up with Chris' help.

"Easy." Chris chided softly. "Oh screw it." He took out his car keys from his pocket, passing them to Darren. "Hold these?" Darren nodded, looking confused. "Here." He hoisted him up again, putting Darren's arms around his own neck. "Hold on tight, okay?"

"Kay." Darren sniffled, hiding his face into Chris' neck once he passed the keys back.

"Let's go."

"Hey, you need any help?" Cory asked as they got out of the trailer.

"No. I got him." Chris replied, holding tighter onto his boyfriend.

"You sure?" Kevin worried, sharing a glance with Cory and Jenna, who was also standing there looking really worried.

"Yeah." Chris gave them a quick nod, opening his car and carefully putting Darren down, securing the safety-belt and making sure he was comfortable. He took off his own hoodie and added it to the blanket covering Darren. "You cold?"

"No. It's okay." Darren shook his head, curling on the seat and starting to doze off again.

"Okay." Chris closed the car door, waving to his friends.

"Take care." Jenna smiled.

"Will do." Chris nodded, getting into his car as well.

He drove to Darren's apartment, knowing that Joey and Liam were there and could go out to get medicine if they needed it while he could stay with Darren. He knew driving around LA could be risky, but there was no way he could just call a cab to take him home.

Once they got there, he carried Darren out of the car and up the stairs, knocking on the door to his apartment with his foot.

"Jesus, we were starting to..." Joey greeted him, opening the door. "...get worried." He finished, looking from Darren's sleeping figure to Chris' face. "What the fuck happened?"

"He came to work with a fever, that's what happened." Chris hissed, getting inside.

"Yeah, we know." Liam said.

"What do you mean you know?" Chris glared, readjusting Darren in his arms.

"He had 103 this morning. But he said he only had one quick scene." Joey shrugged.

"103??" Chris gasped. "Jesus, Dare."

"It wasn't just a quick scene, was it?" Liam asked, scratching the back of his neck.

"What do you think?" Chris snapped, starting to walk towards Darren's room.

"Shit." Joey sighed, following them. "Look, man, we tried to convince him and I even tried to call you, but you never answered."

Chris felt guilty, because he hadn't checked his phone, too busy making sure his boyfriend wouldn't pass out. "Sorry. It just was a long day."

"You want me to call his mother?"

"Nooo." Darren whined as Chris lowered him on his bed, taking off his shoes and covering him in blankets. "Not mom."

"Chris?" Joey looked at him, checking what to do.

"I'll take care of him, don't worry." Chris sighed. "Just... could you get me something for his fever and a bottle of water."

"Yeah, sure."

"Thanks."

Chris waited for Joey to come back with everything, helping Darren to swallow the pill and drink some water. Once they were alone again, he took off his clothes and shoes, laying beside Darren. "I should have let him call your mother." He whispered, letting Darren cuddle up to his side, his head resting on his chest.

"No."

"She gets really scary when she's pissed." Chris giggled, kissing the top of Darren's head, pulling away immediately as he tasted Blaine's hair gel. "I hate this fucking gel."

"Me too."

"Next time don't fucking come to work like this, then." Chris chided, hugging him tightly.

"Kay mom."

"Did you just call me mom?" Chris snorted, kissing his temple instead.

"You get scary when you're pissed too." Darren yawned.

"Then don't piss me off." Chris said.

"You can't stay pissed at me. I'm sick." Chris felt Darren's lips turn up into a half smile.

"But you're also an idiot."

"I know."

They stayed quiet for a few moments, before Chris broke. "You know I'm pissed just because I love you, right?" He whispered, kissing Darren's hot temple again.

"I know."

"Good." Chris nodded, starting to feel sleepy himself.

"Love you too." Darren sighed.

"I know, but just..." He stopped talking when Darren's answer was a loud snore. "Sweet dreams, you baby."

Part 2: Who's around when you can't be strong?

"Dare, honey, did you use the laptop earlier?"

Darren looked up from the crosswords he was doing – his therapist said it was good for him, but honestly, it just made him angrier with himself – to find his husband in front of him, a worried look on his face. "Um, maybe?" Darren couldn't remember it. Like most things those days.

Chris sighed, sitting down on the couch next to Darren. "Dare."

"Oh god. Did I leave porn open on the desktop?" Darren laughed, trying to get a smile out of his husband. But it didn't work.

Chris looked down at his fidgeting and trembling fingers – his arthrosis was getting worse too. "Dare, why did you look for a nursing home?" He asked, his eyes staring up at him again.

Darren froze. He had totally forgotten about that. He turned his head away from Chris, pushing his glasses up his nose. "Oh."

"Honey..." Chris shifted closer to his husband, his hands taking the crosswords from Darren's and putting it down on the coffee table, only to go back to Darren's right hand again and holding it tightly. "If I were anyone else, I would probably worry you were trying to send me to a nursing home, but we've been married for forty-seven years now and I know you. Dare, look at me." He whispered, squeezing Darren's hand gently. Darren did, sniffing a little. "Why would you want to go to a nursing home? You think I can't take care of you anymore?" His voice cracked a little and Darren wanted to cry, because that wasn't the reason.

"No, no, Chris, no." He shook his head, turning his body towards his husband more and squeezing his hands back. "That's not..." He took a deep breath. "It's just...I am the reason."

"What...?" Chris' eyes stared back at him, confused and hurt.

"I need to be taken care of."

"And I can do that, Dare, I can--"

"No." Darren interrupted him, bringing Chris' hand up to his lips and kissing it. "I know you can take care of me. You have been taking care of me for fifty years now. I mean, I've always been such a mess."

"That's not true." Chris smiled.

"Yeah. But, you know..." Darren stopped, trying to find the right words. Chris' thumb started to gently brush against Darren's knuckles, the movement calming him. "I'm becoming a burden for you, Chris." He finally said.

"Dare, no..."

"Yes." Darren nodded, pushing his glasses up again. "You barely even go out of the house."

"I'm seventy-three. Where the fuck do you think I would go?" Chris scoffed, his grumpy attitude making Darren smile a little. "And you have always been one of the few reasons that got me out of the house in the first place. Even when we were young. And you know that."

Darren looked away, sniffing. "Yeah."

"Darren. I don't give a shit about going out." Chris insisted, getting even closer to his husband.

"It's just not fair." Darren whimpered and, god, he hated this. He hated sounding so broken and miserable. He hated how much of a burden he had become for Chris. He hated forgetting things. He hated losing his own train of thoughts. He just hated himself. And he also hated how easily he could lose focus during a conversation and completely forget what it was about. He blinked at Chris, who was still talking.

"Dare?" He put a hand on Darren's cheek, the warmth of his skin making Darren lean into the touch. "You still here with me?"

Darren shook his head. "No. Sorry."

Chris smiled, but couldn't hide the hurt in his eyes. "It's okay. We were talking about why you were looking for a nursing home in our zone."

"Oh, shit. Yeah." Darren tried to focus on Chris' face, biting down on his lip to concentrate. "I just don't want to be a burden for you, anymore."

"But you are not." Chris reassured him. "You are not a burden for me, Dare."

"Yes. I can't even fucking hold a conversation anymore." Darren snapped, his voice rising a little.

"And I can't fucking dress on my own. Or cook. Or do anything really." Chris replied, his voice more firm now. "And guess who's always there to help me? You."

Darren shook his head. "Chris..."

"I need you as much as you need me, Dare." Chris tried to catch Darren's eyes again. "Understood?"

"But..."

"No." Chris smiled and this time it was a genuine smile. "No more buts. I need you. And you need me. We just fucking need each other, Dare. And guess what? It's okay. It's okay because we work so fucking good together. We fucking complete each other. Like puzzle pieces, remember?"

"Yes. Yes, I remember." Darren nodded, smiling too. "The song...the song I first sang to you."

"Yes." Chris' grin got even wider, making his eyes squinty and the wrinkles around them deepen. And Darren loved this. He loved seeing his husband smile and be happy. He loved his husband.

"I love you." He whispered.

"I love you too." Chris kissed his lips softly, just a peck. "And...if you think we can't take care of each other anymore or that we need more help... we can talk with Em and Luke."

Darren stared at him, confused.

"We either both go to a nursing home or we get someone to come here and help us out. But we stay together." He explained softly, yet assertively. "In sickness and health. Always. Okay?"

Darren nodded. "Okay."

"Yes?"

"Yes." Darren just hugged his husband tightly, starting to cry. "Thank you. I wasn't ready to leave." He sobbed.

"Dare, honey." Chris hugged him back, kissing his temple a couple of times. "It's okay. I got you. And you got me, right?"

"Yes. Always." He whispered, feeling exhausted and fuzzy. He always did after long periods of focus. Or at least, long for his terms. "Love you."

"I love you too."

Part 3: Who's around when you're losing your mind?

"I still can't believe I actually got the part." Darren mused, grinning.

"Well, I can." Chris smiled at him, kissing his cheek. "You deserved it, Dare." He added, a proud smirk taking over his face.

Darren blushed, lowering his head and scratching the back of his neck. "I'm just really lucky, I guess."

"And fucking talented." Chris whispered, shifting closer to him on the bed.

Darren let out a soft laugh, looking back up at his boyfriend. "I'm kinda scared though." He admitted.

"You're gonna kill it, Dare." Chris reassured him.

"Yeah but what if I forget the lyrics to a song? Or I fall on my ass while wearing those heels? Have you seen those heels? They are fucking high! And fishnets, Chris! I'm definitely going to fuck up something I just know I'm going to-"

Chris interrupted his boyfriend's ramblings by finally stripping the wax strip on his leg.

"Jesus fuck motherfucker shit fuck." Darren swore, his whole body tensing. "Why didn't you warn me, fucking shit."

Chris rolled his eyes. "Here." He leaned down, leaving a kiss on Darren's shin. "Kissed it better."

"Ugh it still fucking hurts. You're such an asshole." Darren whined.

"Oh shut up, you baby. And turn, so I can get the back." He sighed, maneuvering Darren's body.

"I'm gonna have to wax more often." Darren realised, his eyes wide with horror. "Oh my god."

Chris applied another strip on Darren's calf, leaning down again to kiss his boyfriend on the lips. Even if the angle was a little bit off, he let Darren deepen the kiss, biting down on his lower lip, before ripping the strip off.

"Oh shit." Darren groaned, lowering his head over his bent arms. "I hate this." He pouted, turning over again so that Chris could get to his other leg.

"Oh shut up before I wax your pubes as well." Chris glared at him, effectively making Darren shut up. "At least I wouldn't choke on your pubic hairs anymore." He whispered, applying another strip.

"Oh come on! It only happened once!" Darren protested.

"And it was enough." Chris couldn't hide his smirk, Darren catching a playful glint in his eyes.

"Ugh." Darren rolled his before going back to swearing like a sailor as Chris ripped off the wax. "I'm gonna need a lot of messages after this, cause it hurts like hell." He moaned.

"I was actually thinking about it. And maybe I'll even try not to choke on your unshaven dick." He smirked, pecking Darren's grin.

"I love the sound of that." He whispered, still smirking.

"I love the sounds you make when I do that." Chris beamed.

"Me too-oh shit fucking christ when did you even get that on me fuck shit uuuugh."

Part 4: Who cares that you get home safe?

Darren got into action as soon as Chris hit the ground, passing crew members and coworkers, probably running into them in his rush. "Chris, hey, you okay?" He asked, holding out a hand to help Chris up.

"Yeah, yeah. Just hurt my dignity." Chris sighed, grimacing a little as he got to his feet.

"You sure?" Darren worried, studying his boyfriend to make sure he was, indeed, okay.

Chris nodded, hissing as Darren let go of him. "Ouch."

"You okay, Chris? We can go again?" Ryan called, as Zach jogged up to them to get a better look at Chris.

"Yeah, yeah. Okay." Chris nodded again, but Darren caught another grimace he tried to hide.

"You hurt your ankle?" Zach asked, kneeling in front of him.

"No, no, it's fine." Chris tried to play it down, but Darren knew him.

He made Chris sit down again, helping him and getting on his knees too. "You think it's broken?" He worried, unzipping Chris' boot and taking it off.

"No, it's probably just sprained." Zach sighed, moving Darren's hands away to gently examine Chris' ankle.

"You think I should drive him to the hospital?" Darren bit his lip, looking at Zach, who just sighed again.

"Yeah, I highly recommend it."

Darren nodded, carefully rolling Chris' leg-pant up to get a better look at his ankle.

"You two know I'm right here and I can hear everything, right?" Chris hissed, glaring at them both.

"We can do the number another day, maybe?" Cory proposed, standing over them.

"Yeah, I think we can arrange it." Ryan nodded, ready to call everyone.

"No, no, no, hey come on." Chris protested. "I can do this." He rolled his eyes. "It's just a sprained ankle. Just wrap it up and give me some painkillers and I'll be ready."

"Chris, no." Darren insisted, glaring at Zach as he started doing exactly what Chris had just said. "What if you fall again? What if you actually break something?" He worried.

"Wouldn't be the first time." Chris shrugged, hissing a little as Zach started wrapping up his ankle and foot.

"Chris..."

"Besides..." Chris leaned in, so he could whisper into Darren's ear. "I got you to take care of me later. Couple of blowjobs and I'll be like new." He winked, licking his lips.

Darren just leaned away, fixing him straight in the eyes. "Chris, I'm being fucking serious, here." He spat, maybe too harshly than he had intended.

Chris' face completely fell, his expression looking a little bit hurt. "Jesus." He scoffed. He looked away from Darren, giving his attention to Zach. "Maybe I can just...you know, not jump on tables."

"No shit, Chris." Zach arched his eyebrows, turning to take what Brooke was passing him. "Here. Take this. It should stop the pain." He added, giving Chris a couple of pills.

"Thanks." Chris swallowed the pills, accepting the bottle of water Darren was promptly offering him without a word or even looking at him.

"You're not gonna listen to me, are you?" Darren sighed, as everyone else started to give them space and going back to their positions.

"Dare, I'm gonna be fine." Chris finally looked back at him, his expression definitely less hurt now. "Don't worry." He smiled.

"Of course I worry, dummy." Darren shook his head. He helped him putting the boot on again, zipping it and making sure it was okay for Chris to stand up again. "Too tight?" He asked.

"No, it's fine." Chris smiled again.

Darren sighed, hoisting Chris back up on his feet. "Easy." He warned, steadying him as he faltered.

"You need ten minutes?" Ryan came up to them again.

"No, no. I'm ready." Chris shook his head.

"You sure?" Zach asked, his hands on his hips, studying Chris.

"Yeah."

"Just try not to put too much weight on it, okay?" He added, patting Chris on his back. "And don't move too suddenly."

"I'll be right behind him to make sure he doesn't fall again." Harry piped up, smiling at Chris.

"Thanks." Darren mouthed, feeling actually grateful for his friend, since he couldn't be in the number right next to Chris. Harry just nodded, helping Chris limp back to his position.

They started shooting again, Chris definitely less graceful than usual, stumbling a couple of times.

"Why are we allowing this?" Darren hissed, glancing at Zach who was standing behind the cameras with him.

"Because Chris is a stubborn idiot." Zach laughed.

Darren bit his lip, his eyes following every Chris' move.

"Hey." Zach whispered. "He's a tough one, okay?" He smiled as Darren looked over at him. "He did a number with a broken wrist once. He's just really hard-working. And stubborn."

"I know." Darren nodded. "I know."

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It was only two hours later that Darren could finally drive Chris to a hospital, turning down the offers of anyone else. Chris' arm over his shoulders so he could help him limp inside, they walked up at the reception, where a young woman was sitting.

"Hey, hi. My...boyfriend, here, fell while dancing on a table. I think he sprained his ankle." Darren told her.

The woman nodded, taking note of it as she stepped away for a few seconds.

He felt Chris glare at him, so he turned to look at him. "What?" He mouthed.

Chris just closed his eyes, trying to take a deep breath as the woman came back. "Here. You need to fill this and you can sit in the waiting room. Someone should come call for you shortly." She smiled, passing some papers to Darren.

"Thank you." Darren smiled back.

"Oh and, he actually meant, you know... boyfriend as in a friend that is a boy, you know? A-and I wasn't dancing on a table... I mean...I was, but I-I'm an actor. Who dances. I...um...yeah." Chris blurted out, laughing nervously.

"Sure, honey." The woman just giggled, sharing a look with Darren, who just rolled his eyes. "I danced on a table too once. It was for Queen Elizabeth and she tipped me well, if I have to be honest." She winked at him.

Chris just blushed really hard, his eyes looking at the ground in shame, while Darren laughed out loud. "Let's go." He nodded at the woman, turning around and helping Chris walk again, but Chris leaned away from him, batting away his hands.

"Can walk on my own." He grumbled, limping towards the waiting room.

Darren followed him, trying his best to not get mad. Zach was right. Chris was fucking stubborn. "I would run a fucking marathon on that ankle if I were you." He couldn't help but deadpan as he took a seat next to Chris once they got to the waiting room.

"Fuck off." Chris hissed, turning his back to him as well as he could on an uncomfortable, small chair.

Darren just sighed, starting to fill out the papers he still had in his hands. "You want me to take off your boot?" He asked after Chris had hissed in pain four times. Chris was silent for a few seconds, so Darren looked up at him.

"Baby?"

"Yeah, please." Chris whispered, looking down at his hands in his lap.

Darren nodded, putting down papers and pen and kneeling in front of Chris, taking his injured foot into his lap, unzipping his boot and taking it off. "Here. Better?" He smiled up at him.

Chris just nodded, closing his eyes. "Thanks."

"This is what friends that are boys are for, right?" He joked, trying to make Chris smile.

He only got half of it, but it was still something.

He went back to his seat, checking that all the papers were done. He saw Chris glancing at him out of the corner of his eye. "Yeah?"

"Sorry." Chris sniffled, closing his eyes again as he leaned in, resting his head on Darren's shoulder. Darren smiled again, putting his arm around Chris' shoulders and holding him close to himself. "I'm just..."

"Grumpy." He finished for him, kissing the top of his head. "And I'm sorry too." He added, squeezing Chris' bicep a little. "I was a little bit too harsh on you."

"You were just worried." Chris sighed, relaxing under Darren's touch. "I would have done the same if the roles were reversed."

Darren just laughed. "I know." He kissed his hair again, making his lips smack obnoxiously and drawing a small laugh out of Chris.

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It took them another couple of hours to finally get home. Darren ignored Chris' protests and carried him bridal style up to his room, laying him on his bed and helping him get out of his clothes.

"You staying over?" Chris yawned, the painkillers finally kicking in.

"Of course." Darren smiled, kissing his forehead and fluffing out the pillow underneath his head. "Gimme a couple of minutes to change and I'll join you, okay?"

“kay.” Chris yawned again. “And Dare.” He called. “Thanks for not letting me drive home alone.”

Darren laughed softly, leaning down and kissing his forehead again. “I’ll always make sure you get home safe, babe.” He whispered against Chris’ skin.

“Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Part 5: Who knows you can't be replaced?

"Come." Darren whispered into Chris' ear, hoisting him up from the armchair he was sprawled on.

Chris stumbled up, putting all his weight on Darren and letting him drag him along, completely ignoring their friends' catcalls. "Wait." He said, running into Darren as he stopped abruptly. "I think I'm...I'm d-drink? Drank? Drunk!" He giggled, hiding his face against Darren's neck.

Darren giggled too, hugging him tightly. "Me too." He then thought that carrying Chris bridal style was a good idea, so he just did, making Chris giggle even more, his arms tight around Darren's neck. "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho. It's off to fuck we go!" He started singing and whistling.

Chris was now openly laughing, stopping only when Darren dropped him on the bed of the first free room they found. He sat up a little, holding himself up on his elbows and staring hungrily at Darren who was still standing in front of the bed. "Are you gonna suck me off with that dirty mouth of yours?" He purred, opening his legs to show off his boner.

Darren grinned, stripping completely and crawling on the bed until he was between Chris' legs. "Yes. And then I'm going to fuck you and make you come again." He whispered, pushing Chris back and leaning down, his eyes staring at Chris' lips. "And again." He kissed Chris' lips, just a peck. "And again." He kissed him again, this time deepening it. "And again." He bit down on Chris' lower lip and then licked it, making Chris moan.

But Chris had something else in mind. He smirked, before pushing Darren aside, making him lay down on the bed and getting on top of him, straddling his hips. "Or maybe..." He grinned, leaning down and blowing a small breath against Darren's wet and red lips. "I could ride you."

Darren's eyes became even more darker, his groin brushing up against Chris' already hard dick. "Yeah."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, please." Darren nodded enthusiastically, starting to unbutton Chris' shirt.

Chris let out a soft laugh, undressing himself while leaning down to whisper into Darren's ear and bite down on his lobe. "So eager." He then sat up again, trying to strip from his jeans but probably miscalculating something since he ended up with his ass on the ground, his legs tangled in the jeans. He wasn't even sure how it happened, he only knew Darren was now laughing at him. "Fuck."

"You just fell!" Darren laughed, kicking his feet. "You didn't even start riding the horse that you fell!"

Chris grunted, standing up, steadying himself against the bed when he almost fell again. "Fuck off."

"No, no, no. You gotta fuck me, Chris." Darren said, still chuckling a little. "Come on. Jump back on the horse so you can ride me into the sun."

Darren wasn't really making much sense to Chris, but maybe it was the tequila making his brain work slow.

"Please. You're more like a pony." He scoffed, getting back on top of him, this time naked.

Darren gasped loudly, his hand coming up against Chris' chest to stop him from leaning down. "That was fucking rude!" He protested.

Chris just giggled, moving Darren's hand and leaning down, trying to kiss Darren again, but it turned out sloppy and messy, their noses bumping against each other. "You're small."

"My dick is not small!" Darren gasped again.

"Not your dick!" Chris laughed, his knees starting to hurt from the way they were bent, so he just let his body line up completely with Darren's, tangling their legs together. "You."

Darren pouted at him, but he still tried to get another kiss, the angle being so off he ended up hitting Chris' in the eye with his nose.

"Ouch." Chris protested, leaning away a little. "Your nose is fucking big, though."

"Oh my god!" Darren grunted. "And your eye is too much on the left!"

"That doesn't make any sense." Chris scrunched his nose up, holding himself up on his hands before rolling to Darren's side, laying down too and rubbing his sore eye.

"You don't make any sense." Darren mumbled. "And your nose is big too."

Chris dropped his left arm on Darren's chest, trying to hit him. "No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Uh-uh, yup." Darren took Chris' arm and moved it, dropping it on Chris' chest.

"Then...then you got a fat ass." Chris grumbled, getting back on top of Darren, but this time he was more a death weight pressing down on him.

"You weren't complaining the last time you fucked it." Darren pouted, adjusting Chris' heavy body on his own, noticing how Chris' eyelids were blinking slowly, his face looking relaxed.

"Not complaining." Chris said after yawning, cuddling against Darren's chest. "Love your big, fat ass." He kissed Darren's skin before yawning again.

"Yeah?" Darren asked, his hand coming up to massage Chris' head, ruffling his already messy hair.

"Yeah." Chris nodded, finally closing his eyes. "And your big nose."

"Oh." Darren smirked.

"I...I wouldn't..." Chris hesitated, as if he was trying to find the right word. "...trade? Yeah, I wouldn't trade them. Or you." He smacked his lips, his expression looking blissed out as he rubbed his cheek against Darren's skin. "Love you."

"Awwwww." Darren cooed, kissing Chris' hair. "You become such a sap when you're drunk."

"And sleepy." Chris yawned.

"No wait." Darren shifted a little so he could look at Chris' face. "I'm still hard."

"I'm not." And Chris was right. Darren could feel his soft cock against his thigh.

"You're such an asshole sometimes." Darren snorted, rolling his eyes. "I'm just gonna jack off, then."

"No mess."

"Uh?" Darren stared confused at his boyfriend for a few seconds before understanding what he meant. "Oh. I'll use a sock."

"Yours." Darren was pretty sure Chris was already asleep by then, talking on instinct. "Not mine."

Darren chuckled, leaning off the bed, with Chris still on top of him, to retreat one of Chris' socks. He had to make him pay for leaving him rock hard after promising a good ride. "Sure, babe. Yours."

Part 6: Who thinks that you're one of a kind?

"I'm not done yet!" Chris protested when Darren walked into the bathroom while he was still sitting on the toilet.

"Oh." Darren took a look at him, then shrugged before walking up to the sink.

"Wha-what are you doing? I forgot to lock the door, but I'm not done yet!" Chris repeated, feeling his cheeks heating up. They had been living together for a few weeks now, but somehow Chris had never thought about how these kind of things could happen. He was just not used to people invading his privacy.

"Brusfing ma teef" Darren replied, turning back to him with his toothbrush already in his mouth.

"B-but...I'm...pooping!" Chris squealed. And why was he so ashamed? This was Darren after all.

"Oh, don't worry." Darren shrugged again, taking his toothbrush out of his mouth to speak. "You won't even notice I'm here."

Chris rolled his eyes as Darren winked at him. "As if..." He whispered.

And as if on cue, Darren started singing. *"I'm brushing mah teeth while you're poopin'!"*

Chris groaned, hiding his face behind his hands. "Are you for real?"

"And I like brushing mah teeth, oh yeah!"

"When you're poopin', oooh yeeah!!"

Chris took away his hands, grabbing the first thing he could reach – the toilet paper – and threw it at his boyfriend, hitting his back.

"Hey!" Darren protested, spitting in the sink before turning to Chris.

It was only then that Chris actually looked at Darren. And snorted. Because Darren was wearing some pink panties – that were definitely too small for being for a man – with Hello Kitty on the front; a pair of socks with small, red hearts and Hello Kitty on them and his curls were tamed in small ponytails all over his head, a few Hello Kitty pins keeping the free ones down. "Oh my god."

"Wha'?" Darren pouted, his toothbrush back in his mouth.

"I know you're tiny, but did you go shop in a kids' section?" Chris laughed, shaking his head.

Darren's mouth hung open, making toothpaste get on his chin. "Dat's rude!" He gasped.

"A Hello Kitty set? Seriously, Dare?" Chris just giggled.

Darren spat into the sink, sipped some water from the faucet, gargled and then spat again, looking back up at Chris offended. "I love Hello Kitty!"

"You're ridiculous!" Chris shook his head, still giggling.

"At least my shit doesn't smell this badly." Darren winked, stepping closer to Chris.

"You're the one who walked in!" Chris gasped. "And I bet yours doesn't smell like roses either, shut the fuck up!" Chris glared at him.

"Guess I'll just stop locking the door too, so you'll be able to tell." Darren smirked, leaning down and leaving a kiss on Chris' forehead.

"Ugh." Chris groaned. But then he looked down, noticing Darren's bulge. "Really?" He snorted.

"Oh, heeeello kitty." Darren whispered, looking down at his own dick, now definitely showing in the small panties.

"Oh my fucking god." Chris covered his eyes with his hands. "You're turned on by me pooping???" He squealed.

Darren just stood there in silence, so Chris took away his hands to look at him. "Um."

"Oh god."

"No, wait." Darren held his hands up, his cheeks a little pinker. "It's not...*that*!" He gestured at Chris. "It's just...I'm, um, turned on by intimacy, you know." Chris nodded. They had already talked about it before. But this was different, wasn't it? "And this, um, being in the same room while the other, ya know, poops...it's kinda intimate." He whispered the last part, as if ashamed of it. "I-is it weird?"

Chris bit his lip, staring into Darren's big, hazel eyes. "Probably," He grinned. "But it's also weirdly sweet."

Darren smiled brightly, his expression excited. "Really?"

"Yeah, you dork."

"So...if I go back to our bedroom and lay down naked, would you join me for some heated cuddles?" Darren asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Heated cuddles." Chris repeated shaking his head. "Yeah, you idiot." He rolled his eyes as Darren grinned cheekily and started to walk away. "Dare?"

"Yeah?" He stopped in the door frame, turning back and giving Chris the chance to just look at him.

Chris' heart faltered a little and he just blinked at his boyfriend. This wasn't the sexy, smug Darren who looked like Prince Charming and could make Chris' knees go weak. This was Darren looking comfortable enough to go around half naked, wearing some silly panties and socks and his hair undone; comfortable enough to walk into the bathroom even if Chris was using it. "You might be the dorkiest person I know, but I love you exactly for that. You know that, right?"

Darren's face lit up, his grin getting so wide his eyes got all squinty. "I know."

"Okay." Chris smiled back, his cheeks warm.

"And I love you too."

"I know."

Darren let out a soft laugh, before disappearing into their bedroom.

Chris smirked, thinking about how this kind of privacy invasion wasn't as bad as he first thought. Or maybe it was just Darren that made it okay.

Part 7: Somebody misses you when you're away.

Darren was tired. He had turned down a few friends and costars that asked him to go out because he just wanted to lay down on bed and sleep. But what was even more tiring, was the fact that he couldn't have his boyfriend at his side.

He sighed, letting himself into his own house, closing the door and just making a bee-line for the bedroom. He didn't even bother with turning lights on, throwing himself face-down on his bed.

But he couldn't sleep. Not yet. He felt like something was off. As if someone was watching him.

He turned his head on the pillow, opening his eyes and finding another pair of big, blue eyes staring right back at him. "Hey."

"Oh my– fuck!" He yelled, jumping up and falling back off the bed.

"Shit! Baby, you okay?" He saw Chris' face reappear in front of his, his expression now worried. "I didn't mean to scare you, sorry." He smiled apologetically, helping Darren up from the ground.

"Well, you did. Jesus." Darren laughed, sitting on the bed right next to his boyfriend.

"Sorry." Chris smiled again, rubbing Darren's arm soothingly. "You're hurt?"

"No, no." Darren shook his head. His brain was so slow, it only realised Chris was there after almost a minute.

"Wait, what are you doing here?" He asked, leaning away a little to get a better look at Chris. He was wearing one of Darren's old Michigan t-shirts and a pair of shorts, his hair ruffled and his right cheek had a line on it, which meant he was probably sleeping when Darren arrived. And didn't notice him.

"It's your day off." Chris shrugged, as if that explained it. "Wasn't actually expecting you this early. Thought you'd be out all night." He added, stifling a yawn behind his hand.

"Oh." Darren nodded.

"Just wanted to surprise you." Chris grinned. But it immediately fell when Darren didn't say anything. "You okay? You're not sick, are you? You look sick. Oh my god, you're totally sick." Chris worried, his hands flying to Darren's face and his eyes examining him.

"Chris, Chris!" Darren chuckled, pulling away and taking Chris' hands in his. "I'm not sick." He smiled. "Just...tired."

"You sure?" Chris was still studying his face.

"Yep."

"Okay." He seemed satisfied, nodding before laying back down on the bed, making grabby-hands for Darren.

"Come on."

"No, wait." Darren tried to protest. "You came all the way here. We should go out or have dinner or a date and s-sex, we can't just—"

"Yes we can." Chris rolled his eyes, sitting up, grabbing Darren by the waist and pulling him down with him. "You do look exhausted, Dare." He whispered, hugging him to his chest. "Let's just cuddle, okay?"

Darren nodded, burying his face in the familiar smell of just *Chris*. He rubbed his cheek against his t-shirt a little, yawning. "'kay."

"Missed you, baby." He whispered, kissing his hair and hugging him even more tightly.

"Missed you, too." Darren sniffled.

"The kids miss you too." Chris giggled, taking his phone from the bed-side table. "Here, look." He showed Darren a few pics of Brian and Cooper napping on their couch, on the spot Darren usually used to nap, and others of them in bed with Chris. "They miss you so badly." Chris smirked, kissing Darren's temple. "They sleep on your side of the bed at night and cuddle with me. I think they can sense I'm feeling lonely and just wanna help. They take after you." He chuckled softly, putting the phone back down. "Dare..." Chris sighed, propping himself up a little to better wipe away the tears on Darren's cheeks. "Honey, why are you crying?"

Darren just shook his head, sniffing into Chris' t-shirt. "It's not- I'm not-" He laughed at how unable he was to express himself. "I just fucking miss you, Chris. And the pets. And I just wish you could be at my side in public too, not just-" He sniffled hard, his fingers digging into Chris' chest. "Fuck, you come all the way here to spend some time with me and I just cry like a goddamn idiot. Sorry." He laughed again, but it sounded more like a sob to his own ears.

"No, hey, shhh," Chris soothed, his right hand cupping the back of his neck and pulling him in closer to his chest, his fingers scraping at his scalp. "It's okay. I miss you too. So fucking much." He whispered. "And I wish I could be there too, Dare. I do. I fucking do." He kissed Darren's curls, his lips lingering there for a moment. "But think about how worth it it is, Dare. This is your dream role. You've been wanting to do this since forever."

"I know." Darren nodded, smiling a little.

"You just have to hang in there for a little bit longer." Chris tugged a little at his curls, so he could look him in the eyes. "One day, I'll be in the front row, clapping my hands off and cheering louder than anyone else. I won't be hiding in the shadows. I promise."

"I know." Darren repeated. "I'm just tired of waiting." He sighed, the tears finally stopping.

"Me too." Chris grinned, kissing his nose. "You have no idea how much I want to just yell to the world how proud of you I am. Because I am, Dare. So fucking proud of you." He said, as he started leaving small kisses all over Darren's face.

Darren couldn't help but smile widely at that, even if his eyes were getting teary again, for a completely different reason. "Thank you."

"My Broadway Star of a boyfriend." Chris smirked, shifting down until Darren wasn't laying on top of him anymore but on his side, facing each other, their noses touching. "So proud." He whispered, before leaning in and kissing Darren's lips, letting him deepen it.

"Love you so fucking much." Darren breathed against Chris' lips.

"Love you too." Chris smiled. "Now. Let's just cuddle and sleep, okay? You look like you need it."

"I need you." Darren hummed.

"And I'm here." Chris replied, tangling their legs and hugging Darren tightly. "Right here."

Part 8: They wanna wake up with you everyday.

Chris woke up with a grunt, something digging into his back that made it hurt. He quickly got rid of the offending object, which turned out to be the TV remote, and then realised he and Darren had fallen asleep on his couch while doing a HP marathon. He was about to wake Darren up as well, but then stopped.

Darren was sleeping on top of him, his right cheek squashed against Chris' chest, his full lips parted and letting out soft snores, his curls a wild mess that tickled Chris' neck while his left hand was resting on Chris' right shoulder. He looked so beautiful like that, that Chris swore to himself that he could stay there and stare at him for hours. The idea of doing this every morning, waking up next to Darren – maybe in bed and not on the couch – hit him full force, leaving him a little bit overwhelmed.

He was still staring at him, his heart beating fast, when Darren started humming something.

"My little pony, my little pony. What is friendship all about?"

Chris just blinked at his boyfriend for a few more seconds before he recognized what Darren was even singing. "Oh my god." He whispered, starting to giggle.

Darren's lips slowly turned up into a smirk, which meant he wasn't actually sleeping.

"My little pony? Really, Dare?" Chris laughed, poking Darren's cheek with his index finger.

"You interrupted my dream of riding ponies, Chris." Darren yawned, opening his eyes to look up at Chris. "Could feel you staring at me." He added with a cheeky grin.

"Riding ponies?" Chris snorted. "Horses are too high for you?"

Darren propped himself up, using his arms as a pillow to rest on top of Chris' chest. "You so mean to me." He pouted.

"And you are killing my back, ouch." Chris protested, grimacing as he felt his back hurt again for the uncomfortable position he was in.

"Oh, shit, sorry, sorry." Darren turned serious, getting up and hoisting Chris up by the arms. "We fell asleep on the couch. Again." He sighed, scrubbing at his left eye.

"Ugh, we need to start using my bed instead of the couch." Chris yawned, stretching his back, making a few vertebrae pop.

"Could give you a massage later." Darren yawned too, scratching his belly.

"Let's shower first." Chris said as he got on his feet. "I can still feel dried cum in my pants." He scrunched his nose up, looking down to his crotch.

"It was your idea to sneak in a couple of handjobs during the third movie." Darren smirked, wiggling his eyebrows.

"You just get very hot when you're excited about HP." Chris shrugged, feeling his cheeks getting warm.

Darren just chuckled, shaking his head. "Let's shower, then." He grinned. "Um, Imma need a change of clothes too, by the way." He started to walk backwards taking his t-shirt off and throwing it to the ground. "Hope I can borrow something." He winked at him, playfully.

"Yeah, sure." Chris nodded, the idea from earlier coming back. "Or..."

Darren stopped in his tracks, looking at him confused. "Or?"

"You could use your cloths." Chris shrugged.

"Um," Darren pointed at his pants, grimacing. "I've got cum everywhere. It's not comfy."

"I meant clean cloths, Dare." Chris rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, but you know I always forget to actually bring my shit over. It's never really been a problem before." Darren said, a cute furrow forming on his forehead as he just stared confused at Chris.

"It's still not a problem." Chris shook his head.

"Then why don't you want me to borrow your clothes?" Darren asked with a pout.

"It's not that. It's definitely not *that*." Chris blushed. Was it too early to bring this kind of thing up? Maybe he was rushing it. Maybe Darren didn't want that, yet.

"Then what is it, baby?" Darren whispered, stepping closer to Chris.

Chris took Darren's right hand, bringing their bodies so close, their faces were only inches away. He started to play with Darren's fingers, a habit he had picked up when he was feeling nervous. And that Darren had probably noticed too, since he smiled softly at him. "I've been thinking..." Chris trailed off, feeling his whole face on fire. God, what if he was overstepping? He looked down, taking a deep breath.

"That's so unusual of you." Darren teased, making Chris smile.

"Well, a-actually, it only hit me earlier, while I was watching you sleep, or, um, pretending to sleep, but I did think about it before this morning. I've actually been dreaming of it for a while and, god, this is definitely too much to ask you at this point of our relationship, but—"

"But?" Darren prompted gently when Chris didn't continue.

"Would you move in with me?" Chris finally asked, looking Darren straight in the eyes.

"Oh." Darren breathed, blinking at Chris.

"I-I mean, I know we've only been together for a little longer than a year and we would need to be very, very careful, but, Dare, I love you." He smiled, his hands coming up to frame Darren's face. "I want to live with you. I want to go to bed every night with you and wake up next to you. I want to come back home with you, I want this to be *our* home, not just mine. A-and I just..." He let out a nervous laugh, brushing Darren's cheekbone with his thumb. "I just fucking want to live with you, Dare."

Darren's eyes quickly glanced left and right a few times, before his face completely lit up. "Oh my god!" He squealed. "Chris!" His smile was so big, it was contagious. "I've got a better idea!"

Chris' smile immediately fell. "Y-yeah?"

"What if I move in but not really?"

"Um, wait what?" Chris looked at him, not understanding.

"It wouldn't be official-official. I could finally bring most of my shit over and I could live here most of the time, but we could, you know, not tell my folks. We can tell our friends and my parents, my mum is going to be so happy, but we wouldn't have to deal with all the bullshit. Yet."

"Oh."

"I mean, I already spend a lot of time here, anyway. And Joey and Liam wouldn't mind if I finally leave the nest. I can still leave some shit there and go visit them, but I'd still come home here. To you." He smiled brightly, taking

Chris' hands in his and squeezing them. "And, um, maybe some day in the future we can get another place. Together. And get another pet. This time a puppy, of course."

"Of course."

"But for now, we could live together, but not really." He finished with a shrug, but a huge, goofy grin on his face. "Watcha say?"

Chris couldn't stop the squeal that came out of his mouth. "Yes!" He hugged Darren tightly, kissing his cheeks a few times enthusiastically. "Yes, yes, yes! I love you!"

"At one condition, though." Darren stopped him, his expression weirdly serious as his left eyebrow arched up.

"What?"

"I can still get to borrow your cloths."

Chris giggled, shaking his head. "Only if you're gonna do the laundry."

"Fine with me." Darren shrugged, his smirk turning mischievous, as his eyes fixed Chris' neck.

"And the dishes too."

"Uhuh." Darren mumbled against the skin of Chris' neck, starting to kiss it.

"And the bathroom."

"Uhuh." He whispered, biting down on Chris' pulse point.

"A-and..." Chris panted, throwing his head back to give Darren more space. "The shower's gonna wait. I really want to fuck you, now." He breathed, looking down hungrily at his boyfriend.

"Yes, please."

Part 9: Somebody wants to hear you say: somebody loves you.

"Look at this!" Darren sighed exasperated. He was standing in front of the mirror on the door of their closet, only in a pair of boxer briefs and holding his stomach.

"Look at what?" Chris asked confused, walking into their bedroom and plopping down on their bed.

Darren turned to look at him, his expression a mix of rage and defeat. "Me!"

"I see you..." Chris started, still very confused. Then he noticed Darren's cloths on the ground and how it looked like they had been thrown there. "And I like the view to be honest." He finished, smiling at his boyfriend.

But Darren didn't smile back. Instead, he turned to the mirror again, groaning. "You're just saying that cause you're my boyfriend." He mumbled, poking with his fingers his belly. "Look how fat I got. No matter how hard I try, I still have this fucking belly! I even started to work out for fuck's sake!"

"Dare."

"And my hips? They're fucking huge! Look at them, Chris!" He hissed, holding the skin on his hips and squeezing. "And let's not talk about my fat thighs. So flabby. And my ass. Ugh, so fucking fat." He made a face as he tried to look at his own ass in the mirror.

"Dare." Chris tried again, sitting up in bed.

"And why am I so short? Why can't I be tall and thin but also muscular and hot? Why can't I have Harry's abs? Or Chord's? Or, god, have you seen Kev?? He has better abs than me! And he sits all day long! How is that fair?!" His voice was getting too high-pitched for Chris likings, which meant he was on the verge of tears. And why would his beautiful, sexy and amazing boyfriend be on the verge of tears because of his body? But then Chris realised he used to have the same exact problem. He had only recently started to love his body. And Darren definitely had a big part in that.

"Dare." He sighed, trying again to calm his boyfriend.

"No." Darren shook his head. "I know what you're about to say, that you love me and I'm beautiful and blah blah blah." He rolled his eyes, his focus going back to the mirror once again. "You're my boyfriend. You're biased."

"And so are all the people that voted you one of the sexiest men alive?" Chris scoffed, shifting until he was sitting on the edge of the bed, his feet touching the ground.

"Tha-that's just...um, yes, actually. They're biased too." He grunted, slamming the closet door closed.

"Darren. Look at me." Chris said it as a request. But Darren still didn't look at him.

"So I can see how much of a beautiful man you grew up to be while I'm still this...this." He shrugged instead, gesturing at his body.

"Okay, that's enough already." Chris took Darren's arm, tugging at him. "Get your fucking ass here." Darren sighed, letting him manhandle him until he was standing between Chris' legs. "Dare, look at me." He repeated and this time, Darren's eyes met his. "You are the most gorgeous guy I've ever seen."

Darren immediately looked away, snorting. "Yeah."

"No you fucking listen to me, now." Chris raised his voice a little, tugging at Darren's wrist so he would look at him again. And Darren did. "Do you have flaws? God, yes you do. You have so many flaws."

"I know, right?" Darren hissed.

"Shut up." Chris pinched his belly, making Darren squirm. "You have flaws, both temperamentally and physically speaking. But I love you because of all your flaws."

"So you're saying you love me because my ass is fat and because I never put a new bottle of milk when I finish it?" Darren gasped.

"Will you fucking let me finish?" Chris glared at him, pinching his belly again, leaving a small red mark.

"Ouch."

"I love you because you're you, you idiot." Chris sighed. "I love you even if you don't put a new bottle of milk in the fridge. I love you even if you don't close the door when you take a shit. I love you even if you don't have abs. Actually," He looked down at Darren's belly, poking it with his index finger. "I love your belly. It's soft and perfect to take naps on."

"But it's not pretty." Darren whispered.

"Do you want me to put make up on it? Maybe it'll look prettier then." Chris asked, his eyes looking back up at Darren's, playfully.

Darren's lips slowly turned up into a smile, before he snorted out loud. "Yeah, maybe it would work."

"Okay, I should have some eyeshadow somewhere." Chris pretended to get up and look for it, but Darren just pushed him back.

"I was kidding, you jerk."

"Uh, uh." Chris smirked. He manhandled Darren again, making him sit on his thigh, so their faces were closer.

"Look," He said, turning serious again. "Maybe I'm biased. But it's because I'm your boyfriend. And I love you more than anyone else. I love you not just because of your body." He framed Darren's face with his hands, his thumbs gently stroking at his cheekbones. "But I also love every single part of your body." He admitted softly. "I love your belly. I love your face, especially your eyes, god, your eyes, Dare." Darren smiled a little at that. "I love your curls. I love how you're a little bit shorter than me because every time we cuddle, you make the perfect little spoon. And I love resting my chin on your shoulder when I hug you from behind." Darren looked down bashfully, his smile turning bigger. "I love your powerful and big thighs, trust me, I do."

"Powerful?" Darren chuckled.

"Yes." Chris nodded. "And I love, love, fucking love your fat ass."

"But it's faaaat." Darren moaned, resting his head on Chris' shoulder and looking up at him from underneath his eyelashes.

"Yeah, and if it wasn't, I wouldn't be able to grab it and squeeze it while I pound into it." Chris said matter-of-factly.

Darren did blush at that, his mouth hanging open but not a word coming out of it.

"Now, I'm not saying you should love the same things that I love." He continued. "I want you to be able to look at yourself in the mirror and love what you see. And I would totally support and help you if you want to start a diet or work out. But," Chris sighed, circling Darren's small, naked waist with his arms and holding him closer, his fingers gently brushing against his soft skin. "I want you to understand that you need to stop being so hard on yourself. You need to start accepting your appearances, your body. Especially those things you can't change." He looked down at Darren's legs, that were hanging over Chris' thighs, his feet not touching the ground.

Darren just blinked at him for a few seconds, as if he was taking it all in. "Since when are you so wise?" He finally whispered, a smirk taking over his lips.

"Please." Chris snorted, rolling his eyes. "I've always been the wise one in our relationship."

"Yeah." Darren laughed, his fingers starting to play with Chris' t-shirt. "Chris?"

"Yeah?"

"I really needed that. Thank you." He smiled, his eyes a little bit teary as they stared into Chris'.

"Of course, baby." Chris smiled back, leaving a small kiss on Darren's nose.

"God, I love you so fucking much, Chris, shit, I think my heart is about to explode from how much I love you." He giggled, throwing himself back on the bed.

"Drama queen." Chris laughed, rolling his eyes.

"I do, though. I love you." Darren repeated, more seriously now, taking Chris' hand and tugging him down.

"I know." Chris grinned cheekily.

"Now, about that thing you like to do to my ass..."

"I'll demonstrate with pleasure, honey."

Part 10: I'm around when your head is heavy.

"Oh, he's going to hate me."

Darren glanced at Chris, who was still hitting the backspace with way too much force, while perched on their couch, on the other end from where Darren was sitting crosslegged with his guitar.

"This is bullshit." Chris hissed, throwing his head back and staring at the ceiling.

Darren still didn't say anything, scribbling down a few notes of the song he had in his head. He put the pencil behind his ear and started to play his guitar, trying out the song.

"Uuuugh they're all going to hate me." Chris groaned, stumping his feet to the ground.

"Okay, are you done?" Darren finally spoke up, turning his head to look at Chris.

"Everyone is going to hate me, Dare, so no, I'm not fucking done." Chris spat, glaring at him.

"No one is going to hate you." Darren rolled his eyes, putting his guitar down and fully turning to his boyfriend.

"Yes!" Chris almost yelled, closing his laptop and throwing it on the couch. "Why the fuck did I decide to write a fucking episode for this fucking show? What the fuck was going on in my fucking head? Fucking *fuck*." He groaned the last part, holding his head in his hands.

Darren sighed, getting up from the couch and crouching down in front of Chris. He took his wrists and lowered his hands, so he could look him in the eyes. "You're thinking too much of it." He simply said, brushing his thumbs against Chris' soft skin.

"Oh no, no, no." Chris shook his head, his eyes staring back at him manically. "I'm being realistic. As soon as they read this, they're going to hate it. And I'll have to rewrite it. And then everyone in the cast is going to hate me. What if I screw up their character? What if--?"

"Okay, would you calm the fuck down, Chris? Please." Darren replied firmly, letting go of his wrists and framing his face instead.

"Oh yeah cause you telling me to calm down will definitely calm me down, Darren, thank you so much!" Chris snapped, brushing away Darren's hands and standing up.

Darren held up his hands in defeat, sitting on the ground and looking up at his boyfriend. "Fine, sorry."

Chris sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose between his thumb and index finger. "Fuck." He breathed, his hands falling back to his sides as he looked down at him. "Shit, I'm sorry." He shook his head, holding out a hand to help Darren up.

Darren let him tug him up, standing in front of Chris and smiling gently. He put his hands on Chris' hips, his thumbs drawing small circles into his skin, underneath his t-shirt. "No one is going to hate your episode."

"But what if--?"

"You haven't even finished it yet." Darren shrugged. "Babe, you're an amazing writer. The writers of our show trusted you enough to let you write an episode."

"Well, they're not the smartest writers ever." Chris whispered.

Darren snorted, shaking his head. "Okay, I'll give you that. Let's just hope they didn't put cameras or bugs in our house to spy on us and heard that."

"They would have a lot of pornographic material on us." Chris gasped, putting his arms on Darren's shoulders.

"That would sell more than Glee, I think." Darren laughed. "Even more than your episode, babe, I'm sorry."

"Oh my god." Chris snorted, resting his head on his bicep and looking up at him.

Darren's hands shifted to Chris' asscheeks, pushing him closer to himself and squeezing down a little. "But for real, though." He whispered seriously. "Your episode is going to be amazing, Chris. You're talented as fuck. And you even did research on the characters."

"Yeah but what if I write a storyline that someone doesn't like?" Chris mumbled.

"Well, screw them." Darren shrugged. "Next time they become a Best Selling author and write their own episode."

"Yeah." Chris scoffed.

"Or, you know, actually write their book and become an *actual* Best Selling author." He specified, wriggling his eyebrows a little.

That made Chris smile. "Okay." He hummed.

"And besides, no one is going to hate it. If they say they hate it, it's because they are actually jealous, okay?" He added, kissing Chris' nose.

"Kay." Chris hummed again, giggling a little.

"And I know you're just nervous and freaking out a little because this is new, but you got me." He grinned cheekily, leaving another kiss on Chris' forehead. "I can calm you down, not by telling you to."

Chris' smile grew wider as Darren swayed their bodies on the spot.

"I can give you a massage while you write." He proposed. "You know my hands are magic."

"Oooh I know." Chris smirked, straightening his head and looking Darren in the eyes.

"Or..." Darren whispered, closing the distance between their faces so that their lips were closer. "I could give you head while you write. To lose some nerves."

Chris threw his head back, barking out a laugh. "That would distract me, Dare." He then giggled, punching Darren softly on the chest.

"Eh, I could still try." Darren just smirked.

"Mmmmm." Chris hummed, his eyes looking up at the ceiling as if he was thinking about it. "Think Imma choose the massage." He grinned, pecking Darren lips. "Leave the head for later, once I'm done."

"Yessir."

Part 11: I'm around when you're hands aren't steady.

"Fuck." Chris muttered as he dropped the book he just took from the bookshelf. It wasn't a good day. It was actually a really bad day. So he thought he could just read a book and calm down a little. But his hands were getting worse. And they were even worse on bad days. He was about to crouch down to get the book, but stopped, feeling his knees ache. "Ugh."

"Do you need some help, sir?"

Chris closed his eyes, taking a deep breath before reopening them and looking over at his husband, who was sitting on the couch, staring at him. "I-it's fine."

"No, wait. Let me." Darren smiled, standing up and getting the book for Chris. "There you go, sir."

"Thank you." Chris nodded, turning away from Darren. *A fucking awful day*, he thought, putting the book back down as he almost dropped it again, his hands shaking and aching too much. He just couldn't do it. He couldn't deal with his limbs giving up on him and Darren not even remembering him. He just couldn't.

He turned back to look at Darren, who was now sitting at his piano, staring at it. He probably felt Chris looking at him, his head turning as if on instinct towards him and his lips turning up into a small smile. "Do you know how to play piano, sir?" He asked.

Chris just shook his head, taking another deep breath. "No, my husband was the pianist." He whispered, his voice breaking a little. Not that it really mattered anymore.

"Oh." Darren nodded, glancing at the piano and trying to play a few keys. He didn't seem too interested in it, though, his attention getting caught by something else. "Sir?"

"Yeah?" Chris hummed, wiping at his eye with his shaking hand.

"Are you okay?" Darren worried, standing up and walking up to him.

"F-fine." Chris mumbled, trying to turn away.

"You don't seem fine." Darren insisted. "You want me to call someone? Your husband, maybe?"

Chris let out a sob. *I wish*. "N-no, it's okay." He shook his head instead, smiling a little.

"Would a hug help?" Darren asked again, his eyes studying curiously Chris.

Chris nodded, completely melting into Darren's embrace as he let him hug him. He brought his arms up around Darren's neck, hiding his face into his husband's neck and just crying. It just really had been an awful day. But even if Darren didn't realise it, he was still helping Chris, always being there for him. Even as a stranger.

Part 12: I'm around when your day's gone all wrong.

"Fuck, this is too much." Darren hissed, closing his laptop and throwing it on the couch, getting up. "I can't fucking do this anymore, Chris. I can't go on pretending I'm someone I'm not!" He said, starting to pace the floor in front of his boyfriend.

"Yeah." Chris simply hummed, shrugging as he turned the page of the book he was reading. But Darren could tell that he was pissed by the way his legs were jiggling up and down, his feet stumping on the floor and his grip on the book cover too tight.

"Thank you for the comfort, really." Darren scoffed, throwing his arms up before letting them fall to his sides again.

"What the hell do you want me to tell you?" Chris snapped, closing the book and finally looking at Darren. "I'm the one who has to sit back and see all that bullshit you're saying!"

Darren winced, looking up at the ceiling trying to keep calm and not yell. "I'm not even saying all that bullshit." He replied calmly, his arms crossing over his chest. "And I hate how this is making me sound like a dick. I hate it."

"Yeah, I know." Chris sighed, putting the book down and passing a hand through his hair. He took off his glasses, and Darren could now see the dark circles under his eyes.

"You look tired." He said, his voice softening a little.

"Yeah, of all the bullshit." Chris sighed again, scrubbing at his cheek.

"You tell me." Darren scoffed.

"Yeah, I'm telling you, Dare, because I can't tell anyone else since we're not out!" Chris said with too much venom in his voice, his expression a mix of anger and sadness.

"It's not my fucking fault!" Darren replied, raising his voice and accidentally punching the vase that was on top of the piano. "Fuck." He muttered, looking down at the thousand pieces the vase had scattered into. "Shit, sorry." He knelt down, starting to gather the shards.

"Careful or you're gonna cut yourself." Chris chided softly, kneeling down next to him and taking his wrists, stopping him. "And I'm sorry." He added, his eyebrows knitting together on his forehead.

"You have all the rights to be mad." Darren whispered, shrugging.

"I know, but I was being kind of a dick to you." Chris shook his head, drawing circles with his thumbs on Darren's wrists. "It's just a bad day." He sighed. "And Brian kept me up all night. I think he ate something bad for his stomach cause he kept puking." He scrunched his nose up, pulling a face and making Darren laugh softly. "He's fine now, though." Chris smiled.

Darren nodded. Looking back down at the mess. "Sorry for the vase."

"Nah, I was looking for a reason to get rid of it. Hated it." Chris shrugged.

"It was a gift from your aunt." Darren said, glancing confused at his boyfriend.

"That's exactly why I hated it." Chris admitted, raising his eyebrows.

"Okay." Darren laughed. "We should clean up anyway, though, before Brian gets hurt by stepping on it."

"Yeah." Chris nodded.

They worked in silence, cleaning up the mess and throwing the shards of ceramic in the trashcan.

"You know what would help?" Chris piped up after sitting back down on the couch.

"Going on a deserted island for a while, hiding away from the world?" Darren answered, plopping down next to Chris.

Chris sighed, and Darren knew he probably did want the same thing. "Something we can actually afford." He said, getting up and taking out the wii remotes from under the television. "Mario Kart." He smirked, throwing one at Darren and turning the devices on.

"We always get very competitive at this, Chris." Darren chuckled, making room for Chris so they were both facing the tv.

"Exactly. Some healthy yelling at each other." Chris giggled, waiting for the game to start.

"You once told me you were gonna shove the remote up my ass just because I used a blue shell on you!" Darren laughed. "How is that healthy?"

"Oh please." Chris rolled his eyes. "As if you haven't had bigger stuff up your ass."

"Fair enough." Darren conceded, shrugging. "Still gonna kick your ass, though, babe."

"I'd love to see you try," Chris challenged, kissing Darren's cheek and lingering there whispering "*babe*". into Darren's ear.

"Oh it's on." Darren whispered back, licking Chris' nose and making him pull away.

"Asshole." Chris giggled, punching his arm and starting to choose his character.

"Oh that's what you're gonna lick once I win three times in a row." Darren grinned.

"Deal."

"Deal."

Part 13: I care that you feel at home.

"Oh my god." Chris sighed, closing the door of his room behind his back and just standing against it, closing his eyes. "That was awful."

"Nah." Darren said, scrunching his nose up and sitting down on Chris' bed. He bounced on it a little, touching the covers of it. "Comfy." He smiled, throwing himself back on it. "Do you still have Star Wars sheets?" He asked, peeking underneath the covers.

Chris just sighed harder, starting to bang the back of his head against the door. "Ugh."

"Hey, come on." Darren smiled softly. He stood up again, closing the distance between them so he could stop Chris. "You're gonna hurt yourself, stop." He chided, taking his hand and dragging him to the bed. Chris let him, sighing once again as they sat. "Why are you so upset? It went well." He asked, confused.

"It went well??" Chris snapped, turning to Darren to glare at him. "Were we in the same fucking room just now?"

"Chris, come on." Darren smiled, shifting on the bed so he was sitting cross-legged and looking at Chris. He took both his hands, starting to play with his fingers gently. "It went well."

Chris scoffed, shaking his head. "Could have gone better." He whispered.

"Hey, give your patents a break." Darren said. "They're not that bad. I've seen worse."

"My dad kept staring at you and my mom fucking called you my 'friend'!" Chris scoffed again, tearing his hands away from Darren's to make air quotes at the word friend.

"But she corrected herself and apologised for it." Darren replied, taking his hands again. "They are trying." He smiled, squeezing Chris' fingers. "And your dad wasn't staring at me. We even talked football! It wasn't that bad."

"Oh so that's what you were talking about!" Chris joked, his lips curling into a small smirk, as he shifted so he was sitting cross-legged too, facing Darren.

"You sport hater." Darren sighed, rolling his eyes and making Chris' smile get bigger.

"I do like it when you're the one playing sports, though." Chris said, his smirk turning a little bit mischievous.

"Uh, uh." Darren hummed, grinning and winking at his boyfriend. He started to play with Chris' fingers again, bringing them up to his lips to leave gentle kisses on his knuckles. Chris just sat there quietly, letting him. "You still haven't answered my question, though." He sing-songed, looking up at him.

Chris' eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

"Why are you so upset?" He asked. "I should be the one worrying about your parents not liking me."

Chris sighed, looking up at the ceiling as if it had the answer.

Darren couldn't complain about the view, Chris' neck all exposed for him to admire, but Chris was still not talking. "Chris?" He prompted gently, squeezing his hands.

"It's just..." Chris finally looked back down, his eyes blinking fast as he stared at their linked hands. "This was the first time I brought a boyfriend home." He admitted, a small blush crossing his cheeks and making him look even younger. "A-and I wanted it to be perfect." He shrugged, sniffing as his eyes met Darren's. "I wanted you to feel at home."

"Chris." Darren sighed, smiling as he hugged his boyfriend tightly. He leaned away, leaving a peck on Chris' lips before completely pulling away. "Chris, *you* are my home."

Chris snorted, shaking his head while a grin took over his face. "Why do you always have to so goddamn cheesy, holy shit." He chuckled, his cheeks dimpling with his smile.

"You've never really complained, sooo..." Darren smirked.

"Thank you." Chris said after a few seconds of silence, his expression softening, but still serious.

"Honey," Darren started, tugging Chris until he was sitting into his lap, his long legs crossing behind Darren's back. "I will always feel at home next to you." He smiled as Chris put his arms around Darren's neck, his fingers playing with his curls. "And I know I'm always fucking cheesy, but I mean it."

"I know." Chris nodded, resting his forehead against Darren's. "I know you do."

"It didn't go completely bad. And your sister *adores* me." He smirked, pecking Chris' lips again.

"Of course she does." Chris giggled, rolling his eyes.

"Come on, then. Let's answer my other question you ignored earlier." He wiggled his eyebrows, pulling away from Chris and laying down on the bed, as Chris looked at him confused. "Do you still have the Star Wars sheets on?"

"Oh my god." Chris snorted.

"Oh, wait." Darren stopped, dropping the covers again. "Am I supposed to sleep in the guest room? Or can I sleep with you?" He asked, completely serious.

"I want you to sleep with me." Chris almost pleaded, biting down on his lip.

"Of course." Darren smiled. "We can cuddle. You don't look in the mood for any sexy business." He added, taking off his jeans and throwing them to the ground, staying in just his boxer briefs and his t-shirt.

"I'm not." Chris sighed, getting undressed too.

"I bet it's because of all your stuffed animals staring at us." Darren whispered behind his hand, looking around at Chris' shelves, filled with stuffed animals.

"Dork." Chris snorted, pushing him down on the bed and climbing back on it.

"Have I ever told you Chuck used to move all my toys at night when I was little and, I shit you not, I fucking believed they were actually alive." He said seriously, nodding his head.

"I'm not even remotely surprised, Dare." Chris laughed, raising the covers up so that they could both get in.

"Oh, so you do have Star Wars sheets!!" He squealed, sneaking under the sheets and making grabby-hands at Chris.

"Yes." Chris giggled, settling down on Darren's chest, their legs tangling.

"Now we can have...galactic cuddles!!" He grinned, hugging Chris tightly and kissing him everywhere he could reach.

"Dork." Chris giggled even harder, finally relaxing under Darren's touch. "Love you." He breathed, once Darren stopped.

"Love you too." Darren grinned. He then made Chris turn, deciding to be the big spoon for once. Chris didn't seem to be against the idea and went with it, covering Darren's arm around his waist with his own and his fingers intertwining with Darren's. And once they were both settled, Darren couldn't help but sing softly into Chris' ear.

"This is how it must feel...to have a home."

Part 14: Cause I know that you feel alone.

They all had finished recording and were waiting to start shooting, and, since it was a nice day, they all went outside to spend their break, most of the girls scattering in their trailers, while Mark got a basketball out of nowhere, asking them all to play.

"Okay. Cory, Darren and me, against Max, Chord and Harry." Mark announced, starting to bounce the ball in his hands.

"Shouldn't we decide the teams together?" Harry pouted.

"Yeah, it's not fair that you got Cory." Max complained.

"Oh come on, guys. You got me." Chord laughed.

"Exactly." Harry joked.

"Wait, hold on." Darren interrupted them, standing up. He glanced over at Chris, who was perched on his chair in a corner and pretending to write, but he wasn't fooling Darren. "Aren't you forgetting someone?" He asked, glaring at the other guys.

They all looked at him weirdly, before Harry snapped his fingers. "Kev!"

"Think he's showing Naya and Lea something." Cory shrugged, stealing the ball from Mark, who had lowered his guard.

Darren just gaped at them. How could they forget Chris? It just wasn't fair. "Chris???" He said, pointing his thumb at his boyfriend, and glaring harder at them.

"Oh come on." Mark rolled his eyes. "We all know Chris doesn't want to play."

Darren could see Chris' cheeks getting pinker but he still wasn't looking up from his laptop. "Why? Cause he's gay?" Darren scoffed.

"No, cause he hates sports." Cory replied. He passed the ball back to Mark, stepping in front of Darren and making him feel even shorter than usual. "Look, we're not discriminating him or anything. We love him, okay?" He said seriously, a soft smile on his lips. "And we also know him well enough to know he doesn't like sports."

"Wouldn't hurt to at least ask him." He mumbled, holding his chin up. He knew the guys loved Chris, but he just hated how they always seemed to exclude Chris from the guys.

"Fine." Cory laughed. "Chris?"

Chris finally looked up at them, closing his laptop and pretending he hadn't heard them. "Yes?"

"You wanna play basketball with us?" Cory asked.

"No, I'm good." He shrugged, his smile forced.

"See?" Mark and Cory sighed at the same time.

Darren rolled his eyes, ignoring them and going back to sit next to Chris. "You sure?" He pouted, batting his eyelashes at him.

Chris actually smiled this time, his cheeks dimpling with it. "You know I hate sports, Dare." He said, glancing at Darren before his eyes got back to contemplate the ground.

"I just don't want you to stay here alone." Darren pouted again, poking Chris' bicep with his index finger.

"I'm not alone." Chris giggled, slapping away Darren's hand.

"Come on." Darren insisted, getting up just to kneel in front of Chris. "At least come cheer for your boyfriend?" He made an exaggerated pout, making Chris giggle even harder.

"Darren, are you in or no?" Mark called.

"Only if I have the right support." Darren yelled back, his eyes still pleading Chris.

"Are you proposing to him??" Cory asked, confused.

"What? No." Darren realised he was kneeling in front of Chris and felt his face on fire. "Um." He quickly stood up, making the other guys laugh and Chris blush. "I, um, I..."

"Oh my god, just come play." Harry chuckled.

"I'll come cheer for you." Chris smiled, putting away his laptop and standing up too.

"Yayy!" Darren clapped his hands excitedly, his previous embarrassment forgotten. He took Chris' hand and tugged him to the small basketball court, positioning him right outside the perimeter lines. He then joined the guys, showing off in front of Chris every time he had the ball.

"Darren! Here!" Mark called, trying to get his attention.

But Darren kept bandying, trying to get away from Max. He finally managed to pass him and go for a score, but miserably missing it. "Goddamnit!"

"You still did good, baby!" Chris cheered, clapping his hands and smiling.

Darren just smiled back, almost getting hit by the ball Mark had thrown at him. "Next time pass." He pouted.

"Okaay." Darren rolled his eyes.

Cory took a break after a while, saying he had to go tell Lea something and Chord just stopped, watching them instead so they were still even.

Darren kept showing off, especially after he scored a couple of shots, Chris cheering louder for him. Then he realised Chris was taking a video of them, so he walked over at him, grinning. "You want a memento of my great basketball player skills, babe?"

"Just try to not fall on your ass next time." Chris smirked, keeping his eyes fixed on his cellphone.

"Rude." Darren just laughed, going back to the game. And he got so focused on what he was doing, it took him a couple of minutes to notice Chris was gone. He stopped abruptly, dropping the ball and looking around. "Chris?" He called, confused.

"Jesus, can you stop thinking about him for one second?" Mark hissed, while Harry picked up the ball from the ground and scored, laughing.

"Where did he go?" Darren asked, ignoring his teammate. He jogged away from the game, still looking for Chris.

"Where are you going? Darren!" Mark protested while Harry and Max just laughed.

"Chris? Oh, there you are." He smiled as soon as he spotted him.

"Hey." Chris smiled back, a confused frown on his forehead.

"Hey, you disappeared. I got worried." Darren said, stepping closer to him and circling his waist with his arms.

"Just had to take a phone call, Dare." Chris chuckled, pocketing his phone and throwing his arms around Darren's neck. "You worry too much."

"I just don't like to see you alone." Darren pouted. He knew Chris sometimes preferred to be on his own and just write, but he also knew him well enough to tell when he wanted to be involved instead.

"I'm never alone as long as you're around." Chris grinned, leaning over and pecking Darren's lips.

Darren was about to deepen the kiss, but then he felt a ball hitting his back. "Hey!" He protested, turning to look at the other guys, still laughing at him.

"You still playing or you rather make out with him?" Harry asked, a playful smirk on his lips.

"Ugh." Darren groaned, resting his forehead against Chris' shoulder.

"Go play." Chris whispered, his hands lowering to his back and squeezing his hips.

"You don't want to make out with me?" Darren pouted, looking back up at him.

"Not before you take a shower. You stink." Chris giggled.

"Rude." Darren gasped, leaning away from his boyfriend.

"Wait." Chris stopped him, taking his wrist and tugging him back into his arms. "Lucky kiss." He said, before kissing Darren again.

Darren just smirked into it, knowing it was just an excuse to kiss him.

Part 15: I think you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

"Chris Col-fur? Seriously, Dare?"

Darren grinned, closing the door of his dressing room behind him and locking it. "You liked it?" He asked, walking up to his boyfriend, currently sitting on top of his dressing table, with his legs crossed and swinging, a cheeky grin on his face.

"Loved it." Chris giggled, jumping down and closing the distance between them. "Love you."

Darren smiled as they kissed, his lips fitting perfectly with Chris'. "I'm glad." He breathed against Chris' lips, pecking them one more time before leaning away, to take a better look at him. "Was thinking about keeping it until my run is over." He said, holding his chin up proudly.

"Oh my god." Chris snorted, resting his hands on Darren's naked chest, his fingers brushing against his skin.

"Someone is not going to be happy about it." He whispered, his expression turning serious.

"Your happiness is worth all the backlash I'm gonna get." Darren admitted sincerely, his arms sneaking around Chris' waist to draw him closer and an excuse to touch his ass.

Chris smiled, looking down bashfully, his eyes blinking fast and his cheeks getting pinker. "I really wish we could take official pictures like you did with everyone else." He sighed, Darren catching the sadness in his voice.

"One day." Darren said, squeezing down on Chris' asscheeks, trying to get a happier smile. But he didn't really succeed. "Hey, come on, birthday boy. Gimme an actual smile." He chided softly, kissing Chris' nose.

Chris sighed again, looking back up at him and forcing a small smile. "Sorry. I just..." He trailed off, his arms getting on top of Darren's shoulders, his fingers starting to play with his still sweaty curls and making them get even closer, their chests almost touching. "I really missed you."

"Missed you too, baby." Darren whispered, nodding and staring at Chris' lips. He was about to kiss him again, when someone knocked at his door three times. "Oh, wait." He smirked, letting go of Chris and opening the door, taking the bunch of flowers he had asked the girls from the wardrobe department to get him. "Thank you, Antoniette!" He smiled, winking at her.

"No worries, hon." She beamed back, closing the door for Darren, since his hands were now full.

"Dare!" Chris gasped. "You didn't have to!" He still accepted the flowers, sniffing them and admiring them.

"I wanted to. It's your birthday, after all." Darren grinned, toeing off his converse so he could be more comfortable.

"Yes, but you're the Broadway star!" Chris protested, putting the flowers aside on the table, hugging Darren tightly. "Thank you, though."

"Of course." Darren sniffled, hugging him back and just enjoying being in Chris' arms once again.

"And thank you for the other surprises you left at home, you dork." Chris giggled, leaning away a little, but not letting go yet.

"I thought you would miss me too, so I left some notes. Especially where I thought you'd need and miss me the most." He smirked, making Chris roll his eyes.

"Are you talking about the encouraging notes you wrote on the toilet paper?" He asked, glaring at him.

"Yep."

"Dork." Chris snorted, resting his forehead against Darren's. "They were still all cute, though. And the pics you took with our babies and left all around the house too." He smiled, his fingers brushing against the nape of Darren's neck.

"Brian looks grumpy in most of them." Darren pouted, still mad at Brian for not showing a bright smile for his daddy.

"Brian is always grumpy." Chris giggled. "He does miss you, though. He always jumps up when he hears someone but his ears get flat when he sees who it is."

"Aw." Darren pouted, letting his forehead drop to Chris' shoulder and looking up at him from underneath his eyelashes.

"And Coop sleeps on your side of the bed." Chris whispered, his smile getting bigger.

"Awww." Darren was honestly flattered by his pets' love for him, but he had more important things to do now. He subtly tried to unbuckle Chris' belt and loose his pants, but his efforts didn't get unnoticed.

"Really, Dare?" Chris laughed, leaning away and doing Darren's job instead, lowering his jeans easily. "I'm talking about our pets and you just think about getting me naked?"

"It's your birthday. And we don't have much time before someone comes calling for me." Darren shrugged, not able to keep his eyes from wandering down at Chris' groin. "And I've missed you."

Chris smiled, hooking his index finger in Darren's tiny and tight shorts to tug him closer. "I know." He whispered, his eyes glancing down at Darren's lips a couple of times before they were kissing again. Darren opened his lips to let Chris' tongue in, enjoying the way Chris was deepening the kiss. He pushed on Chris' chest, until his back was against the wall, their mouths still attached. "Fucking missed you too, Dare." Chris breathed once they leaned away.

Darren smirked, licking his already wet lips and giving Chris a mischievous look. He pulled Chris' boxer briefs down, Chris' already half hard cock bouncing free. "Someone has missed me too." He purred, leaving a trail of kisses on every inch of Chris' skin he could get, kneeling down in front of him. He pulled up Chris' shirt, sucking what he was sure was going to be quite a hickey later right under his bellybutton, making Chris whimper. "Happy birthday, baby." Darren hummed, taking Chris' dick in his hand and kissing its head, Chris' hand flying to his curls and tugging on them.

"Dare."

Darren took a deep breath before taking Chris' cock inside his mouth, sucking on it, just like he knew Chris loved. He moaned around it, Chris' grip on his hair getting tighter, before pulling off, giving Chris' shaft a firm lick and then taking him in again, relaxing his throat around the head of Chris' cock.

"Fuck." Chris moaned, his left hand joining the other in his curls, so he could keep his head in position, his hips starting to thrust up into Darren's mouth.

Darren hummed around Chris' cock again, knowing how much it drove Chris insane.

"Shit, Dare, f-fuck." He heard Chris' head thump against the wall, a signal Chris was already close.

He pulled away a little, sucking on just the head of Chris' cock and then licking his slit.

"Fuck, Dare, I'm gonna come, fuck." Chris groaned, his body tensing up.

"Come all over my face." Darren demanded, his voice hoarse.

"Y-you sure?" Chris asked, looking down at him.

Darren just nodded, eagerly pulling his tongue out, closing his eyes and waiting for Chris to come.

"F-fuck." Chris moaned again, before coming, his cock pumping out long shots of cum all over his face. Darren felt it hit his tongue, cheeks and even his closed eyes. He smirked, retreating his tongue and enjoying the taste of Chris. "Fuck, Dare."

He reopened his eyes, blinking up at Chris from underneath his eyelashes. "Now you also have your cream pie, birthday boy." He grinned cheekily, wiping away some of the cum from his cheek and holding his finger up for Chris to suck.

"Oh my fucking god." Chris snorted, pushing away Darren's finger.

"What? You don't want it?" Darren pouted, getting up, his knees cracking a little.

"You're disgusting." Chris laughed, as Darren licked his own finger. "Disgustingly hot." He then whispered, biting down on his lower lip.

Darren just smirked, wriggling his eyebrows and waiting for him. And he didn't have to wait long, because Chris was leaning in and licking his cheek clean, smacking his lips contently. "Knew it." He purred, turning his face so he could kiss Chris again.

Chris moaned into the kiss, his hand traveling down to Darren's dick and giving it a squeeze.

But then someone was banging on his door, calling for him.

"Shit." He groaned, pulling away from his boyfriend. "Yeah?" He yelled back.

"The fans are waiting for you. Is it going to take you much longer??" Bobby shouted.

He looked down at his dick, Chris' fingers still circling it. "Nope, not much longer." He shouted back, making Bobby groan aloud and walk away. "Care to join me in the shower and give me a hand, babe?" He asked, looking hungrily up at Chris and smirking.

"Always." Chris purred, latching his mouth on Darren's again. "Always ready to help."

Part 16: Why don't you come on over? Why don't you lay me down?

They were cuddled up on Chris' couch, a blanket covering their tangled legs as movie was playing on the tv, and Darren loved it. He loved to cuddle with Chris. Especially now that Chris had gained a few more inches on him and was the perfect big spoon.

He felt Chris' lips on the back of his neck tentatively kissing him and he immediately pulled away, confused. "What are you doing? I thought I was the puppy in our relationship." He chuckled, turning his head to look at Chris, who just blushed really hard.

"I-I thought it could be s-sexy?" Chris said it as a question, his blush deepening.

"Oh." Darren just blinked at him, not really sure on what else to say.

"I can stop if it bothers you, though." Chris replied, leaning away and sitting up.

"No, no, no, Chris, it's fine." He reassured him, smiling. "I'm just ticklish there, so that's why I just, um..."

He stopped, as Chris leaned in, kissing his lips firmly before lowering his mouth to Darren's jaw and neck, leaving a wet trail and then whispering against it. "Maybe I could try with the front?"

And Chris' voice did sound deep and sexy like that, but Darren still wasn't feeling comfortable with it and—

"Chris, wait!" He squealed when Chris pushed him back on the couch, his hands wandering down to his groin area and his fingers unbuttoning his jeans.

Chris pulled off, retreating his hands and sitting back up. "Shit, sorry."

"No, no, I'm sorry, Chris." He shook his head, feeling his blush spread to his ears and neck. "I-I-I'm just not...u-um, not in the mood for, um, t-that." He stuttered out, looking down a little bit ashamed.

"Oh my god, Dare, no, don't worry!" Chris chided softly, slowly getting closer to him again. "I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable. I really didn't mean to."

"It's okay."

"No, it's not." Chris shook his head, taking Darren's hand in his gingerly and then more firmly as Darren didn't pull away. "I would never want to make you feel uncomfortable or to push you to do something you're not ready for or just not in the mood to do. And I'm really sorry for just doing that before asking you about it."

"Thank you." Darren whispered, smiling a little.

"Of course, honey." Chris smiled back, squeezing his hand.

"I'm just..."

"No, hey, you don't owe me any explanation." Chris stopped him, kissing his knuckles. "And you don't have to make up excuses either. If you just don't feel like it, it's totally okay. I can, um, c-control myself, you know?" He added, his cheeks getting pink.

"I love you." Darren said simply, kissing Chris' cheek. "Thank you."

"I love you too." Chris smiled, laying back on the couch. "Let's go back to cuddling, yes?" He asked, opening his arms and wriggling his fingers as he waited for him to lay back with him.

"Yes." Darren grinned, letting Chris pull him down, their bodies fitting perfectly, as Chris went back to spooning him.

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They had decided to go out clubbing with some of their friends and everyone was already pretty drunk. Chris included.

He was sitting in Darren's lap, his head resting on his shoulder and his right hand holding a drink.

Darren looked down at him and smiled, kissing the top of his head because Chris just looked adorable with his cheeks pink and a huge grin on his lips.

But somehow, Chris found it funny, starting to giggle and shaking his drink, spilling it all over Darren's shirt.

"Oh fuck! Darren, sorry, sorry, oh god." Chris apologised, while still laughing and patting at Darren's shirt.

"It's okay, don't worry." Darren shook his head, reassuring his boyfriend and gently stopping Chris' hands.

But then Chris was looking up at him hungrily, a mischievous smirk on his lips. "What if..." He bit his lip, his fingers unbuttoning Darren's shirt. "You're all wet. Don't want you to catch a cold." He whispered, taking his shirt off and shifting in Darren's lap until he was straddling his thighs, his drink long forgotten on the ground. "So hot."

Darren barely had the time to answer before Chris was kissing him. And Darren liked it when Chris took control and kissed him like that. He loved it. He slowly sneaked his arms around Chris' waist, his hands splaying on Chris' back.

"I so wanna ride you, right now." Chris breathed against his lips, his fingers fighting to open the fly of Darren's jeans.

Darren's heart stopped and he just gaped at Chris, not even sure on how to react. "C-Chris."

"I fingered myself this afternoon, so don't worry." Chris purred, finally unbuttoning Darren's jeans.

"Chris."

"And I'm clean." Chris added, kissing Darren's jaw.

"E-everyone's watching." Darren whimpered, leaning away a little.

"Let 'em watch." Chris moaned, his hips thrusting down.

"Chris. Stop." Darren said, taking Chris' shoulders and getting their eyes at the same level so he could look at him.

Chris stopped at that, his eyes meeting Darren's. He gaped at Darren, his face turning into an expression of pure horror. "Oh god." He quickly leaned away, falling to the ground in his hurry to get off Darren's lap. "Fuck, I'm sorry, fuck, fuck, fuck—"

"Chris." Darren called, taking his shirt from the ground and putting it on again. "Hey, calm down." He tried to reassure his boyfriend, who looked sincerely sorry and embarrassed. "It's okay."

"It's okay?" Chris hissed. "I almost rode you in the middle of a club, Dare, fuck."

"You stopped when I asked you to." Darren said, his hand squeezing down on Chris' shoulder.

"I fucking tried to ride you! A-and I told you those things! Fuck. Oh god." Chris gasped, all the colors leaving his face. "Fuck."

"Chris? Are you okay?" Darren asked, getting even closer to him.

"I think I'm gonna puke." Chris whispered, his eyes staring blankly in front of him.

"Fuck. You're that wasted?" Darren winced, getting up and holding his hand out for Chris to take.

"I'm gonna be sick." Chris mumbled, and when Darren realised he wasn't going to get up on his own, he hoisted him up by his armpits, carrying all his weight as he guided him to the bathroom. "Okay, okay. Think you can make it to the restroom?" He asked, Chris just nodding dumbly at him. "Okay. Here." When they reached the bathroom, he quickly got them into the first free toilet he found, locking the door behind him as Chris got on his knees and puked into the toilet. "Honey." Darren sighed, crouching down next to him and drawing circles on his back as Chris kept retching.

"S-sorry." Chris cried, tears streaming down his face.

"No, hey, come on, don't cry, Chris." Darren shifted to his knees, hugging Chris sideways and comforting him.

"Sorry." Chris just sobbed, slumping into Darren's body.

"Shhhh, baby, it's okay." Darren soothed.

Luckily, when they woke up the next morning, cuddled up on Darren's bed, Chris didn't bring the previous night's events up, which probably meant he didn't even remember about it because of how drunk he had been.

Or so Darren thought.

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It was Saturday night and Darren had the apartment to himself for once. And, of course, the first thing he did, was call Chris to tell him.

"We would have the apartment to ourselves?" Chris asked, to confirm it.

"Yep. No one's here. Just me. Waiting for you to join me." Darren chuckled, scratching the back of his neck.

"And, um..." He heard Chris clear his voice a couple of times over the phone and he knew Chris did that when he was nervous about saying something. *"we, uh, we could fool around? Maybe?"*

"Yes. Yes, of course, Chris." Darren nodded, a little confused by the question.

"Okay. Great. Um, you have everything there?" Chris asked, confusing Darren even more.

"Yeah." He replied, looking around the room.

"Perfect. Give me twenty minutes and I'm there." Chris said, before hanging up.

Darren waited, sitting on his couch and starting to sort out his CDs on it.

Twenty minutes later and someone was banging on his door, probably too impatient to try with the doorbell.

"Coming." He called out, jogging up to the door and opening it. But he didn't even have the time to greet Chris, that his boyfriend was jumping on him, kissing him hungrily and pushing him back inside, kicking the door closed with his foot.

"Fuck, Dare, I'm so fucking glad you're finally ready." Chris moaned when their lips parted.

Darren just blinked at him, completely confused. "What?"

Chris frowned, letting go of Darren and stepping back a little. "You said we had the apartment to ourselves."

"Yeah, we do." Darren nodded.

"And that we could fool around." Chris continued, hugging his waist with his arms.

"Of course." Darren shrugged.

"And with 'fooling around' you didn't mean 'have sex'?" Chris asked, his cheeks getting pinker and his eyes looking down.

"Of course I didn't mean to have sex, Chris, what the fuck?!?" Darren snorted, taking a step back and looking even more confused at Chris. "Y-you thought I meant t-that?" He stuttered out.

"And they say I'm the obvious one." Chris mumbled, shaking his head. "Should I just go?"

"What? No!" Darren cried, stepping closer to Chris and taking his hand. "You can stay. And maybe we could just—" "Talk?"

"Yes. We need to talk." Darren nodded, squeezing down on Chris' fingers and then tugging him to the couch.

They sat down, facing each other, their hands still joined.

"Dare, why don't you want to have sex with me?" Chris finally spoke up, looking Darren in the eyes. "Is it because I'm a man and you only had sex with women before?"

"No! No, Chris, trust me, it's not that." Darren shook his head.

"Then, is it me? You don't think I'm attractive?" Chris asked, his voice breaking a little and Darren wanted to punch himself for making Chris think something like that.

"What? No. Shit, Chris, no. You are the most beautiful guy I've ever seen." Darren smiled, holding up one of his hands to Chris' face and brushing his cheekbone with his thumb. "I mean it."

"Then, what?" Chris frowned.

Darren looked down, not sure on how to say it. "It's just that..." He cleared his voice, looking back up at Chris. "I don't really like labels, but if I had to put one on myself I'd probably choose asexual." He explained, letting go of the breath he was holding.

Chris just stared at him, his eyes glancing down at Darren's crotch. "I'm not sure what that means." He whispered, blushing a little.

"Oh, well, um, it means that I don't find you *sexually* attractive. I think you're beautiful and I love you, Chris, I do, but when I think about you, I don't think about doing that kind of things."

"So you're only interested in the romantic part of our relationship?" Chris asked, his brow furrowing.

"It's not an interest, or a lack of." Darren shook his head. "It's just... I don't know, I just don't want to have sex. But I do love you."

Chris nodded. "Okay, sorry. I just really want to make sure I understand."

"Um, you want to understand?" Darren frowned.

"Yes."

"You don't want to break up with me?" He sniffled, retreating his hands in his lap and looking down to them.

"Of course I don't want to break up with you!" Chris gasped, almost offended.

"You seemed very enthusiastic about sex, though." Darren shrugged, still looking down.

"Dare. Look at me." Chris chided softly, taking his hands and shifting closer to him. Darren looked up at him, finding Chris' blue and big eyes staring back at him. "I love you. I fucking love you, okay? And while I do find you sexually attractive and want to have sex, I don't think our relationship can only work if sex is involved."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Chris smiled, his thumb brushing against Darren's knuckles. "And I want you to tell me what makes you comfortable and what doesn't, so I can tell where to draw a line."

"You really want to try this?" Darren whispered, a little bit surprised.

"Of course I want to, Dare. I love you." Chris said, as if it was the most obvious thing on earth.

"But you still want sex."

"And that's why they invented masturbation."

Darren just stared at him for a few seconds before starting to giggle. "Really?"

"Shit, I shouldn't have said that out loud." Chris mumbled.

"No, hey, it's okay. I definitely wouldn't be opposed to that." Darren grinned, leaning in to kiss Chris' cheek.

"Oh. Okay." Chris chuckled, scratching the back of his neck. "Um, I still think you should have told me earlier, though."

"I know, I'm sorry for not being honest with you." Darren replied, wincing.

"No, it's not about me." Chris shook his head. "I totally made you uncomfortable in a few occasions, I know. And, god, I fucking tried to ride you in the middle of a club!" He squealed, blushing.

"I thought you forgot about that." Darren said apologetically.

"I wish I did." Chris grimaced. "God, I'm sorry."

"And I'm sorry for not telling you."

"Now I know though." Chris smiled, brushing away one of Darren's curls from his forehead. "And I think that if a relationship without love can exist, one without sex can exist as well." He nodded proudly.

Darren grinned, kissing Chris' cheek again.

"I might have read that one on the internet, but, yeah..." Chris mumbled, biting down on his lip.

"I love you." Darren snorted, laying back on the couch and tugging Chris along with him.

"I love you too." Chris grinned, kissing Darren's nose. He then rested his head on Darren's chest, his right index finger drawing imaginary circles on his t-shirt. "So much."

Part 17: Does the pain feel better when I'm around?

"Dad? Papa?"

They both looked over at the door, their kids shyly opening it and peaking inside.

"Hey, guys!" Darren smiled, trying to sit up a little.

"No, hey, don't move too much." Chris chided softly, getting up and gently readjusting his husband in his hospital bed. "You need to rest."

"How's my baby brother doing?" Chuck interrupted, showing up behind their kids.

"Fine. I'm fine." Darren sighed, batting away Chris' hands and pushing the button he knew would pull his bed up a little, so he could actually sit up without efforts, glaring at Chris as soon as he tried to stop him. "I'm fine." He repeated.

"Yeah." Chris attempted a smile, getting up again and drying the palms of his hands on his jeans. "He's doing a little better." Chris nodded, sharing a look with Chuck. But Darren could tell how worried he still was. Chris always worried about him. Chris always worried about everything.

"Come on. Get on the bed so I can see you guys." He called for his kids, who were still standing at the door, both of them looking scared and worried.

"Just..." Chris stopped Luke who was about to get on the bed as Darren asked. "Be careful, okay? Papa still needs to rest. And don't stay too close." He explained.

"Okay." Luke nodded, carefully climbing on the bed and sitting cross-legged at the end of the bed, Emily doing the same, only her hands rested on Darren's ankle, caressing it.

"You guys went to school today, yes?" Darren asked, his heart crying because he couldn't even reach out to hug his own kids.

"Yes. Uncle Chuck and auntie Lucy drove us." Emily said, glancing back at her uncle, who just smiled.

"Good." Darren nodded, but then stopped, feeling his head starting to get fuzzy and dizzy. "And what did you do at school?" He asked again, wanting to distract his kids and himself as well.

"I learned to do divisions!" Luke answered excitedly, a grin taking over his lips.

"You did?" Darren grinned too, shifting a little in bed so he could at least get a better look at them.

"Yes!"

"Good boy." He smiled, sniffing into his wrist. He noticed Chris was now talking to Chuck by the door, their tones hushed so that only they could hear what they were saying. But he knew they were talking about him and his conditions. He sniffled again, trying to focus on his kids instead. "What about you, princess?"

"I hate Maggie." Emily sighed, her eyes looking down at her father's leg.

"What? Why?" Darren asked, confused. He knew Emily had a crush on Maggie.

"She said I'm dumb because I like mermaids and mermaids don't exist." She shrugged.

"She's dumb." Luke pouted, trying to comfort his sister.

"I know." Emily nodded.

"You told her why you like mermaids and explained why you're not dumb?"

"Nope. If she thinks that, I hate her." Emily shook her head, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Honey, you need to talk to her." Darren said, shifting again on the bed and blinking fast, trying to ignore the headache that was slowly starting to build in his head. "You need to explain a-and just... communication is important."

"Yes, but she's stupid. Because mermaids are awesome!" Emily rolled her eyes, starting to ramble about mermaids and their awesomeness.

And Darren didn't mean to lose the train of her speech, didn't mean to stop listening to her and start to drift, but his headache was getting worse, his throat was killing him and his lungs were hurting again. He closed his eyes for a few seconds, trying to get a grip on himself and then reopened them, finding his kids' scared looks staring at him. "Sorry. Got sleepy for a moment. Go on, honey." He tried to laugh it off, but laughing was definitely a bad idea. He started to cough, turning his body away from his kids.

Chris was at his side in a second, holding him up and brushing his curls off his sweaty forehead. "There. Better?" Chris smiled, once Darren was over coughing.

Darren nodded, slumping against Chris, who was now sitting on the bed too, letting Darren use him as a pillow. He sniffled against Chris' chest, hiding his face there and enjoying the way his husband's warm arms felt around him.

"Is papa okay?" He heard Emily ask, her voice sounding really worried.

"He's going to be." Chris replied, holding Darren a little bit tighter.

"But what's wrong?" Emily sniffled and Darren had to reopen his eyes, wanting to comfort his daughter because he couldn't stand to hear her so scared. She was still sitting on the end of the bed, fidgeting with her hands in her lap, while Luke was in Chuck's arms, his big eyes staring back at him, frightened.

"It's called pneumonia, honey." Chris answered in his place. "It means there's bad...stuff in your papa's lungs."

"And the doctors can't get it out?" Emily frowned, almost frustrated by the situation.

"It takes a while, honey." Chris explained. "And a lot of rest for papa. That's why we're staying in the hospital and you're staying with your uncle and aunt."

"I know." Emily nodded. "I just miss my daddies." She sniffled.

"Me too." Luke cried, wiping at his eyes.

"You should go home with 'em." Darren slurred, his eyes starting to lose focus already.

"No, no, no!" Emily replied, shaking her head.

Darren and Chris looked at her, confused.

"Uncle Chuck says you're in a lot of pain and need daddy to stay here to help you feel better." She clarified, glancing up at Chuck for confirmation.

"Well, I can't really help papa get better, honey, it's just that I want to make sure he lets someone take care of him, okay?" Chris smiled and Darren felt him tense up a little.

He knew Chris was still a little bit mad at him, and maybe rightfully since ever since he got back from his book tour he had had to deal with a sick and whiny husband instead of enjoying his time back with his kids.

"Papa's sick because of us, right?" Emily pouted, tears starting to stream down her face.

"No, no, no, sweetie, no!" Darren shook his head, jumping up in bed to get to her and comfort her. But that turned out to be a very bad idea, since he only ended up coughing again, his eyes watering because of his short breath and also because he had made his daughter cry.

"Easy." Chris chided, softly, pulling him back into his arms and kissing the top of his head. "It's not your fault, sweetheart." He then said, looking up at their daughter. "Your papa is just too selfless sometimes."

"What's selfless?" Luke mumbled, his forehead scrunching up in confusion.

"It means your papa takes care of others more than he takes care of himself." Chuck explained, kissing his nephew's cheek as his right hand sneaked down to take Emily's, squeezing it. "And it's not your fault, sweetie." He said. "It's no one's fault. Sometimes people are not lucky and do dumb things for the people they love."

"Papa's not lucky?" Emily sniffled, wiping away the last tears in her eyes.

"I'm very lucky." Darren replied, rubbing his cheek against Chris' shirt.

"But you're also very dumb since you focused on your kids so much you didn't notice you had freaking pneumonia until I came back, Dare." Chris chided, sighing before kissing his curls again.

"Yeah. Sorry." He mumbled, closing his eyes. "You do, tho."

"Do what, honey?" Chris asked.

"Help."

"Help?"

"Feel bet'r" He hummed, his head feeling heavier now. "Always feel better when you're 'round." He yawned.

"Oh."

"Maybe it's better if we let papa get some rest, okay, guys?" Chuck proposed, and Darren could feel the bed dip a little, which probably meant Emily had climbed off it.

"Yeah." Chris agreed.

"We can come back again tomorrow, how does that sound?"

"Kay." Emily and Luke both replied.

"And I'll come check on you later tonight, okay guys?" Chris added.

"Kay."

"I'll see you later, then."

"Okay, later daddy." Emily answered. "Bye, papa."

"Bye, papa." Luke repeated.

And Darren wanted to reply, he really did, but it was too much of an effort at that moment and probably the only thing that came out of his lips was a mumble, his mind already drifting off to sleep.

Part 18: If I am good to you, won't you be good to me? That's how easy it should be.

Chris wasn't jealous. He wasn't. He simply really cared about his boyfriend. So when he saw some of the new cast members bring Darren some food, he couldn't stop himself.

"What's that?" He asked, stepping up to the small group of his costars.

"Tuna sandwich." Laura grinned, passing it to Darren.

"Since you said you still didn't get anything to eat." Billy added, smiling brightly at Darren.

"Aw, you didn't have to, guys." Darren cooed, taking the sandwich and smiling at them. "But thank you. I really appreciate it."

"But why?" Chris interrupted him. "You don't even like tuna."

"You don't?" Laura's smile completely fell, her brows furrowing in confusion.

Darren scratched the back of his neck nervously, his smile still bright, though. "Well, it's not that I don't like it."

"Yeah, but you prefer chicken salad sandwich." Chris pointed out, arching his eyebrows.

"We didn't know..." Billy started saying, but stopped at Chris' glare.

"Of course, you don't." He hissed.

"Okay, okay, enough." Darren sighed, his hand coming up to Chris' bicep and squeezing down a little to calm him.

"Stop being such an asshole, Chris. They were just being nice." He said, giving him a tight smile.

"Yeah, by bringing you the wrong food." Chris rolled his eyes.

"Um, sorry?" Billy tried again, his cheeks as red as Laura's.

"Are you scaring the newbies away?" Becca scoffed, walking up to them.

"Yes, he is." Darren replied, pinching his arm to stop him from replying instead.

"Ouch," Chris hissed, freeing his arm from Darren's grip. "And no, I'm not. I'm just pointing out what Darren actually prefers, since I know what he prefers."

"We just thought we were helping by bringing him something to eat." Laura tried to explain.

"Yeah, well, I can bring him food." Chris shrugged.

"Oh." Laura, Becca and Billy all whispered at the same time.

"Wait, are you jealous?" Darren snorted.

"I'm not jealous!" Chris replied defensively. "It's just that I'm your boyfriend. I can take care of you."

"So, you are jealous." Darren smirked, his voice lowering. He took a step closer to Chris, while the others just walked away, subtly leaving them alone.

Chris opened his mouth to answer again, but he didn't really know what to say so he just gaped at his boyfriend.

Darren rolled his eyes, pushing Chris back until they reached a chair, making him sit down and then sitting in his lap, the sandwich ending up on the ground, forgotten. "You're very sexy when you get jealous." He purred, his arms around Chris' neck and his legs hanging from one side of the chair.

"I'm not really jealous, it's just..." Chris sighed, trying to find the right words. "You always bring me my favorite food and my favorite drink, without me asking or even telling you what I prefer." He explained, his arms sneaking around Darren's waist and holding him closer. "And I want to do the same for you."

"Chris," Darren sighed, smiling at him. "I've never done that because I wanted you to do the same."

"I know." Chris nodded, smiling back and giving him a soft peck on the lips. "But you are so good to me, Dare, I want to be good to you too."

"And you are, Chris. Trust me, you are." Darren grinned, kissing his cheek. "But, as weird as it might sound, other people want to be nice to me too. And you can't get mad at them for that." He whispered, tracing Chris' cheekbone with the tip of his thumb.

Chris sighed, dropping his forehead against Darren's shoulder. "Am I becoming a jealous and controlling psycho of a boyfriend?" He mumbled.

"Na." Darren reassured, cupping Chris' chin with his hand and pulling his face up. "You still haven't peed on me or around me to mark your territory yet, so you're fine." He shrugged, scrunching his nose up.

"Idiot." Chris laughed, kissing his lips. "A hungry idiot, since you still haven't eaten." He added, leaning away a little.

"Hungry for you." Darren grinned, before leaning in again and kissing Chris more firmly, his hand coming up to Chris' head to keep him in place.

"A day may come when I will enter this set without walking in on Chris and Darren making out, but it is not this day!" Harry exclaimed loudly, probably joining the rest of the cast who was taking a break.

Darren just flipped him off, his mouth never leaving Chris'.

The End.