

Night Before

1,700 words

And here they were, two men stumbling back (or rather, Levi stumbling back and Markus trying to steady him) to an apartment post-Gala at 2 in the morning.

Pre-party Levi would never have imagined who he would be bringing home that night at all. Crossing the lobby of Levi's apartment, Markus manages a small nod at the guards at the door who let the two in. Levi truly was in no state to go anywhere alone, Markus half-holding him in one hand and holding Levi's coat in the other. He truly looked more like a body guard than a guest that Levi had over to be honest. Markus honestly had no idea how Levi even got him to come over, but somehow. There they were. Riding the elevator with Levi half asleep and clinging unto his arm. He quietly reaches over to click the number "6". Markus looks up at the elevator mirror and realizes with horror, the state of their reflection. They looked... quite rough, to say the least.

The elevator doors open with a ding to a spacious flat with a scenic view of the city. The aesthetic was clearly modern, and everything looked quite sleek. The window to the veranda was open, and in came a cool evening breeze. Levi elbows the lights on before walking a few steps forward and plopping down on the couch. "Make yourself at home-" he mumbles, reaching forward to grab a pillow.

"....." How was he supposed to make himself at home when this was... Well, way fancier than his actual home? Markus lived in a small apartment with a roommate even with the amount he made doing bouncer work. He couldn't imagine how much Levi had to make if he could afford a place like this. At least it seemed like he was well off and that made him happy. Afterall, he had wanted Levi to have a comfortable life since the beginning and the reason he got involved with that gang was so that he could provide that. It seemed like he never needed him in the first place.

"...Levi, I don't think it's a good idea that I stay. I just wanted to get you home safe" He'd say, still standing by the elevator entrance. Markus was glad that he got to see him again but he just couldn't get involved in his life. He got the answer he had wanted to hear from Levi during their sex and that at least gave him some type of closure. But they were just so different now, even in the space they lived, Markus would just be dragging him down. Just look at how much he accomplished by himself, "I'll get going, alright?"

"Get going, youre... getting going?!" Levi asks angrily, words slurred, sitting up from the couch. He clumsily turns around and throws a sofa pillow at Markus which he catches easily. "We havent seen each other in forever, and you already want to go...?" he asks grumpily, folding his arms and sitting back down on the couch. Levi tiredly reaches for the small compartment in the

coffee table nearby and pulls out a box of cigarettes. He grumbles something about his back hurting and it being Markus' fault, as he takes one of the sticks out, and places it between his teeth. Levi pats down his pockets and realizes that his coat is still in Markus' hands.

"Pass me my lighter. Left pocket." He instructs Markus.

Of course he wasn't listening but Markus still complied with his request. He placed the cushion between his forearm and side before looking down at the coat he was holding. His hand patted around until he felt the object and after taking it out, Markus walked over to hand it to him. So he still smoked, huh? "You know its not that..." He said as he watched Levi light up his cigarette. It made his fingers slightly twitch, swallowing to push back his discomfort. Was there a point of even reasoning with him? Levi was still kind of drunk because of all the martinis he downed while Markus was working...Honestly, he was still worried about him. What if he fell and hurt himself?

Markus let out a quiet sigh, admitting defeat. Those were all excuses, he knew he just wanted to spend more time with him. He grabbed the cushion that he was still holding to place it back on the couch before slowly sitting down, "Alright, I'll stay for just a bit and then i'm taking you to your bed"

It took awhile for Levi to light his own smoke but he finally manages to, clicking the lighter close and pocketing it once more. He takes a long drag out of the cigarette before blowing out the smoke, letting out a deep and satisfied exhale.

As Markus sits down, Levi quietly has leans towards him gently, bringing the lit cigarette to the side away from Markus. He was... thinking. "Now that you know where I stay, you have no excuse now not to visit." He says half sternly.

Will adjust himself so he is lying down on Markus' lap. Looks up at Markus with half lidded, sleepy eyes. He quietly brings up the cigarette to Markus' lips in an attempt to tempt him. He was tipsy, but still cheeky.

He tensed up when the cigarette was taken to his lips, almost immediately moving his head to the side--Shit, this wasn't good. Markus could feel that torturous discomfort again making him bite the inside of his cheek to give himself some pain. He could subdue it a little this way. He gently pushed Levi's hand away as he shook his head, "Don't Levi, I've been trying to quit for a while" He'd say in a firm tone, almost like scolding a child. He had gotten himself into a mess and now Levi wasn't going to let him get away any time soon, "And I dont think...We should get involved with each other again. For our sake's" He'd say the last part a bit softly, almost like it hurt him to say it. But there was a reason Levi left like he did and honestly, he wasn't sure if he was able to make him happy again.

"Trying to quit..." Levi scoffs slightly, looking at the cigarette in his hand. He moves it to his lips but decides against it, reaching over to put it out on a nearby ash tray. He had remembered that they tried to quit together, but ever since they broke up, Levi had lost all hopes in quitting the vice. There was simply no incentive anymore.

They're quiet for a bit, but Levi leans back into Markus, as if he hadn't heard the last part of Markus' words. His heart was racing, and he felt a cold sadness wash over the inside of him. No. Please. Stay. he wanted to say... But he didn't.

"We probably shouldn't." he says quietly, closing his eyes for a bit. "Or... Maybe.. We can.. Why don't we play around a bit. Doesn't it get lonely...? I miss playing around." he says, reaching up to cup Markus' cheeks in his hand. I miss you. he had wanted to say. But he didn't.

He felt his heart skip a heart beat at those words, it almost left him breathless. Lonely...? Yes, he guessed it did. That was the reason he found himself always working, always doing something. To distract himself from that emptiness he felt whenever he sat alone with his thoughts. He just didn't know that if by playing around, they would step on dangerous territory, it's not like he could hide his love for him. Because he still loved him, Markus never even wanted to break up. He was just forced to move on because of his mistake.

He slowly raised a hand to gently place it on top of the one cupping his cheek, "It does" Markus replied with a small sigh, wrapping his hand around his and turning it so their fingers could interlock together, "...But you are drunk Levi, and I don't want to intrude in your life if your sober self decided to leave me"

"Am not." he says stubbornly, running his thumb on Markus' hand. Levi opens his eyes to look at their hands. What a perfect fit.

"I'll tell you again tomorrow. I'll show you that my answer is still the same." he says with a huff, bringing their hands to his chest. He felt selfish.. trying to get Markus roped in to his feelings once more. Markus had a good job, he had quit smoking too. This was as good of an outcome as any. Yet Levi couldn't help wanting to insert himself into Markus' life, after kicking him out... He was such an asshole after all.

Levi gets up with some effort and kicks his shoes off. Still hand in hand he brings Markus over to his bed and crawls in. He was so tired. "I'm going to bed." He says matter of factly, eyes starting to close..

"Good night Markus."

Markus didn't find the will to argue with Levi, he was tired and rather emotionally exhausted after everything that happened. The man simply followed him and once he was taken to the bed, he slipped off his boots before crawling in after him. He watched as Levi laid down and after a good night, quickly fell asleep. He found it a bit uncomfortable to relax with the outfit he had on so before he could join him, Markus removed his tie, dress jacket, pants and unbuttoned his shirt. He was sure Levi wouldn't mind. After Markus got under the sheets, he glanced over at Levi who was already more than passed out besides him. He looked like a mess and smelled like

one, just pure alcohol and cigarettes. But he still felt his heart tightened as that feeling of wanting to take care of him came flowing back. He couldn't just leave him like that...

With a heavy sigh, Markus reached over so he could slowly remove his shirt and those uncomfortable looking pants. And after he was done, he tucked Levi's body inside the sheets so he wouldn't get cold, "Good night" He whispered before laying down to finally get some rest.

Morning After

1,500 words

Morning came soon enough, and sunlight had flooded the room. Levi rubs the sleep from his eyes, and turns around, shielding his eyes from the sun. Oh... No. Everything hurt and he felt horrible. He is silent for a few minutes, cursing to himself in his mind. Levi sits up slowly, pushing the blanket away from him a little. He had then realized, that his clothes were in fact, missing. That was certainly odd as he could've sworn he was fully dressed when he had-

Beside him was a dozing Markus, peacefully asleep beside him, who was also quite lacking in terms of clothes.

Oh. Right. His sore body reminded him about what they had done the night before. Levi lets out a slow exhale. His heart was hammering in his chest. He was really here, huh. Levi looks around in horror and realizes he had not exactly cleaned up the night before, random clothes strewn around, some on the chair and some on the floor. Computer wires invaded his desk. Boxes were still unpacked and were left in corners. He wished he seemed more put together than he really was.

Levi quietly tries to get up and out of bed without waking the other. He needed a shower. He needed a shower at the hottest maximum temperature. And he needed breakfast.

Markus didn't wake up until a while later. He was a heavy sleeper which wasn't a surprise due to his sloth bun nature. Only his loud alarm or an empty stomach managed to wake him up sometimes. And an empty stomach he had since he didn't really eat that much during his shift. His lunch was spent fucking Levi and then afterwards he got dragged to his house before he even finished his sandwich.

That sweet smell that filled the room made Markus's eyes slowly open. He didn't realize how hungry he was until he sat up and his stomach let out a loud growl, "Ugh.." The man groaned, raising a hand to scratch the back of his head lazily. His slightly wavy hair was all messy and puffed up which was an usual thing in the mornings. Markus's bangs almost completely covered his eyes until he flipped them to the side so his one eye could poke out. Maybe he should get a haircut soon...Going back to that smell though, something was cooking up and it smelled amazing. He noticed Levi was nowhere to be seen so he figured it was him.

Markus slowly stood up to make his way out of the room. Though not before passing by a mirror and seeing how messy his hair was. He paused to quickly fix it up before continuing. Groowwls, his stomach announced again as he opened the door to head over to where Levi was.

The television was on but on a low volume setting, just mostly for white noise. Levi wasn't even watching, or even initially seen at all. A good smell was wafting from the kitchen, the scent of fresh bacon, eggs and waffles filling the air.

Levi was seated outside on the veranda, lounging around on a small dining set up that overlooked the city. He had his knees up to his chair, absent mindedly watching the bustle of the city below, a lit cigarette between his fingers. Levi was dressed in a simple white shirt, oversized, and a pair of baggy pants. He looks up as Markus passes by and perks up, stabbing the cig into the ashtray.

"Hey." he says simply, smoothening his shirt. "Hungry...? I made breakfast, just help yourself." Levi says, gesturing to the kitchen. Levi's own plate had some food on it, mostly untouched. He was still the same. Levi could go a day without eating, unless reminded. His appetite had improved when he tried quitting with Markus but... Well. Shit happened.

Markus simply looked at him for a moment, almost as if he had spaced out, before quickly blinking away to glance towards the kitchen, "Thank you for breakfast" Markus would say softly before walking towards the food on the stove. He grabbed a plate that was laying to the side and scooped up some pieces of bacon, eggs and waffles. He was so hungry, he didn't even wait until he was sitting down. Markus took a piece of bacon and munched on it as he walked out to the veranda to meet him, "Hm, its really good" He pulled a chair out and sat on it, placing his plate and utensils down.

He didn't even remember he was still in his underwear, Markus's only mission right now was to eat. They were high up anyways so its not like anybody would be able to see him. He grabbed the fork to cut his waffle into smaller pieces, "Did you sleep well?" Markus asked before taking some food into his mouth. His red eye looked up from under his bangs to watch him as he chewed his food.

"Please." Levi mumbles, unfolding his legs and setting his feet down on the ground. "Its just breakfast." Markus was so easily impressed all the time.

But still, Levi had missed this sight. Markus always had such a nice body, and Levi missed reaching over to greet him with a kiss as a good morning. "I did sleep well though. I woke up like shit but... I slept well." he says with a small nod, taking the cup of coffee into his hand. There is a slight pause before he looks up.

"You didnt get into any trouble yesterday, did you?" he asks, trying to hide his worry. The last thing he wanted to happen was Markus being scolded for disappearing with a guest during work hours...

"No" He'd reply after swallowing, "Nobody told me anything. Someone probably heard us but its not like its a big deal. I was on my break anyways--" He'd then continue eating. It still felt really weird talking to him like this after not seeing each other for some years. And this time he was talking to the sober Levi so it made him a little bit shy. Not shy in the way of embarrassment, but more like he didn't know what to say, what to ask, what to do or how to even act around him. It

was literally like talking to your old crush who re-appeared years later looking gorgeous as hell and you still totally loved him--Actually that was 100% the case.

After chewing for some silent minutes, Markus didnt want to linger in the awkward silence so he slightly cleared his throat, "..The...eggs are really good"

Levi is quiet for a moment, thinking. "Drop by for breakfast then, sometimes." he says, like its the most normal thing in the world. Like they didnt have the messiest break up in the past.

"I can make all the things that you like again. Maybe sometimes, when youre... I dont know. Feeling a little lonely here and there you can... stop by. Have a chat. We can see what we're down for, for the night then... I can make you some breakfast."

It was... really hard asking if your ex wanted to be FWBs. Levi knew he was ignoring the elephant in the room yet... he was afraid that addressing things would just kill the fire completely. He was too scared of that. Now that Markus had resurfaced in his life, he was desperately in search of some excuse to keep him around..

"....." Markus had finished his breakfast and now stared at Levi blinking as he spoke. He remembered what semi-drunk Levi had told him yesterday, "Ill tell you again tomorrow. Ill show you that my answer is still the same." He guessed he really kept his word. Levi actually wanted him around and he just...Didn't know what to think. He was happy, yet scared. He still loved Levi but he was afraid of getting too clingy. Still, he couldnt bring himself to say no to him. Specially when he could see a hint of loneliness reflecting in Levi's eyes.

"Alright" Markus said with a little nod, taking him up on his offer, "I...Can do stop by once in a while then. Specially if I get to taste more of your food" He'd give him a gentle, toothless smile, "But why don't you eat some more and tell me a little bit about...You and your life now?" He'd gesture towards the untouched plate of food.

Levi's tail twitches excitedly when he is asked. Oh. There was just so much to tell. About himself, about his company. Plus, Markus had really taken up his offer! Things were looking great, and were about to be better. Having Markus back in his life was about to be a reality once more.

Still. He didn't want to seem too excited. That would be embarrassing. So instead, Levi clears his throat and takes the fork in his hand and takes up a scoop of eggs. "How much do you know about starting apps-?" he asks coolly, ready to start telling the story of how he acquired his new job.