

**1) "Pull over. Let me drive for a while." by
spontaneoussoftyetassertive**

Series: [One hundred ways to say "I love you" \[1\]](#)

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer, Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-11-19

Updated: 2014-11-19

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Rating: Not Rated

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Chapters: 1

Words: 165

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

All the ways Chris and Darren can tell each other "I love you" without actually saying it.

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Summary:

All the ways Chris and Darren can tell each other "I love you" without actually

saying it.

1) "Pull over. Let me drive for a while."

“Hey, sleepy head.”
Darren laughed, holding out his right hand to squeeze Chris' thigh.

“Oh god, sorry I fell asleep.” Chris yawned,

rubbing his eyes.

“It's okay. You had a long day. I don't mind driving.”
Darren smiled at him, his hand still on Chris' thigh.

Chris intertwined their fingers, brushing Darren's knuckles with his thumb.
“You had a long day too.”

Chris said, studying Darren's face. He looked exhausted. "Pull over. Let me drive for a while." He squeezed Darren's hand, waiting for Darren to look at him.

"I can drive for a few more miles, don't worry." Darren tried to hide a

yawn, obviously failing.

“Nope.” Chris answered determined. “Come on. Pull over.” He demanded.

Darren yawned again, not even trying to hide it, this time. He pulled over, stopping the car on the edge of the road. He

grinned at Chris. “I love you.” He said simply, leaning over and kissing Chris softly on the lips.

“I know.” Chris smirked pulling away.

2) "It reminded me
of you" by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [2]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Joey Richter

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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**2) "It reminded me
of you"**

Chris knocked at Darren's
apartment door.

“Chris?” Liam opened the
door, looking at Chris
confused.

“Oh, hey, Liam. Is Darren home?” He asked, smiling at him.

“I thought he said you weren't coming back until Monday.” Joey piped up from the couch once Liam let him in.

“Oh, yeah. I got free

earlier and wanted to surprise him.” Chris blushed a little, brushing the back of his neck.

“Thank god!” Liam sighed.

“He's been sulking in bed for a week. We can't stand all of his “I miss him so

much” “I miss talking to him face to face” “I miss kissing him” anymore.” Joey said, mimicking Darren's voice.

“He said that?” Chris asked blushing even more.

“Yes.” Liam pushed him towards Darren room.

“We're gonna go at Holden's for a while. So you get the apartment all for yourself.” He winked, leaving him in front of Darren's door.

“Okay.” Chris smiled nervously at him.

“Chris?” Darren's door

opened, revealing him in just sweatpants and a t-shirt, too big on him. “I thought I was having hallucinations!” Darren laughed before hugging Chris tightly. “I missed you.”

“I’ve heard.” Chris smirked, hugging him

back. “I thought I could surprise you.”

“Oh god.” Darren let go of him, looking around his room. “Uhm, I'm sorry for the mess and...uhm...”

Chris looked around as well, noticing how the room was even messier

than usual. But what caught his attention was something else. “Oh my god! That Teddy bear is huge!” He squealed, jumping on Darren's bed and taking a better look at the stuffed animal.

“I saw it in a shop and it reminded me of you so I

bought it.”

“I don't look like a teddy bear!” Chris protested, hugging it and looking up at Darren who was still standing.

“It kinda does.” Darren laughed, sitting down next to him. “You get all

cuddly and cute when you're sleepy. Like a huge teddy bear.” He hugged them both, resting his forehead on Chris' shoulder.

“Wait.” Chris sniffed the toy. “Is this my cologne?”

Darren's face became

redder than the bowtie around the bear's neck. "I just really, really missed you." He whispered.

"Dare." Chris sighed, kissing Darren's curls. "I've been gone for just a week."

"And I've missed you

every single day of it.”

Chris hugged him tighter to his chest, letting go of the toy. “I love you.” He said, kissing him again.

“I know.” Darren grinned, pushing Chris back, making him lay down and cuddling him. “I love you

too.”

3) "It's my treat" &
37) "Can I kiss you?"

by

spontaneousoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [3]

Category: Glee RPF

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Chapters: 1

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Publisher:

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**3) "It's my treat" &
37) "Can I kiss you?"**

“Oh, no, no, no. It's my treat.” Chris stopped Darren from taking out his wallet, paying the cashier for their dinner.

“But I'm the one who

asked you out.” Darren protested as they walked towards the exit.

“Yes, but you already paid for the concert.” Chris smiled, holding the door for Darren.

“Thanks.” Darren blushed a little, not used to people

holding the door for him. “Uhm...” He hesitated for a few seconds more before taking Chris' hand. Chris just smiled even more, intertwining their fingers. “Uhm, I-I actually didn't pay for the tickets. They were given to me.”

“Well, then you'll pay

next time.” Chris grinned, making their hands swing between them.

“Oh, so there's gonna be a next time?” Darren grinned, stopping in front of Chris' car.

“Only if you want.”

“I definitely, definitely, fucking definitely want to go on a second date with you.” Darren held up Chris' hand to his lips and kissed it. “And a third, and fourth and ten thousand more.”

Chris laughed, blushing. “Oh my god, okay.”

“Next time I'm gonna take you on a more proper date, though.” Darren said.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I'm gonna come pick you up, take you in a very quiet place to eat and then get you back home.

So that, if you want to,
you can ask me to come
inside and...well...”

Darren trailed off,
blushing even harder than
Chris.

“Just, for your
information...” Chris
whispered. “This was a
perfect date, too.”

“Good.” Darren nodded.
“Chris?” He asked after a few seconds of just staring at each other, their faces only a few inches apart.

“Yes?”

“Can I kiss you?”

Chris nodded and let

Darren close the distance. Darren's hand came up to Chris' cheek, holding him in place, his thumb softly brushing his skin, while Chris' fingers tangled into Darren's short curls on the back of his head. They both added tongue to the kiss, which turned a little more heated, their bodies

crushing into each other.
It wasn't Chris' first kiss,
but it definitely was his
first *good* kiss.

They separated, both
blushing.

“Uhm.” Chris grinned.
“You're a very good
kisser.”

“So are you.” Darren laughed, letting go of Chris' face. He then opened Chris' car door for him.

“I'll see you tomorrow.” He smiled, getting into the car.

“See you.” Darren waved

his hand.

“Wait.” Chris said before Darren could close the door and walk to his car. Chris got out again, just to kiss Darren on the cheek. “Thanks for the date.” He whispered, before getting back into the car.

“You're very welcome.”
Darren grinned.

**4) "Come here. Let
me fix it." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [4]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Words: 160

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**4) "Come here. Let
me fix it."**

“You'd think after years of playing a very fashionable character I'd learned how to tie a bowtie, but nope.”
Chris sighed.

Darren walked up to him,

standing behind him in front of the mirror in their bedroom. “Come here. Let me fix it.” He whispered in Chris ear, batting away his hands and replacing them with his own.

Chris let him, looking at how easily Darren's hands worked, his eyes down,

focused on what he was doing, his tongue peaking out a little. Chris laughed.

“What?” Darren looked up at him in the mirror.

“You're so cute when you're all focused on something.” Chris smirked at him.

Darren grinned back, finishing tying the bowtie and kissing Chris' cheek. "You are always cute."

Chris turned, Darren's arms still around him. He let his arms rest on Darren's shoulders, his hands trailing up in his hair. He leaned in and

kissed Darren softly on the lips. “Thank you.” He whispered.

“You're welcome.”

**6) "Have a good day
at work." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [5]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

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6) "Have a good day at work."

Darren woke up to the sound of his alarm clock. He groaned, hitting it to shut it off. He got up, trying to be as quiet as possible to not wake Chris

as well. The fucker had the day off. Which meant he had to go on set alone and rehearse with everyone else. Without Chris. *Amazing.*

He took a quick shower, putting on some sweats and a t-shirt. He went back to their bedroom to

kiss Chris goodbye, but he found him awake, propped up on one elbow and smirking.

“Hey.”

“Morning. Sorry I woke you up, babe.” Darren leaned down, kissing Chris softly on the lips.

“I can't really sleep if you're not in bed with me.” Chris pouted.

“You can ask Bri if he wants to cuddle.” Darren laughed, getting his phone and wallet from his bedside table.

“He's not a big fan of

cuddling.” Chris
scrunched his nose up,
taking a pillow instead
and hugging it.

Darren just stood there for
a few seconds, marveling
at how good Chris looked
like that, his hair messy,
his eyes still sleepy and
his face on the pillow

Darren was sure still smelled like him. He sighed, leaning down again and brushing Chris' hair out of his eyes. "Get some more sleep." He kissed his forehead.

"Have a good day at work." Chris yawned.

“Dance rehearsals. Yep, I'm definitely gonna have a good day.” Darren snorted.

“Dare.” Chris sat up, taking Darren's hand. “I mean it.”

Darren looked down at him. Chris' eyes were so

clear and sincere, his hair even messier now that he was up and his lips turned up in a soft smile. “I know.” He smiled back.

“Don't overwork yourself as usual.” He chided, squeezing his hand.

“Yessir.”

“I'll see you tonight,
okay?”

“Okay.”

“I'll make sure a bubble
bath will be ready for you
and maybe I'll even give
you a massage.” Chris
smirked, winking at him.

“Can't wait.” Darren grinned, kissing Chris one more time. “See you tonight.”

“Love you.” Chris smiled, going back to sleep.

“Love you too.”

7) "I dreamt about
you last night" & 15)
"I made your
favourite" by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [6]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

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**7) "I dreamt about
you last night" & 15)
"I made your
favourite"**

Darren was making
pancakes. He knew how
much Chris loved waking
up to a good breakfast,

and since it was Sunday and they didn't have to go anywhere, they could actually enjoy it and then go back to bed and cuddle. He was whistling happily when he heard soft footsteps behind him.

“Oh, hey, buddy!” He grinned. “Do you wanna

help me make breakfast
for your daddy?”

Brian just jumped on the
counter top, staring at
him.

“You just want me to feed
you, don't you?”

Brian mewed at him, one

of his ears going back.

“Okay, okay, mister bossy-pants.” Darren rolled his eyes, feeding Brian and washing his hands before going back to Chris' breakfast.

He heard other footsteps, definitely less graceful

than Brian's, and smiled when Chris hugged him from behind, resting his chin on Darren's shoulder and yawning against his skin.

“Morning.” He turned his head to kiss Chris' temple.

Chris just grumbled

nonsense into Darren's neck, yawning again.

“I made your favorite.”
Darren grinned.

“Mmmm love you.”

“I know.”

Chris kissed his shoulder,

letting go of him and plopping down on one of the tools at the kitchen table. Brian finished his food and then mewed at Chris until he took him into his lap, giving him a piece of the pancakes Darren had just served him.

“Don't spoil our cat too much, Chris.”

Chris took a huge bite of his breakfast, glaring at Darren sitting in front of him. “You spoil him all the time, Dare, shut up.” He said, his mouth still full.

“Don't speak with your mouth full, Christopher.” Darren chided, starting to eat as well.

“Okay, mom.” Chris rolled his eyes.

They smiled at each other, going quiet and eating their breakfast in peace.

Brian mewed at them again, getting some crumbs again. When he felt satisfied, he jumped out of Chris' lap, disappearing from their sight.

“Oh, I almost forgot! I dreamed about you last night.” Darren said when

they were finished. He put their dishes in the washing machine, not bothering with them.

“You did?”

Darren nodded. Chris got up as well and walked back to their bedroom, Darren following him.

They went back to bed, both still in their pajamas. Chris let him rest his head on his chest, starting to pet his curls.

“Do I want to know what it was about?”

Darren sighed happily, his hand caressing Chris'

chest and his legs tangling with Chris'. “Yes.”

“Was it scary?” Chris whispered, kissing him on the forehead.

“At the beginning. There were huge spiders following me.”

“Did they want you to tap-dance with them?”

Darren laughed.

“Did you tell those spiders?” Chris smirked, making Darren laugh more.

“No, no. They didn't want

me to tap-dance with them. And I'm Harry, Chris. Not Ron.” Darren looked up at him, his eyebrows raised.

“But you're scared of spiders.” Chris sing-songed, tickling Darren's side.

“Not as much as Ron!”
Darren said offended,
batting away Chris' hand.
“And stop interrupting me
with your nerd quotes,
you ass.” He grinned.

“Sorry, sorry.” Chris said,
not sorry at all.

“As I was saying,” Darren

continued. “spiders were following me, wanting to eat me. But then... an amazing light appeared and the spiders ran away scared.”

“Did Mother Mary come to you, speaking words of wisdom and scaring spiders away?” Chris

laughed.

“Oh my god.” Darren hit him on the chest, glaring at him. “First of all, Mother Mary was actually Paul's mom, not Jesus' mom.” He deadpanned. “And second, god seriously, stop interrupting me, you

dick.” He laughed too, resting his head back on Chris' chest.

“So who was it then?” Chris asked, his arms going around Darren's middle and squeezing him, his lips brushing at Darren's temple.

“You.” Darren whispered.
“You stepped out of that light and saved me, telling me to go ride your horse towards the rainbow.”

Chris started giggling like an idiot. “Oh my god.”

Darren smiled. He loved making Chris laugh, but

he loved even more to make Chris laugh when he was on top of him, because he could also feel Chris laugh with all of his body. “Stop mocking me. It was actually one of my favorite dreams ever!” He snickered.

“And did you ride on my

horse in the end?” Chris asked once he stopped laughing.

“No. I woke up. But maybe I could ride you, to give my dream a happy ending, you know?” Darren smirked, getting completely on top of Chris, propping himself

up on his hands and looking down at Chris hungrily.

“I knew you were gonna go there.” Chris shook his head, his hands coming up to Darren's hips, tugging him down.

Darren felt Chris' cock

getting harder against his.
“So? Can I ride you?” He
whispered, kissing Chris
and biting down on his
lip.

“I don't know. Can you?”
Chris smirked.

“Fuck yes.” Darren
groaned, getting rid of

their clothes.

**9) "I saved a piece
for you." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [7]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings Apply

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Words: 417

Publisher:

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**9) "I saved a piece
for you."**

“Hey, sorry I'm only joining you now, guys, but I had a meeting I couldn't skip.” Darren excused himself, when Mark opened the door to

his house for him.

“Oh, don't worry, man. It's fine.” He patted Darren on the back.

“Yeah, you still made it in the end, though.” Kevin smiled, pointing his beer at him. “So. Where's my present?”

“Oh, I thought Chris told you...”

“Yes I did.” Chris interrupted him, making room for him on the armchair he was sitting on. “He's just being an asshole.”

Kevin laughed, falling

into Jenna's lap, who laughed along with him.

Darren just rolled his eyes, sitting next to Chris and kissing his cheek. “So did I miss anything fun?” He asked.

“Uhm, I challenged Naya to karaoke, but she's

scared she's gonna lose, so she said no.” Amber pouted, making Dianna giggle next to her.

“I'm not scared! My throat just hurts.” Naya protested.

“Excuses!” Cory barked out a laugh, elbowing

Harry who almost choked on his drink.

“If the challenge still hasn't happened it means I didn't miss the fun!”

Darren grinned. He kept moving, trying to find a more comfortable position in the small armchair, until Chris sighed and

took him into his lap.

“Well, no, but you missed the food, sorry.” Mark said apologetically.

“I'm not even remotely sorry, man.” Kevin laughed.

“Rude.” Darren glared.

“I'm the birthday boy, shut up.” Kevin said matter-of-factly, getting another gulp from his drink.

“Don't worry.” Chris whispered, hugging his waist and leaning off the couch a little to retrieve a plate from the ground. “I

actually saved you a piece of cake.” He smiled, offering it to Darren.

“Thank you, love.” Darren kissed his cheek again, taking the cake in his hands and devouring it in a few seconds. Chris just kept his eyes on him, forgetting about everyone

else. He just loved watching Darren actually enjoying something. Even if it was him stuffing his mouth with cake, some crumbs ending on his stubble.

Chris brushed them away with his thumb, kissing Darren's temple. "Missed

you today.”

“Missed you too.” Darren whispered, putting the empty plate on the ground again and then cuddling into Chris' chest.

“I swear to god, if you two don't get fucking married I'm gonna eat all

my fucking shoes.” Mark said loudly, getting everyone's attention.

Chris and Darren both blushed, looking down shyly, their eyes not meeting, but their lips turning up into shy smiles.

“Your shoes are safe,

Saw.” Dianna grinned.

10) "I'm sorry for
your loss." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [8]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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**10) "I'm sorry for
your loss."**

“Chris? I’m home.”

Darren toed off his shoes,
padding to the living room
when he didn't get an
answer. “Chris?” He
found his boyfriend curled

up on the couch, his shoulders shaking with sobs. “Oh my god, baby, what happened?” He hurried to him, sitting down on the couch and taking Chris in his arms. Chris just sobbed into his chest, his hands fisting Darren's shirt. “Baby, hey, talk to me.” He

whispered, hugging Chris tightly.

“My parents...my parents' d-dog...” Chris got out between sobs. “He-he died.”

Darren kissed Chris' forehead, drawing circles on his back to calm him.

“You must think I'm s-so stu-stupid for crying like-like this.”

“No, no, no, hey.” Darren framed Chris' face with his hands, making him look at him in the eyes. “You're not stupid, okay? You just have been really stressed lately, we just had

a really rough week and this is something serious. It's okay to cry.” He brushed away some of the tears on Chris' cheeks, kissing them softly. “I'm sorry for your loss.”

“He was j-just a d-dog.” Chris sobs got even more frequent, his whole body

shaking with them.

“Shhh, it's okay. Let it all out.” Darren whispered, holding Chris tighter and petting his hair. “I've got you, baby. I've got you.”

11) "You can have
half." & 20) "You
can borrow mine."

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [9]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Words: 533

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11) "You can have half." & 20) "You can borrow mine."

“Oh god, I can’t believe it’s already December.”
Chris sighed, his hands still in his coat pockets even if they were inside a

coffee shop.

“You look tired.” Darren said when Chris yawned.

“I am.”

Darren studied his face for a few seconds. Chris really did look tired. Adding the cold weather

and the fact that they were outside in public, his whole posture was stiff, his index finger ticking in his pocket the way Darren knew meant Chris was nervous. “Hey, we’ve got the week end all to our self, though.” Darren smiled, resting his hand on Chris’ back as they

proceeded in line. He started drawing circles with his thumb against Chris' back, hoping to calm him.

The smile on Chris' face finally reached his eyes, which looked at Darren, a *Thank you* written in them. "Yes and we're not

gonna do a thing.” He sighed once again, but this time it sounded more as a relieved sigh.

Darren kissed his cheek softly. “Promise.”

“Your nose is red.” Chris whispered. “Told you you should have brought a

scarf. You're gonna catch a cold.”

“I love when you worry about me like this.” He smirked.

Chris just rolled his eyes.

“Hi, what can I get you?”
The cashier asked.

“Two hot cocoa, one of those big chocolate chip cookies you have in display and...”

“Make two of those.”
Chris finished for him.

“Oh, we actually have only one left, I’m sorry.”
She said apologetically.

“That’s fine. We can share.” Darren smiled, paying for their orders.

They sat down at one of the tables far in the back. Darren immediately took Chris’ hand, holding it across the table and playing with his fingers. “God, you’re hands are so

cold.”

“I forgot my gloves this morning.” Chris

scrunched his nose up, sighing happily when Darren took both of his hands, trying to warm them up.

“You can borrow mine.”

“What about you?” Chris asked.

“I can put my hands in your pockets, so that you can keep them warm.” He smiled cheekily.

“Okay.” Chris laughed.

They let go when the

waitress came over with their orders. After they thanked her, Darren took the big cookie, breaking it in two parts. “Here. You can have half, as promised.” He gave Chris the biggest part.

“Dare, that’s more than half, you dofus.” Chris

almost gave it back, but Darren stopped him.

“I know. But you’re younger than me and still need to eat more.”

“That’s bullshit.” Chris giggled. “Also, if I wanted proteins to help me grow up I’d suck your dick.”

They both remained quiet for a few seconds, staring at each other. Chris blushed from to tip of his ears to his neck, while Darren barked out a laugh.

“I can’t believe I just said that.” Chris whispered.

“I can. And I loved it.”

Darren smirked. “And, well, you can totally have your daily share of proteins by sucking my dick as soon as we arrive at your place. I promise.”

Chris laughed too, covering his mouth with his hand. “Okay.”

“Hey, only if you want to.” Darren worried, his expression turning serious.

“I want to.” Chris nodded.
“I really do.”

“Good.” Darren grinned.

82) "I was in the
neighborhood" & 91)
"I hope you like it"
by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [10]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Chuck Criss, Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Summary:

Darren accidentally
starts a Christmas

tradition. Chris
enjoys it more than
he would ever admit
it.

**82) "I was in the
neighborhood" & 91)
"I hope you like it"**

Christmas 2010

Darren was nervous. Chris wasn't the first person he had dated, but he had

never felt this nervous with anyone else. He shifted on his feet, rubbing his hands to get them a little bit warmer while he waited for his boyfriend to open the door.

When Chris did, his whole face lit up as soon as he

recognized Darren.

“Darren! What are you
doing here?” He asked,
surprised.

“Well, I was in the
neighborhood.” Darren
smirked.

“There's nothing in my
neighborhood, Dare.

That's an old excuse.”
Chris rolled his eyes.

“Oh, bummer, you got me.” Darren laughed, making sure the package he was holding underneath his arm was still hidden.

“Come on, you dork,

come inside. It's freezing out here, even for LA.” Chris closed the door once Darren got inside, gesturing to him to follow him to the living room. “So, what brought you here in my neighborhood?” He arched one eyebrow, sitting down on his couch.

“Well, it's almost Christmas, you know.” Darren shrugged his coat off, finally revealing the gift.

“Yeah, I noticed and-” Chris stopped once he saw what Darren had in his hands. “Is that a gift? For

me?”

Chris blushed to the tips of his ears and Darren felt his face on fire as well. God, why was he so nervous about this. “Uhm, yeah, I got you something. If that's, you know, okay? I mean...uhm...”

“Of course it's okay!” Chris squealed, blushing even more. “But I didn't get you anything, Dare, oh my god, why didn't I get you anything? I'm such a horrible boyfriend, oh my god.”

“What? No, no, no, no. Nope.” Darren sat down

next to him, handing him the present he wrapped himself very carefully. “You're an amazing boyfriend. And we didn't agree on exchanging presents, so don't worry. I just saw this and, uhm, thought it would be a cute present for you. But, uhm...” He scratched the

back of his neck, laughing nervously.

Chris just shook his head, taking the gift in his hands and examining it. “I’m just...not really used to the whole relationship thing, you know?” He whispered, looking down.

“It's okay.” Darren put a hand on Chris' shoulder, squeezing. “If it makes you feel better, I'm very, very nervous right now.”

“What? Why?” Chris looked up at him confused.

Darren sighed, smiling. “I

just...uhm, it's kinda silly and it was probably a bad idea. Oh god, it was definitely a bad idea, jesus...”

“Dare.” Chris rolled his eyes, taking Darren's hand off his shoulder and squeezing it with his own. “Calm down. I'm sure it's

actually a good present.”
He beamed at him,
winking.

“Okay, I just really hope
you like it.” Darren smiled
too.

Chris nodded, giving his
attention to the package.
“Is something that can

break or can I destroy the wrapping paper?”

“Go on. Do your worse. It's nothing breakable.” Darren laughed.

Chris tore into the paper, completely destroying it and throwing it to the floor. As soon as he saw

what was inside he froze, staring at [it](#).

Darren shifted on the couch, holding his breath because Chris wasn't talking and of course he wasn't, he probably didn't know how to politely tell Darren that it was the worst present ever. "I'm-

I'm sorry, I know it's very silly and it was a bad idea-”

“Darren shut up.” Chris interrupted him. He looked up, his eyes sparkling. “You shitting me, right?”

“Yeah, I know, I'll take it

back-”

Chris beat away Darren's hands as they tried to take the sweater. “What? NO!”

Chris screeched, getting up and holding out the sweater. “This is the best present ever! Oh my god, Darren, I love it. I love you!” Chris squealed,

jumping up and down happily.

Darren froze. First, he wasn't expecting Chris to be *this* happy about something so silly. Second, Chris had just said "I love you" for the first time. And he said it to him. While looking

fucking happy and jumping and squealing. Darren's smile grew so big he thought his face was going to break in half. "I love you too."

Chris stopped jumping and looked at Darren, his hand coming up to cover his mouth. "Uhm," If

possible, he blushed even harder than before, his face looking as red as the sweater in his hand. “I-I mean it.” He whispered, his grin making crinkles form around his eyes.

Darren's own grin got even bigger. He jumped up, hugging Chris tightly

and kissing every possible spot of Chris' skin he could reach. “Mwuah, I love you so much, Chris, so,” -kiss- “so,” -kiss- “much.” He finally kissed Chris on the lips, deepening it as soon as Chris opened them.

“I can't believe I finally

said it.” Chris whispered as they parted, his breath warm on Darren's face.

“I'm so happy you did.” Darren smirked, kissing his nose.

“And, I mean it when I say I love this too.” Chris added, leaning away from

Darren's arms. "It's the cutest present anyone has ever gotten me, Dare. Thank you." He grinned.

"You're very welcome."

Chris just nodded, taking off his current hoodie to replace it with the sweater.

“Oh shit, it's a little bit too big.” Darren noticed.

“It's still perfect.” Chris shrugged, looking down at his chest.

“Yeah?”

“Yep.” Chris opened his arms, wiggling his

fingers until Darren stepped into his embrace again. “I really do feel bad for not getting you anything, now, though.” He pouted.

“What if, your present to me is us cuddling all day while having a HP marathon?” He proposed,

his hands slowly lowering from Chris' back to his ass.

“Uhm, that would be a gift to myself too, though.” Chris scrunched his nose up.

“It's a win win.” He winked, squeezing Chris'

butt cheeks.

“Okay, okay.” Chris laughed, resting his hands on Darren's chest and leaning over to kiss his cheek. “Thank you.”

“Don't mention it.”

Christmas 2011

It was only December the 11th, but Chris couldn't resist anymore. He got his favorite sweater out of the closet and put it on, grinning at himself in the mirror. He didn't care if it still wasn't Christmas, he loved this sweater and

would wear it when he pleases.

“You still have it?” A voice asked behind him.

He rolled his eyes, turning to look at his boyfriend.

“Of course I still have it, you idiot. It's my favorite.”

“Really?” Darren smirked, coming up to him and circling his waist with his arms, tugging him closer to himself.

“Really.” Chris smiled, kissing Darren's forehead.

“It actually fits now.” Darren said, resting his

head on Chris' shoulder.
“You got so big in the
blink of an eye.” He
whispered, looking up at
him from underneath his
lashes.

“Please, keep it PG-13,
guys. For the sake of
everyone.” Chuck
interrupted them by

popping his head into Chris' room. “Dianna just arrived, so get your asses back in the living room.” He added.

Chris and Darren groaned, letting go of each other and walking towards Chuck who held the door open for them.

“Nice sweater by the way, Chris.” He laughed.

“Fuck off. I love it.” Chris poke his tongue out at him, punching him lightly on the arm.

“He looks so cute in it, doesn't he.” Darren said dreamingly.

“Ugh, you're sweeter than a candy cane, oh my god.” Chuck moaned, rolling his eyes and leaving them behind.

The look in Darren's eyes made Chris take a very important decision: he wouldn't let a Christmas pass without wearing this

sweater. Even when he was going to be eighty, he was going to still wear this.

Christmas 2012

“Hey, Dare, did you see my-” Chris stopped as he

eyed his boyfriend in the living room, spread out on the couch with their cat. “Why are you wearing my sweater?” He glared, his hands on his hips.

“Oh, I thought we shared cloths now.” Darren pouted, petting Brian.

“Yeah, but that's mine.”
Chris arched one eyebrow
in challenge.

“That's the point of
sharing, Christopher.”
Darren whined.

“But *I* want to wear it.”
He kneeled on the couch
next to Darren, putting his

hands on Darren's shoulders. "Now." He pouted, before kissing Darren's nose.

"I want to wear it now too." Darren's smirk turned immediately mischievous and Chris already knew what was coming before he even

spoke. “I would probably forget about it if you took it off me and then fucked the shit out of me, though.” He conceded. “Could even let you wear it while you fuck me. You would look so cute.” He grinned cheekily.

“Asshole.” Chris grinned

too, starting to take it off
Darren.

“That's what you're gonna
lick in a few seconds.”
Darren replied, shooing
Brian off the couch.

Christmas 2015

Chris and Darren were on the couch, cuddling and Christmas shopping online.

“Uhm, that would be perfect for your mom.” Chris hummed, pointing at a gorgeous set of cups and tea pots.

“Mmm, nope, she already has too many shit in her kitchen.” Darren pointed out, scrolling down the site.

Chris nodded, humming again. They discussed a few more gifts ideas, agreeing on some and disagreeing on others,

when the picture of a beautiful Christmas-y sweater came up on the screen. A sweater that looked a lot like-

They both froze, looking at each other. Chris was the first to jump off the couch, but tripped trying to avoid stepping on

Cooper napping by their feet. “Shit.”

Darren laughed, hopping from the couch to over Chris and making a run to their bedroom.

“You fucking bastard!” Chris yelled, getting up and following his

boyfriend.

“Mine.” Darren smirked at him, showing off the sweater he had already put on.

“But you wore it last Christmas.” Chris whined.

“And you wore it the three

Christmases before that. I need to catch up.” Darren puffed out his chest, grinning cheekily.

“You're lucky you look too adorable for me to be mad at you.” Chris rolled his eyes, going to hug Darren. He kissed him, pushing him back on the

bed and deepening it. A hiss coming from behind them stopped him, though. He looked over Darren's shoulder and saw Brian glaring at them, his nap interrupted.

“Oh, shit, sorry, buddy.” Darren apologised, petting his head.

“Uhm, wait, Bri, you don't look very Christmas-y right now.” Chris mused, looking at his cat and boyfriend. “What if we get him and Coop a Christmas-y costumes as a gift for Christmas?!” He chirped, clapping his hands.

Brian meowed, getting up and jumping off the bed, running to the other room.

“Sometimes I wonder if he actually understands what we say.” Darren said, scratching the back of his neck.

“I don't care.” Chris smirked, closing the door

behind his cat. “Now we have the bed to ourselves though.”

“You are a fucking cheeky bastard, Chris, oh my god, I love you.” Darren laughed, before Chris jumped over him and started to kiss him everywhere.

Christmas 2022

Luke was getting a little bit too heavy for Chris to carry on his shoulders, but there was no way he could say no to his four years old son making puppy eyes at him.

“Okay, champ.” Chris sighed, taking Luke in his arms and helping him get on his shoulders. “There you go.”

“Yaaay! I can see everything daddy!” Luke squealed, clapping his small hands over Chris' head.

“Yeah? What can you see?”

“Papa!”

“Oh you can see papa?”

Chris chuckled, holding his son's ankles to make sure he wasn't going to fall.

“Yes! And turtles!” Luke laughed, holding onto Chris' ears with his fingers.

“Turtles?” Emily asked from where she was standing next to him, her hand grabbing Chris' coat.

Chris tried to look over

the heads of the people in front of him to get a glimpse of his husband, but couldn't. Chris was wondering what Luke was talking about, since he was pretty sure Darren wouldn't sing to turtles during one of his gigs.

“Is that my beautiful son I

spot in the audience?” As if on cue, Darren's voice called out, making all the fans turn to Chris and the kids.

“Papa!!” Luke squealed, while Emily hid behind Chris' leg.

“Oh, what a lovely

surprise!” Darren laughed in the microphone, making all the fans go crazy. “Come on up! Come on.” Darren finally caught Chris' eyes, grinning widely.

Chris sighed. There was a reason he didn't sing anymore. But it was

Christmas. And all
Darren's fans were also
his fans. And they all
loved their kids. Probably
a little bit too much. But
Luke was kicking
excitedly on his shoulders
and while Emily was
playing shy, he knew she
loved the stage just as
much as her papa. Chris

smiled back at Darren, taking Emily's hand and walking through the crowd to the stage. "Come on, baby. If you're scared or too shy, you can hide behind me or papa, okay?" He reassured her. Emily just nodded, a smile taking over her face.

“Aww look at how beautiful my family is!” Darren pouted, welcoming his husband and kids, taking Emily in his arms and hoisting her up. “Say hi princess!” He held the microphone out for her.

“Hi!” Emily waved her hand, making the crowd

go crazy again.

“And my lovely husband is here too!” Darren shifted Emily on his other hip, hugging with his free arm Chris and kissing him on the cheek.

“Hi there!” Chris waved too, still holding safely

onto Luke's ankles.

“Wanna say hi too, papa!!” Luke made grabby hands for the microphone. “Hiiiiii!!” He squealed into it once Darren had passed it to Chris.

“This is actually a

surprise, I wasn't expecting you guys.”

Darren said once he took the microphone back. He smiled over at Chris and Chris just smiled back, because he might have stopped loving the attention and the stage, but he was still so fucking in love with his husband

and-

“Duet! Duet! Duet!” The crowd started chanting.

Chris and Darren both started laughing. They hadn't sang a Christmas duet in public ever since the end of Glee. But how could they say no. “What

if we do a quartette instead?” Chris proposed.

“Yaaay!” Luke almost jumped off Chris' shoulders, and thank god Chris still had pretty good reflexes.

Darren settled down at his piano, Luke and Emily

sitting on top of it, kicking their feet in time with the music, and Chris standing beside Darren, his hand on his husband's shoulder. That's when he realised what Luke meant earlier when he said he was seeing turtles.

Because Darren was

wearing *their* Christmas sweater. At one of his gigs. He shook his head, squeezing Darren's shoulder and leaning in to give him a kiss on the cheek before starting to sing along the notes of *Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas*.

Christmas 2036

“Dad, papa? Can I ask you a question?” Emily asked, looking up from her plate on Christmas Eve.

“Of course, honey. What's

up?” Darren smiled.

“Why do you always wear that ugly sweater?” She scrunched her nose up, pointing her fork to Darren's sweater. “But mostly, why do you share it? I've seen both of you wear it in the past Christmases.”

Luke started laughing next to her, followed by Chuck and his wife.

“It's not ugly!” Darren and Chris both protested at the same time.

“It's kinda weird.” Luke smirked at his sister.

“No it's not!” Chris said offended. “This was the first present your papa gave to me for Christmas. It's my favorite sweater and I wouldn't trade it for anything!”

“Then why is papa wearing it now?” Emily asked confused.

“Because, daddy and I love to share cloths.”

Darren answered, kicking his brother in the shin to make him stop laughing.

“Especially this one sweater. It's kind of our tradition, you know?” He smiled, taking Chris' hand and holding it on the table.

“But if you like it so much, why didn't you buy another one you can wear too?” Luke wondered.

“It wouldn't be the same.” Chris shrugged.

“Besides, this sweater brings along a lot of good

memories for us. We couldn't get another one.” Darren added.

“What memories?” Emily put her chin on her hand staring at her fathers.

“Uhm, well, yeah, er...” Both Chris and Darren blushed, trying to not

think about how every time one of them wore this sweater, they always end up fucking. Even with kids in the house. Or family members.

“Nope, forget it. Don't really wanna know.” Emily cleared her voice, her cheeks getting pinker

as well.

“You definitely don't want to.” Chuck scoffed, getting another kick from his brother. “Ouch.”

“I think it's actually cute you guys still share cloths even when you're this old.” Rosemary piped up,

smiling at her uncles.

“Oi, we're not that old.”
Darren pouted at her.

“Thank you, though,
sweetheart.” Chris blew
her a kiss. “See, at least
someone appreciates our
cute, dorky traditions.”

“Yeah, but this only works cause you're both guys. I don't think I could share cloths with my girlfriend.” Luke protested, munching on a piece of bread.

“You're definitely gonna change your mind when you get a girl, Luke.”

Chuck mumbled, making his wife choke on her drink.

“I knew it!” Darren laughed. “I knew you were the kind of guy that could definitely rock some panties, Chuck, why didn't you ever tell me?”

Chuck gaped for a few seconds, his face as red as his wife's. "Uhm...."

"Oh my god, ew." Luke moaned, his lips still turned up in a smile.

"Uncle, god, why?" Rosemary complained as well. "I really didn't need

that image in my mind, oh my god.”

Darren just barked out a laugh, patting his brother on the back. “Oh, come on, guys. There's nothing wrong with it!”

“Okay, okay, enough. You're gonna scare the

kids.” Chris giggled.

“Yeah, I mean, I don't really judge any of you, but do we really have to talk about this over Christmas dinner?” Emily said, starting to eat again.

“Ems's right.” Lucy nodded. “Let's talk about

something else, please.”

“Yep, good idea!” Chris chuckled.

Luckily, Rosemary and Emily started talking about new make ups with Lucy, while Luke and Chuck discussed the last basketball match they

saw.

“I swear, we're gonna share this sweater for ever.” Chris whispered in Darren's ear, when no one was looking at them. Or so he thought.

“Hey, stop flirting and pay attention to our

conversations!” Chuck
threw a napkin at them,
making everyone laugh.

“Rude.” Darren glared.

“You're rude, papa.” Luke
mumbled around the
whole sausage he just put
in his mouth.

“Like father like son.”
Chris laughed.

Darren waited until everyone was talking again loud enough to not hear them and leaned over, whispering in Chris' ear as well. “You are so gonna fuck me later while wearing this sweater we're

gonna share for ever.”

Chris bit his lip, trying to ignore the boner in his pants. “Yes.” He nodded. “Yes I am.”

(For the AN, please check out [my tumblr](#) uwu)

51) "Are you sure?"
by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [11]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Cerina Criss,
Charles Criss, Chris
Colfer, Chuck Criss,
Darren Criss, Lucy Criss,
Rosemary Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Summary:

How Chris and

Darren are probably
going to spend next
new year's eve.

51) "Are you sure?"

Darren smirked, taking one last look at Chris who was still holding their niece in his arms, before facing the door to his parents' house and opening it.

“We're baaaack!!” He announced loudly.

“Hey!” Chuck and Lucy stood up from the couch, walking up to them.

“Mama!” Rosemary squealed, leaning off Chris' arms and jumping into Lucy's.

“Did you have fun with your uncles, baby?” Lucy asked.

“Yes!!” Rosemary clapped her tiny hands, giggling.

“I’m pretty sure Darren had as much fun as her.” Chris snorted, kissing

Darren's pouting lips.

“Awwwww” Chuck
laughed. “How much did
you enjoy the zoo,
princess?”

“This much!” Rosemary
opened her arms as wide
as she could, smiling at
her father.

“Oooh, that's a lot!”
Cerina piped up, entering
the living room with
Charles.

Rosemary giggled again,
while her grandmother
kissed her cheeks.

“Oh, and if she starts
asking to get a monkey,

that's your brother's fault.” Chris whispered to Chuck, receiving a punch on the arm by Darren.

“Monkeeeey!” Rosemary squealed, pointing at Darren.

“Hahah, yeah, baby, we said we wouldn't talk

about it in front of your parents.” Darren laughed nervously, taking his niece in his arms, trying to distract her. And his brother.

“Wait, what?” Chuck asked confused.

“I wanna monkey,

daddy!” Rosemary
squirmed in Darren's
arms.

“Okay, okay, princess.”
Darren giggled, kissing
her. “I'm gonna get you a
monkey.”

“No, wait, Darren, shut
up.” Chuck glared at his

brother, taking his
daughter away and
passing her to his wife.
“The monkeys will stay in
the zoo, okay, honey?” He
said calmly.

Rosemary just blinked at
him, pouting.

“You can go see the

monkeys anytime you want, okay?" Lucy added. "Just, they have their own homes. They can't come to live with us or their mommies and daddies will miss them. Wouldn't you miss us?"

Rosemary nodded, her eyes getting huge. "kay."

“Could have gotten her one.” Darren hissed, while Lucy went to the kitchen to get Rosemary something to eat.

“Okay, rule number one: you are never gonna get our children presents without my supervision.” Chris said, his hands on

his hips and one eyebrow arched.

Darren rolled his eyes, his lips still turning up into a smile. “Fiiiiine. Mister bossy-pants.”

“Wait, your children?” Cerina smirked, looking at them expectantly.

“Uhm...” Chris blushed.

Darren stepped up, taking his hand into his and squeezing. “Well, we kinda talked about how we both want kids. But it's still kind of a future thing, you know?” He smiled at his parents and brother, who just had this fond

look on their faces that made Darren melt even more.

“Maybe not that far in the future as we first thought.” Chris whispered.

“What?” Darren froze. He slowly turned his head to

Chris, who just blushed even harder and hid his face into Darren's neck.

“God, sorry for blurting it out like that, but...” He groaned, his arms circling Darren's waist and hugging him. “Seeing you with Rosemary, today, god, Dare, you're gonna

be an amazing father. A-a-
and I don't want to wait
much longer. I mean, I
don't want to be an old
parent. And I think we
should start looking into
adoptions o-or a
surrogate, I just...”

“You mean it??” Darren
interrupted him, framing

his face with his hands.

Chris nodded, his cheeks puffing up into a huge grin. “Yeah.”

“Are you sure?” Darren's voice turned a little bit too high, but he didn't care.

“Yes.” Chris giggled as

soon as Darren started jumping while still into his embrace, letting out little squeals.

“What's going on?” Lucy asked confused, coming back with Rosemary munching onto a piece of bread in her arms.

“I'm gonna be an uncle soon too.” Chuck beamed proudly.

“And, boys, if I may.” Cerina put her hands on both Darren and Chris' forearms, making them stop. “You definitely don't want to wait much longer. Especially if Darren's

genes are involved.” She winked at Chris, who just kept giggling. “Darren was a nightmare when he was little.”

“Well, he still is.” Churles laughed.

“Hey!” Darren protested.

“And, jokes apart, Cerina is right.” He chuckled, putting an arm around his son's shoulders. “But no matter what you decide, we're definitely going to be there to help.”

“Us too.” Lucy smiled.

“Thank you.” Chris tried

to hide how he was almost in tears, but Cerina just ignored it, hugging him tightly.

“Uncle Cee! No cry!” Rosemary pouted, leaning off her mother's arms, making grabby hands for her uncle.

“Awwww but these are happy tears, princess.” Chris laughed wetly, taking her and hoisting her up onto his hip, Darren's hand resting safely at the bottom of his back.

“Love you, uncle Cee.” She announced, throwing

herself to Chris' neck and kissing him.

“Love you too, princess.”

“You're definitely gonna be an amazing father too.”
Darren sniffled.

“Yes.” Cerina nodded, wiping a tear from her

cheek.

Chris chuckled a little, leaning away from his niece and smiling at her. “You would be an amazing cousin too, you know?”

“Yeah!” She giggled.

“Come on, come here, princess.” Darren tried to take his niece, wanting his share with her too.

“No!” She clutched onto Chris' neck, poking her tongue out at her uncle.

“Oi! Why not? Am I not your favorite uncle?”

Darren pouted.

“No! Uncle Cee!” She giggled again, making Chris chuckle.

“Ouch.” Chuck and Charles laughed too.

“But!” Darren pouted his lips even more, trying to

look as offended as possible. “I held you on my shoulders so you could see the monkeys!”

“No, she could only see other people's heads from your hobbit shoulders, Dare.” Chris rolled his eyes. “She could see the monkeys

from *my* shoulders.”

Charles barked out a loud laugh, followed by everyone else, even Rosemary.

“Oh, I see it now. Y'all are plotting against me. Haha, very funny!” Darren pushed out his chest,

putting his chin up and looking away.

“Love you too, uncle Dee!” Rosemary finally squealed, letting Chris pass her to Darren.

“Ha, now this is music to my ears!” He beamed, taking her and running

away to where all her toys were. “Let's play!”

Chris shook his head, a huge grin spreading on his face.

“You are both going to be amazing parents.” Cerina smiled, squeezing his arm.

“Yeah.” Chris nodded.
And for the first time, he
actually, truly believed it.
“Yeah.”

*

“So, I was playing with
Rosemary, earlier, and I
have an idea.” Darren
whispered, plopping down

on the couch next to Chris.

“I'm scared.” Chris put down his cellphone, turning to his boyfriend.

“Oh, no, no, no. It doesn't involve her.” Darren shook his head.

“I'm even more scared.”
Chris checked if the rest of the family could hear them, but they were all in the kitchen, focused on Rosemary.

“Oh, come on, when was one of my ideas bad?”
Darren scoffed.

“As for now, the list is up to one hundred and seventy seven. But the night is still long.” Chris sighed.

“Asshole.” Darren punched him lightly.

“Hey, no bad words around kids.” Chris

warned.

“Poopy-head?” Darren
shrugged. Chris just rolled
his eyes again.

“So?”

“Oh, right.” Darren
smirked, sitting
completely on the couch

to get a better look at Chris. “What if, instead of kissing at midnight, we start fucking in 2015 and finish in 2016? Wouldn't that be cool?”

Chris just stared at him for a few seconds. “We're at your parents' house. Your one year and half old

niece is here. How would that be cool?” He said seriously.

“She's going to be already asleep by midnight. And...” Darren got even closer to Chris, lowering his voice to just a whisper. “doing it in my old room with my parents at home

turned out to be a very good idea, before, remember?”

Chris bit his lip, fighting the images of them trying to be quiet while having sex in Darren's old room forming in his head.

“So?” Darren smirked,

nibbling at Chris' jaw.

“Yeah.” Chris moaned.

“Good.” Darren grinned, leaving one last firm kiss on his cheek before getting up and going back to the kitchen.

Chris groaned, throwing

his head back to rest on the back of the couch. It was only 7pm. There was no way he could resist that long.

*

“Aw, I knew she wouldn't make it to midnight.” Lucy whispered, covering

her daughter with her favorite blanket.

“She looks so cute when she sleeps.” Cerina sighed happily, sitting next to her granddaughter on the couch and brushing her hair from her forehead.

“Thank god Darren and

Chris tired her enough or we wouldn't been able to get her to sleep.” Chuck muttered. It's not like he didn't like how happy his daughter turned every time something exciting happened, but having to deal with both her and Darren's squeals while watching the ball drop in

Times Square and the fireworks would have been a nightmare.

“Wait, speaking of Darren and Chris, where did they go?” Charles asked confused, looking around.

“I don't really want to know.” Chuck scrunched

his nose up.

“Oh come on. It's almost midnight. Go find them, dear.” Cerina smiled at him.

“But moooom.” He whined. He didn't want to walk in on his brother and his boyfriend again.

“Go.” Cerina glared.

And Chuck hated how much power his mother still had on him. He sighed, getting up from the couch. “Fiiiiine.”

He scuffed from the living room to Darren's old room. He knew they

always ended up there, to hide away and have sex. As if everyone else in the house couldn't hear them. He knocked on the door, covering his eyes, just in case, and opening the door slowly. “Hey, guys...?”

He took off his hands from his face when he

didn't get an answer and had to bite down on his tongue, not fast enough to stop the squeal that he let out, because his brother was sprawled over Chris, his pants missing and his shirt open, while Chris was shirtless and had his pants unbuckled, but both of them were fast asleep,

their open mouths letting out soft snores. What was even cuter, though, was how Darren's left hand was still clasping down onto Chris' right one, right next to Chris' head.

He walked back to the living room, taking his phone from the coffee

table and gesturing to his family to follow him in silence.

His parents and wife did as he said, looking very confused. But they all let out a collective “Aaawww” once they saw Chris and Darren too.

“They are so cute.” Cerina giggled.

“What are you doing?”
His father asked.

“Ooh, I'm not gonna let them live this down.”
Chuck laughed, taking a few pictures of his brother and his boyfriend. “Also,

they're actually fucking cute.”

“Language.” Chris
mumbled, making
everyone freeze.

“Mmmmtoo small to
understand.” Darren
groaned, nuzzling his face
into Chris' naked chest.

“Are they talking to each other even in their sleep?” Chuck mouthed, shaking his head.

“Come on, let them be.” Cerina whispered, hushing everyone out.

“They're so weird sometimes, though, I

swear.”

“Oh shut up, you grumpy-pants. They're cute.” Lucy chuckled, kissing his cheek and going back to their daughter.

Chuck laughed too, following his family back to the living room. “The

internet would probably break if I posted this pic.” He mused, playing with a few filters to edit one of the pictures he just took.

“Chuck.” His mother warned, glaring.

Chuck smiled up at her. “You know I wouldn't

actually do it, mama. I respect their choice to come out when they feel more comfortable with it.”

Cerina smiled back, nodding. “I did just send it to all our friends, though.” He grinned, putting down his phone.

“Oh, as long as you take

full responsibility for it when their wrath is gonna hit.” His mother smirked, turning the volume of the tv up a little, since the countdown had just started.

“But, you were all there!” He tried to protest.

“You had the camera, though, sweetheart.” Lucy clacked her tongue, turning to the tv.

“Dad?”

“Nope, son. You're on your own.”

“Ugh.” Chuck rolled his

eyes, focusing on the tv as well. “Happy new year to me.”

12) "Take my jacket,
it's cold outside." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [12]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 222

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**12) "Take my jacket,
it's cold outside."**

“I’m craving some sushi.”
Darren said, his fingers
playing with Chris’ messy
hair. They were both still
laying in bed, their chests
naked and their legs

tangled. Darren had just given Chris his first blowjob. And he was really proud of it.

“Don’t wanna move.” Chris got almost on top of Darren, his arms hugging him tightly, pinning him to the bed.

“But I’m hungry, Chris.”
As on cue, his stomach
started grumbling.

Chris whined, kissing
Darren’s neck and jaw.

“I can run to the take out
at the corner of the street.
I’ll be gone for only a few
minutes.” Darren

reassured him, kissing his forehead.

“Then get some for me too.” Chris smiled, yawning.

“Of course, love.” Darren kissed him one last time before getting out of bed, collecting his clothes from

the ground.

“Hey, take my jacket, it’s cold outside.” Chris sat up in bed, fetching a scarf from underneath it and throwing it at Darren. “Take this too. Your nose always gets cold when you’re not wearing one. And then you try to warm

it against me.”

Darren laughed, taking both scarf and the jacket on the desk. “Thanks. I love you, you know?”

“I know.” Chris grinned. “Now, hurry. I’m hungry too.”

Darren laughed again,
rolling his eyes.

(AN: this is set before this
twitter exchange [x](#))

13) “Sorry I’m late.”
& 26) “Sorry, I
didn’t mean to.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [13]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,510

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**13) “Sorry I’m late.”
& 26) “Sorry, I
didn’t mean to.”**

“Hey, Chris.”

“Hey, guys. Come in.”
Chris welcomed the last
of their guests, closing the

door behind himself and following them to the living room where everyone else was.

“Are we late?” Kevin asked, taking off his coat.

“Oh, no, no, don’t worry.” He smiled.

“Thank god. It took Kev three hours to get ready.”
Naya rolled her eyes.

“What’s new?” Jenna
laughed.

“Wait, where’s Darren?”
Amber asked looking
around the room.

“Oh, I sent him to get the dessert. He should come back any minutes now.”

Chris said checking his phone. Just then the door opened again, Darren walking in with a grin on his face.

“Hey, look who I found?”
He pointed at Joey behind

him, who waved at everyone. “We ran into each other and I told him he could come over.”

“Of course.” Chris smiled, hugging Joey.

“Hey man.” Joey hugged him back, patting his back. He then joined

everyone else scattered in their living room, sitting suspiciously close to Dianna, who just smiled politely at him.

“Hey, sorry I’m late.” Darren whispered to Chris, kissing his cheek.

“It’s okay.” Chris nodded.

“Wait, you did get the dessert, right?” He looked at Darren’s empty hands confused.

Darren froze, his eyes going huge. “Shit.”

“You forgot it?” Chris snorted. “I can’t believe it.” He shook his head,

stepping away from
Darren.

“I just ran into Joey and
we started talking and...”

“I sent you out to get the
dessert, Dare. You had
one fucking job!” Chris
raised his voice a little bit
too much, everyone in the

room going quiet.

“What’s wrong?” Heather broke the silence.

“He forgot the dessert! You know, the only thing he had to do, since I did everything else.” Chris snapped. He went to the kitchen to get his wallet

and cellphone, putting on his coat.

“Chris, wait, I’m sorry. I’ll go get it now. I’m sorry.” Darren tried to grab his arm and stop him, but Chris just brushed him off.

“Don’t worry. I’ll go get

it. Just like I went to get the milk you finished, just like I did the dishes you forgot and just like every other fucking thing.” He yelled, ignoring the glares he got from some of his friends and the hurt in Darren’s eyes. He slammed the door behind himself.

He was fuming with rage. He was just so tired of Darren “forgetting” things, of spending nights alone because Darren had to go out, of hearing him repeat over and over that he was “straight”. He was just tired. And angry. He felt tears in his eyes and

hastily brushed them away. His phone vibrated in his pocket. He snorted at the *I'm so, so sorry* text Darren had sent him.

He could picture his boyfriend sadly typing it, looking miserable and actually sorry. Like every other time he had done

something wrong. Chris bit his lip, thinking about how Darren was probably hurting too, lately. How he had to pretend to be someone he wasn't. How he had to pretend he was having fun when he wasn't. And how having his boyfriend yell at him for stupid things definitely

didn't help.

By the time he had gotten the dessert and was on his way home, Chris was feeling like shit. He regretted yelling at Darren, especially in front of all of their friends. He regretted acting like such a dick with the only

person that actually knew him and loved him.

He opened the door to his own house, letting himself in. Everyone was still in the living room, but only a few whispers could be heard, besides the strumming of a guitar, that Chris immediately

recognised as Darren.

Dianna, Amber and Ashley turned to look at him, smiling.

Chris smiled back, putting down the food and going back to the living room. He realised Darren wasn't just randomly strumming

his guitar. He was singing quietly, almost whispering the lyrics, that probably only Harry, Kevin, Joey, Cory and Mark could hear since they were sitting closer to Darren.

He sat on the ground between Cory and Mark, smiling up at Darren when

he recognised the song.

When finally Darren saw him, he stuttered, almost losing the grip on his guitar. But then, he started singing a little bit louder, so that everyone could hear.

He gives me everything.

And tenderly.

The kiss my lover brings

He brings to me

And I love him.

Chris sniffled into his wrist, not really caring about hiding his tears.

A love like ours

Could never die

As long as I

Have you near me.

*Bright are the stars that
shine*

Dark is the sky

I know this love of mine

Will never die

And I love him.

Darren stopped playing his guitar and sighed. He opened his mouth to talk

but Chris stood up,
stopping him.

“No.” He took Darren’s
hands, making him put the
guitar down and get up.
He looked him straight in
the eyes and all he could
see was hurt and regret.
He caressed Darren’s
cheek, brushing away

some of his curls from his forehead. “I’m sorry.”

Harry and Kevin both coughed loudly, getting their attention.

“Could we, like, start eating while you two... you know...” Cory asked awkwardly, pointing to

the food on the table.

“I’m kinda starving too.”
Joey added.

“Yes, yes. You can start.”
Chris laughed. “We’ll be
right back.”

They walked to their
bedroom, closing the

door. Chris sighed, taking Darren's hands again.

“Chris, I’m...”

“No. I’m sorry, Dare.”
Chris interrupted him again. “I yelled at you for something stupid. I shouldn’t have.”

Darren shook his head, squeezing Chris' hands. "It wasn't something stupid. You asked me to do something and I forgot. Just like I forget a lot of stuff. I'm stupid."

"No you're not." Chris brought Darren's left hand to his lips, kissing his

knuckles. “You’re just forgetful. Like I am too, sometimes.”

“Yeah, but you asked me to do one thing and I forgot. Like everything else and...”

“Dare.” Chris stopped him. He kissed him on the

forehead before hugging him tightly. “Everyday, it gets harder. It’s hard to keep a relationship like ours. And we are both always so stressed. And we’ll both keep making mistakes. But I love you. I can’t afford to lose you. Not now, not ever.”

Darren let out a sob that turned into a wet laugh. “You’re so much better at words than me.”

Chris held him tighter before leaning away. He kept his arms around Darren’s neck, his fingers playing with Darren’s soft curls. “I’m sorry for

earlier. I didn't mean to yell at you in front of everyone. It was a dick move.”

“It kinda was.” Darren looked down, biting his lip.

“You know, seeing the hurt in your eyes and

knowing I hurt you it's the worst feeling in the world." Chris whispered. "I really hate myself for hurting you like that."

"Don't." Darren rested his forehead against Chris', closing his eyes.

"What scares me the most

is that one day I'm gonna hurt you too much for you to forgive me.”

Darren opened his eyes back, staring at Chris. “Even if sometimes you are kind of a dick and you make mistakes and forget stuff too, like your socks under the covers-”

“I don’t-”

“Yes, you do, shut up.”

Darren smiled, kissing Chris’ nose. “I could never stop loving you.”

He brought his hand up to Chris’ face, softly brushing his cheekbone.

“You’re right. It is hard. And we’ll both make

mistakes, but we're in this together. And I don't know about you, but I'm not gonna give up on you, *onus* that easily."

Chris nodded, sniffing a little. "I'd never give up on us, Dare. Never."

Darren smiled. "Even if I

forget everything?”

“For every time you forget silly things like milk, or dessert, you always, *always* remember every little details I tell you about me. You’re the only one who ever actually listened to me. And, fuck, you even

remember the exact time we met and all our anniversaries and...”

“That’s because I could never forget about you.”

Darren grinned, his eyes shining.

“I love you.” Chris grinned back, kissing

Darren's lips softly.

“I know.” Darren smirked.

“Okay, Han Solo, let's go back before our friends eat all our food.” Chris laughed, walking back to their living room, holding Darren's hand.

“Nah, you are Han Solo. I’m Princess Leia.” Darren said jumping into Chris arms.

“Jesus.” Chris laughed, catching him in time and carrying him bridal style.

“Hope you fuckers left us some food.” Darren glared

at their friends who stopped eating and looked at them weirdly.

“That was quick.” Joey said, his mouth stuffed with food.

“We left make up sex for later.” Chris put Darren down, kissing his cheek.

Darren kissed him back, offering a plate to him.

“Thanks, love.”

“You two are such a married couple already.”

Mark scoffed, going back to his food.

(AN: the song Darren sings is the male version of *And I love her* by The Beatles)

**14) "Can I have this
dance?" by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [14]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 707

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

14) "Can I have this dance?"

“Excuse me?” Darren got everyone’s attention, clinking with a knife against his glass of champagne. Even the kids stopped running and

looked up at him. “First of all, Chris and I wanted to thank you all for coming to our wedding.” Chris smiled, taking his hand and nodding. “And to our reception, even if I know most of you came for the food.” Darren glared at some of his friends who had their mouths still full

and everyone laughed.

“There is still one more tradition I want to share with all of you, though.”

Darren continued. “When I asked Chris what song he wanted as our first dance as newly weds, he said he didn’t know.”

Even if Chris couldn’t see

himself, he knew he was blushing. He hid his face against Darren's shoulder, grinning. "In all the years we have known each other, we made so many songs our songs. From *Teenage Dream*," Riker, Luke and Telly catcalled.

"to *Perfect*; from *Come*

What May, to Little Things.”

“Oh my god.” Chris laughed, still hiding behind Darren.

“And let’s not talk about our infamous Klaine Christmas Duets!” Darren laughed too, turning his

head and kissing Chris' temple. "But there's one thing I've always loved more than singing with Chris. And it's singing *for* Chris."

"Oh no, no, no." Chris shook his head. He leaned away from Darren, looking at him confused.

“More precisely, writing and singing for Chris.”

“Driving all his friends insane when he asked for help cause he always wanted it to be *perfect*.” Chuck piped up, making everyone laugh again.

“Well, having the most

perfect guy in the world as my boyfriend, always made me want to only give him the best.” Darren smiled at Chris.

“What about the *I love brushing my teeth while you poop* song you dedicated to me when we first started living

together.” Chris asked. He had to make Darren blush too, since the fucker was enjoying making him blush so much.

And Darren did blush, clearing his voice. “We said we would never talk about it outside of our intimacy, Chris!” He

gasped, then glared at his brother who wouldn't stop laughing. "Shut up!"

"Sooooorry." Chris grinned cheekily.

"Anyway," Darren got everyone's attention back. "since I wasn't sure what song to pick myself, I

decided to surprise Chris.”

“Oh no.” Chris sighed.

Darren let go of Chris’ hand, whispering something in his brother’s ear, Chuck smirking and nodding. “I hope you won’t mind if I’m gonna be a selfish assho- I mean,

poopy-head, sorry
kiddos,” he corrected
himself when he noticed
Cerina glaring at him.
“but, it’s gonna take me at
least one hour before I let
go of my husband and let
any of you dance with him
in my place.”

He turned back to Chris,

holding out his hand, the first notes starting to play. “Can I have this dance?”

Chris felt his cheeks hurt from how much he was smiling. He nodded. “Of course.”

He took Darren’s hand, letting him lead. He held

Darren tighter when he recognised the song. It was the first song Darren ever wrote for him, back when they first started dating. He probably had recorded it with his brother, who was in charge of the laptop the music was coming from. Darren was whispering

along to it in Chris' ear,
his soft breath sending
chills down Chris' spine.

And then the song
changed. Into the second
song Darren had wrote to
him during the tour they
had with their cast mates.
And then *Words* started
playing. And then *Once*

Upon A Time, I don't mind. And it clicked in Chris' head. These were *all* the songs Darren wrote for him. He felt tears in his eyes and rested his face against Darren's shoulder, chuckling wetly into Darren's neck.

“Oh, no, you didn't.” He

whispered.

Darren just laughed, squeezing his hip and kissing his temple. “You like it?”

“God, I love you so much, Dare.” He sobbed, holding onto Darren even more, straightening up and

kissing Darren firmly on the lips.

Darren deepened the kiss, dipping Chris, his strong arms holding him. He lifted him back up, smirking when their lips separated and everyone cheered. “And I love you, mister Colfer-Criss.”

16) “It’s okay, I
couldn’t sleep
anyway.” & 59)

“Wow” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [15]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

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Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 555

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**16) “It’s okay, I
couldn’t sleep
anyway.” & 59)
“Wow”**

Chris couldn’t sleep. He had listened to Lea and tried coffee for the first time and now he couldn’t

sleep. On his side, Darren was snoring softly, using Chris' shoulder as a pillow. Chris smiled, kissing Darren's forehead and brushing his fingers through Darren's messy curls. He let his fingers trail down Darren's profile, then his neck and collarbones. He just loved

everything about Darren's body. Even his soft tummy peaking from underneath his t-shirt. Especially his tummy. He kissed Darren's nose, his hand stopping to rest on Darren's hip.

“Mmmm Chris.” Darren whispered, cuddling into

Chris' body.

Chris looked down at him confused. Darren's eyes were still closed, his lips slightly parted and he was still asleep. His dick wasn't though, since Chris could feel it getting harder against his thigh.

Darren started rutting against him, moaning and whimpering in his sleep.

“Dare?” Chris called.

“Yeah.” Darren growled, thrusting his hips against Chris’.

“Oh god.” Chris moaned

too, because his dick was definitely awake too, now and Darren's groans weren't helping. "Dare." He shook his boyfriend's shoulders, finally waking him.

Darren just looked confused at him for a few seconds before realising

what was going on. “Oh. Uhm, I think I was having a really good dream....” He smirked, pointing vaguely at his groin.

Chris smiled. “I kinda helped, to tell the truth.”

“Well, the dream was about you.” Darren

whispered, kissing Chris' neck. "Wait, did I wake you?"

"Nope." Chris bit down on Darren's lip, before kissing him deeply, getting on top of him and getting rid of both their t-shirts. "It's okay, don't worry." He added when

he noticed Darren's furrowed brow. "I couldn't sleep anyway." He left a trail of kisses down Darren's chest, licking his nipples, making Darren moan loudly. "So I started touching you..." He licked around Darren's bellybutton. Darren's hips

buckled up, his dick brushing against Chris' chest. "And now..." Chris mouthed at Darren's cock through his briefs, before taking them off. "I really want to suck your dick." He smirked before taking Darren's length into his mouth and sucking. Darren brought his hands

into Chris' hair, yelling his name. "I love your dick." Chris kissed the head of Darren's cock.

"Oh god." Darren threw his head back when Chris started sucking his dick again, deep-throating him as if it was nothing. "Oh my god." Chris hummed

around his dick, his hands holding his hips down firmly, probably leaving marks and Darren didn't have the time to warn him before coming down his throat, screaming Chris' name.

Chris licked his lips, covering Darren's

softening cock with his
briefs again and then
laying back down at his
boyfriend's side. He
kissed his cheek, waiting
for Darren to catch his
breath again.

“Wow.” Darren breathed.
“What was that for? Not
that I’m complaining, of

course.”

“Mmmm, I just hadn’t given you a blowjob in a while...” Chris smirked, kissing at Darren’s neck.

“Want me to give you a hand with that?” Darren asked, getting his hand into Chris’ briefs and

circling Chris' cock.

Chris moaned, getting on top of Darren again. He definitely wasn't regretting the coffee, now. "That, or..." He nibbled at Darren's collarbone. "I could fuck you and see if I can make you come again." He whispered,

looking down hungrily at him.

“Fuck, yes, please.”
Darren whimpered.

**17) "Watch your
step." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [16]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 362

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

17) "Watch your step."

Darren went back to the parking lot just in time to see Chris arrive and park his car next to Darren's. "Morning." He smiled, opening Chris' car door.

“Hey.” Chris smiled back, getting out and accepting the can of Diet Coke Darren held out to him. “Thanks.”

Darren just grinned, pecking him on the lips before starting to walk to the hair and make up trailers. “Slept well last

night?” He asked.

“Not really.” Chris pouted, sipping his soda. “I missed you.”

“I’ll make it back to you this week end, I promise.”

“Okay.” Chris nodded.

Darren bit his lip, trying not to smile too much. He wasn't just going to make it up to Chris by the usual breakfast in bed, sex and cuddles. He was also planning on asking Chris to get a place together. He was tired of sleeping in a house he didn't consider a home anymore. And not

just because Liam and Joey snored really loudly, he loved his friends to death. But he just wanted a house he could call a home because he was sharing it with the love of his life. It didn't matter if they still had to pretend they lived in different houses to protect their

relationship and privacy. He wanted a home. And he wanted it with Chris.

He looked over at Chris, who was still drinking, his eyes still a little bit sleepy, a beanie almost covering them. He climbed the three steps to the trailer, opening the door for

Chris.

“Watch your step, babe.”
He called, gripping Chris’
arm to steady him when
Chris tripped.

“Oh god, thanks. Always
so clumsy in the
mornings.” Chris kissed
his cheek, rolling his eyes

at the make up girls giggling at them.

“Just in the mornings?”
Darren laughed, sitting in the chair next to Chris’, smirking at him.

“Shut up.” Chris scoffed, throwing the finished can into the trash.

“Don’t worry. I’m always gonna be there to catch you if you fall.” Darren smiled.

Chris blushed, looking down shyly when the girls awed at them. He leaned off the chair, kissing Darren’s cheek again. “I love you too.” He

whispered, smiling back.

18) “Here, drink this.
You’ll feel better.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [17]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:54

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 367

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**18) “Here, drink this.
You’ll feel better.”**

“Chris?” Darren croaked,
padding barefoot through
their house.

“In the kitchen.” Chris
called back.

Darren entered the kitchen, finding Chris, still in his pjs, making breakfast. “Hey.” Darren yawned, plopping himself down into a chair.

Chris turned, sighing when he looked at Darren. “I heard you cough a lot last night. Here, drink this.

You'll feel better." He put a cup of warm milk in front of him, kissing Darren's curls. "I added some honey. Should help your throat."

Darren just stared at it. His head was kinda fuzzy, the cold he had been having for two days now

was definitely to blame, and his throat felt on fire. He tried to clear it, but he started coughing instead. “Ugh.” When the coughing fit was over, he slumped into his seat even more, sighing happily at Chris’ hand brushing his hair from his forehead.

“I don’t think you have a fever.” He said, kissing his forehead to test the temperature.

“I’m just really stuffy.” Darren whined. “And my throat hurts.” He pouted.

“I know, baby.” Chris smiled, his hand stroking

Darren's back. "Come on. Drink this. It'll help, I promise."

Darren sniffled, taking a sip from the cup. "I can't really feel any taste." He groaned. "Or smell."

"I know, I'm gonna get you something stronger

later, if you don't feel any better, okay?." Chris reassured again, kneeling on the ground and taking Darren's feet into his lap, covering them in wool socks. He stood back up, wrapping Darren's shoulders into a blanket Darren didn't notice before. "Here." He

smiled, kissing Darren's forehead once again.

“Thanks.” Darren
coughed, whimpering.

“Aw, you really do
become such a baby when
you're sick.” Chris
giggled, ruffling Darren's
already messy curls.

“Sorry.” Darren pouted.

“It’s okay.” Chris beamed.

“I love taking care of you.”

“And I love you.” Darren grinned.

“Love you, too, baby.”
Chris grinned back,

kissing him on the cheek.
“Now, drink up like the
good baby I know you
are.”

Darren rolled his eyes. He
knew Chris wasn't one to
let shit like this die. But
he did like when he took
care of him. He smiled to
himself, taking the cup

back and starting to drink again.

**19) "Can I hold your
hand?" by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [18]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 320

Publisher:

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Summary:

This is set during the shooting of Make you feel my love for 5x03.

19) "Can I hold your hand?"

Author's Note:

This is set during the shooting of Make you feel my love for 5x03.

They were all too quiet. Chris looked around and everyone was too fucking quiet. He bit down on his lip to stop the tears from falling. He still couldn't believe it. He took a deep breath and looked forward to Lea. Even the crew and Ryan had been really quiet. They didn't even

give them directions.

He heard a snuffle on his left and turned to Darren, who had his eyes closed, his hands on his thighs, squeezing the fabric of his pants.

“Dare.” Chris held out a hand, touching Darren’s

shoulder.

“Chris.” It was almost a sob, and Chris really had to force himself not to cry.

“Can I...” Darren opened his eyes to look at Chris.

“Can I please hold your hand?” He whispered.

Chris nodded, taking

Darren's hand and squeezing it tightly.

“If you guys are ready, we can start.” Ryan said.

While Lea was singing, Chris made the mistake to look at Darren again and saw him on the verge of tears. He squeezed his

hand and Darren squeezed back. Chris let out a sigh, trying really hard not to cry. When Lea was over and Ryan called “cut”, Chris didn’t even have the time to say anything that Darren was in his lap, sobbing into his neck, his hands fisting the back of Chris’ shirt.

Chris held him tightly, starting to cry too.

“Please, Chris, please. Don’t ever leave me. Please. Don’t...” Darren was now sobbing hysterically and Chris couldn’t do much. He saw Amber smiling sadly at

them before getting up, going to join Kevin, Harry and Jenna.

“I won’t.” Chris shook his head, squeezing Darren’s shoulders. “I promise, baby, I won’t.” He cried into Darren’s neck. Ryan telling them to take all the time they needed before

starting to shoot again
barely heard. “I’m not
gonna leave you, Dare.”

Darren sobbed even
harder, not letting him go
for the rest of the day.

**22) “It’s not heavy.
I’m stronger than I
look.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [19]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 437

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**22) “It’s not heavy.
I’m stronger than I
look.”**

“Can you at least give me one of the bags?” Chris tried to grab the bag Darren was carrying with his right arm, but he just

stepped away, making him miss. “Come on!” Chris laughed.

“Nope.” Darren smirked.

“But I wanna help!” Chris pouted.

“It’s not heavy. I’m stronger than I look.”

Darren pushed out his chest, grinning at Chris and almost walking into a lamp street. “Shit.” He swore stumbling into Chris instead.

“See, you need help.” Chris giggled, finally succeeding into grabbing one of the shopping bags.

“No, Chris, no, I can carry them, I am very strooong.” Darren whined, his smile still making his eyes squint.

“Oh, I know you are strong, Dare. Especially in your thighs.” Chris rolled his eyes, taking out the keys and opening the door

to Darren's (luckily empty) apartment. They put the bags down on the kitchen table, Chris starting to pull out the groceries. But Darren had a different plan in mind.

“And how do you know that?” He asked, getting into Chris' space until his

back was against the wall. “Did you notice how strong my thighs are while I was riding you the other night?” He whispered into Chris’ ear, proceeding to kiss and bite at his pulse point, making Chris’ moan and squirm.

“I actually meant they

are— oh god.” Chris threw his head back, his hands firmly grabbing Darren’s ass. “Uhm, they-they are making us work our asses off at dance rehearsals, that’s what I...god, Dare.” Chris reversed their positions, pushing Darren against the wall, kissing him hungrily, a hand

starting to unbuckle
Darren's pants.

“I love how— shit.” Darren
pushed Chris' face away
from his neck, his dark-
lusted eyes looking at
Chris. He smirked, licking
his lips. “I love how being
so domestic and going out
turns you on.”

“You started making out with me. That turned me on.” Chris groaned, going back to Darren’s neck and collarbone. “Also, talking about your thighs.” He purred, successfully getting rid of Darren’s pants and boxer briefs. “So hot.”

“Wanna get a better look at how strong they are while I ride you again?” Darren said smugly, his kiss-swollen lips turning up into a mischievous grin.

“God, yes.” Chris groaned, lifting Darren up easily, Darren’s legs

circling his hips to
balance himself, and
walking to the bedroom.

“Maybe this time I’ll even
tie you to the bed. So that
you’re only gonna watch
me ride you and not
touch.” Darren whispered
and Chris hurried to throw
him on the bed, getting

one of Darren's ties. Oh, he was definitely gonna enjoy this kind of show.

23) "I'll wait." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [20]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive
Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 710

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Set during summer 2013, right before the beginning of Darren's tour.

23) "I'll wait."

Author's Note:

Set during summer 2013, right before the beginning of Darren's tour.

Chris was sitting on the

couch, his head in his hands. He kept staring down at the carpet under his bare feet, the drawings on it not making any sense to him. Nothing was really making sense anymore. He couldn't believe what he had just done.

“Hey, I’m-I’m finished

packing.” Darren cleared his voice coming back to the living room, a suitcase in his hand.

“Dare...” Chris stood up, his arms circling his waist and holding himself together. “I...”

“It’s okay.” Darren

smiled, but Chris could only see sadness and hurt in his eyes.

“I’m just...this is not...” Chris looked down, biting his lip. “This is not a goodbye, okay? I’m not breaking up with you, you know that, right?” He asked, his voice

trembling.

“Yeah, I know.” Darren nodded. He wiped at his eyes, sniffing a little.

“I just...need some time, I’m not....I d-don’t...”

“So you said. Twenty times.” Darren said

bitterly. “I get it. I’ll wait.”

“You don’t have to...”
Chris whispered, his voice breaking.

“I don’t have to?” Darren snorted. “Are you shitting me?” He dropped the suitcase, his hands on his

hips.

“I just...I don’t even know why you’re still with me, Dare, I just...” Chris stuttered.

“Because I love you?!” Darren opened his arms. “Is it really so hard for you to get it?”

“You love me?” Chris shook his head and he was crying. God, why was he crying.

“Fuck, yes, Chris, yes.” Darren took a step towards him.

“But you can’t tell the world you do?”

Darren froze for a few seconds, his eyes glaring at him accusingly. He shook his head, scoffing. “So this is what it’s all about?”

“You say you love me, but only when no one is around. And, god, do you know how hard it is to

watch you say how “straight” you are,” Chris made sure to emphasize on the word straight as much as possible. “watch you say you love someone else?” He stepped back, sitting back down and started sobbing.

“And don’t you think it’s

fucking hard for me to
fucking lie to fucking
everyone?” Darren yelled.

Chris shrank into himself
even more. Darren never
yelled at him. He covered
his mouth with his hand,
trying to stop his sobs.
“Then why d-do you do i-
it?” He sobbed.

Darren let his arms fall to his sides, his expression going from angry to resigned. “I’m sorry I’m not brave or strong enough to come out like you did.”

“But you are strong! And you’re brave, Dare, I know you are!” Chris

stood up again. He stepped closer to Darren, putting his hands on his shoulders. “I know it.”

“So you want me to come out and ruin my career?”

Darren scoffed, shrugging.

“Look at me, for fuck’s

sake! Is my career ruined??" Chris was the one yelling now.

"It's different!" Darren shouted back, shaking off Chris' hands. He took his suitcase and started walking towards the door. "You know, out of everyone, I thought you'd

be the one to actually understand and just... support me through everything.” He shrugged, his voice shaking and his lips quivering. “Guess I was wrong.” He turned his back to Chris, but by the shaking of his shoulders, Chris could still tell he was crying.

“Dare. Wait!” Chris stormed up to him, closing the door Darren just opened and taking his wrist. “I didn’t mean it like that, I didn’t mean... I’m just...I-”

“I think you’re right.” Darren turned back to

look at him, his eyes full of tears. “Maybe some time apart will do us good.”

“Dare...” Chris whispered, his hand still gripping Darren’s wrist.

“I’ll just crash at my parents’ house until my

tour starts.” Darren sniffled.

Chris let go of him. “Dare, please...” He sobbed.

“Don’t worry.” Darren smiled sadly at him again. “I’ll wait until you understand.” He leaned in, kissing Chris’ cheek, and

then turned back to the door, opening it and walking out, leaving Chris' staring at the wall, his hand covering his mouth.

Chris just shook his head. This was just a nightmare. That didn't just happen. He fell to the ground,

curling up on himself,
sobbing until his chest
hurt. He fucked up. He
fucked up so badly.

24) "Just because"

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [21]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Cory Monteith, Darren
Criss, Harry Shum Jr,
Kevin McHale, Mar
Salling

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 565

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Set around the

beginning of season
three.

24) "Just because"

Author's Note:

Set around the beginning of season three.

They had an afternoon shooting that day, so

Darren hadn't seen Chris that morning. He got on set first and was talking with Harry, Kevin, Mark and Cory in front of Kevin's trailer, when he spotted Chris walking towards them.

“Hey.” He smiled at him, waving his hand.

Chris smiled too, blushing a little before holding out the hand he had been hiding behind his back, a bunch of flowers in it. “For you.” He beamed.

Darren just stared at them for a few seconds, feeling his cheeks heating up. “Oh my god.” He covered

his face with one hand, taking the bouquet with the other. “But why?” He asked, sniffing them, ignoring the other guys snickering.

“Just because.” Chris replied, leaning in and kissing his cheek.

“I don’t know what to say, Chris, oh my god!”

Darren looked back up to his boyfriend, his smile getting bigger. He also realised Chris had just kissed him in front of their friends. Chris never kissed him in front of their friends. He wasn’t really fond of pda, even if it was

their friends. He hid his face back in the flowers, his cheeks hurting from how much he was smiling.

“You always say I shouldn’t be ashamed of, you know, acting on my love for you in front of others and I just...uhm...” Chris looked shyly at their

friends, who were all grinning. “You were right.” He nodded, scratching the back of his neck and laughing a little.

“I love you so much, Chris!” Darren laughed too, hugging Chris tightly, making sure not to crush the flowers.

“I love you too.” Chris replied when they parted, pecking Darren on the lips, both of them blushing a little.

“You two are so cheesy.” Harry laughed.

“Oh fuck off.” Chris stuck his tongue out at him.

“I’m sorry if we ever made you feel like you couldn’t do that in front of us, Chris.” Cory said seriously, a hand on Chris’ shoulder. “We definitely don’t mind.” He smiled.

“I know, I know.” Chris blushed. “It’s just...I

don't know, I was scared
or...I-I don't know?"

"Hey, it's okay." Mark
grinned.

"I'm glad you got over it."
Cory hugged Chris,
patting his back. "We love
you, okay?"

“I know.”

“Just...” Kevin cleared his voice, glaring at Darren and Chris. “You know, don’t have sex in front of us, yeah?” He scrunched his nose up. “That one time on tour was enough for me, thanks.”

“That wouldn’t have happened if you had knocked before walking in, Kev!” Darren rolled his eyes.

“Oh god, please, don’t remind me of that.” Chris whined.

Darren batted away

Cory's hand still on Chris' shoulder, hugging his boyfriend with his free arm, still searching his face for any sign of discomfort, his hand resting firmly on Chris' hip when he just smiled at him. "Don't worry. We'll try to keep it pg-13." He smirked at Kevin.

“Try being the key word.”
Chris giggled.

And Darren felt his heart melt from happiness. He knew how Chris wasn't completely comfortable with talking about this kind of stuff with their friends, or even with him

sometimes. But he was getting better at it. And Darren couldn't be prouder of his boyfriend. He was so happy for him, he just kissed Chris' cheek, getting a huge toothy grin out of him that made him feel even giddier.

**25) "Look both
ways." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [22]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 155

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

25) "Look both ways."

“Ugh, I hate coming to work this early.” Chris groaned, his hands in the pockets of his hoodie, dark glasses covering his eyes.

“I know you do.” Darren rolled his eyes. “You say it every morning, Chris.”

“It’s still dark. You’re supposed to sleep when it’s dark outside.” He whined, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

“You usually stay up all

night, shut up.” Darren laughed.

“I’m a writer, Dare.” Chris glared at him, not watching where he was going.

Darren stepped in front of him, stopping him with a hand to Chris’ chest.

“Hey, look both ways before you cross the street, you dummy.” He chided, watching as a car passed by.

“Oh.” Chris just stood there, a smile breaking on his lips. “Thanks.”

“Of course.” Darren

smiled back, taking Chris' hand in his. "Here, let me guide you." He smirked.

"Okay, my knight in shining armor!" Chris giggled, letting Darren tug him along.

27) "Try some." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [23]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

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Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive
Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,403

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

27) "Try some."

“And...we’re here. This is my home.” Darren smiled at Chris, parking his car into his parents’ driveway. He sighed when he noticed Chris’ nervously biting down on his lip, his hands fidgeting in his lap.

“Hey.” He stopped Chris’ hands, taking them into his own and squeezing. “They’re gonna love you.” He reassured, leaning in and kissing Chris’ cheek.

“How do you know that, though?” Chris asked, still worrying his lip. “I mean,

you didn't even tell them!
And what if they don't
like how I dress or think
I've turned you..."

"Hey, hey. Look at me."
Darren interrupted his
boyfriend's ramblings,
framing his face and
looking him straight in the
eyes. "My folk is very

open minded, Chris. And trust me, they are gonna love you. Especially my mom.”

“But what if...?”

“Nope.” Darren shook his head, kissing Chris’ lips this time. “Come on. Let’s go.” He smiled

reassuringly at him,
holding Chris' hand as
soon as they got out of the
car.

“Mama! Dad! I'm back!”
Darren called when they
entered his house.

“Dare?” Chuck popped
out of the living room, a

huge smirk on his face.
“Hey little bro!”

“Chuck! You’re here too!” Darren let go of Chris, wrapping his brother in a tight hug.

“Is this a friend of yours?” He asked when they parted, pointing at Chris.

Darren didn't have the time to answer that his mom was hugging him as well, kissing his cheeks and whispering how much she missed her little boy in Tagalog.

“Missed you too, mama.” He kissed her back, hugging his dad once he

appeared too. “You too, dad.”

“We missed you, son.”
His father smiled, patting his back.

“Wait, and who is this handsome boy?” Cerina asked, looking curiously at Chris. “You could have

told me you were bringing a friend with you!” She glared at Darren.

“Actually,” Darren stepped back from his parents, taking Chris’ hand in his and grinning to his family. “mom, dad, Chuck. This is Chris. My boyfriend.”

“H-hi.” Chris timidly waved his free hand.

“Your boyfriend?!” Cerina squealed. “Why didn’t you tell me you were bringing your boyfriend over, Darren? Oh my god, I’m so sorry if my kitchen is a mess and I hope the food will

be enough!” She started rambling, stopping herself to take a better look at Chris. “Oh, sorry, love. Come here.” She beamed at Chris who was still awkwardly standing at Darren’s side and hugged him as tightly as she had hugged her own son. “Welcome to the family,

love.” She kissed his cheek, her smile huge. “I’m Cerina.”

Chris smiled back, blushing a little, his posture still a little stiff. “It’s a pleasure.”

“And I’m Charles, nice to meet you, son.” Charles

took the hand Chris was holding out, shaking it before pulling him into a hug.

“Nice to meet you too, sir.” Chris patted Charles’ back awkwardly, making Darren giggle.

“Oh, no, please, call me

Charles.”

“Oh, uhm, okay.” Chris blushed even harder.

“Chuck.” Chuck beamed, hugging Chris as well.

“And I’m mad at you, little brother.” He added, turning to Darren.

“Seriously, man. Why

“didn’t you tell us?”

“I just thought it would be better to tell you guys in person.” Darren shrugged, taking Chris’ hand back into his, squeezing it. “Besides, I wanted to show Chris my home.” He grinned, swinging their hands between them.

Chris finally seemed to relax, his smile reaching his eyes.

“Well, you’re lucky I knew Chuck was coming back too, so I cooked for more than three people.” Cerina sighed, walking towards the kitchen, the men following her.

“Wait, does this mean I have to go cause there’s not gonna be enough food?” Chuck asked.

“Chuck, please.” Darren scoffed. “Mama always cooks enough to feed an entire football team. There’s gonna be enough for everyone.”

“Did you just criticize my cooking?” Cerina stopped in front of the counter top, where some plates and pans scattered around it, and glared at her son.

“What? No, mama, not at all!” Darren defended himself, his eyes going wide.

“Then you won’t mind help your brother finish setting the table, right?” She raised one eyebrow, waiting for Darren to protest.

“Okay, scary mama. I’ll help.” Darren stepped back, holding his hands up.

“I can help too.” Chris volunteered. Darren could see he was still so insecure in front of his parents and just wanted to impress them. He couldn’t help but smile at his boyfriend, but also feel his stomach drop, because Chris wasn’t used to people accepting him

without a blink of an eye for who he was. He had told him about how even his parents were still working on accepting his sexuality.

“Don’t be silly, love.” Cerina’s voice brought Darren back to reality. “You’re our guest. You

can just sit here,” She took out one of the stools from the kitchen table and motioned for Chris to sit. “and tell me if Darren is treating you right.” She smiled brightly, petting Chris’ cheek once he sat down.

“Uhm, Darren is, uhm...”

Chris stuttered, looking down and blushing.

“Obviously an amazing boyfriend.” Darren smirked cheekily, kissing Chris’ temple.

“Go set the table, mister. I’m talking to Chris.” Cerina scolded, hushing

him out of the room.

Darren rolled his eyes, giving one last smile to Chris before joining his brother in setting the table.

“Dare, seriously though. Why didn’t you tell me?” Chuck pouted.

Darren shrugged. “I just really wanted to introduce him in person to you. Chris is...uhm...” Darren felt himself blush and he couldn’t stop his smile. “He’s really special to me.” He finished looking back up to his brother.

“I can tell.” Chuck

laughed.

“Yeah.”

*

“I’m so sorry, you’ll probably think I’m so stupid, but how is this called again?” Chris asked, his cheeks

becoming pink.

“Oh, no, no, no, Chris, don’t ever think you’re stupid, love!” Cerina caressed his cheek. She put his plate down in front of him, smiling. “This is Tapa. It’s a Filipino specialty.”

“Try some, Chris. It’s delicious, I promise!”
Darren nodded, moving his chair closer to Chris’.

Chris smiled politely.
“Thank you. I’ve never tried anything from your country, but I’m open to try new things.”

“I’m actually sorry.”
Cerina said sitting back
down once everyone’s
plate was full. “If Darren
had told me he was
bringing his boyfriend, I
would have asked him
what do you like. Don’t
be afraid to say you don’t
like it. I could always
improvise something.”

She added, patting Chris' hand.

“Okay.” Chris blushed even more when he realised everyone at the table was staring at him. “Uhm...”

“Hey, stop staring at my boyfriend, you’re making

him blush!” Darren laughed, pointing his fork to his family.

“Sorry, son.” Charles laughed too, starting to eat, followed by Chuck.

“No, it’s okay.” Chris smiled, looking down at his plate.

“Here.” Darren smirked, taking some of the food with his fork and feeding Chris, who turned even redder. “Oh come on, don’t be shy.” He whispered.

Chris looked around the table, but he only received smiles and nods of

encouragement, so he accepted Darren's fork. He bit down, hiding his full mouth behind his hand, chewing and swallowing. "Oh my god. It's actually delicious!" He said, taking his own fork and starting to eat. "No, seriously. I love it!" He enthusiastically took

another bite. “You’re an amazing cook, Cerina.”

“Thanks, love.” Cerina beamed at him. “I really like you.”

“Don’t worry, mama. I’m not gonna give up on him any time soon.”

Chris smiled at him, his eyes so bright Darren could almost see himself reflected in them.

“Good.” Cerina nodded.

“Now, do you want me to take out one of your old bibs so you won’t drool all over the table while staring at your boyfriend

or...?”

Chris laughed loudly, covering his mouth with the back of his hand, the rest of his family laughing along with him.

“Ha! I knew you were gonna team up with them, Chris.” Darren rolled his

eyes, pretending to be annoyed. But when he turned to Chris, he saw him with a huge grin on his face, his eyes smiling as well. And Darren could tell he was at ease enough to laugh and joke, and be himself without worrying about anything. Darren smiled too. He didn't

mind being the target of all the jokes if it meant seeing Chris this happy and comfortable.

28) "Drive safely."

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [24]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 204

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

28) "Drive safely."

“You sure you don’t wanna crash at my place when you come back on Sunday night?” Darren asked, his arms around Chris’ waist, while Chris’ were around his neck.

“Yes, Dare.” Chris
smiled, kissing Darren’s
nose.

“Say hi to your sister for
me?” He scrunched his
nose up, squeezing Chris’
hips.

“Will do.” Chris
promised.

Darren got on his tip toes, kissing Chris one last time, biting down on his lower lip. “Imma miss you.” He whispered.

“I’m gonna miss you too, baby, but I gotta go now.” Chris pouted, pecking Darren on the lips again, unable to stop himself.

“Call me when you get there?”

“Of course.” Chris smiled. They just stared into each other eyes for a few seconds, Chris biting down on his lip before starting to giggle. “You know, you have to let me go first, if I want to get

into my car.”

“Don’t want to.” Darren whined.

Chris laughed, kissing Darren’s pout one last time, before they finally let go of each other. “I’ll see you on Monday.”

“See you.” Darren smiled opening Chris’ car door for him. “Drive safely.” He added, closing it.

“Always.” Chris grinned at him, starting his car and pulling out of Darren’s driveway.

29) "Well, what do
you want to do?" by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [25]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 265

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**29) "Well, what do
you want to do?"**

It was a lazy Sunday.
They had just got out of
bed after the second round
of morning sex, the dishes
of their breakfast in the
sink to wash later.

Darren sighed, letting himself plop down on the couch. He yawned loudly, stretching his arms over his head.

Brian opened one eye to glare at him from where he was curled up at the end of the couch.

“Well? What do you want to do?” Chris asked, sitting down next to Darren and starting to pet Brian, who just purred, closing his eyes again.

“Nothing?” Darren groaned, glaring at Brian. He huffed, straightening himself to get a better

look at his boyfriend.

“What?” Chris arched an eyebrow, his hand still petting Brian. He looked down at the cat and then back up at Darren. “Are you shitting me?” He snorted. “You’re jealous of our cat?”

Darren pouted, turning his head and crossing his arms over his chest. “Yep.”

“Oh my god. What are you, five?” Chris laughed.

“And a half.” Darren stuck out his tongue at him. He looked up and

down at Chris, getting an idea. He smirked cheekily at him, before laying down, his head in Chris' lap, looking up at him with a pout. "Pet me too?"

Chris laughed even louder. "Oh god." He brushed Darren's curls, letting his fingers tangle

with them. “Are you gonna purr as well?” He asked, leaning down and kissing Darren’s nose.

“Only if you kiss the right spots.” Darren grinned, moaning a little when Chris started scratching his scalp the way he loved.

“Dork.” Chris giggled.

**30) "One more
chapter" by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [26]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 200

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

The book Chris is reading is The Land of Stories: The Enchantress returns.

30) "One more chapter"

“For the very first time in history, the leaders of the fairy-tale world were helpless.” Chris stopped reading, looking down at Darren, whose head was

resting against his shoulder, his curls tickling his neck. “Dare?”

“Yes? Why’d you stop?”
Darren’s brow furrowed. He tried to turn the page for Chris, but Chris closed the book. “What?”

“Come on. It’s late. You

look tired.” He said softly, kissing the top of Darren’s head.

“One more chapter, please.” Darren pouted, his eyes pleading Chris.

“I read it to you four times already, Dare. You almost know it better than me.”

Chris laughed.

“But I want to hear it one more time!” Darren whined, taking the book from Chris’ hands.

“You’re just too lazy to read it yourself so you make me read it to you.”

“Nope.” Darren glared at him. “I just love your books. And I love your voice. And hearing you do different voices and just...” Darren smiled, his eyes getting squinty. “I love it. I love you.” He grinned, kissing Chris’ cheek.

Chris shook his head, not able to resist him. “Okay. One more chapter.” He conceded, taking the book back.

“Yay!” Darren clapped his hand, kissing Chris again.

Author's Note:

The book Chris is
reading is The Land
of Stories: The
Enchantress returns.

**31) "Don't worry
about me." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [27]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 838

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

31) "Don't worry about me."

Darren took Chris' wrist, tugging him along and walking to his bedroom. He locked the door and sat down on his bed. Chris just stood there, looking

down at Darren. And Darren hated it. He hated this. And he couldn't even read Chris' expression.

“Chris, I...” He took a deep breath, passing his hands over his face. “What-what do you think I should do?” He asked, his voice just a whisper.

“Dare.” Chris sighed, sitting next to him and taking his hands. “This is your life. It’s your decision. Don’t worry about me.” He said, squeezing Darren’s hands.

“What do you mean don’t worry about me?? This is not just my life we’re

talking about, Chris! It's our life. Together.” Darren turned on the bed, his body now completely facing Chris’. He looked him right in the eyes, waiting for Chris to say something. “Chris.”

Chris looked away, biting down on his lip. “You still

get the final decision. I can't tell you what to do. I'd never do that." He nodded, looking back at him.

Darren smiled sadly. He freed his right hand and caressed Chris' cheek. "I want to tell the whole world I'm with you,

Chris. I want to scream it from the top of the world so that everyone will know that I'm the luckiest guy in the whole fucking universe.”

“Then do it. I won't stop you.” Chris smiled, his hands coming up to frame Darren's face. “But...” He

sighed, his eyes turning sad and Darren hated when Chris' eyes looked sad.

“I just...I don't want to hurt you, Chris. I'm sorry, I just...” He could feel tears in his eyes and he sniffled, looking down.

“Hey, no.” Chris held Darren’s head back up, looking him straight in the eyes. “When I say you don’t have to worry about me, I mean that...” Chris took a deep breath, his smile finally reaching his eyes. “No matter how hard it gets, no matter how much we’re gonna

have to hide our relationship, I'm never gonna give up on us. No matter how much it's going to hurt me every time I'm gonna hear you say you're "straight" or in love with a woman, I'm always gonna be the one you come back home to."

“But...”

“Dare.” Chris interrupted him, his thumbs brushing away the tears that were about to fall from his eyes. “I know how much you care about your career. You worked so hard to get where you are now and I’m pretty sure

you're gonna get so much further. You are amazing, Dare. You deserve to succeed in everything you're doing. I came out right away and I was so lucky. I can't guarantee it's gonna work for you too."

"They say it would be a

career suicide.” Darren sighed, shaking his head.

“I know. I heard what they said.” Chris brushed away a curl from his forehead, kissing it softly.

“And I can’t guarantee you they’re wrong.”

“I just really don’t want to

hurt you, Chris, I love you, I..." Darren sobbed out.

"Hey, come here, shhh" Chris took him into his arms, hugging him tightly to his chest. "No matter what you decide, I'm gonna support you one hundred percent, okay? I

promise.” He whispered
in his ear, his hands
drawing circles into
Darren’s back.

“Sometimes it’s gonna
hurt me, and it’s gonna
hurt you too, but we can
do this. I’m never gonna
give up on us, Dare.
Never. I love you.”

Darren just held Chris tighter, fisting his shirt and sniffing, trying to stop the tears. “I love you too.” He sobbed. They remained quiet for a few minutes, just holding onto each other. “Chris?”

“Yes?”

Darren shifted away from Chris' arms, looking up at his face. "I want you to promise me that you'll always tell me if I do something that hurt you. And I want you to know that no matter what I say in public, I'm always gonna be honest with you."

“I know.” Chris smiled, his eyes glassy and red as well. “And I promise. Maybe we could do a deal.” He smirked, taking Darren’s hands and playing with his fingers.

“A deal?” Darren asked confused.

“Yep. Every time you say you’re straight or that you’re with a girl or, since you asked, I’m gonna feel hurt, you’re gonna be the big spoon for a week.” He grinned, a playful glint in his eyes.

Darren let out a laugh that also sounded like a sob.

“Deal.” He whispered, hugging Chris again. “God, how do you know exactly what to say to make me feel better?” He asked, kissing Chris’ neck.

“It’s cause I know you.” Chris laughed.

“We’ve known each other for less than a year and you know me better than my family and best friends.” Darren said, resting his hand on Chris’ chest, right where he could feel Chris’ heart beating.

“Maybe soulmates

actually exist and you're mine." Chris smiled, kissing his curls.

"Yeah." Darren nodded.
"You're mine too."

**32) "It looks good on
you." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [28]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 414

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**32) "It looks good on
you."**

Chris woke up to an empty bed, the smell of pancakes coming from the kitchen telling him Darren was already making breakfast. He smiled,

rolling out of bed. He looked at himself in the mirror Darren had on his closet door. The fucker had left hickeys and bite marks all over his collarbone and neck. Chris shook his head smirking. That was something they definitely had to talk about, because

Chris fucking loved to see Darren's marks on himself. He looked around the room for his clothes, finding his pants under the bed and his shirt on Darren's desk. He was already putting his t-shirt on when he noticed Darren's favorite hoodie on his chair. Darren

particularly loved it cause it was a little bit too big on him and that way he could use it to pull Chris closer and cover him too. Chris threw his t-shirt on the bed, getting the hoodie instead. It actually fitted him, even if it was still kind of long and it covered half of his thighs

as well, and it smelled like Darren. Chris didn't bother with pants or even boxer briefs and just zipped the hoodie, padding through Darren's apartment to the kitchen.

“Morning.” Darren chirped while still cooking.

Chris walked up to him, hugging him from behind. “Morning.” He smirked against Darren’s skin, kissing the back of his neck.

Darren stopped what he was doing, letting out a soft groan. He turned into Chris’ arms and froze. He

stared at Chris for a couple of seconds, his mouth hanging open. “That’s, uhm, that’s my hoodie?” His eyes were so big and full of love Chris could swear they were sparkling.

“I know.” He laughed softly, his arms still

around Darren's waist.

“Uhm, i-it looks good on you.” Darren looked back up into Chris' eyes, his cheeks getting pinker.

“I know.” Chris smirked, kissing Darren's lips, taking his time to enjoy the taste of sugar that was

on Darren's tongue.

Darren moaned into the kiss, biting down on Chris' lower lip, before pulling away. "You're also not wearing any pants." He whispered, his lips turning up into a mischievous smirk.

“I know.” Chris grinned back, feeling Darren’s hands on his bare ass.

“You should wear my cloths more often.” Darren added, wiggling his eyebrows and squeezing Chris’ cheeks.

“I think I can do that.”

Chris conceded, pecking Darren's lips one more time. "I also think the pancake you left on is burning." He giggled.

"Shit!"

33) “Close your eyes
and hold out your
hands.” & 76) “I
want you to have
this.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [29]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 605

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

set before Darren left

for New York to do
HT\$ and during the
shooting of 3x11

**33) “Close your eyes
and hold out your
hands.” & 76) “I
want you to have
this.”**

Author's Note:

set before Darren left

for New York to do
HT\$ and during the
shooting of 3x11

“Okay, close your eyes.”
Darren said, getting up
from the couch.

“What?” Chris looked up
at him confused.

“Just close your eyes!”
Darren rolled his eyes.

Chris closed his eyes, still confused. “Wait, is this some kind of revenge because I told Ryan to get you slushied on the show?” He asked, keeping his eyes closed. “Dare?”

“Why didn’t I think about that, shit.”

Chris reopened his eyes, glaring at him.

“It’s not...I’m not gonna slushie you or some shit like that, I promise.”

Darren scoffed, taking Chris’ wrists. “Come on,

close your eyes again.”

“What for?” Chris asked as he did what Darren said.

“It’s a surprise.” Darren whispered kissing his nose. “Just, close your eyes and hold out your hands like this.” He

brought up Chris' hands, still holding his wrists.

“Okay.” Chris laughed, following his orders. Darren let go of his wrists and Chris heard him leaving the room.

“No peeking!” Darren called from the other

room.

“Okay, okay.” Chris giggled.

“You moved your hands!” Darren protested coming back.

“Oh my god.” Chris snorted. “I literally moved

them of an inch, Dare.”

“Hold them out like I told you.” Darren demanded.

Chris smirked, holding his hands over his head. “Like this?”

“No.”

He brought his hands down until they touched the couch. “Like this?”

“Oh my god, Chris, no.”
Darren said exasperated.

“Like this?” Chris giggled, holding his hands against his chest.

“God you’re such a little shit sometimes.” Darren laughed.

“Okay, okay, no need to offend me!” Chris laughed too, finally holding out his hands as Darren had instructed earlier.

“That was a term of

endearment.” Darren said softly.

“I’m waiting!” Chris sing songed, wriggling his fingers until something extremely soft touched them. He opened his eyes, coming face to face with Curtis the Teddy Bear. “What?”

“I wanted you to have it.”
Darren smiled, sitting
back down next to Chris.

“But you got him because
he reminded you of me
and you always snuggle
with him when you miss
me.” Chris mumbled into
the toy’s fur, hugging it to
his chest and resting his

chin over its head.

“Yes, but I’m the one who’s gonna be gone for a while and I wanted you to have someone to snuggle too.” Darren shrugged, looking down.

“But what about you?” Chris pouted.

“Uhm,” Darren blushed, scratching the back of his neck. “I don’t really give a shit about what people think of me, but it would be kinda weird if someone spotted me at the airport while holding a huge teddy bear.”

“I’d think it would be

cute.” Chris grinned, putting the stuffed animal down and hugging Darren instead, his arms around Darren’s slim waist and his face resting against Darren’s shoulder.

“Yeah?” Darren laughed, laying back on the couch and tugging Chris along

with him.

“Yeah.” Chris beamed at him, resting his chin on Darren’s chest, his hands coming up to caress Darren’s cheeks, their legs tangling. “Cause you’re the cutest.” He smirked, biting down on his lip.

“Nah, that’s impossible.”

Darren scrunched his nose up, brushing Chris’ hair from his forehead. “You are the cutest.”

“Nope. You are.” Chris held himself up, kissing Darren on the lips.

“Nope. You are.” Darren

protested, kissing Chris too.

“Nuh-uh.” Chris giggled.
“You.”

Darren reversed their positions, pinning Chris’ wrists down with his hands and sitting on his hips. “You are.” He

whispered, his breath hot against Chris' lips. "We could probably go on like this for a while, so..." He smirked, only pecking Chris' lips, leaving him wanting for more. "Let's just make out instead."

"Yes, please." Chris moaned, kissing Darren

fiercely.

**34) “That’s okay. I
bought two.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [30]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-02-28

Updated: 2015-02-28

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 463

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

34) “That’s okay. I bought two.”

“Okay, guys, that’s enough for now. Take a break.” Zach announced, giving a pat on Cory’s back.

“I already can’t feel my

feet anymore.” Jenna groaned, plopping down to the ground and starting to drink, Dianna, Amber and Naya doing the same.

“At least you never had to wear hooker heels while dancing like *I* did.” Chris scrunched his nose up, taking a gulp from his

own bottle of water.

“I still have no idea how you did that.” Mark laughed.

“Thank god Darren wasn’t around though.” Cory snickered. “Can you imagine having to get him away from Chris like

that?”

Everyone started laughing, while Chris rolled his eyes, hoping he could blame the redness of his cheeks on the work out.

“Ha ha, very funny.”
Darren spat, throwing his

bag to the ground and making everyone stop laughing and look at him.

“What’s wrong?” Chris asked, worried about how Darren had looked off to him the whole morning.

“Nothing.” Darren sighed, sitting down on the

ground, his arms resting on his bent knees and his head on top of them.

“Hey.” Chris sat down next to him, everyone else getting closer to him as well.

Darren looked up, his focus falling on Chris.

“I’m fine, it’s just...” He traded off, sighing again.

“Bad day?” Harry finished, offering him a smile.

“Yeah...”

“Did you have a fight with Joey again?” Chris asked

after studying Darren's face for a few seconds.

Darren's whole posture relaxed, his expression softening. He laughed a little, letting his head fall against Chris' shoulder. Chris just hugged him sideways, not caring about how they were both

sweaty. “It’s kinda creepy how you know me so well.” He whispered, his arms around Chris as well.

“I think it’s cute.” Amber pouted.

“Oh shut up.” They both answered while smiling.

“The talking together at the same time kinda is creepy though.” Heather said, her eyebrows raised.

“It’s cause they spend so much time together, they are slowly becoming one person.” Dianna giggled, poking out her tongue at Chris who lightly hit her

on the arm.

“I kinda like that, though.” Darren admitted, kissing Chris’ cheek and starting to get up.

“Where are you going?” Chris looked up at him confused.

“I forgot my water at home.” Darren replied.

“Oh that’s okay. I bought two bottles earlier. You can have one.” Chris smiled, getting up too and giving Darren one of his bottles.

“Thanks, love.” Darren

grinned, kissing him on the cheek again.

“See?” Dianna pointed at them smirking, everyone else laughing.

“It’s called fate, Di.” Chris winked at Darren who just beamed, finally drinking too.

“Come on, guys! Break’s over!” Zach called before Dianna could retort. Chris still caught her smiling at them, though, a look of fondness in her eyes.

35) “After you.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [31]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Cory Monteith, Darren
Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,040

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

35) “After you.”

“Drinks on me, tonight, guys.” Harry announced as they were all walking to a pub after one of their shows.

“No dancing though.” Amber hissed, glaring at

Heater and Jenna who just laughed at her.

“Same for me. I’m already dancing too much.” Cory pouted, putting his arm around Amber’s shoulders.

“Yeah, me too.” Kevin smirked.

“Oh fuck you, man.” Cory pushed him away.

“I think Chris is the one who has it worse, though.” Chord piped up, getting closer to Chris who nodded.

“Yes. Like, you have no idea.”

“How do you even breath in that thing? I’d probably die in that shit.” Mark looked at Chris in horror.

“It’s not *that* bad.” Chris rolled his eyes.

“Do I even have to say it?” Naya laughed, letting go of Dianna’s hand and

taking Chris' arm.

“What?” Chris asked
confused.

“Waaanky.” She grinned,
making everyone laugh
and Chris blush.

“Okay, how Chris can
wear that and how it

makes him feel is none of your goddamn business.” Darren growled, pushing Naya away and putting his arm around Chris’ waist.

“Okay, oh my god.” Naya shook her head still laughing.

“Someone’s jealous...”

Kevin muttered.

Darren just glared at him, ignoring Chris' blush.

“Oh god, you should have seen how he looked at me when I said I love a diva in thighs!” Chord said, stepping away from Darren when he glared at

him too. “See?” Chord pointed at him.

“That was totally uncalled for.” Darren mumbled.

“Dare, oh my god, it’s fine.” Chris said, taking Darren’s hand.

“It’s not fine. He

shouldn't have looked at you like that.”

“I was looking at Heather! Not him, you dick.” Chord snapped.

“I'm taken.” Heather glared at him, Amber and Dianna stepping up to get between her and Chord.

“A guy can still look!” He smirked.

“Uhm, maybe don’t do that?” She scrunched her nose up.

Luckily Chord just
nodded, dropping the
argument once they
reached the pub.

“After you.” Darren grinned at Chris, holding the door open for him.

“Thank you.” Chris smiled at him, taking his hand again once inside.

“Let’s try to not get too wasted, okay?” Cory warned.

“Okay, mister bossy-pants!” Dianna giggled, starting to order.

Not even an hour later, they were all at least tipsy, most of them ending up dancing anyway. Darren had stayed back at the bar, sipping his third drink. He kept his eyes on Chris,

making sure only the girls were dancing with him.

“Are you gonna dance with him or just glare at anyone who’s not a girl getting a foot too close to him?” Cory asked, sitting on the stool next to him.

“I just want to make sure

he's safe.” Darren replied softly, his eyes still on Chris.

“I know, but you could go dance with him, at least.” Cory shrugged.

“I don't want to...” Darren traded off, finally looking at Cory. “Do you

think I'm too jealous and possessive?"

Cory smiled, resting a hand on his back. "No. I mean, I've seen way worse. I've still never caught you going through his phone or telling him not to do something."

“I’d never do that.”
Darren answered without
hesitation.

“I know.” Cory smiled.

“I trust Chris. I don’t trust
the people around him.”
He frowned, looking back
at Chris. “He, uhm, told
me about that night some

guy tried to give him a handjob and how he hid behind you for the rest of the night.”

“He did?” Cory looked surprised. “He never told anyone beside me.”

“That’s cause he trusts you.” Darren smiled at

him, and for the first time he actually meant it. “I’m glad he has someone like you, you know.” He added. “I mean, at first I was kinda jealous of you too, but then I realised Chris needs someone like you in his life. I’m not one of those boyfriends that think I should be the only

guy in his life.”

Cory shook his head, laughing. “It’s funny cause I’m glad he found *you*.”

“Well, I’m glad too.”
Darren chuckled.

“No, I mean like...” Cory

bit his lip, as if he was looking for the right words. “You know, I love Chris. He’s like a little brother to me. And he’s so amazing and witty and clever but sometimes I just don’t get him, you know? Like, the jokes or quotes he says? Sometimes it takes me

five minutes to get them, other times I just don't." He shrugged, a fond smile on his lips. "But you? You just look at him as if he put the stars in the night sky! And, fuck, you can have a fucking conversation just by looking at each other! And you get all of his

quotes and jokes and just...”

Darren felt himself blush a little and he looked down. “I just... I don’t even know how we do that. We just...do.”

“I don’t care whatever the others say.” Cory

continued after a few seconds. “I’m gonna be Chris’ best man at your wedding.” He smirked.

“Well, I’d definitely wouldn’t be opposed to that.” Darren smiled back. He was starting to like Cory more and more. And he actually was so fucking

glad he and Chris had a friend like him.

Naya's laugh brought him back to reality and he panicked a little when he looked at the dance floor and saw a guy he didn't know dancing around Chris. "Uhm..."

“Go.” Cory laughed, taking the glass from his hand and pushing him towards the dance floor.

Darren straightened his shirt, almost marching up to Chris, pushing the guy away and stepping in front of Chris who just beamed at him, his cheeks flushed

and his eyes glazed.

“Hey, I was dancing with him!” He heard the guy protest.

Darren stared into Chris eyes, waiting for him to nod before leaning in and kissing him fiercely.

Chris kissed him back, resting his arms around Darren's neck, making their groins brush against each other. "Was missing you." He whispered against Darren's lips, his breath smelling like alcohol, not that Darren cared.

“Mine.” Darren growled back, biting down on Chris lower lip.

“Yours.” Chris groaned, throwing his head back a little to let Darren nibble at his neck. “Only yours.”

**36) “We’ll figure it
out.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [32]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 911

Publisher:

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Summary:

kind of a future au,
set when they're both
around 60-65 yo and
Darren has

Alzheimer.

36) “We’ll figure it out.”

Author's Note:

kind of a future au,
set when they’re both
around 60-65 yo and
Darren has
Alzheimer.

Chris woke up to some noises coming from their living room that sounded a lot like Darren grumbling and swearing. It's not like he wasn't used to it, especially now that Darren's conditions were getting worse. He sat up in bed, slowly throwing his legs out of it

to look for his slippers. He waited until he was sure his knees weren't going to betray him, and stood up, padding towards the living room.

“Dare?” He called.

“Dare?” His husband didn't answer, but he heard a thud, as if

something heavy had just been dropped to the floor. “Dare?” He called again, finally reaching the living room and finding his husband on the couch, his guitar on the floor. “Hey, what’s wrong?” He asked softly, sitting down next to him and taking Darren’s shaking hands in

his.

Darren just looked down, not meeting Chris' eyes. His expression was tense and Chris could tell he had been crying.

He suddenly felt his stomach drop to the ground. How long had his

husband been up, feeling miserable and crying his eyes out? And why didn't he notice earlier? "Darren?" He whispered, holding Darren's chin up with his finger so that he could look into his eyes. "Hey, what happened, baby? Did you drop your guitar?" He asked, giving

a quick glance to the guitar on the ground, which, he noticed, looked like it got smashed to the ground.

“No.” Darren shook his head, starting to sob.

“What happened, then?”
He brushed some of

Darren's gray curls out of his eyes, caressing his cheeks.

“Can't...I-I can't play a-anymore, Chris.”

Seeing his husband so desperate and miserable made Chris' eyes water as well. He hugged Darren to

his chest, kissing his curls and drawing circles on his back. “It’s okay, baby. Just breathe.”

“N-no, it’s n-not!” Darren cried, his hands fisting Chris’ shirt. “Wanted... wanted to serenade you, but can’t.”

“Dare...” Chris sighed, holding him tighter.

“My h-hands won’t fucking cooperate anymore, Chris, why?” Darren was sobbing hysterically, now.

“Shhh, baby, just breathe, okay?” Chris shushed

him, kissing his forehead.
“We’ll figure something
out, okay?”

“B-but today...”

Chris smiled. With
Darren’s Alzheimer
getting worse, Chris was
now used to him
forgetting more and more.

And even if Darren kept saying he would never forget about things concerning Chris, he wasn't expecting him to remember the anniversary of when they first met. "You remembered our anniversary." It wasn't a question. Chris felt butterflies in his belly, and

for the first time in years, it wasn't because of fear, but because he felt so proud and happy he couldn't stop grinning.

“O-of course.” Darren sniffled, his sobs finally subsiding.

“You know what?” Chris

said, framing Darren's face with his hands, making him look up. "I don't care if you can't play your guitar. You can still sing to me. How about that?"

"I-I tried with the piano too, but..." Darren started, but Chris shook his head.

“It’s okay. You can just use your voice.”

“B-but there’s no music.”
Darren frowned, looking around the room.

“Hey,” Chris scoffed.
“you’re talking with a writer. I have a pretty good imagination. Think I

can't imagine some music in the background?"

Darren's lips slowly turned up in a smile too. He threw himself to Chris, hugging him tightly and almost making Chris fall back on the couch.

“Oi, I’m too old for

tickling fights!” Chris laughed, feeling Darren’s fingers around his sides.

Darren started chuckling into Chris’ chest, his shoulders shaking with laughter, now. “N-not trying to tickle you, you ass.”

“Good.” Chris smirked.

“Still want to sing to you, though.” Darren straightened himself, so that he could look at Chris’ face.

“Ready when you are, baby.” Chris beamed.

“Unless it’s *Baby Got*

Back.” He glared at his husband, who pretended to be shocked.

“No! I was totally going to sing that!” He laughed.

Chris shook his head.

“But my ass has seen better times! It’s not that good anymore!” He stuck

his tongue out, enjoying the glint of playfulness into Darren's eyes.

“Still sexy for me.”
Darren smiled, leaning in and kissing Chris softly on the lips.

When they parted, Chris remembered something.

“Dare, do you remember that song Ed Sheeran wrote in something like 2014 or 15?” He asked. “It’s okay if you don’t.” He hurriedly added.

“Uhm, I remember him. Not sure what song you mean, though.” Darren’s wrinkled forehead

frowned, making his gray eyebrows look funny to Chris.

“Uhm, wait, it was something like....” Chris bit his lip, trying to remember the exact title of the song. “*Thinking Out Loud*? Or something like that? I’m not sure.”

“Oh, uhm, it does ring some bells.” Darren nodded. “I don’t really remember the lyrics though.”

“It’s okay. I do.” Chris smiled. “And there was this one in particular that said: ‘*When my hands don’t play the strings the*

same way, I know you will still love me the same" He sang softly. Darren just smiled, looking down bashfully. "I always thought that one was just so perfect for us, Dare." He continued. "Cause, I don't care if you can't play any instruments anymore and can't serenade me like

you did before. I will always love you. Always. Understood?”

Darren nodded, biting down on his lip, a couple of tears falling from his eyes again. “I love you so much, Chris.” He sniffled, hugging Chris again.

“I love you too, baby.”
Chris replied without
hesitation, hugging him
back. “Always.”

**38) “I like your
laugh” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [33]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:26

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 738

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

38) “I like your laugh”

Since Naya had told them they could all crash at her place, no one was really paying too much attention to how much they were drinking. That's how

Chris, on his way to be very, very drunk, ended up on one of the couches of her living room, Darren sitting in his lap, his warm face tucked into Darren's sweaty curls.

“We should play Spin the bottle!!” Jenna yelled from where she was

sitting on the ground in Tyler's lap.

“No.” Many voices replied, Chris being one of them. He definitely didn't want to kiss his friends. Again.

“What about Truth Or Dare?” Darren proposed,

shifting into Chris' lap.

“No, no, no, no. No.”

Naya glared at him, standing up and pointing her index finger at him.

“The last time we played that, we almost had to call 911 cause you got your foot stuck into my toilet. No way I'm gonna risk

that again.”

“But Kevin dared meeee!”

Darren pouted.

“I didn’t think you’d actually do that!” Kevin looked at him perplexed, shaking his head.

“I’ve done way worse

than that..." Darren
whispered, looking very
serious.

"Do we even wanna
know?" Cory asked
frowning, pointing his
beer at Darren, almost
spilling it on the carpet.

"Mmmm nope." Darren

answered. He then threw his head back, barking out a laugh and almost falling from Chris' lap.

Chris caught him in time, resettling him. "Easy, you dork." He smiled.

Darren just laughed even louder, holding onto

Chris' neck and hiding his face against Chris' chest. Chris couldn't just hear Darren laughing. He could literally feel him laugh with his whole body. Darren's laughter was sending a weird, but at the same time very pleasant feeling through his whole body. And it was also

concentrating in his groin. Chris just really liked Darren's laugh. "I really like your laugh." He blurted out, without even realising he was talking.

Darren stopped laughing, looking up at Chris from underneath his long eyelashes. "Mmm" He

moaned, his hand trailing down to Chris' thighs. "I've noticed." He smirked, patting Chris' now obvious bulge.

"Oh." Chris looked down at Darren's hand, which was starting to unbuckle his belt. "Yeah."

Darren kissed him on the lips, his tongue licking inside Chris' mouth. He tasted like Vodka and Tequila. Or maybe the Tequila taste was already in his mouth. Chris was too drunk already to really tell the difference. He bit down on Darren's lip, moaning and following

Darren's mouth when they parted. He felt Darren's hands lifting his shirt and he grinned, seeing lust into Darren's eyes.

But then Darren's hands weren't just touching him, but tickling his sides, making him laugh and squirm underneath

Darren. “Oh god, no!” He giggled, trying to bat away Darren’s hands.

Darren’s smirk turned mischievous and then he was also licking Chris’ neck, making Chris groan, because, *damn*, that felt good. But Darren’s fingers were tickling his

armpits now and Chris was too far gone to decide if he liked it or it tickled or if he was turned on. He just felt breathless and *too much*. “*Dare.*” He breathed.

“I love your laugh too.” Darren simply said, finally stopping to torture

Chris.

“Are you two done?”

Amber called from the armchair she was curled up onto.

“Jesus. That was weirder than the kinky sex you have.” Harry scrunched his nose up, looking

uncomfortable.

“...just...really love each other.” Darren slurred, his mouth going back to Chris’ neck. “Imma make it my mission to always make you laugh, Chris. Cause I fucking love your laugh.” He whispered, nibbling at Chris’ pulse

point. “Fucking love you.”

“Me t-too.” Chris threw his head back, giving Darren room. But that still wasn’t enough for him, so instead of simply sitting in Chris’ lap, he shifted until he was straining Chris’ lap with his thighs, his hands keeping Chris’ face

in place.

“Get a fucking room, guys, please.” Heather complained, throwing a cushion at them.

“What? No!” Naya protested.

“You’d rather have them

have sex in front of us??”
Kevin squealed.

“Okay, okay. Take the
guest room, you fuckers.”
Naya conceded.

“Yeah.” Darren didn’t
stop kissing him, but just
got up, tugging Chris by
his wrist, who simply let

himself be dragged.

“You’re gonna buy me new sheets though!” Naya yelled.

“Whatever.” Darren groaned into Chris’ mouth. They were probably gonna owe her a new room. Not that Chris

really cared in that
moment.

**40) “I made this for
you.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [34]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:21

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 746

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**40) “I made this for
you.”**

Chris had noticed Darren was acting kind of really weird. They were shooting Born This Way and even if Darren wasn't in it, he had insisted on at

least watch the others perform. Chris had brushed it off as Darren being the usual fanboy he was, but then he had started blushing really hard when everyone showed off their t-shirts, or, well, their characters' t-shirts.

And then, he had run away, disappearing into thin air, making Chris worry.

When he reappeared after a while, right before they were starting to shoot, Chris approached him, studying him. “Are you gonna tell me what’s

wrong with you, today?”
He asked, making Darren
jump.

“W-what?” He squealed.
“I mean, uhm, why-why
would you think
something’s wrong,
Chris? Nothing’s wrong.”
He cleared his voice, his
cheeks getting ever pinker

than earlier.

Chris arched his eyebrow, his hands on his hips and stared right into Darren's eyes. "Then, why are you acting so weirdly?"

"Uhm..." Darren looked around them, but no one was paying attention to

them, Harry and Zach going through the choreography with Cory, Chord and Mark, the girls chatting in one corner. “I just... uhm, thought I could do something for you, I mean, uhm...” Darren blushed again and, *oh god*, Chris had never seen Darren act so

bashfully and oddly. He suddenly took out the hands Chris hadn't noticed he was hiding behind his back and held out a folded t-shirt to him. "I made this for you." He said, looking down. "I know it's kinda silly and it seemed a fucking good idea at 2am last night, but

now I feel like I'm just kind of fucking stupid and I'm just gonna stop talking now.” Darren finally took a deep breath, still not really looking at Chris. “I hope one day you're gonna be able to wear it.” He added, before running off stage as their crew was calling for them

to get in place.

Chris opened the shirt and he could feel his cheeks getting warmer and warmer. He hid his face into it, hoping his grin would stop getting wider. “Oh god.” He breathed.

“Chris?” Ryan called.

“One sec!” He yelled back, running behind one of the curtains, ignoring his friends’ looks and changing the t-shirt. He then buttoned his sweater back up, before hitting his spot and waiting for the music to start.

Darren was right behind

the cameras, sitting in one of the auditorium seats. Chris winked at him, following the choreography until Amber and Jenna came up to him and opened his sweater, revealing *Loves Darren Criss* written on the t-shirt underneath it.

“Wha- CUT!” Ryan
looked at Chris amused.
“Chris? What the hell is
that?” He asked.

But before Chris could
answer, Darren had
jumped on the stage and
into his arms, his legs
coming up to circle Chris’
hips, and kissing him

fiercely. Chris just held him up, kissing back, not caring about their friends catcalling or their boss laughing.

When they parted for air, everyone was still cheering. He and Darren just smiled at each other, Chris putting Darren back

on the ground.

“Uhm...” Darren looked around shyly, scratching the back of his neck, his cheeks as red as Chris’, probably. “Sorry about that...” He laughed.

“Are you shitting me? That was fucking better

than The Notebook kiss!!” Kevin squealed, grinning.

“Oh god.” Chris covered his eyes with his hands, his cheeks hurting from how much he was smiling.

“Okay, okay.” Ryan clapped his hands, getting their attention back. “That

was fun and entertaining, but we really need to shoot, guys. You can finish that later in your trailer.”

“I thought you said no sex in the trailers!” Cory protested.

“As if that would stop

them!” Ryan rolled his eyes. “Go on, get changed, now. And think of something awful to get rid of that boner, Chris.”

Chris felt his whole face on fire and he groaned. That was probably the most embarrassed he had ever been. But then he

looked at Darren, who was still grinning so widely and blushing and all Chris could think about was how much he loved him. He shrugged it off, doing as he had been told, kissing Darren's cheek as he passed him. "To be continued..." He whispered to him.

Darren just beamed, nodding and patting Chris on the back, before getting off the stage. They were so going to fuck in the trailer as soon as the shootings were over.

**41) “Go back to
sleep” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [35]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:21

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 273

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**41) “Go back to
sleep”**

“Daddy!!!”

“Papaaaaa!!”

Chris groaned, sitting up
in bed as his children
called for them.

Darren's soft snores stopped and he blinked his eyes open to look up at Chris. "Tis Christmas already?" He slurred, scrubbing his eyes.

"It's barely six am." Chris answered, taking a look at his phone and yawning.

Darren started sitting up in bed as well. “Thank god I put the presents out earlier.” He yawned too.

“Yes, two hours ago.” Chris rolled his eyes, pushing Darren back until he was laying down again.

“What-?”

“Go back to sleep, Dare.”
He smiled, kissing his forehead.

“But I’m the morning person and I want my presents too!” He tried to protest while yawning.

“Not until you get at least six hours of sleep,

mister.” Chris chided, covering Darren up.

Darren pouted just as Lucas called for them again.

“Okay, okay, I’m coming!” Chris yelled back. “Come on. Get a couple more hours of

sleep. You deserve it, Santa.” Chris smirked down at his husband who grinned back. He leaned down to kiss Darren’s nose. “We’ll wake you up with breakfast in bed.” He kissed Darren’s lips and pulled back immediately. “Not before you brush your teeth, mister. Your

breath still smells like alcohol.”

Darren laughed, covering his face with his arm. “K. Holden’s fault though. He brought the alcohol.”

“It’s okay, honey.” Chris smiled, getting out of bed. “Just brush your teeth

before you go back to sleep. Your ass smells nicer.” He winked at his husband as he pulled on a hoodie over his pjs and left their bed room.

“Merry Christmas to you too, Chris!” He heard Darren shout.

**42) “Is this okay?” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [36]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:20

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive
Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 542

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

42) “Is this okay?”

“Chris?”

Chris kept his eyes on his laptop. The Word document was still blank. Maybe staring at it would make words magically appear.

“Chriiis?”

“What?” Chris snapped at the persistence of his boyfriend.

“Would you get a dog with me?” Darren asked, plopping down on the couch next to Chris.

“What?” Chris closed his laptop, looking at him confused.

“A dog. With me.” Darren repeated grinning.

“What about Brian?”

“No, I mean like, if we didn’t have Brian, would

you get a dog with me?”

Chris put the laptop down and turned his body to Darren. He put his hands on Darren's shoulders.

“Dare. We have talked about this. Brian is not plotting against you. He might be a dick sometimes, but that's just

because he's a cat." Chris said calmly and seriously.

"He does hate me in particular, though." Darren insisted.

Chris rolled his eyes. "That's not a good reason to kick him out."

“I don’t want to kick him out!” Darren exclaimed offended.

“Then why do you want to get a dog?”

“I just...” Darren stood up, resettling down in Chris’ lap. “I read on the internet that you should

date someone you would adopt a dog with or something like that and it made me realise I'd definitely get a dog with you."

Chris shook his head smiling. He hugged Darren from behind, resting his chin on

Darren's shoulder. "I would too, you dummy." He whispered, kissing Darren on the cheek.

"You would?" Darren grinned looking back at him.

"Of course." Chris smiled.

3 days later

“Hey, Chris! I’m home!”
Darren didn’t even have time to enter the living room, that a blur of creamy fur was tackling him to the ground, a rough tongue starting to lick his face. “What...?”

“Oh, look. You’ve already become besties.” Chris laughed, helping Darren up. “Dare, this is Coop. Coop, this is your other daddy.” He said crouching to the ground and petting the puppy who happily licked him as well. “You are the cutest puppy ever.” He added in a baby voice.

“You got us a dog???”
Chris was sure that if
Darren had been a dog,
his tail would be wagging
even faster than Cooper’s.

“Yes. Is this okay?” Chris
had to ask. Just to make
sure. He knew he should
have asked Darren before

adopting a puppy, but judging by Darren's face, he had made a good decision.

“Is it okay???” Darren squealed, hugging both Chris and Cooper. “This is fucking okay. Oh my god, Chris, I love you so much!!” He kissed Chris

on the lips before kissing Cooper as well. “Uhm, okay, his breath is worse than your morning breath, but I still love you.” He told the puppy in a baby voice.

“Rude.” Chris hit him on the head with a rubber bone, before throwing it.

Cooper fetched it, barking at Chris until he threw it again.

“That hurt.” Darren whined, a huge smirk on his lips. “You’re lucky you just got us a puppy and that is going to distract me or....oh my god! Look how cute he is!

He's trying so hard to get his tail! Here, let me help you!"

Chris laughed at his boyfriend. He definitely did make the right decision.

**39) “Don’t cry.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [37]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:16

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive
Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 226

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

set during the
shooting of Teenage
Dream

39) “Don’t cry.”

Author's Note:

set during the
shooting of Teenage
Dream

“Oh god.” Chris wiped at
his eyes, sniffing.

“CUT! Chris, you’re not supposed to cry.” The director called to him.

“I know, I know, sorry. Just, give me a minute?” He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself.

“Awwww.”

He glared at Cory who was beaming at him.
“Shut up.”

“Sorry.” Cory grinned, patting his back.

“Hey, you okay?” Darren rushed down the stage to him, looking worried.

“Yeah, yeah.” Chris
nodded.

Darren framed Chris’ face
with his hands, brushing
away the tears from his
cheek. “Don’t cry, Chris.
If you cry, I cry.” He
smiled softly.

Chris let out a sob that

turned into a laugh.
“Sorry. It’s just the song
a-and you and...”

“Aww you two are so
cute.” Lea pouted beside
them.

“You okay, Chris? Can
we go again?” Ryan
asked.

“Yeah, yeah.” Chris
nodded, looking into
Darren’s eyes and
smiling. “Go on. I’m
fine.” He reassured.

Darren leaned in and
kissed his forehead. “I’m
gonna cuddle you all night
when we get back home.”
He whispered, making

Chris smile even more.

“Thank you.” He
whispered back.

Darren grinned one last
time, before letting him go
and jump back on the
stage, getting into his
character again.

“I’m glad you found someone like him.” Chris turned to Cory, who had a fond smile on his face.

“I’m very glad too.” He nodded.

8) "Take my seat."

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [38]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Brian
Rosenthal, Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Joe Walker,
Lauren Lopez

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-11-19

Updated: 2014-11-19

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:16

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 357

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

8) "Take my seat."

“Hi, I'm Chris.” Chris approached the table with Darren and all his friends, greeting them shyly.

“Chris! You made it!” Darren yelled jumping up from his chair and going

to hug him.

Chris blushed, still not used to Darren hugging and kissing him in front of everyone. “I told you I would.”

“Yeah, but I know how you'd rather stay in your room and write instead of

going out.” Darren smiled, kissing him chastely on the lips.

“And miss the occasion of meeting some of your friends and most of all some of the Team Starkid??” He looked around the restaurant table, seeing some

familiar faces.

“Hey, nice to meet you, man.” Walker shook his hand, grinning at him.

“Me too.” Chris smiled back.

“You really do look like a majestic angel.” Lauren

whispered, standing up
and hugging him too.

Chris just blushed. “Uhm,
thanks?”

“Lo, you're creeping the
shit out of him.” Darren
laughed.

“Yeah, don't mind her,

Chris. She's kinda creepy.” Rosenthal said, shaking his hand as well, when Lauren let go of him.

“Hey, Dare, you said the exact same thing, so shut up.”

“You told them I look like

an angel?” Chris asked, his eyes going wide.

“Well, you kinda do.”
Darren smirked, scratching the back of his neck.

“Oh god.”

“Oh wait. We should ask

for another chair, we only have four.” Lauren started getting up to go call a waiter.

“No, wait.” Darren stopped her. He took out his own chair, offering it to Chris. “Take my seat.” He smiled at him.

Chris blushed again.

“Uhm, okay, but...”

“The only but I wanna hear is yours sitting down on this chair, Chris.”

Chris rolled his eyes, doing as Darren said.

“Thanks.”

Darren just smirked at him, waiting for him to be settled, before sitting in Chris' lap. "Yes." He grinned, kissing Chris' cheek, his arms around his neck. "Best seat in the house."

Chris blushed even harder, while the others

just laughed. “You're a dork.” He chuckled.

“But you loooooove meeee”

“Yes, I do.” He kissed Darren's temple, making him blush this time.

“Awwww you two are so

adorable.”
squealed.

Lauren

**5) "I'll walk you
home." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [39]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-11-19

Updated: 2014-11-19

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:14

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 422

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**5) "I'll walk you
home."**

“Chriiiiiiiiiiiiisss” Darren whined, stumbling on his way to Chris and then plopping down in Chris lap.

“Jesus.” Chris sighed,

maneuvering Darren in a more comfortable position. “You're drunk.”

“I'm drunk in love with you, Chris.” Darren whispered starting to nib at Chris jaw.

“Okay, okay. You're definitely wasted, Dare.

Stop.” Chris tried to push away Darren, but that resulted in Darren's face morphing into a really sad expression, his lip quivering and his eyes getting even bigger. “Fuck, okay. Up you go.” Chris had to literally drag Darren across the room, saying his goodbyes to the

other people who weren't completely wasted. He fetched Darren's coat and made sure to tuck him completely, not wanting him to get cold. He put on his own coat, trying to ignore Darren's whines.

“Come on. I'll walk you home.” Chris took

Darren's hand, smiling down at him.

Darren's lips turned into a huge grin, his eyes sparkling and looking up at Chris. He tripped on his own feet, Chris catching him before he could fall to the ground. "Chris."

“Jesus, thank god your apartment is only a couple blocks away.”

“Gimme a piggy back ride, Chris, pleeeeeease.”

Chris sighed. He was already carrying most of Darren's weight anyway, so he might as well make

him happy. “Okay, come on.” He knelt down, helping Darren to get on his back. Once Darren was finally settled, he started giggling, his arms tight around Chris' neck. “What's so funny?”

“Home is where the heart is, Chris.” He sighed

happily, resting his head on Chris' shoulder.

“Okay.” Chris adjusted his grip on him. Dropping a drunk Darren and hurting him was the last thing he wanted.

“Sleep with me, Chris.” Darren whispered.

“As long as you don't puke on me like the last time.” Chris chuckled. He was already planning on taking care of Darren. He knew how bad Darren felt, especially in the mornings, after getting completely wasted.

“I won't.” Darren

promised. “You're too pretty to get puke on you.”

Chris laughed again. “I know, right?”

“Yes.”

They arrived at Darren's flat, and Chris was so glad

for the lift. He couldn't possibly carry Darren up two stores of stairs.

“Chris?”

“Yes?”

“You're my favorite boyfriend.”

“I'm the only boyfriend you've ever had, Dare.” Chris laughed, shaking his head.

“Then you're my favorite person.” Darren sloppily kissed the back of Chris' neck.

“You prefer me even to

your brother?” Chris smirked.

“Yes.” Darren answered without hesitation. “Don't tell him I said that.” He added.

Chris laughed again. “Okay.”

43) "I picked these
for you." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [40]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:10

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 270

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**43) "I picked these
for you."**

“Oooh! I’m taking two,
thank you.” Darren smiled
politely, taking two
cupcakes and walking
away from all the
cameras. He spotted

Chris, talking with some crew member. He made sure no one was paying attention to them and approached him. “Hey Chris.”

“Hey.” Chris’ face lit up seeing him, making Darren really proud of himself. The man who

was talking with Chris said bye, before leaving them alone. “I thought you didn’t like cupcakes?” Chris looked confused at the sweets in his hands.

“Yeah, I picked these for you.” He grinned, offering the cupcakes to him.

“Oh, uhm, thank you.” Chris beamed, his cheeks, neck and ears becoming as pink as the cupcake icing.

Darren smirked, leaning in. “You look so fucking cute when you blush.” He whispered.

“Oh god, Dare, fuck off!” Chris laughed, not being able to cover his face because of his busy hands.

“You are though.” Darren took one of the cupcakes back, letting Chris finally cover his face with one hand.

“Oh god, there are cameras, Dare. They’ll see me as red at this fucking cupcake.”

Darren just grinned. “Let them watch. I’m the one who made you blush. And gets to call you ‘my cutie’.”

Chris just blushed even more, his cheeks also puffed out from how huge his smile was.

“I’ll take this one to the trailer. So you can eat it later.”

“Okay, thank you.” Chris giggled, shaking his head.

“While you eat my ass.”
Darren winked, walking
away backwards.

“Oh god, I really hate you,
right now, Dare.” Chris
rolled his eyes, still
smiling, though. “Really
hate you.”

“Love you too.”

**44) “I’ll drive you to
the hospital” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [41]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:10

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,633

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Just a warning: this is
kinda angsty. There's
also a light
description of

injuries, but I'm not a doctor, so I kept it kinda vague.

This is a sort of au and this is why I didn't mention what they were shooting. But it's set after Cory's death.

44) “I’ll drive you to the hospital”

Author's Note:

Just a warning: this is kinda angsty. There’s also a light description of injuries, but I’m not a

doctor, so I kept it kinda vague.

This is a sort of au and this is why I didn't mention what they were shooting. But it's set after Cory's death.

“Okay, guys, let's go one more time!”

“Ugh, again?” Chord groaned.

“You’re the one who keeps getting it wrong, you dick, shut up.” Naya snapped, going back to her position.

“Fuck you.”

“Shut it.” Kevin hissed.

“Hey, you okay?” Darren ignored his coworkers, focusing on his boyfriend, who had been weirdly quiet. “You look pale.” He added getting a better look at his face.

“Always pale, Dare.”

Chris sighed, climbing back up the stairs of the choir room.

Darren kept his eyes on him, not really convinced.

“Okay. Music, set and action!”

The music had barely

started when he saw Chris, out of the corner of his eye, stop abruptly. He turned just in time to see Chris' eyes roll back into his head, before he collapsed. Darren didn't even get the time to move, that Chris was falling from the stairs, a loud crack making Darren's

stomach drop to his feet.

Everyone stopped in shock, looking down at Chris unmoving body. Darren was the first one to get to action, jumping down the stairs and falling to his knees.

“Chris? Chris? Oh, god,

Chris. Please.” He didn’t even realise he was crying until he felt his cheeks wet. He tried to look for a beat of Chris’ heart or if he was breathing, to check if he was still... “No. Chris. Chris please.”

“Darren calm down. Someone call 911”

He heard someone yell,
but he didn't care.
Because Chris wasn't
answering. He wasn't
moving. Or breathing.
“Oh god, Chris, no. You
promised! Don't you dare
leave me, Chris! Please!”
He sobbed into Chris'
chest, clutching his hand,
hoping that Chris would

come back to him already.
“Chris.”

“Darren, I need you to
stay calm and mov-”

“NO! Chris!” Darren kept
pushing away the hands
that were trying to pry
him away from Chris’
body. He couldn’t leave

him. He just couldn't.

“Darren, it's gonna be fine, it's-”

“NO! He's dead. He can't be dead. He can't-”
Darren couldn't breath.
This was just a nightmare.

“He's not. Darren. Look

at me.”

He focused on the hands that were holding his face up. He focused on the voice and recognized Harry. “He’s-”

“He’s not dead. You hear me?” Harry repeated. “He does need to be taken care

of, though, okay?”

“I can take care of him, I can-”

“Darren. Breathe.” Harry tried to calm him, but Darren couldn’t.

“Chris. He needs me. I n-need him. Please.” He

threw himself on Chris' chest again. Nothing made sense. He wasn't even thinking anymore. He felt hands holding him up. He was too weak to actually fight back now. "No. Chris." He whined.

"Dare." He saw Mark, Chord and Matt holding

him up and taking him away from Chris.

“No, guys, no, please.”

“Darren, he’s gonna be fine, okay?” He turned to look at Dianna who, he noticed, was crying too, but was also trying really hard to calm him down.

But how could Darren calm down? Chris almost died. He could still die. Chris could-

“Darren, breathe, fucking christ.” He felt Mark shaking him.

“Dare?” It was only a faint whisper but Darren

heard it loud and clear.

“Chris? Chris! Oh god, Chris.” Darren tried to fight to free himself again, but the other guys were stronger.

“Chris. Hey, I need you to stay still, okay?” Harry said calmly, holding

Chris' head in his hands.
And Darren wanted to
scream, because he should
be the one holding Chris.

“What-?”

“No, hey, it's gonna be
fine, just try to not move,
okay?” Harry tried to
smile.

“Hurts.” Chris hissed closing his eyes back.

“I know. B-but it’s gonna be alright, I promise.”

Darren finally set himself free, falling to his knees again. “Chris.” He sobbed, holding Chris’ hand.

“Dare?” Chris called, his eyes barely open.

“Yes, yes, baby, I’m here.”

“What happened?”

Darren froze. What if Chris had hit his head and had forgotten about

everything? What if he had forgotten about him? About them? “Oh god.”

He thanked a god he didn't believe in, when Harry took control again. “I know you're in a lot of pain, right now, but I need to know if you remember what happened?”

Chris opened his eyes more just to glare at him. “I just asked you, why would I have asked if I knew?” He snapped.

“You keep your snark even with a concussion. Why am I not surprised?” Naya half laughed- half sobbed. And it was only

then that Darren realised most of his friends were on the ground as well, looking worried sick and teary eyed.

He looked back down at Chris, who was looking even paler than earlier. “You said you were fine.” He whispered. “It’s my

fault. I should have stopped you. I should have caught you. I should have-”

“Dare.” Chris brought an hand up and stroke Darren’s cheek. “Not your fault.”

He also tried to sit up, but

Harry held him back.
“Nope. No moving,
remember?” He warned.

“He’s hurting.”

“No shit, Sherlock.”
Kevin deadpanned, his
eyes softening when they
met Darren’s.

He didn't even realise he was talking out loud. "I need to- he's in pain, he needs..." His brain was so fucking confused. He closed his eyes trying to focus. "I'll drive you to the hospital, Chris. I'll drive you, you need-"

"You can barely stand on

your own, Dare, you're not driving him anywhere." Naya put a hand on his arm, but he brushed it away.

"No, he needs..."

"An ambulance." Harry finished for him.

Chris groaned, squeezing his eyes closed and gripping Darren's hand tightly. "Hurts."

"I know, Chris, just hold on, okay?" Harry tried to sooth him. "Where's the fucking ambulance?" He yelled turning back to the others.

“Almost here.” Someone yelled back.

“His leg doesn’t look good.” Chord whispered.

Darren still hadn’t looked at Chris’ lower body. When he did, he wished he hadn’t. “Oh god, baby.” He sobbed. This

was a nightmare. A
fucking nightmare.

“Pretty sure he broke both
his tibia and fibula.”
Harry answered to no one
specifically. “Concussion
doesn’t look good either.”

Darren started to cry
again. This couldn’t be

happening. He wished he was in Chris' place. Or he should have just caught him. Why didn't he catch him? He had promised to always catch him. And what if Chris had hurt his spine too? What if he was going to have issues with his leg forever? What if he d- "No. No, Chris, please.

You promised. Please.”

He felt Chris’ grip on his hand getting weaker.
“Sleepy.” He whispered.

“Nope. Chris? Chris, come on, buddy, stay with me.” Harry slapped lightly his cheek, making Chris open his eyes.

“Come on. Where’s your snark, now, uh?” Naya got closer too, sniffing into her wrist.

“Come on, baby, stay with us, okay?” Dianna whispered taking Chris’ other hand.

“Chris? Please.” He heard

Amber sob too.

“Hurts.” Chris slurred.

“Chris, no, please, I love you, please. You can’t—don’t you fucking dare die on me, Chris, you promised, please.”

“N-not die.” Chris

protested weakly. “J-just sleep.”

“No, hey, no, no, no, Chris?” Darren could see the panic in Harry’s eyes too and god, if Harry was finally panicking it meant it wasn’t good.

“WHERE’S THE
FUCKING

AMBULANCE?” He yelled.

As if on cue, paramedics finally started to fill the room, taking care of Chris and telling them to step away.

“No, please I need to stay with him, please.” Darren

tried to protest, but Mark was holding him back again and he was too drained of all his energy, so he couldn't really fight. "Please."

"Can he ride with you?" Matt asked one of the paramedics, pointing at Darren. "He's his

boyfriend.” He explained.

“I think it’s better if you just follow us with a car, sir.” The woman answered.

“Okay, thank you.” Matt nodded, sharing a look with Harry and Mark.

Darren couldn't even ride with Chris. What if Chris...He didn't even properly say he loved him. "I need to tell him-"

"Darren." Jenna stepped in front of him. "You can tell him when he's feeling better, okay?" She smiled, the worry in her eyes

betraying her.

“But what if-?”

“He’s gonna be fine, Darren.” Heather tried to calm him too.

“I can’t lose him. Not after Cory...I can’t. He promised...he...” He

probably blacked out at that point because he woke up in a bed, the smell of hospital hitting his nose immediately.

“Hey.” Dianna smiled at him, taking his hand.

“What..? Where’s Chris?”
He asked, sitting up.

Jenna, Amber and Lea were in the room with him and he could see Kevin and Chord outside the door.

“He’s still in surgery.”
Amber answered,
fidgeting with her hands.

Darren nodded, taking a

deep breath and getting out of bed. He followed the girls to the waiting room, where everyone else was. They all looked up at him.

“Hey, you awake.” Harry smiled.

“Yeah.” He sat down next

to him, Dianna sitting at his side. “I’m sorry.” He whispered. “For freaking out on all of you like that, earlier.” He added when he saw them confused.

“Dare...” Dianna squeezed his hand.

“I know, I know, but I

just...” He passed a hand over his face, sniffing.

“He’s gonna be fine. He’s a fucking fighter, you know that.” Heather whispered.

Darren nodded. “I know. He’s probably gonna laugh at me if he

remembers all the shit I said...” He passed a hand through his hair as well and “God, I still have the fucking gelmet on, fuck.”

“We tried to get rid of it, but that gel is strong as fuck.” Dianna tried to joke.

Without even realising it, Darren was laughing. He was laughing because of his stupid helmet. And because he was also still wearing Blaine's stupid outfit and he probably looked ridiculous. He laughed because Chris was gonna be okay. He had to. He had promised,

so he had to be okay. He let Dianna hug him when his laughter turned into hysterical sobs. God, he was such an emotional mess.

“We still love you. Even if you’re an emotional mess.” Dianna pressed a soft kiss to his temple,

hugging him tightly.

“We do.” He heard some of his friends say.

“Are you all here for Chris Colfer?” A doctor asked entering the waiting

room.

“Yes.” Darren jumped up, followed by everyone else. “I’m his boyfriend. Is he okay? Can I see him? Where is he? Is he okay?”

“Dare, calm down.” Dianna, took his hand,

squeezing. “Let the doctor talk.”

The doctor simply smiled, nodding at Dianna. “Chris suffered of a pretty bad concussion. Not as bad as we thought at first.” He explained slowly, looking at everyone in the room.

“Is he...?”

“We’re waiting for him to wake up and do some tests, but absolute rest for a few days and he should feel like new.” He turned more serious and focused his attention on Darren. “He also fractured both his fibula and tibia. That

is going to take way longer to heal, but luckily no nerves were involved.”

Darren finally let go of the breath he wasn't even aware he was holding. “Anything- anything else?”

“Yes, actually.” The

doctor nodded. “He fractured one of his ribs as well. The paramedics reported you said he fell while shooting a dance scene, is that correct?”

“Yes.” Harry answered before Darren. “No one caught him in time and he fell from a few steps of

the stairs we were standing on. I saw him hit his head and leg.”

The doctor took note of it, nodding his head. “You didn’t move him, though. Is that right?”

“Yes.” Harry answered again. “I wasn’t sure if he

hit his spine as well and didn't want to risk... you know?"

“That actually probably spared him a punctured lung.”

Darren let out a sob. He had almost moved Chris. He could have made it so

much worse for him. He could have killed him. He felt like he was going to be sick.

“That’s-that’s a good thing at least.” Dianna whispered, smiling a little.

“Can I-I see him, please?” Darren asked, wiping at

his eyes.

“He’s still asleep from the surgery, but I think he should wake up soon. You can see him until he wakes up. Then we’ll do some tests.”

“Okay.” Darren
whimpered. And god he

hated how small his voice was.

“Don’t worry, he’s going to be alright.” The doctor smiled at Darren, putting a hand on his shoulder and hesitating a little, before letting go and showing them the way.

The first thing he noticed, was that everything hurt. Then a strong smell of too clean but also of sick hit his nose. A smell that brought up bad memories. Hospital.

And then he felt a hand

holding his, a very soft and gentle hand. Very familiar too.

“Dare.” He whispered even before opening his eyes.

He heard someone calling his name and he slowly finally opened his eyes.

“What...?” He felt his throat too dry and his rib case hurt a little too much. He closed his eyes back, groaning.

“Don’t try to move, silly.” A soft voice told him.

“I’m gonna call his doctor.” Another one said.

Harry, maybe?

“Dare? Where’s Dare..?”

He called, reopening his eyes.

He spotted a mass of messy curls at his right side.

“Cried himself asleep.”

He recognized Dianna on his left side, her smile tired but her expressions soft. She stood up and shook Darren lightly, making him stir. “Come on. Chris is waking up.”

Darren snapped his head up, looking at Chris with wide eyes. “Chris?”

“Yeah.” He smiled at Darren, starting to cough a little because his throat was still too dry.

“Here, oh my god, have some water, baby.” Darren hurriedly took a glass from his bedside table, holding it up to Chris’ lips and helping

him take a few sips.
“Here, good. You’re so good, Chris.”

“I’m in pain, not a baby, Dare.” He hissed, once he was done drinking. He regretted saying it as soon as he looked Darren in the eyes. He looked so tired and his eyes were so red

and puffy it was obvious he had been crying. A lot. “Hey.” He breathed, holding up his right hand and caressing Darren’s cheek. “Why are you crying?” He asked confused.

Darren shook his head, sniffing, before taking

Chris' hand in his and squeezing. He let out a sob, resting his head on Chris' shoulder.

Chris squeezed his hand back, starting to pet his curls with his left hand, even if it made his chest hurt.

“You scared the shit out of all of us, Chris.”
Dianna said, smiling down at them.

“I-I remember falling while we were shooting?”
He sort of asked, because the memories were still a little bit blurred.

“Yeah, you fainted and then just...fell down...”
She nodded.

“And I didn’t catch you. I’m so sorry, Chris. I promised I would but I didn’t.” Darren started crying, his sobs shaking his whole body and Chris felt a different kind of hurt

in his chest.

“Dare.”

“It’s all my fault, Chris. You could have died, I thought you were dead. You weren’t answering o-or moving and I-I thought you were d-dead.”

Chris held him a little bit tighter, as much as his aching body could. “Shhh, baby, it’s okay. I’m okay.”

“No.”

“Yes. I’m still here. I’m not leaving you, I promise, Dare. I promise.”

He whispered, kissing Darren's head. And he meant it. He loved Darren way too much to actually leave him go through something like losing him. Even if it meant Chris had to lose Darren. He wasn't sure he could survive losing Darren either, but that was something he

wasn't going to worry
about in that moment.

**45) “What do you
want to watch?” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [42]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 316

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

45) “What do you want to watch?”

“So, what do you want to watch?” Darren asked taking the remote and sitting on their couch.

Chris just hummed, keeping his eyes on his

cat. “I think I could watch him groom himself for hours.” He whispered, starting to also pet Brian.

“That’s creepy. You’re being a creep, Chris.” Darren snorted.

“It’s not creepy. It’s fascinating.” Chris said

matter-of-factly.

“It’s creepy. You’re basically watching him take a shower and petting him while he’s washing himself.” Darren scrunched his nose up, getting closer to his boyfriend.

“He’s just a cat, Dare. And, oh my god, look how cute he is when he passes his little paw behind his ear!!” Chris added in a baby voice, petting Brian’s head. The cat stopped in his movements for a second just to glare at his owner.

“See? He thinks it’s creepy too!” Darren pointed at Brian, who got back to grooming himself.

“He’s a cat.”

“He has feelings too, you know?” Darren pouted.

“Oh god, okay, okay. I’ll

stop.” Chris laughed
standing up.

“Thanks.”

“I’ll go take a shower and
then we can catch up on
Downton Abbey, okay?”
He asked, leaving a kiss
on Darren’s forehead.

“Okay. I’ll go make popcorn.” Darren smiled, getting up as well.

*

Chris was sighing happily as the warm water hit his back. He closed his eyes, fully enjoying it. He was going to take the loofah

when he felt a very familiar hand petting his back.

“If you don’t take your hand off my back immediately, I’m not gonna let you suck my dick for a week, Dare.” He hissed.

“See? It is creepy.”

Darren laughed.

“FOR A MONTH!” Chris shouted, turning around and splashing Darren.

“Okay, okay.” Darren rolled his eyes, ignoring the water on his face. He turned back and started

walking out the bathroom,
not before yelling back:
“Jerk.” and giggling like a
teenage girl.

“Asshole!” Chris laughed
back.

**46) “You can go
first.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [43]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 808

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

46) “You can go first.”

The karaoke had been Amber's idea. Supported by a very enthusiastic Kevin, of course. Chris still wasn't a big fan of singing competitions (and

not just because his friends got very, very competitive). No matter how many fans, how many critics or friends told him he had a wonderful voice, he still found it very hard to believe them. So he just let his friends go first, hoping they would just

forget about him and not push him to go sing. Unfortunately, he didn't have such luck most of the times.

“Who wants to go next?” Naya yelled from the stage. “Chris? Come on, let us hear your angelic voice!”

Chris shook his head, trying to smile. “No, no, no. I’ll pass.”

“Oh, come on, babe.” He turned to look at a pouting Darren, sitting right next to him on the ground.

“I’m just...not in the mood?” He tried,

shrugging his shoulders. Maybe inviting Darren along hadn't been the best idea ever. He knew he couldn't resist him. Especially when Darren made those puppy-eyes at him. "Uhm, maybe you can go first, Dare." He smiled at him.

“Are you just saying that cause you don’t wanna sing and you hope I’ll just forget about you once I’m on stage, Christopher?”

Darren put his elbow on his bent knee, resting his chin on his hand and staring at Chris, his eyes seeing right through him. And Chris didn’t know if

he hated how much
Darren could read him or
loved it.

He opened his mouth to
reply, but he couldn't
really deny it. He felt his
cheeks blush and bit his
lip.

“I don't care how much

I'll have to repeat it, but I won't stop until you believe me." He grinned, leaning over into Chris' space and lowering his voice. "You have the most beautiful voice I've ever heard, Chris. And I love it." He softly kissed Chris cheek, before smirking at him.

Chris closed his eyes, shaking his head. “Uhm, okay, you kinda got me.” He conceded. He reopened his eyes and smiled at Darren. “I also said it, though, because I know how much you love performing in front of a crowd, no matter how

small it is.” And it was true. Chris loved seeing Darren happily singing his heart out on stage.

“You know what?” Darren said, suddenly standing up and offering a hand to help Chris up as well. “Sing a duet with me?” He proposed.

Chris looked around at his friends, who were pretending to not listen but failing at it. “But...”

“Nope.” Darren just took his hand and hoisted him up. “You’re gonna sing a duet with me and kill it, alright?”

Chris couldn't stop himself from giggling a little, because Darren was grinning so widely at him and he looked so determined and- Chris nodded. "Okay. I'll sing a duet with you." He squeezed Darren's hand. "Just, not *A Whole New World* again. Last time we

tried singing that at my place, you fell from the couch and hurt your butt. I don't want you to hurt your butt again." He caught the spark of playfulness in Darren's eyes and, god, Chris loved how much he and Darren were on the same tune.

“Tell me more about how much you care about my butt, Christopher.” He smirked, turning and pushing out his butt to Chris.

“Oh god, okay, not in public.” He rolled his eyes, hiding his laugh behind his hand.

“You could always give me a massage again, if I hurt it, anyway.” He winked.

“Okay, TMI, guys.” Amber laughed. “Just sing us a duet, please.”

Chris giggled, nodding. They were his friends,

after all. They all loved him and cared for him. And cheered for him. Why would any of them lie to him about his voice? And, besides, Darren always told him if he had something on his face or if his pants were dirty or if he looked like shit. He was always so honest with

him. Chris shook his head, getting back to reality. Maybe he should finally start to believe them. “Okay.” He smiled. He looked at Darren and almost regretted saying yes. Because Darren had a mischievous grin plastered on his face. A grin Chris feared.

“We should do
the *Elephant*
Meadley form *Moulin*
Rouge!!” He started
jumping up and down, his
hand still holding Chris’.
“Please, Chris! We would
totally kill it!!”

Chris sighed. There was

no way he could say no to Darren. But knowing Darren, this was as risky as him jumping on couches pretending they are flying carpets. “Fine. I guess I’ll have to massage your sore butt once you fall again, anyway.”

“Yay!” Darren squealed.

Chris just shook his head, not even trying to hide his smile. Bringing Darren along hadn't been a bad idea in the end.

**47) “Did you get my
letter?” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [44]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 243

Publisher:

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47) “Did you get my letter?”

Chris was sorting their laundry, putting everything in its own place, when Brian walked into their bedroom, mewing.

“Hey, Bri. What’s up, buddy?” He asked, leaning down and petting his cat’s back. Brian purred a little, meowing again. Chris’ hand touched something around Brian’s neck that wasn’t his usual collar. He crouched down, taking a better look and getting

even more confused, because, around Brian's neck, there was his collar, but inside it, there was a piece of paper. He took it, scratching Brian's chin. "What's this?" He wondered. Brian mewed one more time before running out the door. Chris opened the piece of

paper and read out loud:
“Lunch is ready. Brian’s
domestication: success!”
Chris shook his head,
laughing. He walked to
the kitchen, laundry could
wait til later.

“Did you get my letter?”
Darren welcomed him,
looking at him with wide

eyes.

“Yes, you dork.” Chris kissed his cheek.

“Yes!!” Darren squeaked, clapping his hands. He leaned down and took Brian in his arms. “Love you, BriBri!!” He kissed his cat on his head, but

then started to cough.
“Shit.”

“You’re seriously such a dork.” Chris took Brian from his arms, putting him down and noticing his bowl full of Brian’s favorite food. “Did you promise him you’d give him all the food he

wants?” He glared up at his boyfriend, who pretended to be innocent.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Chris.”

Chris sighed. “I live with two kids.”

**48) “I’ll do it for
you.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [45]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:56:04

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 823

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Set after part 44),
when Chris comes
home from the
hospital.

**48) “I’ll do it for
you.”**

Author's Note:

Set after part 44),
when Chris comes
home from the
hospital.

Chris felt tears of frustration in his eyes after his tenth attempt at putting his boxer briefs and pants on failed. He threw the pants across the room, regretting it as soon as he realised he had to get up to get them now. He sniffled into his wrist, looking around to find his

boxer and trying with them again. But as he tried to bend down to put his injured leg into the hole, his ribs protested, sending waves of pain through his whole body.

“Fuck you too.” He yelled exasperated, throwing the boxers as well. He

counted to ten, taking deep breaths and trying to get his shit together. “Come on. You can do this.” He took one last deep breath before trying to get up. Now his leg was the one protesting and making him fall back on his bed.

“Ugh, okay, okay I give up.” He sighed, closing his eyes and laying back on the sheets. “Dare?” He called. But he remembered Darren had gone out to run some errands. “Shit.” Luckily his phone was still right next to his pillow so he could easily get to it. He

hit speed call, waiting for his boyfriend to pick up.

“Chris?”

“Dare.” Chris sighed, this time in relief.

“Everything alright?” He could hear the worry in his voice.

“Uhm, could you- could you please come home?” He hated how weak his voice sounded but couldn’t really help it.

“Chris? Oh my god, baby, are you okay?”

“Yeah, it’s just....” He sniffled, looking down at

his naked body. “God, it’s fucking embarrassing.”

“*What is?*” He could hear Darren was already getting back in the car, whatever he was doing forgotten.

“Uhm, could you just... get back, please?” Chris

whimpered.

“I’m on my way, baby.”

Chris nodded even if he knew Darren couldn’t see him. “’kay.”

“Do you want me to stay on the phone?” Darren asked sweetly.

And Chris loved him. He
fucking loved his
boyfriend. “I love you.”

*“I...uhm, love you too.
Chris?”*

“No, no, hang up. Be
safe.” Chris smiled,
hanging up first.

He wasn't sure how much later Darren arrived – he was still on painkillers and he probably had fallen asleep – but then Darren was in front of his eyes, looking worried sick.

“Chris? Baby, what's wrong?” He leaned down, kissing Chris' forehead.

“Can’t get dressed. My dick is cold.” He answered, his words a little bit slurred, his tongue feeling heavy in his mouth.

Darren started laughing, laying down beside Chris and kissing his cheek.

“Why are you laughing at me?” He asked, offended. He was in pain and embarrassed, why was Darren laughing at him.

“When I left, you still had cloths on. What happened?” Darren smiled, sitting up and taking Chris’ boxer briefs.

“Got hot. Took them off. Got cold. Couldn’t get them on again.” Chris explained, sniffing.

“I’ll do it for you.” Darren grinned, getting up and crouching down to help Chris put on his underwear.

“It’s embarrassing.” Chris whined.

“It’s not.” Darren patted his sane leg once he was done, helping Chris to also get back under the covers. “Even if I’m usually taking your cloths off you.” He smirked.

“I hate this.” He pouted.

“Awww my poor baby.”
Darren sat on the side of the bed, caressing Chris’ messy hair. “You only have to keep it on for a few more weeks, baby.”
He said pointing to his plaster.

“But I can’t feel my toes anymore. And my ribs hurt too. And I can’t even walk. Or put pants on.” He started to sob and, god, he also hated how painkillers made him so whiny and weak.

“Hey, hey, now, come on, Chris, no.” Darren laid

down as well, taking him into his arms and cuddling him, softly kissing his hair. “It’s okay. I’m gonna help you.”

“But it’s embarrassing and I-I-I’m so w-weak and I ha-hate t-this.”

“I know, baby, I know.”

Darren tried to sooth him, his grip getting tighter.

“It’s...it’s not...” Chris took a deep breath, hoping he would stop sobbing like a baby. “Not your fault, though.” He knew how Darren had kept blaming himself for not catching him in time. And

hated it.

Darren let out a soft laugh, planting a firm kiss on Chris' forehead. "I love you." He whispered.

"L-love you too." Chris sniffled, cleaning his nose on Darren's t-shirt.

“What if we do a Disney marathon and cuddle all day in bed, uh? How does that sound?” Darren asked after a few moments of just Chris’ sniffles.

“Yeah.” Chris nodded. “If it’s okay for you too, though.” He knew Darren probably had other stuff to

do, but he was way too far gone to actually resist such an offer.

“Disney marathon while cuddling my beautiful and clumsy boyfriend?”

Darren laughed. “Couldn’t ask for a better way to spend the day.”

“Thank you.” Chris
whispered, leaving a kiss
on Darren’s chest.

“Of course.”

49) “Call me when
you get home” & 52)
“Have fun” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [46]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:55:59

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 185

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**49) “Call me when
you get home” & 52)
“Have fun”**

“So you’re gonna crash at
your place once you’re
done with the afterparty?”
Chris asked.

“Yeah, don’t worry.”
Darren’s voice sounded
muffled and far away
through the phone.

“Call me when you get
home?”

“Yeah sure.” Chris heard
him yell something else at
someone, as if he was

answering them. “Look, I really gotta go. They calling for me.” He said hurriedly.

“Okay, have fun...”

“Yeah, love you, later.”

Chris didn't even have the time to say it back that

Darren had already hanged up. "...without me." He sighed, throwing his phone on the couch. He looked around his living room. So empty, so silent. He felt so fucking lonely in that moment. Why was he feeling lonely? He was used to it. So many years spent on

his own, away from everyone else. Why wasn't he used to it, by now?

He changed into his pajamas, throwing himself on his bed, burying himself under his blankets. Darren wasn't there, so who cared if he

skipped dinner? Who
cared if he was already in
bed at 8pm and sulking?
No one. So why should
he?

**50) “I think you’re
beautiful” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [47]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

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15:55:59

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 510

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

50) “I think you’re beautiful”

Chris woke up to someone knocking at his door. Not knocking, but banging on it, he realised. He rolled out of bed to rush to the door, almost tripping

because his sock wasn't completely on. "Coming!" He yelled, taking off the sock. He opened the door panting and probably looking as disheveled as Darren was.

"Oh my god." Darren jumped at Chris as soon as the door was opened,

hugging him tightly.

“Dare? What...?” Chris asked confused, still hugging his boyfriend back.

“You weren’t answering your phone.” Darren explained, letting go of him. “I’ve been trying to

call you for two hours but you didn't answer and I got worried. Thought something had happened.”

Chris' brain finally caught up with what happened the previous night. “Oh, shit, sorry, I left my phone on the couch.” He said, closing the door. He

walked with Darren to the living room, finding his phone and taking it. “Shit, sorry.” He looked up apologetically at him, but Darren just smiled.

“It’s okay, I was just worried.”

“Wait.” Chris took a

better look at his phone.
“Jesus, it’s 6am, Dare.
Did you even sleep?”

“Yeah, uhm, not really.”
Darren shrugged. “You
told me to call you, but
weren’t answering and I
was kind of a dick last
night on the phone but
they were telling me what

to do and what to say and was kinda pissed and felt really bad and-”

“Okay, okay, Dare, breath.” Chris stepped in front of him, framing his face with his hands. “It’s okay. I was being a fussy little shit like always.” He admitted, averting his

eyes.

“You were?”

“Yeah, I kinda went to bed after you called and sulked like a big baby.”

“Chris.” Darren
whispered, hugging him.
“Sorry.”

“Nah, I was being stupid.”
Chris shook his head, his hands gripping Darren’s shirt. “I missed you though.”

“I missed you too.”
Darren breathed into Chris’ neck, leaving a soft kiss there. “And I love you.”

“Love you too, but you shouldn’t have come this early, god, baby, you must be exhausted.” He leaned away a little, taking Darren’s face between his hands again.

“A little.” Darren smirked. “Hoped I could make it up to you with cuddles.”

“That’s a brilliant idea.”
Chris nodded, kissing
Darren’s nose. He let him
go, taking a look at
himself for the first time.
“Oh shit.”

“What?” Darren frowned.

“I must look like shit. I
slept with some pillows

and I can definitely feel my cheek has a line on it. And my hair is a mess.” He sighed, passing a hand through his hair. “And I’m missing a sock.” He wriggled his toes, making Darren giggle.

“I think you’re beautiful.”
Darren grinned.

“Especially like this.” He circled Chris’ waist with his arms, resting his head on Chris’ shoulder. “So at ease and comfy and cute and-” Darren yawned into his collar bone, his whole body shaking with it. “sleepy.”

“Come on, sleepyhead.

Let's go cuddle. Bed's still warm." Chris smiled, taking Darren into his arms and walking them to his bedroom.

53) “Sit down. I’ll get
it.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [48]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 415

Publisher:

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53) “Sit down. I’ll get it.”

Darren knew Chris was still trying to win over his parents, not that he needed to, anymore. But he also knew Chris was very stubborn and never

wanted to be helped, so that's why he let him cook and serve an amazing dinner for his parents. He watched him as he was filling the plates in front of everyone with the pasta he had made, admiring how precise and careful he was being.

“Okay, I hope this tastes as good as it looks.” He smiled, sitting down next to Darren.

“I’m sure it will.” Cerina smiled back. “You made it?”

“Yes, yes! Uhm, Darren taught me and he helped a

little, but I really wanted to try, you know?” He blushed a little, taking his first bite of the pasta.

Cerina and Charles did too, still beaming.

“This is delicious, Chris.” Cerina spoke up.

“I second that. I hope you made enough for me to have a refill.” Charles chuckled a little.

“Yes, of course!” Chris stood up immediately, taking the bowl of pasta.

“Oh, no, wait, son.” Charles stopped him,

making Darren giggle behind his hand. “Let me finish this first.” He pointed at his plate, still beaming up at Chris.

“Oh, oh, yes, yes, sorry, I’m...” Chris stuttered, blushing.

“Chris, love, you don’t

have to impress us or anything, I hope you know that right?” Cerina asked, her hand softly resting on Chris’ forearm.

“Uhm, yeah, I know I just wanted to, uhm...” Chris sat down again, looking down, his cheeks still red.

“We love you, sweetheart.” She smiled, her hand coming up to pat at his cheek. Darren just observed everything, a huge grin on his lips. “You make our baby so happy. That’s what’s more important.”

“Darren also made an

amazing choice with you. You're very smart and kind."

"I didn't exactly choose him, dad." Darren finally spoke up too.

"Still." Charles winked at Chris, who just nodded, smiling back.

Darren leaned in to leave a kiss on Chris' cheek. "You did amazingly." He whispered.

"Thank you." Chris' lips turned up in a big smile, before falling again. "Oh god! I forgot the wine!" He hurriedly stood up.

Darren stopped him, a hand on his back. “Sit down. I’ll get it.” He said simply, standing up.

“But...”

“No buts. You did everything perfectly, Chris. Let me take care of this.” He left another kiss

on Chris' temple.

“Thank you.”

“You're very welcome, babe.” Darren smirked.

“Aw, so cute.” Cerina squaled.

“Muuuuuum”

**54) “I made
reservations.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [49]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 228

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

54) “I made reservations.”

“Hey, Joe’s having a party tonight and invited us. You wanna go?” Darren asked as he put down his phone on the coffee table and sat on the couch next

to Chris, throwing his legs on top of Chris' lap.

Chris scrunched his nose up, thinking about it for a few seconds. “Uhm, I don't really feel like partying, tonight.” He said finally.

“Okay.” Darren smiled,

shifting to get his whole body in Chris' lap and his arms on his shoulders, kissing his cheek.

Chris smirked, kissing him back on the nose. "Just wanted to spend the night alone with you." He whispered.

“Good. Cause I already made reservations at our favorite Italian restaurant.” Darren grinned cheekily.

“Oh yeah?” Chris arched his eyebrows, his arms circling Darren’s middle to keep him in place and his lips brushing against

Darren's temple. "Good."
He kept quiet for a few
seconds before grunting.
"Ugh, wait, are we
becoming one of those
really annoying old
married couples that only
ever go out together?"

Darren laughed, resting
his forehead against

Chris' chest. "I guess." He shrugged. "Do you actually give a shit about it?" He asked softly, looking up at his boyfriend.

"Uhm, nope." Chris answered after a pondering it for a while.

“Good. Cause I don’t either.” He shrugged again, kissing Chris on the lips.

“Good.” Chris kissed him back, deepening it.

55) "I don't mind"
by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [50]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,354

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

55) "I don't mind"

Chris was laying in bed, only wearing a t-shirt and a pair of shorts. He hadn't really moved for the past two days, only getting up to feed Brian, eat something and going to the bathroom, not even

bothering with showering, or answering any of his friends' calls, or even his mother's.

He sighed, hugging the pillow to his chest even tighter. He hated this. He hated how he had a huge fight right before the start of Darren's first tour. He

hated how he couldn't go to see him and support him. And he hated how someone else could. And maybe now he realised that yelling at Darren on the phone about how he let *her* go, but didn't do anything to have him, hadn't helped, but only made everything worse.

But despite all of this, he still couldn't hate Darren. He simply couldn't. He had wanted to, with all of his heart, but couldn't. A lot of people told them they weren't going to last, that one of them was going to break down and leave and maybe they

were right. Chris was broken. And he hated the situation they were into, but there was no way he was going to give up on Darren, on them. He hated how he couldn't just stop loving Darren, leaving him and letting him be free and being free himself, but was freedom

more important than
feeling loved?

He rolled on his other
side, taking the pillow
Darren usually used and
hiding his face in it. He
sighed again, when he
heard his phone vibrate
next to him.

He was ready to ignore it, but then saw Darren's grinning face looking at him. He hesitated a couple more seconds before picking up. "Dare..."

But Darren didn't answer. There were voices instead. Loud voices. Maybe he had butt-called him during

his concert.

He was going to end the call when he recognized a familiar tune.

“Baby I don’t care

The what, when, how or where

*Folks may try to laugh
and make a fuss*

*They'll try to make shit
hard for us*

But, darling I don't care."

Chris covered his mouth
with his hand. He had
heard Darren hum this

song in bed, after they had
made love.

“Darling, I don’t mind

*What they think they’ll
find*

*Of all the secrets they
have told*

*At least I still got you to
hold*

So, darling I don't mind.

*Cause I'll be the one to
hold you*

When the nights are cold

And although I know I've

told you

*I will tell you forever
more*

*That baby I don't give a
damn,*

If they can't understand.

Of all the things that we

have learned

*They're nothing as far as
I'm concerned*

So, I don't give a damn."

Chris was glad he still had his face on the pillow, cause it was now muffling his sobs.

*“Cause I’ll be the one to
hold you*

When the nights are cold

*And although I know I’ve
told you*

*I will tell you forever
more*

*That, babe, there ain't no
thing*

That viper venom sting

*Cause even if it got your
goat*

*And I kiss you with the
antidote*

*So, babe, there ain't no
thing*

Darling I don't care

*Baby, I don't, baby, I
don't mind."*

The loud cheers and
screams from the fans
startled Chris, making him

almost drop his phone. There were so many things he wanted to tell Darren, but the call ended before he could even start, leaving him breathless.

He put his phone on the bed-side table, hugging the pillow and just crying into it, letting the tears

flow, his chest hurting and his head fuzzing, because, shit, he had fucked up. He had fucked up badly. And there was a reason why he couldn't hate Darren. Because at the end of the day, he was the one Darren got to hold at night. He was the one Darren loved back and

trusted with his own life. He was the one who got to make love to Darren and kiss him and console him when things got hard. He hated himself for being such a dick and not understanding earlier. The only thing he was trying to do was keeping a career. And not being able

to be himself and tell the world he loved him, was hurting him as much as it was hurting Chris.

He had probably cried himself to sleep, because the next thing he knew, his phone was vibrating again, Darren's face staring at him. He picked

up, biting his lip to stop a sob. “Dare?”

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

Darren sighed and Chris couldn't hear voices in the background, which meant he was alone. “Did you-

did you hear...”

“Yes.” Chris cut him off, a sob now escaping his lips. “Dare, I’m...”

“Chris...” Darren sniffled, and Chris could tell he was holding back tears.

“I’m so sorry, Dare. So,

so, so sorry.” Chris cried, sniffing into his wrist and wiping away a few tears. “I was such a dick and it wasn’t your fault and now I really hate myself and-”

“No, don’t.” Darren interrupted him. “Don’t hate yourself, please.” Darren whispered.

“But I was a dick, I shouldn’t- I-I s-shouldn’t have said t-those t-things and shit I’m sorry, Dare, I’m s-sorry.”

“Hey, hey, calm down, please.” Darren sobbed into the phone, his voice pleading. “You’re gonna hurt yourself.”

“I deserve it!” Chris almost yelled. “I hurt you, Dare, I hurt you a-and I shouldn’t, I just...”

“Shhhh, baby. Calm down, please.” Darren soothed again.

“I’m just...sorry...” Chris sobbed.

“I-I know, baby, I know. I’m sorry too. I wish I could be a better boyfriend and-”

“But you are, Dare.” Chris stopped him, sniffing and trying to get his shit back together. “You are amazing, Dare. You are one of the best things that

ever happened to me.”

“But I-I c-can’t tell the world that I-I’m w-with you!” Now Darren was the one hysterically sobbing.

“That’s cause you’re trying to build a solid career, just like I am.”

“But you’re o-out a-
and...”

“I was lucky. And you weren’t. I should have understood that earlier instead of yelling at you.”

Chris said firmly. “Ours are different situations and you have the right to do what’s better for your

career. I should respect that. I guess I was just...”

“Tired of all the bullshit?”
Darren ended for him.

“Yes.” Chris whispered.
“I’m sorry, Dare. For not understanding and for yelling at you.”

“And I’m sorry for yelling back and not warning you she was gonna be there and...for everything.”

They remained quiet for a couple of minutes, breathings finally evening out and getting in synch with each other.

“You alone?” Chris asked after a while.

“Yeah. The guys are still out celebrating. I’m alone on the bus.” Darren answered softly. “Oh and, uhm, Ricky is pissed.” He added, sounding annoyed. “Apparently I wasn’t that subtle at calling you

during a performance.”

“You’re never subtle.”
Chris replied, getting a
snort out of Darren and
smiling himself.

“Shouldn’t you be out
celebrating too, though?
It’s your tour.”

“No.” Chris could picture

him shaking his head, his soft curls bouncing. “I prefer this. This is nice. Hearing you. Not yelling.” His voice broke towards the end and Chris felt his heart sink. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too.” He cried, sniffing into his wrist.

“You think we can still meet up in Paris?” Darren asked hopefully.

“I hope so.” Chris smiled for the first time in days, weeks even. He finally had something to look towards to. “My-my dick also misses you.”

“Mine too.” Darren chuckled softly. “I’m... kinda tired right now though. I promise I can make it up to you tomorrow night, okay?”

“Yes. Maybe we can skype?”

“Yeah, that’s a good

idea.” Darren replied and from the tone of his voice, Chris could tell he was smiling too now. “Can you...” Darren sighed and Chris heard shuffling around, probably Darren getting more comfortable. “Can you stay on the phone until I fall asleep, please? I’m starting to feel

sleepy.”

“Of course, Dare.
Always.”

**56) "It brings out
your eyes." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [51]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 667

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**56) "It brings out
your eyes."**

Darren was still naked, sprawled out on Chris' bed, his ankles crossed and his arms behind his head. Chris was standing, naked too, at his closet,

looking for something to wear. Darren couldn't stop himself from admiring the view. Chris didn't just grow up in the past year they had known each other. His shoulders had gotten broader, his biceps more developed and his ass, god his ass, got more toned and

beautiful and *hot*.

“I can literally feel you staring at my ass, Dare.” Chris snorted, turning to look at Darren, a pair of boxer-briefs in his hands, which he quickly put on.

“Uhm, don’t know what you’re talking about,

babe.” Darren chuckled, sitting up on the bed.

“Uh-uh.” Chris rolled his eyes, getting closer to the bed just to kiss the top of Darren’s head, a hand cupping his cheek to keep him in place.

“It’s just...” Darren said,

capturing Chris' attention.
“You grew up so quickly,
Chris. And you've gotten
so fucking *hot*.”

Chris smirked, kneeling
on the bed. “Oh, have I?”

“Yes. And your ass, jesus,
Chris, your ass.” Darren
groaned, getting even

closer to Chris and putting his arms around Chris' hips, squeezing down on Chris' ass firmly.

“Ah, I see. That's always been your favorite part about me, hasn't it?” He snorted, his arms on Darren's shoulders, his hands in his curls.

“Everything is my favorite part about you.” Darren whispered.

“Sure.” Chris giggled, kissing Darren’s nose, before getting up and walking back to his closet.

“Those boxer briefs look fucking good on you, ya

know?” Darren threw himself back on the bed, showing off his now hard dick. “They bring out your eyes.”

“You didn’t just say that about boxer briefs, oh god.” Chris snorted, shaking his head and putting on a t-shirt.

“It’s true tho.” Darren grinned, getting up and invading Chris’ personal space, his hands one again on Chris’ butt, his mouth on Chris’ neck. “Such a pity you have to put clothes on.”

Chris sighed happily as Darren kept kissing and

nibbling at his jawline, pushing him away a little to take a breath. “Dare. I have a photoshoot in less than two hours.” He whispered, his hands on Darren’s bare chest.

“Uhm.” Darren nodded, stepping back. “Maybe I could put on a cock ring

on my dick and a butt plug in my ass and wait for you until you come back home.” He said, his voice very low and sensual.

“Ugh!” Chris groaned, pushing him away even more. “I hate you.” He glared at his boyfriend, his

eyes still playful.

“What? You don’t want me to wait for you??”

Darren chuckled, holding his hands up in defense.

“Oh god, Dare, just shut up already.” Chris

snorted, taking a pair of jeans from his desk and

putting them on. “I already took a shower, you ass.”

“I think you should do an underwear photoshoot, you know?” Darren mused, his hands now on his hips, looking Chris up and down. “Yep. They shouldn’t even need to

photoshop your package.”

“Oh my god.” Chris snorted loudly.

“We should do it together!” Darren clapped his hands excitedly, bouncing a little.

“And kill all our fans?”

Chris laughed.

“That would be so cool though.” Darren whispered, hugging Chris once again, their faces only inches away.

“Killing our fans?” Chris asked, staring Darren right in his eyes.

“No, silly.” Darren grinned, standing on his tip-toes to kiss Chris’ nose. “Doing a photoshoot together.”

“Uhm, you’re right.” Chris smiled, his fingers playing with Darren’s loose curls. “I’d love it.”

“One day?” Darren
breathed, his eyes still
fixed on Chris’.

“One day.” Chris
repeated, kissing him on
the lips as if to seal the
promise. “Now I really
should go, before you talk
me into letting you suck
my dick.” He added,

stepping away and taking his phone and wallet before walking out of the room. “See you later. Love you, Dare.”

“Love you too, babe.” Darren yelled back, jumping on the bed.

57) “There is enough room for both of us.”

by

spontaneousoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [52]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,109

Publisher:

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57) “There is enough room for both of us.”

Chris plopped down on the couch, too drunk to stand up. He couldn't believe a simple date at home with Darren turned into the two of them

getting completely drunk.

“Not my fault you get drunk after two glasses of wine.” Darren snorted, coming back from the kitchen with another bottle of wine and sitting on the ground next to Chris’ feet.

“Did I say that out loud?” Chris wondered, stealing the bottle from Darren’s hands and taking a gulp of it.

“Yep. And hey, drink slower, dummy.” Darren chided, taking the bottle back and drinking himself.

Chris stared at him in awe. How could Darren look so handsome in just an old t-shirt and messy hair? And he was also looking very, very comfy, Chris just wanted to cuddle him to his chest and-

“Still talking out loud,

Chris.” Darren laughed, throwing his head back, so he could look at Chris upside down.

“Oh.” Chris blinked at him for a few seconds, smirking a little as he leaned down to kiss Darren upside down, even if it resulted in him

sloppily kissing Darren's nose instead.

“That tickles.” Darren giggled.

“Come sit on the couch.” Chris whined, throwing himself back and laying down. “There's enough room for both of us.” He

grinned, spreading his body all over the couch.

“Where am I supposed to sit, exactly? On your dick?” Darren snorted, getting up and looking down at his boyfriend.

“Only if you can do all by yourself cos I don’t think I

could find my dick right now.” Chris frowned, making grabby hands at Darren, who just shook his head, put down the bottle and laid down with him, snuggling into his arms.

“You get so funny when you’re drunk.” He

whispered, kissing Chris' cheek.

“I’m always funny.” Chris protested.

“Sure, babe.” Darren smiled, resting his head on Chris' chest, his arms sneaking around Chris' middle and squeezing him

gently.

They remained quiet for a few minutes, Darren dozing off a little and getting heavier on top of him. He was starting to fall asleep too, when an idea hit him. “We should name our child Fettuccine Alfredo.”

“Uh?” Darren’s head slowly turned up, his eyes blinking at Chris confusedly.

“Our child. Fettuccine Alfredo.” Chris repeated matter-of-factly.

Darren stared at him for a few more seconds before

snorting into his face and resting his head back on Chris' chest.

“I’m serious!” Chris protested, getting up on his elbows, Darren sitting up as well. “Fettuccine Alfredo!”

“That...what? Why?”

Darren laughed, shaking his head.

“A lot of celebrities name their kids with crazy names! We should too!” Chris nodded along to his idea, stretching out of the couch to get the wine again.

“But why Fettuccine Alfredo?” Darren asked, his brow frowning in confusion.

“You make an amazing fettuccine Alfredo, Dare. And since I can’t marry them, cause I’m already marrying you, we should name our kid after them.”

Chris explained. And it all made sense to him. So why was Darren biting down on his lip to stop himself from laughing? “What?”

“You’re such a dork.” Darren finally chuckled, stealing the wine from Chris, taking a final sip

and putting the bottle down.

“I mean it.” Chris pouted.

Darren shook his head, pushing Chris back down and cuddling into his arms once again.

“We cannot choose boring

names.” He added.

“So let’s call them after fucking pasta.” Darren laughed. “They’re already gonna have to deal with my singing, Chris. They’re gonna hate me even more if we name them Fettuccine Alfredo!”

“But it’s cuuuute.” Chris whined, starting to play with Darren’s loose curls.

“Mmmmm little Feta....it does sound cute.” Darren giggled.

“Toooold yaaa.” Chris deadpanned. “Alfredo. Little Feta. So cute.”

Darren lifted himself up a little on his hands, kissing Chris' lips soundly. "Muah, love you, you dork."

Chris grinned into the kiss, going back to petting Darren's hair once he laid down again. After a few moments of silence, he

spoke up again, because something in what Darren had said didn't sound right. "They're not gonna hate you. You're gonna be an amazing father, Dare." He whispered, kissing Darren's head. He felt Darren's lips turn into a smile and he smiled too.

Darren lifted himself up again, smirking before starting to hungrily kiss Chris. “Fucking love you so much.” He said in between kisses.

They sloppily made out for a while, too much saliva and too many teeth were involved, but Chris

was too drunk to actually care. He tried to reverse positions, but instead of getting on top of Darren he moved to the wrong side, falling from the couch and bringing Darren along with him.

“Shit.”

“Oh hello.” Darren grinned, still on top of him. “You’re gonna be an amazing father too, by the way.” He said, his eyes turning soft.

But Chris didn’t really register that, because apparently, falling from the couch and ending with

your butt on the ground was funnier. “Oh god.” He snorted. “Oh my god.” He started giggling like a teenager, his stomach hurting. “I just fell.”

“What’s so funny? I just told you you’re gonna be an amazing father!” Darren pouted.

“I just fell on my butt.”
Chris giggled. “And our kid is gonna glare at us every time we’re gonna call them Little Feta.”
Chris kept laughing, until he felt tears in his eyes and Darren’s face became blurry.

“I can’t believe you just

ruined a fucking romantic moment, Chris.” But Chris could still tell, from the sound of his voice, that Darren was about to laugh too.

“Just...Little Feta.” Chris snorted.

“Oh my god.” Darren

shook his head, chuckling too.

“Oh no shit wait.” Chris pushed Darren to the side, getting up on unsteady legs. “Shit, gotta take a piss.” He explained, before slowly walking in the direction of the bathroom.

“Ever the romantic!”
Darren yelled, still
laughing.

“You fucking farted while
we were cuddling the
other day, Dare. Shut up.”
Chris flipped him off,
once he came back from
the bathroom.

Darren was sitting on the couch, a huge smile on his face. He held up his hands in defense. “Still, here you are.”

“Yeah, here I am.” Chris yawned into his hand, waiting for Darren to lay down and climbing on top of him, resting his head in

the crook of Darren's neck.

“I put the bin next to the couch, so please, at least try to aim if you gotta puke.” Darren whispered, his words a little slurred. He kissed Chris' forehead, yawning too.

“Love you.” Chris
nodded, snuggling closer
to his boyfriend, hearing
Darren’s “Love you too.”
before eventually falling
completely asleep.

58) “You don’t have to say anything.” by spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [53]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 940

Publisher:

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**58) “You don’t have
to say anything.”**

“And cut! That’s it for
today, guys. Good job.”
The director called,
walking away with most
of the crew members, that
only had a few things to

collect before leaving the auditorium.

Darren was about to leave too, but he noticed not everyone had moved. He exchanged a look with Joaquin, who nodded to him and told the remaining crew to hurry up.

Darren walked back up the stairs. Chris' back was still to him and he could see how tense Chris was. What made Darren's stomach drop to his feet, though, was how Chris' shoulders were shaking a little, as if he was crying.

“Chris?” He called softly,

a gentle hand on his back.

Chris jumped up, almost falling backwards from where he was seated if it hadn't been for Darren steadying him with both his hands on his shoulders. "H-hey."

"Hey." Darren came up in

front of him, never letting go of him. “You okay?” He asked, worried at the sight of Chris’ scrunched up face.

“Yeah, yeah.” Chris sniffled into his wrist, putting on a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“Why are you crying, then?” Darren insisted, his hand cupping Chris’ cheek and brushing off a single tear that Chris forgot to wipe away.

“I’m not crying.” Chris shook his head. “It’s just...some make up ended in my eye and-”

“Chris.” Darren cut him off, his left hand taking Chris’ right one and squeezing it. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing.” Chris shrugged, looking away, avoiding Darren’s eyes.

“It’s not nothing.” Darren

scoffed, gently tilting Chris' head so he could look him in the eyes again. "Is it because of the scene you shot this morning with Naya?" He asked. He knew Naya had talked to Chris before and after the scene and he had made sure to be there while they were shooting

it just to remind Chris how amazing he was and all those shitty insults weren't about him. And even if Chris was an amazing actor and could fool everyone else, Darren could still see the hurt in his eyes.

Chris sighed, jumping

down the small wall and standing in front of Darren, their hands still linked. “That, the-the shitty story-lines we’re currently working on and all the shit in our lives and this place, god this place brings back so many memories and lately... lately they are just bad

ones...”

“Come here.” Darren whispered, hugging Chris to his chest, cradling the back of his head in his hand and stroking his hair. He felt Chris relax under his touch, the tension leaving his shoulders.

“I’m just so tired of all of this, Dare. I just want to forget everything and just...” Chris sniffled, his arms hugging Darren tightly.

“I know, baby.” Darren kissed the top of Chris’ head, then leaning away a little to look him in the

eyes. “You know what? You don’t have to say anything. Not tonight. We are going home, I’m gonna cook you dinner and then we’re gonna cuddle and have lots of sex.”

Chris giggled a little, his eyes getting squinty.

“I’m serious.” Darren smiled. “For tonight, we’re gonna forget about all of this shit. You’ll let me worship you like the god I know you are,”

“Oh god.” Chris snorted.

“Shut up, and then, after a night of at least eight

hours of sleep, tomorrow morning we're gonna talk about the shit going on with us." He stopped talking, just to stare into Chris' eyes, both his hands now framing his face. "I don't want you to bottle up the shit going on in your head and not talk to me." He brushed Chris'

cheekbones gently with his thumbs.

“Kay.” Chris whispered, nodding. “You too, though. This is affecting me just as much as it’s affecting you.”

Darren nodded, letting go of him, taking his hand

instead and letting their
fingers intertwine.

“You’re right. I didn’t
have to listen to a
monologue full of shitty
comments about me all
morning though.” He spat,
rolling his eyes.

“Dare, it’s fine.”

“No it’s not!” Darren insisted, rolling his eyes. “I should have called them out on their bullshit, for fuck’s sake.”

Chris chuckled a little, walking down the stairs and tugging Darren along. “First, you said we were going to forget about this

for tonight.”

“Shit, sorry.”

“Second, I can fight my battles, Dare. I don’t need you defending me.” He smiled, stopping at the end of the stairs, Darren staying one step up so he could look Chris right in

the eyes.

“Well, you didn’t actually get to defend yourself, but even if I know you can fight back and even win, that doesn’t mean I have to stay back and not fight alongside with you.” He said seriously, squeezing Chris’ hand.

Chris nodded, his smile finally reaching his eyes. “Okay, my knight in shining armor. Let’s just go home.”

“Oooh, I’m a knight?” Darren smirked, arching one eyebrow.

“Oh no.” Chris glared at

him. “Nope.”

“You said it.” Darren grinned, making Chris turn and jumping on his back, latching his legs around Chris’ waist and his arms around his shoulders. “Yi-ha!”

“I hate you.” Chris rolled

his eyes, a smirk on his lips, as he firmly grasped Darren's legs so that he wouldn't fall.

“What kind of knight am I without a horse??” Darren laughed.

“I'm supposed to be the damsel in distress, not the

horse!” Chris protested, still laughing.

“You’re no damsel, Chris. You’re my horse!” He exclaimed, leaning his face closer to Chris’ ear, so he could lower his voice. “And once we get home, I’m gonna ride you on the front.”

“Oh god.”

**60) "Happy
birthday." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [54]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,313

Publisher:

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Summary:

Set in 2026

60) "Happy birthday."

Author's Note:

Set in 2026

Darren tweeted the
pictures he just took,
shaking his head. He

looked around their living room one more time, chuckling. “What a little shit.” He felt his phone vibrate in his hand and looked at it. “Wait til you get your birthday gift.” He read Chris’ answer aloud. “Chris?” He called.

Chris appeared out of

nowhere – Darren hated how silent his husband still was while walking around their house – and leaned against the living room door-frame, a smirk on his lips.

“You called?”

“You...” Darren trailed

off, taking a better look at his husband, because Chris was completely naked. Except for a velvet red ribbon wrapped around his very hard, Darren noticed, dick. “Oh my god.” He snorted.

“Like what you see?” Chris grinned, swaying

his hips a little.

“I love it.” Darren smiled, putting down his phone on the table and walking up to Chris.

“You better, cause I didn’t eat any junk food for the past three days and went to the gym yesterday just

to look like this.” Chris bit his lip, showing off his still well toned body.

“You...” Darren
swallowed loudly,
because, woah, his
husband was still so
fucking hot. “You didn’t
have to...”

“But I wanted to.” Chris smirked, resting his bare arms on Darren’s shoulders. “And you said you wanted a simple birthday, nothing special, so I thought I should surprise you.” He winked playfully.

“The kids?” Darren asked,

leaning into his husband's touch.

“At your brother's.” Chris answered, kissing Darren's cheek.

“You're the best husband anyone could wish for.” Darren whimpered while Chris left a trail of kisses

down his neck.

“I’m already going to fuck you, Dare. You don’t need to flatter me.” Chris sing-songed, biting down on Darren’s pulse point, making him throw his head back.

Once he regained his

voice, Darren looked Chris straight in the eyes. “I mean it.” He whispered.

“I know you do.” Chris smiled. “Come on.” He took Darren’s hand, tugging him towards their bedroom. Once on their bed, Chris started to

gently undress Darren, kissing softly every part of skin he uncovered.

Darren just laid on their bed, watching his husband take care of him, so carefully and sweetly. “I love you.” He whispered.

“I know.” Chris smirked,

finally taking Darren's boxer briefs off. "You want to unwrap your gift?" He asked, sitting back on his heels and looking down at Darren, one eyebrow arched.

"Yes, thank you." Darren beamed, getting up on his elbows and leaning into

Chris' space. He kissed Chris on the lips, leaning away when Chris tried to deepen it. He took his time, kissing and caressing Chris' skin, making him shiver, until he reached down at his still hard dick, unwrapping the bow. "This is the best birthday

gift ever.” He grinned, this time letting Chris deepen the kiss when their lips touched. Chris pushed him back down, his hands pressing on Darren’s chest, and Darren just spread his body under his husband’s gentle touch, letting him take control.

Chris took the tube of lube Darren had noticed on the bedside table. “Just tell me if I’m hurting you or if you need to catch your breath.” Chris said softly, squeezing some lube on his right hand and opening Darren’s legs to get better access to his hole.

“kay.” Darren breathed, squeezing his eyes closed as soon as Chris’ fingers started to circle his hole. “God.”

“I bet you’re so tight right now.” Chris whispered in his ear, his index finger finally pushing into his hole. “Mmm I was right.”

Darren just threw his head back, his panting getting louder. “O-oh god.” They hadn’t had sex in months now. Just a few quickies now and then, but not actual sex. But between the kids and both their jobs, they weren’t really complaining. They were happy. And they both

enjoyed all the time they shared, even if it didn't involve as much sex as it used to.

“You’re opening up so well for me, baby.” Chris whispered again, inserting another finger and making Darren whimper.

“Chris...” Darren
moaned.

“I’m here.” Chris leaned over Darren’s body, making their lips touch once again and swallowing Darren’s moans and pants. He added another finger and Darren felt so filled

already and overwhelmed
he let out a soft sob.

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Dare.”
Chris just smiled, kissing
him again. “You think
you’re ready?” He asked,
looking Darren in the eyes
and Darren could see the

worry and love in his eyes.

He nodded desperately, whining a little when Chris took his fingers out and leaned out of his body, but groaning in pleasure when Chris' cock took the place of his fingers. "Oh god." He

fisted the sheets on his sides, his eyes closing because it just was too much. Chris' smell, his body, so hot and so close. But mostly, Chris' dick filling him up so well. He had just missed all of this.

“Relax for me, baby. Come on.” Chris stayed

inside of him, not moving yet.

Darren nodded, finally starting to breath again.
“Okay.”

Chris leaned down again, making their bodies line up.

His dick moved as well, making Darren clench down on it and moan loudly. “God.”

“Shhhh, baby. I got you.” Chris’ left hand came up to cup Darren’s cheek and keep him in place while he deepened the kiss. He finally started to move his

hips, finding a steady rhythm. But it wasn't fast or needy. It was slow. And careful. As if Chris wasn't just having sex with him, but taking care of him and making love. He was grateful for Chris' mouth on his, because his sob came out muffled and it could have been easily

mistaken for a moan. But that was his husband on top of him. And Chris knew him.

He leaned away, looking down at him, his eyes so big and full of love. “You okay?” He worried, his hips slowing their pace down even more.

“Yeah, yeah.” Darren smiled, framing Chris’ face with his hands and bringing him back down. He felt Chris grin into the kiss and *god*, he fucking loved his husband.

“Chris,” Darren called after a few more seconds, throwing his head back.

“I’m gonna...”

“Go on. I got you.” Chris just whispered, nibbling at his exposed jaw.

And Darren did. He came all over his belly and on Chris’ stomach as well, clenching down on Chris’ still moving dick. He

didn't even have the time to feel embarrassed by how quick he had come, that he felt Chris groan and still his hips, filling him up completely with cum.

He then just plopped down over Darren, panting and whimpering a

little when Darren
clenched down once again
around his too sensitive
dick still inside of him.

“Wow.” Darren breathed,
his arms sneaking around
Chris’ waist and
squeezing him to his
chest. “That was fast.”

Chris snorted against his skin. “Shut up.” He pulled off, making Darren feel empty, even if he could feel Chris’ cum dripping out of his hole. Chris got up from the bed, coming back with a wet towel, gently cleaning Darren’s body and kissing his belly once he was done. “Here.”

He cleaned himself up too, throwing the towel to the ground and kneeling on the bed. “And by the way,” He grinned, grabbing a blanket to cover them, lowering himself down and cuddling to Darren’s side. “You’re thirty-nine, now. I wasn’t expecting you to

last that long.”

“Rude.” Darren gasped, smacking him on the arm, but turning on his side and snuggling into his husband’s arms. He smirked, before kissing Chris’ nose.

“Happy birthday, Dare.”

Chris smiled, tangling their legs together.

“Thanks, babe.” Darren yawned, cuddling into Chris even more. “Especially for making love to me.”

“Of course.” Chris kissed his forehead, stifling a

yawn himself. “Love
you.”

“Love you too.”

**61) “I’ll pick it up
after work.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [55]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,125

Publisher:

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**61) “I’ll pick it up
after work.”**

Darren pushed Chris against the glass door, his hands traveling all over his body to try to get rid of his shirt. “You sure no one will come here?” He

asked, starting to kiss Chris' neck.

Chris threw his head back, letting out a moan, his hands squeezing Darren's ass. "Ye-yeah." He moaned, his eyes closed and his mouth falling open. "No one's scheduled to shoot here

to-today.”

“Good. I’ve always wanted to fuck in the office of a superior. Or, you know, sort of.” He chuckled, finally getting rid of Chris’ shirt and throwing it on the ground. He pushed the glass door open, tugging Chris

inside. He almost tripped on the shirt on the floor, which reminded him-
“Shit!”

“What?” Chris blinked at him confused.

“I forgot to pick up the suit for tonight’s event and I don’t finish here

until late, fuck.” He groaned, their initial intentions almost forgotten.

“I finish earlier than you. I’ll pick it up after work for you.” Chris smiled, tugging at Darren’s collar shirt.

Darren smirked, resting his arms on Chris' shoulders. "Listen to us. We sound like a fucking married couple already." He whispered, licking his lips and noticing how Chris' eyes followed the movement of his tongue.

"And that turns you on,

doesn't it?" Chris grinned, before leaning in and kissing Darren hungrily.

"Just like the idea of getting caught turns *you* on, mister." Darren arched an eyebrow as Chris leaned away a little to catch his breath.

“You know me so well.”
He smirked, pushing
Darren back until he fell
on top of the small couch
of the “office”.

“Oh, this is more
comfortable than I
thought.” He chuckled,
bouncing a little on the
cushions.

“Is it?” Chris laughed, sitting in his lap and starting to kiss him again.

Darren moaned, throwing his head back and letting Chris take complete control of him. When Chris took off his shirt as well and unbuckled both their pants, he reversed

positions, pushing Chris back until he was laying down, licking the exposed skin of his chest, mouthing at his left nipple.

“Oh god.” Chris moaned, his hands scratching at Darren’s bare back. “Dare, please.”

“Please what?” Darren grinned, looking up at Chris from underneath his eyelashes.

“I’ve been hard since this morning, please either suck my dick or fuck me, god.” Chris let out another moan as Darren mouthed at his cock through his

boxer-briefs.

“I would love to ride you, right now, Chris.” Darren whispered, taking off both Chris’ pants and underwear, his lips still very close to Chris very hard dick. “Ride the shit out of you. Just like I know you love.” Chris

moaned again, his fingers tangling into Darren's still gelled hair.

“Please.” He whimpered.

Darren smirked. God he loved seeing Chris like this. His expression blissed out. His muscles relaxed and pliant under

Darren's gentle touch. He left a trail of kisses all over Chris' body, starting from his jaw and neck, to his groin, licking his shaft and then kissing the head of his cock.

“Jesus.” Chris groaned, his legs curling around Darren's waist, his heels

pressing into his back.

“Unfortunately, we don’t have any lube, so you’ll have to settle for a blowjob.” He smirked, before taking Chris’ cock inside his mouth, sucking and tasting Chris’ precum on his tongue.

“Oh god, yes.” Chris panted. “Yes, Dare, god.”

Darren stopped, letting Chris’ dick slip out of his lips. “This is kind of unprofessional, isn’t it?” He mused, resting his forehead to Chris’ warm thigh. “It’s totally their fault, though. Making us

work all day and then sending us to events...”

“Less talking, more sucking.” Chris glared at him, his hands pushing Darren’s head down towards his groin.

“Bossypants.” Darren chuckled, starting to blow

his boyfriend again. But right as he felt Chris getting closer, the lights were turned on, making them both startle.

“Oh fucking christ, guys!” Someone yelled, turning the lights off again.

“Shit.” Darren tried to

cover themselves, but fell from the couch instead, taking Chris with him, who fell miserably on top of him.

“Shit, shit, shit.” Chris panted, sitting up and using Darren’s shirt to cover himself. “We’re screwed.” He whined,

battling away Darren's hand that was trying to get his shirt.

“They just interrupted us screwing, fuck.” Darren protested, taking Chris' shirt and putting it on. “Thought no one was supposed to shoot here.” He groaned, helping Chris

put his pants back on.

“That doesn’t mean no one will come here.” Josh said opening the door again, a fuming Kevin right behind him.

“Seriously, guys? You couldn’t at least use your fucking trailer?” Kevin

glared at them.

“Sorry, sorry.” Chris blushed, standing up, his arms around his body as if to protect himself.

“It’s not our fault if we don’t have enough time between scenes!” Darren protested, passing Chris

his boxer-briefs.

“That’s not a fucking excuse! Ugh, I’m so done with you two.” He scoffed, throwing his hands up in the air and walking away. Darren still caught his smirk, though, meaning he wasn’t actually as upset as he

wanted them to believe.

“Seriously, though, guys. Did you really have to use a prop?” Josh scrunched his nose up, looking at the couch.

“We’re very, very sorry, Josh. That was very unprofessional of us.

We'll take full responsibility for it.” Chris said seriously, his expression tense.

Darren sighed. Maybe they had crossed a line this time. “Yeah, Chris’ right. Sorry, man. We can pay for any damage or cleaning is going to be

needed, though. We
promise.”

“Yeah, yeah, of course!”
Chris nodded along,
before realising he was
still holding his underwear
and quickly putting it in
his jeans pocket.

“We could even buy it,

maybe?” Darren asked, considering the idea and shrugging at Chris’ glare. “It is more comfortable than I thought!”

“Yes, yes. That’s definitely a good idea!” Josh said. “Just let us get a new couch and then this is all yours.”

“Really?” Chris snorted, looking from Darren to Josh and shaking his head.

“Yes. There’s no way we’re gonna use a prop with your cum stains on it.” Josh gesticulated to the couch and then their crotches.

“We actually didn’t have the time to come, Josh!” Darren yelled after him as he left, covering his ears with his hands. Darren rolled his eyes, looking back at Chris.

“At least we’re not in trouble, I guess.” He scratched the back of his

neck, his cheeks still flushed.

“Yeah, next time we just need to be more careful.” Darren smiled, his hand on Chris’ back.

“Or use our trailer. That’s where this couch is gonna end anyway.” He grinned

mischievously, winking at him, before turning and walking backwards out of Figgin's office.

62) “It can wait until tomorrow.” by spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [56]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 699

Publisher:

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62) “It can wait until tomorrow.”

Chris got up from the couch, throwing his third can of finished Diet Coke into the bin. He stretched his tired limbs a little, before sitting again and

focusing back on his laptop. He still had fifty pages to proof read before sending his book to his agent. He just had to be quiet and stay in the living room to not wake Darren up. He sighed, pushing his glasses up his nose. His sight was slowly starting to get blurry, but he had to

finish before morning.

“Hey.”

Chris jumped into his seat, almost dropping his laptop. “Shit.”

“Didn’t mean to scare you. Sorry.” Darren yawned, rubbing at his

eyes before sleepily
blinking at him. “Why
you still up?” He
mumbled.

“I really need to finish
reading this. I want to
send it in tomorrow
morning.” Chris
answered, giving Darren a
quick glance. He was only

wearing a t-shirt and his boxer-briefs, his hair a complete mess and his face tired. “Go back to bed, Dare.”

“Can’t sleep without you.” Darren pouted, sitting down next to Chris and resting his head on his shoulder.

“It’s only a few more pages, Dare. I’ll join you soon.” Chris lied, kissing the top of Darren’s head.

“Liar.” Darren whispered. “It says you still have something like...fifty? I’m not good at math after 8 pm, but that doesn’t look like a few pages to

me.” Darren looked up at him, his eyebrows raised.

“Ugh, I know. I just...” Chris sighed. “I really need to finish, okay?” He looked Darren straight in the eyes, hoping he would understand.

“It can wait until

tomorrow morning, you know?” Darren said, his arms hugging Chris’ waist and his head resting on Chris’ shoulder again.

“No, we said we were going to get brunch tomorrow and I want to mail it before then. I have to finish now.” Chris

insisted, going back to read his open Word document.

Darren stayed quiet for a while and Chris thought he had fallen asleep, but then he sighed, pushing himself up from the couch. “Fine.” He said, walking away.

Chris kept reading, trying to ignore the sense of guilt starting to creep up in his belly. He loved Darren, of course he did, but work was work. They both knew that. And he really had to finish reading this. He wasn't late or anything, but he had promised Alla he would

have sent it earlier to her and he always kept his promises. Still...

“Fuck it.” He sighed, saving his document and getting up. But just as he was walking towards their bedroom, Darren appeared from the kitchen with two cans of Diet Coke.

“Where are you going?”
He asked confused.

Chris just blinked at him.
“Thought you went back
to sleep.”

Darren shrugged, holding
out one of the cans to him.
“Told you I can’t sleep
without you. Might as

well keep you company.” He smiled, walking back to the couch, Chris following him still confused.

“You’re not mad at me?” He sat down beside Darren, looking at him.

“Of course not, silly.” He

took a sip of the Coke, beaming at him. “What?”

Chris bit down on his lip, sniffing. “Sorry for being a dick?”

“What? No, hey, this is cool, okay?” Darren put down his can, so he could sit cross-legged and facing

Chris. “I get it. We both work our asses off, I get it.” He said seriously.

“But we said we were getting brunch...”

“Well, we can stay up to finish your work, send it to Alla, go to sleep, get up later and go for a late

lunch instead.” Darren proposed, shrugging.

“Oh.” Chris just stared at him for a few seconds, making Darren smile. “Wow.”

Darren chuckled a little, taking Chris’ laptop and putting it in his lap,

cuddling into his side and resting his head on his shoulder, so he could read too. “Come on, now. I promise I won’t try to distract you.” He whispered.

Chris just shook his head, his right arm sneaking around Darren’s waist,

hugging him closer and
kissing his forehead.
“You’re the best. You
know that, right?” He
said, focusing back on his
work.

“I know.”

**63) “Cross my heart
and hope to die.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [57]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

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63) “Cross my heart and hope to die.”

Chris stopped in his track as he spotted a mouse in the middle of his living room. “What the hell??” He approached it, only then noticing it was

actually a toy mouse.

“Oh, hey, you’re awake.”
Darren appeared from the kitchen, still in his pjs and his hair a mess. He kissed Chris’ cheek before crouching down to take the toy. “Bri?”

“Wait, why do we have a

mouse toy?” Chris asked, looking at Darren even more confused as his boyfriend got down on all four and started making kissing noises to get Brian’s attention, who was hiding underneath the coffee table, grooming himself.

“Come on Bri, you don’t like what daddy got you?” Darren pouted.

“You got him a toy?” Chris snorted.

“Hey, it’s Valentine’s Day!” Darren laughed, giving up on Brian, leaving the toy in front of

him and standing back up again. “He doesn’t have a girlfriend or boyfriend so I thought I could get him something.”

“Oh my god.” Chris laughed, shaking his head. He stepped into Darren’s space, putting his arms around his neck and

pecking his lips. “Did daddy get other daddy a present too?” He asked, tilting his head and batting his eyelashes at him.

“Of course.” Darren grinned, standing on his tip toes to kiss Chris’ nose. “I was planning on bringing you breakfast in

bed, but you're already up.”

“Yeah, the pillow you left me to cuddle with wasn't the same thing as having you in my arms.” He sighed, rolling his eyes.

“Eh, I tried.” Darren shrugged, kissing Chris

once again before letting him go and walking back to the kitchen. He took one of the really big boxes of cereals from one of the cupboards and started opening it on the table. Chris just stared at him confused at first, but then Darren was taking out a package from the box. A

package with wrapping paper covered in little, red hearts. “For you.” He beamed, offering the gift to him.

“That was actually clever. I would have never suspected it to be there.” Chris conceded, taking it. “And the wrapping paper

is adorable.” He smiled, glancing over at Darren who was practically bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“Come on, open it.” He grinned.

“Okay, okay.” Chris laughed. He took off the

wrapping paper, dropping it to the ground when he realised what the present was. “Oh my god.” He covered his mouth with his hand, putting the book on the table to better go through its pages.

“I actually got the idea from glee, you know.

Uhm, the scrapbook Blaine had of Kurt. I thought it would be nice to have our own. So I asked our friends and my brother for help and, oh god, did you know they all have this creepy habit of taking pics of us napping?" Darren stopped his blabberings to take a

breath, his eyes still studying Chris' face anxiously. "Is it too silly?" He worried.

Chris shook his head, giggling. "This is actually the cutest gift ever, Dare." Chris said, looking up from the pages filled with pictures of them to smile

at his boyfriend. “And you made it. With you own hands.” He pouted, turning another page that had a picture of the two of them cheekily grinning to the camera with drinks in their hands. “This is so sweet, Dare, oh my god.” He squealed a little, letting go of the book and

hugging Darren tightly.

“You like it?” Darren asked, still insecure.

“Of course, silly.” Chris leaned away, his cheeks hurting from how huge his smile was. “Even if now it will make my present look very stupid and

superficial.” He pouted.

“Oh come on. I bet I’m gonna love it.” Darren grinned, pecking his lips.

“Okay, hold on.” Chris let go of him, going for the highest cupboard in the kitchen. He took Darren’s present out, offering it to

him with a smirk. “The highest cupboard: Brian and Darren proof.” He smugly added.

“Rude.” Darren glared.

“Oh come on, it’s true!” Chris laughed.

“Still rude.” Darren gave

him a dirty look, still taking the gift.

“You know I love how you’re a little bit shorter than me, though, right?” He whispered, hugging him from behind as Darren faced the table to better open the package.

“Cause it makes us fit like puzzle pieces?” Darren smirked, glancing back at him, his back resting fully against Chris’ chest.

“Cause it makes us fit like puzzle pieces.” Chris repeated kissing Darren’s temple.

Darren just shook his head, still smirking as he tore apart the wrapping paper. “Oh.” He simply said as he realised what it was, his mouth hanging open forming a “o” shape.

Chris felt his cheeks blush and he leaned away from Darren’s body a little. “If

you think it's stupid or silly or you just don't like it we can send it back, I'm not gonna be offended or..."

"Awww it has a heart on the end of it!" Darren cooed, stopping his ramblings and turning the glass, pink dildo in his

hands, as if he was testing it. “Cause it’s Valentine’s Day!”

“You don’t think it’s stupid?” Chris bit his lip as Darren turned in his arms to look him in the eyes.

“I love it.” He smirked.

“Really?”

“Cross my heart and hope to die.” Darren grinned cheekily.

Chris grinned back, sneaking his hands around Darren’s waist to squeeze at his ass. “Good.” He smirked, starting to kiss at

Darren's jaw, making him throw back his head a little, a hand coming to rest on Chris' chest to keep his balance. "You can say no if you want to talk about it more before using it, but I was thinking about trying it." He whispered into Darren's ear, pushing him

back against the kitchen wall. “Opening you up with it and then fucking you with it still inside. I bet you’d love to feel so full, wouldn’t you?”

Darren’s adam apple bobbed a few times before he seemed to regain his words. “Y-yes, please.”

Chris smirked, capturing Darren's glistening lips in his mouth and biting down on his lower lip, moaning as Darren started groping at his thigh, his dick hard already.

They stopped abruptly when they heard noises coming from the ground.

Brian was looking up at them, his wrinkles twitching and his tail wagging, his paws scratching at the wrapping paper on the ground.

“Oh.”

“Oh my god.” Chris snorted, hiding his face in

Darren's neck as he laughed.

“Bri, not only you just cockblocked your daddies, but you ignored *my* gift to you to play with the wrapping paper I carefully chose for your daddy's gift. Rude, buddy.” Darren pouted, as Chris

stopped laughing, taking out his phone and crouching on the ground. “And now you even get daddy’s attention!” He gasped, pretending to be offended.

Chris just giggled, waiting for Darren to shut up so he could take a quick

video of his cat, to post later on is social media, then throwing his phone on the table. “Now, Bri, you’re gonna be a good boy and keep playing. If you’re hungry, you have your food. Don’t come disturb your daddies, okay?” He baby-talked to his cat, Brian stopping

playing for a second just to mew at him. “Good boy.” He praised, petting Brian’s head and standing up again. “So, where were we? Oh right...” He smirked, taking the dildo from Darren’s hands and pushing him towards their bedroom.

“Wait, how did you do that?” Darren asked offended.

“Do you really wanna know now or you’d rather have me fuck the shit out of you?” Chris arched an eyebrow at him.

“Fuck me.” Darren

moaned, throwing himself
on the bed, looking up at
him through his eyelashes.

“Thought so.”

**64) “It’s two sugars,
right?” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [58]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

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**64) “It’s two sugars,
right?”**

Darren had heard Chris cough a couple of times between takes and he knew he was getting down with a cold. He went to sit down in his chair next to

Chris, offering him the cup of tea he just got him. “It’s two sugars, right?” He asked, smiling at him.

“Oh god, thank you.” Chris sighed happily, taking the cup and sipping it. “Yes, perfect.”

Darren kissed his cheek,

taking out his phone and checking his e-mails, like all of his castmates were probably doing, sitting in a circle of chairs.

“You guys heard Beyonce’s new single?” Kevin asked.

“Amazing.” Amber and

Jenna replied at the same time.

“I wanna throw a party this weekend. You all coming, right?” Mark said.

“No, man. Promised my bro was gonna see a match with him.” Chord

answered.

“We can party without you.” Naya laughed.

“You’re such an ass.” Heater elbowed her in the ribs.

“Chris and I will have to pass too.” Darren piped

up.

“What? Why are we passing up?” Chris looked at him confused.

“You are coming down with a cold and a cough. I wanna make sure you get some rest this weekend and going to a party

definitely wouldn't help.” he held out his left arm, putting it around Chris' shoulders and tugging him closer to himself.

“Oh.” Chris blushed a little, resting his head on Darren's shoulder.

“Sometimes I wonder if

you two are even real.”
Dianna sighed.

Darren beamed, kissing
Chris’ temple.

“Whatever. We can have
it next weekend?” Mark
proposed.

“Yeah.”

“Wait, hold on.” Chord protested. “You move it for them, but you can party without me?”

“I was joking, you dork.” Naya laughed.

“Meanies.” Chord pouted.

They all stayed quiet for a

couple of minutes. Darren was scrolling down his Twitter, Chris' head getting heavier and he knew he was probably dozing off. He smiled down at his boyfriend, resting his head on top of Chris', when he saw an old photo on his timeline.

“Have I ever told you guys I love novelty sized bananas?” He wondered, typing on his phone with only his right hand, the other drawing circles into Chris’ back.

Everyone froze, stopping what they were doing and looking up at Darren,

staring at him.

“What?” He turned to Chris, who was definitely wide awake, now, and blushing. “Oh. Oh no, no, no, no. I didn’t mean dicks!” He rolled his eyes, glaring at his friends. But then stopped, scrunching up his nose in thought.

“Well, Chris does have a pretty big dick.” He conceded.

“Oh my god.” Chris slapped his arm, his eyes wide. “Dare!”

“What? It’s true!” Darren defended himself.

Cory and Kevin started laughing, followed by the others.

Chris hid his face into Darren's neck. "I hate you all." He whined.

"Aw, you don't." Cory pouted, holding out a hand and petting Chris' hair.

“Wait, since we’re talking about big dicks,” Chord stood up straighter in his chair, putting away his phone. “I’ve always wanted to ask, who tops and who bottoms?”

Naya glared at him, just like everyone did. “Really?” She hissed.

“Don’t be an ass. That’s their business.”

“Yes, she’s right. That’s our fucking business.”
Darren growled.

Chris straightened up, taking Darren’s hand.
“Dare.”

“Oi, come on. I was just asking. No need to get mad.” Chord defended himself.

“Of course I get mad.” Darren scoffed.

“Dare, it’s fine.” Chris tried to calm him.

“No it’s not. First of all, gay men don’t only have anal sex.” He started, looking straight at Chord. “Second, the fact that one of us likes to take it up the ass more than the other, doesn’t make either of us less of a man. Third, I’m the one who mostly bottoms and I fucking

love it, surprised?” He scoffed at him.

“Uhm, actually no?” Chord shook his head. “I mean, Chris is kinda bossy.” He pointed at Chris.

“Really now?” Chris glared.

“Yeah. And, Darren, seriously, man. I didn’t mean to offend you or Chris.” He added with a serious expression. “I was just joking around, you know?”

“Don’t ever ask my sexual preferences as a joke, please.” Jenna punched

Chord lightly on the arm.

“Okay, okay. I’m sorry for asking, guys.”

“It’s okay.” Chris nodded, his eyes still on him, studying him. “You didn’t offend me, to be honest. And I don’t need you to defend me, Dare.” He

added, looking at Darren.

“I just can’t stand people insinuating stuff about you. Or us.” Darren shrugged.

“And I apologise for that.” Chord repeated.

“Yeah, we got it, Chord.”

Chris rolled his eyes.
“What actually got me
was the part about me
being bossy.” He raised a
eyebrow at Chord.

“Well...” Cory snickered
next to him.

“I’m not!” Chris
protested.

“You kinda are, babe.” Darren smirked, getting up and going to sit into Chris’ lap. “But I love that about you.” He whispered, leaning in and kissing him on the lips. Chris kissed him back, biting down on his lip.

“Seriously, guys?” Harry

groaned, while most of the cast got up.

“Guys, we’re back up in five.” One of the crew members called.

“Chris! Darren! Stop making out. We don’t need another hickey incident.” Ryan scolded.

They parted, both still grinning. “Okay, boss.” They called back in unison.

“I hate when you do that.” Heather frowned. “It’s creepy.”

“Do what?” They asked at the same time.

“Ugh.” Heather rolled her eyes, walking away as well.

“They’re just jealous.” They both shrugged, getting up and following the others.

65) "I'll help you study" & 90) "You can tell me anything"
by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [59]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: Highschool AU,
M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

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Publisher:

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Summary:

This is sort of a

highschool au. Chris and Darren are the same age. They met freshman year of high school and became best friends. This is set in their sophomore year.

65) “I’ll help you study” & 90) “You can tell me anything”

Author's Note:

This is sort of a
highschool au. Chris
and Darren are the

same age. They met
freshman year of
high school and
became best friends.
This is set in their
sophomore year.

“Ugh I can’t believe she
gave us two papers for
next week.” Darren
groaned, accelerating his

pace to keep up with Chris as they were walking to their cars. “And why do we even have to study about England, Germany and Italy?? We live in Us!”

“Dare, it’s European History. Of course we’re gonna study European

countries.” Chris rolled his eyes.

“But it’s booring.” Darren pouted. “I thought it would be fun with you, but you actually follow the lesson and ignore me.”

Chris just shook his head, stopping in front of his

car. “I think it’s very interesting. And besides, you should stop choosing classes just because I’m in it.” He glared at Darren, who just laughed.

“But I love sitting next to you and listen to all your comments.” Darren pouted again, batting his

eyelashes at Chris.

Chris sighed. “Come on. Come over at mine. I’ll help you study.”

“Really?” Darren beamed, his eyes getting all squinty.

And Chris knew he was

probably blushing a little, because he loved making Darren smile like that. “Of course, you dofus.”

“Okay, I think I’ll have to work on memorizing all the names of the kings and

queens, but at least I understand more of all this bullshit.” Darren smiled, closing his book and throwing himself back on Chris’ bed.

“I told you it wasn’t that hard.” Chris rolled his eyes, putting their books on his desk. “And it’s not

bullshit.” He glared at his friend, who just shrugged.

“I think you would be a very good teacher, you know?” Darren said after a few seconds of silence.

“What? You shitting me, right?” Chris snorted.

“Why not?” Darren sat up, getting closer to Chris. “You’re very clever and you can express yourself so fucking well, Chris.”

“I don’t have the patience.” Chris scoffed.

“You’re very patient with me.” Darren whispered.

“That’s different!
You’re....” Chris felt his
cheeks on fire and he had
to look away from Darren
curious expression.
“You’re you.”

“I’m me? Uhm, okay?”
Darren laughed, shifting
on the bed until they were
sitting right next to each

other, their thighs touching.

Chris felt butterflies in his belly. He couldn't do this anymore. He had to tell Darren. He was his best friend, for fuck's sake. And he was so open and amazing and gorgeous... Chris moaned, hiding his

face in his hands.

“You okay?” Darren asked, sounding worried.

“Dare?” Chris called, his voice muffled by his hands.

“Yes?” Darren took Chris’ wrists and tugged, so he

could look Chris in the eyes. “What’s wrong?”

“I just...I need to tell you something.” Chris felt his breath getting caught in his throat.

“Hey, you can tell me anything, you know, right?” Darren smiled

encouragingly.

Chris took a deep breath, finally looking up into Darren's eyes. "I like boys." He whispered.

Darren just grinned, his hands squeezing Chris' wrists and, *shit*, Chris didn't even realize he was

still holding his wrists. “I like boys too.” He simply said, his cheeks getting a little pink as well. “I mean, boys are so cute!” His smile fell a little and he scrunched his nose up. “Well, not all boys. Some of them are really gross.”

Chris’ mouth was hanging

open. This was a dream. He pinched himself and, nope, not a dream. He suddenly started laughing hysterically, Darren letting go of his wrists and looking at him confused.

“Why are you laughing at me?”

“I’m not...it’s just...”
Chris stopped laughing,
sniffling into his wrist.
“You’re gay too?!”

“Uhm, well, I’m not really
into labels, you know?”
He shrugged. “I mean, it’s
okay if you are!” He
added, smiling at him.
“But I’m just really not

into labels.”

Chris nodded. He wasn't going to judge him for not wanting to label himself. At least he wasn't running away or being grossed out by him.

“I am into boys though.”
Darren continued, his

cheeks getting redder as he got even closer to Chris. “Especially boys with really clear and beautiful eyes and chestnut hair and that are very clever and help their best friend study European history.”

Chris was sure his heart

had just skipped a few beats. He just stared at Darren, his mouth open but not speaking.

“Uhm,” Darren looked away, scratching the back of his neck and blushing even harder. “Chris, that was my miserable attempt at telling you I...uhm, I

like you...” He laughed nervously. “Please, say something?”

Chris opened and closed his mouth a few times, before his tongue finally started working again. “I-I like you too.”

Darren grinned, kicking

his feet happily and almost jumping on the bed. “You do?”

“Yes, you do.” Chris giggled, turning himself on the bed to finally face Darren.

“Soooooooo....” Darren smirked, taking Chris’

hands in his, and, *god*, Darren was holding his hands! “Would you do me the honor of being my boyfriend?”

“Yes.” Chris nodded, his cheeks hurting from how big his smile was. “At one condition, though!” He arched one eyebrow,

looking at Darren, who turned serious.

“Yes?”

“You have to kiss me first.”

Darren grinned, framing Chris’ face with his hands and leaning in. “I can do

that.”

66) "Stay over." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [60]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings: No Archive
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Words: 1,082

Publisher:

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Summary:

This is really early crisscolfer, only a few weeks after they started dating.

66) "Stay over."

Author's Note:

This is really early crisscolfer, only a few weeks after they started dating.

“Oh shit, it’s getting late.”

Darren said looking at his phone. “I should probably get going.” He smiled at Chris who paused the movie they had been watching.

“Oh.” Chris nodded, getting up from where he was comfortably cuddled against Darren’s chest.

“Tonight was really nice, though. We should have these kind of dates more often. Next time, I’m going to cook for you though.” He smirked, getting up too and taking Chris’ hand, squeezing it.

Chris nodded again, silently. He swallowed a

couple times, his mouth opening and closing again, as if he wanted to say something but didn't know how to.

“Yes?” Darren prompted, brushing one of Chris' strands of hair from his forehead.

“Uhm, I was just wondering...uhm...”

Chris stopped talking, looking down and biting his lower lip.

“Wondering what?”
Darren asked softly, squeezing his hand again to encourage him.

“Stay over.” Chris whispered, looking back up at Darren, his eyes so big and full of hope, making him look even younger.

Darren grinned and was about to answer when Chris’ eyes got even bigger and he blushed

really hard, starting to ramble.

“I mean, I didn’t mean it as an order, you can totally say no and I mean, I was just... wondering if you would like to...”

“I’d love to.” Darren cut him off, swinging their

linked hands between them.

“Oh. Oh good.” Chris nodded, his smile making his cheeks dimple. “Uhm, I don’t mean, uhm, the “We can share the couch while watching movies and who cares if we fall asleep” stay over though.”

He added, blushing some more. “I mean, like, stay over and sleep with me. In my bed?” He asked, uncertain but hopeful.

“You are the cutest guy I’ve ever seen, Chris, but Jesus fuck, when you blush you get even cuter.” Darren couldn’t stop

himself from saying. He leaned in to kiss Chris' still very red cheek, making him blush to the tips of his ears.

“Uhm, i-is that a yes?” Chris whispered, looking at Darren confused.

“Of course it's a yes,

silly.” Darren grinned, tugging on Chris’ hand and starting to walk to Chris’ room.

“Wait.” Chris stopped him, his expression anxious and his whole posture tense. “I didn’t mean sleep in...that, you know, uhm...way either.”

He stuttered and Darren felt the urge to take him in his arms, hold him tightly to his chest and never let him go, because, fuck, Chris just looked like a deer caught in the headlights and Darren just wanted to protect him and tell him everything was going to be alright. But he

opted for trying to ease the tension first.

“You want me to sleep upside down?” He asked, playfully swinging their hands again.

“No!” Chris giggled, his shoulders relaxing.

“You want to spoon my feet, Christopher?”

Chris pushed his shoulder softly, letting his hand rest there, stepping closer to Darren's body. “That's not what I meant, you dork.” He whispered, looking Darren in the eyes.

“I know. I was just fucking around with you.”

He smiled, letting go of Chris’ hand to hug his waist with his arms.

“Chris, I would never do anything to make you feel uncomfortable. Never. We can go at your own pace, I don’t care if it’s very slow or fast. I would never

push you to do something you're not comfortable with." He said seriously, drawing circles with his thumbs on Chris' hips, hoping to give him some sense of reassurance.

"I-I don't want you to hold back, though." Chris bit his lip, his fingers

playing with Darren's shirt.

“Oh, no, no, no. I'm not. Chris, trust me, I'm not holding back.” Darren shook his head. “I really like you, Chris. I don't want this to be all about sex. I want our relationship to be about

the small things first. Like, forehead kisses, cuddling on the couch while having a movie marathon, having cute dates and holding hands and all these kind of things that are also very intimate, you know?" He whispered, smiling when Chris started to blush

again. “We’re gonna make love when we’re both gonna be ready. There’s no rush, don’t worry.” He added.

“Thank you.” Chris grinned, his dimples making him look even more adorable.

“For what? For being a decent human being?” He asked, shaking his head.

“For being really kind and patient with me.” Chris shrugged, smiling at him, his teeth showing – which was something he still hadn’t seen Chris do around anyone else.

“I just really, really care about you, Chris.”

“I really care about you too, Dare.”

They just stared at each other, huge grins on their lips, for a few seconds before they both blushed and looked down

because holy shit did they just said something that was very, very close to the three big words? Not even a month into their relationship?

Darren cleared his voice, breaking the silence. “Uhm, I hope you have spare pjs, cause there’s no

way I'm sleeping in these skinny jeans.”

Chris' head snapped back up. “Oh, I didn't think about that.”

Darren chuckled, kissing Chris' cheek. “Sweatpants will do too, don't worry.”

“No, I have pjs you can borrow, I meant I didn’t think about you wearing my cloths.”

“And that would be a bad thing?” Darren asked, smiling as Chris blushed again. God, making Chris blush was definitely his favorite hobby now.

“Oh no, no, no. It wouldn’t be a bad thing. It would actually be kinda hot but also kinda cute and-” Chris said, his eyes widening in surprise after he realised what he just said.

Darren felt those *three words* bloom in his chest

and he had to bite his tongue to not let them slip out because *holy fucking shit*, he did love Chris. But Chris was already kind of freaking out and hearing Darren blurt out that he loved him would have made him freak out even more. So he simply smiled instead, kissing

Chris' nose. "You are adorable." He whispered.

"Even if I keep freaking out on you?" Chris giggled, his eyes getting squinty.

"Especially when you're freaking out." He smirked.

"Come on. Let's go to

bed, then.” He started walking to Chris’ room again, Chris following this time. “So that your dream of cuddling my feet will finally come true.”

Chris snorted, shoving him with his shoulder. “I hate you.” He snorted.

“No you don’t.” Darren said smugly, winking when Chris flashed him another toothy grin.

“No I don’t.”

67) "I did the
dishes." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [61]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

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**67) "I did the
dishes."**

“Chris? Baby, wake up.”

Chris blinked his eyes open, finding Darren staring down at him, a grin on his face.

“What...?” He groaned,

sitting up and stretching his aching back. There was a blanket covering him and his laptop and glasses on the coffee table.

“You fell asleep after dinner.” Darren explained, getting up from where he was seated on the couch

and holding out his hand for Chris to take, hoisting him up when Chris did.

“Ugh, sorry.” Chris yawned, using his sleepy state as an excuse to fall into Darren’s arms and hug him, breathing in his scent as he buried his face into Darren’s neck.

Darren just chuckled, hugging him back and kissing his hair. “Come on, sleepyhead.” He said, practically dragging him along as he walked to their bedroom.

“Wait.” Chris stopped him, looking towards the kitchen.

“I did the dishes and took care of Bri and Coop. Don’t worry.” Darren smiled, kissing his cheek.

“Wasn’t it my turn to do the dishes?” Chris asked confused, stifling another yawn behind his hand.

“You just looked really

exhausted. You can do the dishes tomorrow and the day after that. So we're even." He promised, squeezing Chris' hip gently.

Chris nodded, smirking. "You're the best."

"I know."

**68) “You didn’t have
to ask.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [62]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,117

Publisher:

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**68) “You didn’t have
to ask.”**

Chris let himself into
Darren’s apartment,
sighing as soon as he took
in how bad the situation
was. The living room had
empty beer bottles and

pizza and take away
cartons scattered
everywhere. Darren's
guitar was laying on the
ground, a stain on it that
Chris really didn't want to
know the origin of. There
were also papers. Some of
them were still blank,
others were crumpled and
others were tore to pieces.

A pen was broke in half, ink stains all over the couch. Chris sighed again, rolling the sleeves of his shirt up, walking quietly to Darren's bedroom.

He found him curled up on the bed, headphones in his ears and a blanket wrapped around himself.

He stood there for only a few seconds, just to check if Darren was at least still breathing and then decided to leave him be, going back to the kitchen to see if it was a wrack like the living room.

Luckily it wasn't as bad. There were only a few

dishes in the sink, Darren had probably stopped caring about using plates after a day.

He started with the kitchen, cleaning everything and making sure everything was in the right place. He took a black sack, throwing all

the empty bottles and cartons from the living room in it. He then took care of all the papers, stacking the blank ones on the piano and trying to fix the others. Everything Darren wrote always seemed amazing to Chris. There was no way he was going to let him throw all

his work away.

He then took off the couch cover, throwing it inside the washing machine with all Darren's dark cloths he found on his way to the launderette, almost putting to wash even Darren's dead phone that was still inside one pair of his

jeans. He put it on charge, going back to cleaning the living room.

It took him more than one hour to finish and in the end, he was the one feeling dirty and exhausted.

He tiptoed inside Darren's

room, which needed to be taken care as well, and Darren was still in the same position. Chris took off his cloths, deciding to take a shower before checking on him.

When he entered Darren's room again, he found him sitting cross-legged on the

bed, his hands fidgeting in his lap. He studied him for a couple of seconds. Darren looked exhausted, as if he hadn't slept in days, his hair a mess and his t-shirt stained.

“Hey.” Chris smiled, stepping in front of him.

Darren's head snapped up, his eyes tired but still surprised. "You didn't have to take care of my shit. I didn't ask you to." He whispered, his voice sounding as if it was out of practice.

"You didn't have to ask." Chris shook his head,

sitting on the bed and brushing away Darren's hair from his eyes, caressing his forehead.

Darren nodded, leaning into Chris' touch.

“You okay?” Chris asked, leaving his hand on Darren's shoulder and

squeezing down.

Darren shrugged, moving away from Chris and sitting against the headboard of his bed, his knees bent against his chest and his arms on top of them.

Chris tried to hide how

hurt he was that Darren was putting distance between them with a smile. “You...you don’t have to talk about it, if you don’t want to.” He said, his fingers playing with the blanket. “Just know that I’m here, okay?”

Darren nodded again, sniffing into his forearm.

“Okay.” Chris stood up, looking around. “Uhm, I can clean your room too, if you want?” He smiled, opening the curtains up to let some light in.

“No.” Darren croaked,

taking the blanket and wrapping it around himself again, hiding from the light and curling up again on the bed, his back to Chris.

Chris let out a deep sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. Cerina had warned him how bad Darren

could get when it was a bad day. Or week. That didn't make it easier for him to deal with Darren, though. "Okay." He finally said, closing the curtains again and starting to walk out the room.

"Chris?"

Chris stopped, turning to look at Darren. He looked so much younger all bundled up, his eyes staring at Chris, teary but still hopeful. “Yes?”

“Can you...could you come cuddling with me?” He asked, his voice just a whisper.

Chris smiled, shaking his head a little. “I thought you’d never asked.” He climbed onto the bed, laying in front of Darren and letting him curl up against his chest. He hugged him tightly, one arm sneaking underneath him, his hand ending in Darren’s curls, and the

other arm resting on Darren's hip, his hand drawing circles on his back. His curls were greasy and he smelled as if he hadn't taken a shower in days, which was probably true, but Chris didn't care. He still kissed the top of Darren's head, holding him even

more tightly to his chest.
“I’ve got you.” He
whispered after a while.

He felt Darren nod and
then snuffle into his shirt.
“Thank you.”

“Always.” Chris smiled,
kissing him again. And he
realised that he actually

meant it. He was always going to take care of Darren. Just like he knew Darren would take care of him. And he also felt a sprinkle of pride when Darren finally started talking, after a few minutes, rambling about how he had a fight with his management because

whatever he wrote was too ambiguous, but “How am I supposed to write about girls if I’m in love with a man, Chris? How?” and how he was tired of having to do what others told him to and how he wasn’t free anymore and how much he hated all of this.

Chris just listened to him,
agreeing or disagreeing
every now and then,
kissing Darren's pout and
smiling every time
Darren's head nudged his
hand to tell him to keep
petting him. He was
happy to see that this was
exactly what Darren

needed. Someone who gave him space to grudge and be alone but that was also going to be there to listen as soon as he finally opened up. He sighed happily, kissing Darren's forehead one last time when Darren had fallen asleep in his arms, his mouth hanging open,

letting out soft snores. After all, Darren had known how to take care of him too, before. They just *knew* how to take care of the other. What the other needed. As if they were soulmates slowly rediscovering each other.

“I’ve finally found you, my

missing puzzle piece.” He
whispered against
Darren’s curls, before
falling asleep too.

69) “I bought you a ticket.” & 79) “I’ll still be here when you’re ready.” by spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [63]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

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69) “I bought you a ticket.” & 79) “I’ll still be here when you’re ready.”

“Chris? Hey, babe, Madonna is in town this weekend and I bought you a ticket!” Darren yelled as

he took off his coat and kicked off his shoes, poking his head into the kitchen and then going to the living room, since Chris wasn't answering. "Chris?" He saw him, sitting on the couch, his eyes staring into nothing and his fingers clenching down on his jeans.

“Baby?” Darren called again, sitting down next to him and resting his right hand on top of Chris’ left one and squeezing it.

“Hannah just had a really bad episode.” Chris whispered. “She’s in the hospital.”

“Shit. Oh god, is she

okay?” Darren worried, taking Chris’ hand in both of his.

“I just told you she’s in the hospital, what do you think?” Chris spat, freeing his hand and glaring at Darren.

“O-okay, dumb question.

Sorry.” Darren held his hands up in defense. He knew how hard it was to handle Chris when he was like this. “Have you packed anything yet?” He asked, receiving another glare. “Okay, I can pack something for us and then I’m driving you-”

“No.” Chris stood up abruptly. “You’re not coming. You have things to do. You don’t have to-”

“It’s Hannah we’re talking about, Chris!” Darren cried out, standing up as well and stepping in front of Chris to look him in the eyes. “I care about her,

okay?”

“You just don’t want me to drive alone.” Chris rolled his eyes, trying to walk away.

“No, hey, we’re not done.” Darren gripped his arm, making him turn to look at him again. “That’s

another reason, yes. But that's because I care about you too." He said honestly, letting go of Chris once he was sure he wasn't going to leave.

"Whatever." Chris shrugged, not meeting Darren's eyes.

“Hey, don’t do this.”
Darren chided softly,
taking Chris’ hand and
tugging him closer.

“Do what?” Chris
sniffled.

“Shut me out.” Darren
whispered, caressing
Chris’ cheek with his

thumb. “Talk to me, please.”

“I don’t feel like talking, Dare.” Chris sniffled again, looking away and taking a deep breath. “Not yet.”

“Okay.” Darren nodded. “Just know that I’ll still be

here when you're ready to talk. I'm not going anywhere."

Chris smiled a little and Darren smiled too, as on reflex. "Thought you wanted to drive me."

"I meant figuratively, Chris." Darren chuckled,

shaking his head. “Come here.” He hugged Chris, holding him tightly as he felt him relax under his touch.

“Thank you.”

“Always.”

70) "You're warm."
by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [64]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Starkids

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

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Words: 1,120

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70) "You're warm."

Chris was talking to Julia and Lauren when someone knocked at their apartment door. Meredith got up to open it, greeting Charlene and Clark. Everyone else in the room stood up as well, greeting

them.

“Wait, where’s Darren?”
Chris asked.

“Oh we dropped him at his place. He needed a change of clothes.”
Charlene smiled at him. “I actually told him to also take a nap, but he won’t

listen.”

“Oh okay.” Chris nodded, taking out his phone and sending a text to Darren. He couldn’t help but worry. They had talked earlier that day and Darren sounded a little bit off to him, but as soon as he brought it up, Darren

had just said he was tired. And Chris knew Darren must be really, really tired if he actually admitted it. He sat back on the couch, biting his lip and staring at his phone.

“Chris??” Walker snapped his fingers in front of his face, bringing him back to

reality.

“Uhm, sorry, what did you say?” He coughed, blushing a little.

“You look like they just told you your boyfriend has left for war.” Holden laughed.

Julia, who was sitting right next to him, squeezed his thigh, smiling at him. “Hey, he’s gonna be here soon, don’t worry.”

“I know, I know, I just...” Chris sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose between his fingers.

“Awwww you miss him!”
Jaime sing songed.

Chris blushed, looking
down and smiling.
“Yeah..”

“Oh, don’t worry.” Clark
piped up. “He missed you
too. And he made sure to
tell us, correction, whine

about it every three minutes.”

“He whines about missing Chris even when he goes to the bathroom!” Joey smirked and everyone laughed.

“Hey, stop talking shit about my boyfriend!”

Chris scolded, kicking
Joey in the shin.

“Speak of the devil.”
Lauren said, getting up
and going to open the
door when someone
knocked.

“Hey.” Darren smiled as
soon as he laid eyes on

Chris.

Chris smiled back, getting up and going to hug Darren. “God, baby, you look exhausted.” He sighed happily when Darren hugged him back.

“I am.” Darren whispered, resting his head on Chris’

shoulder.

“Woah, man, you look like shit.”

“Always so nice talking to you, Walker.” Darren yawned, not letting go of Chris.

“Seriously, man. You look

even worse than before.”
Clark said, looking
worried.

“Yeah, I told you to at
least take a nap before
coming over.” Charlene
shook her head.

“Just...really missed my
boy.” Darren yawned

again, squeezing Chris one last time before letting go. And that's when Chris actually got a real look at Darren's face.

“God, Dare, you really look like shit.”

“Thanks.” Darren grinned, but it didn't reach his

eyes. He tried to walk pass Chris and sit on the couch between Lauren and Julia, but Chris stopped him.

“Hold on.” Chris framed Darren’s face with his hands and gasped. “God, you’re warm.” He touched Darren’s forehead, feeling

it really warm and clammy. “You’re burning up, Dare. Shit.”

“It’s fine. I’m fine.” Darren scoffed, peeling away Chris’ hands from his face.

“No you’re not.” Chris said firmly, taking Darren

by the shoulders. “Come on, let’s go home.”

“No...” Darren protested, sniffing.

“Darren.” Julia spoke up. “You look like shit. Go home. Get some rest. And let Chris take care of you.”

“But you’re all here I want to talk to you guys and catch up, you all...”

“Are still going to be here once you feel better.”
Meredith finished for him.

“We can do this another time, man.” Holden smiled. “You really do

look like shit.”

“But...” Darren swayed a little, Chris putting his arm around his waist to steady him.

“You can barely stand. How did you even get here, jesus.”

“I can sit, Chris, it’s fine.”
Darren protested again. “I just really missed everyone, I don’t wanna go...” He whined into Chris neck and Chris could feel the warmth coming from his body.

“Dare.”

“You know what?” Julia stood up, clapping her hands on her thighs. “Let’s do this: Lo, you get him some Tylenol; Jaime, you go get him a couple of blankets; Mere, you get him a cup of water.” The girls followed her orders. “You can take the whole couch and cuddle. So

Chris, you can still take care of him and make sure he actually gets some rest and you, you baby, can still listen to us catching up. How about that?”

Chris smiled at her, mouthing “Thank you.”

She smiled back, nodding

and shushing Joey when he tried to say he didn't want to give up on the couch.

Darren just sighed, jumping into Chris arms and making him carry all his weight.

“God, warn me, you ass.”

Chris laughed, holding Darren tightly and walking to the couch. He sat down, letting Darren curl up against his chest. He held his boyfriend even tighter, accepting the blanket Jaime offered him, covering them both. “You cold? Do you want another one?” He

whispered, kissing
Darren's forehead.

Darren nodded his head, sniffing against Chris' t-shirt. "Please." He whined.

“You become such a baby when you’re sick.” Joey laughed.

“Fuck off.” Darren flipped him off from underneath the blanket. “Only Chris can call me that.”

Chris felt his cheeks on fire. He hid his smile in Darren’s sweaty curls.

“Okay, okay, tmi.” Holden called, covering

his ears. “We really don’t wanna know your kinks, thanks.”

Darren just sniffled into Chris’ shirt again, taking the glass of water and Tylenol they gave him. “Thanks.” He whispered giving the glass back, following Chris

movements and laying down with him, curling up on top of him, Chris' arms safely around his waist.

Julia covered them with another blanket, ruffling Darren's hair. She sat down on the ground starting to talk about a project she was currently

working on, followed by Jaime announcing she was going to do an album and Clark saying he was going to try out for a band in his neighborhood.

Halfway through Walker's explanations on why they definitely should have chosen him for a

part, Chris felt Darren going completely limp in his arms. He looked down and saw Darren asleep, his mouth open, his face relaxed. He brushed away the curls from his forehead, kissing it gently.

“He’s probably gonna be fine by tomorrow

morning. Well, late morning.” Julia smiled up at him.

“Yeah, the asshole just tends to completely work himself sick.” Charlene said, keeping her voice low to not wake Darren.

“Yeah, I know. I do the

same.” Chris whispered.

Joey laughed, stopping himself when Lauren threw a pillow at him. “Ouch. It’s just, you two are just perfect for each other.” He smirked.

“Yeah.” Chris nodded, kissing Darren again. “I

know.”

71) "No reason." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [65]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings Apply

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Publisher:

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71) "No reason."

Chris was sitting on their bed, his back against the headboard, his legs stretched out and his laptop on his thighs. He heard soft steps, stopping at the door of their bedroom. He didn't say

anything, keeping his focus on his laptop, his lips turning up into a smile when Darren didn't say anything either.

He finally looked up after a few seconds, catching Darren's eyes staring at him, his phone in his hands. "Did you just take

a picture of me?” He asked, arching his eyebrow and keeping his tone playful.

“Maybe.” Darren grinned, leaning away from the door-frame and walking towards him. He put his phone on the bed-side table, sitting on the bed

next to Chris.

“Why?” Chris looked at him curiously.

“No reason.” Darren shrugged.

“Uh-uh.” Chris rolled his eyes, going back to his laptop.

“Just thought you looked really beautiful like this.”

Darren whispered, leaning in closer to him. “You are beautiful.” Chris smirked, biting down on his lip.

“Had to capture it.”

Darren breathed against his cheek, before kissing it softly. He then rested his head against Chris’

shoulder, burying his face into Chris' neck and leaving small kisses there too. "Even if I think no camera could ever capture your beauty." Chris felt Darren's lips turn up into a grin against his skin and his smile got even bigger.

"Such a cheesy romantic."

He teased, turning his head to kiss Darren's curls.

“You love it.” Darren chuckled, looking up at him from underneath his long eyelashes.

“No.” Chris shook his head. “I love you.” He

smirked, kissing his forehead as well.

Darren just grinned, his cheeks getting all puffy and his eyes squinting.

They stayed like that for a while, Chris just checking and answering his mails and Darren watching him

quietly.

“I’m gonna take a quick shower.” He said after a few more minutes, getting up.

“Okay.” Chris turned his head to let Darren peck his lips, keeping his eyes on him as he left the room

and smiling.

Once he was done with his e-mails, he went on Twitter, scrolling down his timeline lazily, not really reading any of the tweets. Until one of them caught his attention. “If you want to learn what someone fears losing,

watch what they
photograph.” He read
aloud. He just blinked at
the screen, letting it sink
in. “Oh.” He looked at the
bed-side table, where
Darren had left his phone.
He took it, easily entering
the password to Darren’s
cloud and going through
his photos. They were

mostly of them. But the others were of just Chris. Chris smiling at the camera, Chris reading a book, Chris on a stage, Chris playing with their pets, Chris laying in bed, Chris laying in bed *naked*, and so on.

“Hey.”

He looked up to find Darren staring at him again, just like earlier, this time a curious look on his face, though. “Oh, I wasn’t going through your phone, I swear. I mean, I was, but not because... I was not, uhm...”

Darren just laughed,

rolling his eyes as he sat down on Chris' right side again, cuddling into his body. "I'm not mad."

"I swear, it's not what it looks like." Chris swore again, his cheeks heating up.

"Uhm, no?" Darren

smiled. “To me it looks like you’re admiring the most beautiful man on earth. What were you actually doing then?”

Chris snorted, shaking his head. He bit down on his lip, putting down Darren’s phone and showing him his laptop.

Darren read the tweet
Chris was pointing at.
“Oh.”

“Yeah.” Chris nodded, his
arm sneaking around
Darren’s waist and
holding him closer to his
body. “You take a lot of
pictures of me.” He
whispered.

Darren's head gave a short nod, his eyes getting teary a little. "Guess it's true." He said, his voice breaking a little.

Chris put his laptop on the bedside table, along with Darren's phone, just to lay down, tugging Darren down with him. He felt

Darren snuffle into his chest, where he had rested his head. His hand went up into Darren's still wet curls, petting them. "I would never leave you, you know that, right?"

"I'm not scared of you leaving, Chris. I'm scared of losing you." Darren

shook his head, looking up at him.

“I won’t let it happen.” Chris frowned, holding him a little bit more tightly.

“It’s not always up to you, Chris.” Darren sighed, hiding his face into Chris’

chest, his eyes closing. He took a deep breath, before starting to talk again. “Look at what happened to C-Cory. O-or Becca’s boyfriend. O-or accidents. Accidents happen everyday, Chris. Just like, I don’t know, sickness, heart attacks or, or I don’t know...” Darren shook

his head again, sniffing a little. “It’s just a scary world out there, I guess, and I’m really paranoid.”

Chris turned on his side, adjusting on the bed until he could look Darren in the eyes, his arms still around his boyfriend, holding him tightly. “I

promise, I'll try to be very careful and do my best to not let any of that happen." He promised, caressing Darren's sad face with his left hand, his thumb brushing his cheek softly. "As long as you do the same, cause I'm scared shitless of losing you too, Dare." He

couldn't stop his voice from breaking as he said it, his sight starting to blur because of the tears.

“Of course, Chris. Of course I-I'll do too, I promise.” Darren smiled wetly, hugging him tightly, his face buried into Chris' neck once

again and his hands fisting the back of Chris' shirt.

“Oh god.” Chris snorted, even if it sounded more like a sob. “Let’s just not think about it. We can’t just... we need to live in the present and enjoy it, right?” He tried to smile again, leaning away a

little to look Darren in the eyes. “Right?”

“Yes, yes you’re right, oh god. I’m sorry. I made you sad and-and crying, Chris, I’m sorry.” His eyes started blinking quickly, his expression scrunched up, trying not to cry again.

“Hey, hey, no.” Chris kissed his forehead, brushing away a curl from it. “First, I started this conversation, it’s not your fault.” He smiled, kissing Darren’s cheek. “And it’s okay to talk about this kind of things sometimes and just cry it out, you know?” He left another

kiss on Darren's nose, making Darren scrunch it up in a way that Chris found very cute. "That's why we got each other, right?"

Darren nodded, letting out a sob, his lips smiling this time, though. "Yes." He kissed Chris on the lips,

waiting for him to open them to deepen the kiss, their bodies getting even closer. “I love you.” He breathed once they parted.

“I love you, too.” Chris beamed, his eyes still teary.

“Chris?” Darren called

after five minutes of them just holding onto each other tightly, their breathings the only sound in the room.

“Yes?”

“I can still take a shit ton of pics of you, though, right?” He asked softly,

his eyes looking hopefully into Chris’.

Chris laughed. And this time it was an actual, happy laugh. “Yes, dummy. Of course you can.” He grinned, kissing Darren’s nose again.

“Even when you’re naked

in bed?” Darren smirked, looking smugly at him from underneath his eyelashes.

“Yes.” Chris giggled.

“Good.”

**72) "I'll meet you
halfway." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [66]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

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**72) "I'll meet you
halfway."**

“Oh my god I’m so tired I can’t feel any of my limbs anymore.” Darren whined, laying on the ground, his limbs sprawled out as if he was a starfish.

“Same.” Cory and Mark groaned as they sat down too, followed by the other guys and girls.

“I will give ten bucks to anyone who is gonna give me a foot massage, I swear.” Amber sighed, rubbing her ankles.

“You’re all such drama queens.” Harry laughed, rolling his eyes.

“That’s cause we’re not dancers like you two fuckers.” Dianna hissed, flipping off Harry and Heater who were just standing there as if they hadn’t just had one of the

hardest and longest dance rehearsals ever.

“You gotta get your head in the game, guys.” Heater shrugged, sipping her bottle of water.

“Oh no.” Chris sighed, covering his face with his arms, waiting for it.

“Gotta get’cha, get’cha head in the game. Gotta get’cha, get’cha, get’cha head in the game.” Darren started singing, also trying to roll his body around to dance along with it, even if it looked more like he was being attacked by ants. “Gotta get’cha, get-oh ouch ouch ouch.” He

trailed off, stopping
moving around.

“Thank god he stopped.”
Jenna giggled, standing up
and joining Heater and
Harry in drinking.

“But...” Darren turned his
head, pouting at Chris.
“Chriiis?”

“I’m still trying to remember how to breathe, Dare, what?” Chris groaned, turning his head to look at his boyfriend.

“I hurt myself.” Darren pouted, making puppy-eyes at him.

“Where?” Chris sighed.

He knew where Darren was going.

“My dick.” Darren grinned. “You gotta kiss it better.”

“Oh my god.” Cory groaned, standing up, everyone else doing the same as they all rolled

their eyes at Chris and Darren.

“Hate you.” Chris snorted.

“I actually did hurt myself though.” Darren went back to pouting, dragging himself a little to get closer to Chris. “My lips hurt too. Can I at least get

a kiss there?”

“Too tired to move, Dare, sorry.” Chris smirked, winking at Darren.

“Okay, then I’ll meet you halfway.” Darren giggled, getting on his elbows and staring mischievously at him.

“Fine.” Chris rolled his eyes, grinning. He sat up a little, turning his body around so he was facing Darren. “Come here, you dork.” He smiled, finally meeting Darren’s lips and kissing him, his arms resting around Darren’s neck.

“See. Better.” Darren smirked into the kiss, pushing Chris back and getting on top of him, deepening the kiss.

“Oi, no making out, guys!” Someone called.

“Too late.” Harry groaned.

73) "Take mine." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [67]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

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Summary:

Set during the glee
tour.

73) "Take mine."

Author's Note:

Set during the glee tour.

Chris was in the girls' room, sitting on one of the beds with Amber, Jenna

and Dianna, while Lea, Naya and Ashley were on the other one, Heater sitting on the desk, swinging her legs. They had just finished explaining to him how to shave somewhere he was still not completely comfortable to ask the other guys about, when

Darren walked in. He didn't even knock, just opening the door and standing there for a few seconds, completely naked.

Chris had to close his mouth, clenching his jaw and focusing on Darren's face.

“Oh, hey, do you have a phone charger I can borrow? I broke mine.” He asked, scratching the back of his neck and looking around the room, which had gone quiet, all the girls just staring at him perplexed.

“Take mine.” Chris

answered immediately,
standing up.

“And put on some pants,
jesus, Darren.” Heater
added, shaking her head
and finally looking away.

“Oh.” Darren said,
glancing down at himself
and shrugging. “Forgot

the pants.” He grinned, winking at Chris.

Chris rolled his eyes, still smirking. “Come on. Let’s go.” He sighed, taking Darren’s hand and starting to pull, as if he was dealing with a kid.

“Holy shit.” Naya gasped,

making them stop. “Is that a bite mark on your ass?”

Chris froze. He tugged at Darren’s arm, making him turn so he could take a look himself and yes, that was definitely a bite mark. “Holy shit.”

“Someone didn’t hold

back, uh.” Heater grinned.

“Someone might have enjoyed it.” Darren shrugged, as if he was talking about dinner reservations.

“Oh my god, shut up.” Chris gasped, slapping him lightly on the arm.

“Let’s go.”

“No wait.” Darren held out his hand, stopping him. “I’m naked.”

“No shit, Darren.” Chris snapped, flipping off the girls that were now giggling.

“If I go out like this, everyone will see me naked.”

“You walked here naked, Dare. You’ll be just fine.”

Chris sighed, throwing a pillow in the general direction of the girls.

“Well, there’s a way no

one would see me naked.”
Darren grinned, one of those flirty grin that made his eyebrows look like perfect triangles.

“What.” Chris sighed in defeat. There was no way this would end well. Or at least, not for him.

“I could do...” Darren smirked, literally jumping into Chris’ arms, without warnings and lacing his legs around Chris’ hips, his arms around Chris’ neck so that he wouldn’t fall. “The koala hug!!” He squealed, squeezing Chris even tighter.

Chris was glad puberty had finally hit him, otherwise they would have both fallen back on their asses now. “I hate you.” Chris grumpily mumbled, his hands on Darren’s back to keep him in place and not let him fall.

Darren just chuckled, kissing his nose.

“I hate all of you!” He added, glaring at the girls who were now all openly laughing their asses off.

“If you grab my butt, no one will see the mark.” Darren nodded his head,

looking Chris straight in the eyes. “Just saying.”

“Uuuugh.” Chris groaned, covering Darren’s ass with his hands.

“I said grab, Christopher.” Darren grinned, wiggling his ass into Chris’ hands.

“Oh my god.” Chris snorted, finally grabbing onto his boyfriend’s perky ass, squeezing down.

“Better.” Darren smirked, his eyes getting darker. “Now let’s go.”

Chris shook his head, still glaring at Jenna who

“kindly” opened the door for them and walking out. “I can feel your dick poking at my bellybutton.” He whispered, glaring at Darren as well.

“Gimme a couple of seconds and it will be poking your sternum.”

Darren whispered back, leaning in and licking at Chris' ear.

“Jesus fuck.” Chris moaned, trying to focus on how to walk and not his boyfriend being an asshole. “You did know you had a bite mark, did you?” He asked.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Darren murmured, battling his eyelashes up at Chris, before going back to kiss at his jaw.

“Did you actually go to the girls to show off?” Harry greeted them as Chris opened the door to

their room.

“That he did.” Chris scoffed, letting go of Darren’s ass. “Down.” He glared when Darren didn’t let go of him.

“Nope, I’m quite comfortable right here.” He said smugly, licking

his lips, not taking his eyes away from Chris’.

“Jesus, look at how easily you’re holding him up, though.” Kevin exclaimed, impressed.

“Yes, look at you. Growing up so quickly.” Cory nodded, pointing at

Chris.

“Getting taller,
tougher...” Mark added.

“Eating another man’s
ass...” Cory finished.

“Fuck off!” Chris
laughed, throwing the first
thing he could grab at

him.

“Okay, okay. We’re leaving.” Cory laughed, holding his hands up in defense.

“Call us when you’re done.”

“And use protection!”

Mark winked, closing the door behind himself as they all got out of the room.

Chris rolled his eyes, turning back to Darren, who was still holding on tightly to him. “You’re an idiot.”

Darren's smile fell a little, his eyes becoming serious. "You're not actually mad, are you? Did I cross a li-"

Chris didn't let him finish, pushing him down onto one of the beds and standing there with his hands on his hips. "Do I

look like I'm mad?"

Darren's lips turned up into another smirk, his eyes filling with lust. "You look turned on, if I had to guess."

"Yes, you guessed right." Chris whispered, taking off his cloths and laying

down on top of Darren.
“And I hope that perky ass
you’ve been showing off
is ready for round three,
cause my dick is.”

“I noticed.” Darren
swallowed, his eyes
staring at Chris’ lips.
“And my ass is always
ready for you.”

“Good.”

74) "We can share."

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [68]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Updated: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 838

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

74) "We can share."

“I still can’t believe we’re doing this.” Darren laughed, shaking his head.

Chris just smiled, resting his chin on his hands, which were still holding the pitchfork. “It’s kinda

crazy.”

“Oh, hey, Vanessa!”
Darren called as Vanessa
passed by, talking to
Harry and Kevin.

“Yes? You want me to
take another pic of you
two?” She asked, beaming
at them.

“Oh no, we’re fine.”

“For now.” Chris winked.

“I was just wondering if you could send us that picture?” He smiled brightly at her, glancing back at Chris.

Vanessa snorted, shaking

her head. “I’ve already sent you both the three pictures I took, silly.”

“Oh, oh thank you!”
Darren nodded, his eyebrows almost reaching his gelled down hairline.

"You're welcome." She smirked, walking away

and leaving them alone again.

Chris took out his phone, checking the pictures he just received. “This looks good.” He said, showing to Darren.

“Yeah, we look fucking good.” Darren agreed, his

hand squeezing Chris' forearm.

“We need to print this and put it up in our bedroom.” Chris decided, putting away his phone again.

“Yes, that's a brilliant idea.” Darren let go of his arm, still staring at him,

his eyes shining.

“What?” Chris smirked, turning his head to look at him in the eyes.

“You look amazing. And you’re gonna look even better in black.” Darren’s smile was so big, his eyes were almost closed,

making him look even more beautiful to Chris.

“You too.” Chris pouted, leaning in and kissing Darren quickly on the cheek.

“Uhm, god, I’d kill for a gum too.” Darren groaned after a few seconds of

them just grinning like idiots to each other.

“Oh.” Chris chewed the gum in his mouth one last time, before taking it out with his fingers. “Here. We can share.”

“Oh, thanks, babe.” Darren smiled, taking the

gum and popping it in his own mouth. “Or should I say....husband?”

Chris rolled his eyes, chuckling a little. “Ha. I knew you were gonna say that.”

“Husband. I like the sound of that.” Darren grinned,

winking at Chris as they were called to prepare for the next scene.

“And cut.”

“Okay, I’m actually mad, though.” Darren said

offended, letting go of Chris and stepping closer to the cardboard figures. “Couldn’t you make me taller?” He scoffed.

“Oh shut up, Darren. They’re perfect.” Naya laughed.

“This is actually fucking

weird.” Chris shook his head.

“Oh please, what about my weird, Saw puppet version?” Jane snorted, crossing her arms on her chest and looking at them.

“At least you didn’t have to stand in front of it!”

Chris protested, still laughing.

“Can we take these home?” Darren asked, getting a better look at them.

“No.” A few voices answered.

Darren just sighed, rolling his eyes. “Okay, fiiine.”

“Come on, get back to your positions, guys.” The director called.

“Yeah, come on, hubby.” Darren tugged at Chris’ hand.

Chris just rolled his eyes again, trying to not smile too widely.

“Where’s my husbaaaand?” Darren was yelling, walking through the crowd. “Husbaaaand?”

He finally reached Chris, who was talking to Mike, Mark and Harry. “Oh, here you are, hubby.” He smiled, kissing Chris’ cheek.

Chris bit his lip, again, trying not to smile too much and letting show how much he enjoyed

Darren calling him that.

“Are you going to call him that all day?” Harry snorted.

“Yes. Yes I am.” Darren nodded, holding his chin up proudly and standing right next to Chris, their shoulders touching.

“I can’t wait to see you two actually getting married.” Mike said, his grin huge and his eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Chris and Darren shared a glance, both looking down and blushing, Chris’ hand finding Darren’s and

squeezing it. “Yeah.”

“Come here.” He laughed.

“I literally am barely keeping it together.” He hugged them both and Chris felt like crying, because, during the past few years, Mike had become like a second father to him. Chris let out

a mix of a sob and a laugh, but before he could say anything, Mark was pretending – or maybe he wasn't – to cry too.

“Me too.” He sobbed, pulling a face and making them all laugh.

“Awww.” Darren cooed.

“...my husband and I, well that was weird to say, but also...” He froze, holding the microphone tighter and looking at Darren, who was just lovingly staring at him. “G-good. It feels good to

say it. My husband.” He blinked a couple of times, just staring at Darren, too, and it finally hit him. One day he was going to call Darren *his* husband. One day he was going to watch Darren walk down the aisle, say his vows and then say “*I do*” and “Wow.”

“Cut! Chris?”

“Oh, oh, oh my god, sorry, sorry, I just, uhm....” He stuttered, feeling his whole face heat up, while everyone started laughing, except for Darren who was just grinning like an idiot,

wiping away a tear that
had escaped his eye.

He leaned in, getting
closer to Chris. “Told ya.”
He whispered, winking.

75) “I was just
thinking about you.”
by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [69]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 315

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**75) “I was just
thinking about you.”**

It was hot. Fucking hot.
So fucking hot, that
Darren decided to not
wear any cloths that day.
He was just lazily
strumming his guitar,

sitting naked on their bed, humming songs he still hadn't written lyrics to.

“Is it me or it's just so fucking hot today?” Chris groaned, letting himself fall face down on his side of the bed, only a pair of boxer-briefs on.

“Well, you’re fucking hot, so you’re not helping, but yeah.” Darren smirked, poking Chris’ butt with his left foot.

“Idiot.” Chris snorted, turning his face so he could look at him.

“It’s true though.” Darren

said matter-of-factly.
“Ugh, my balls are so
sweaty though.” He
moaned, throwing his
head back and moving his
guitar a little, so that some
air could get to his lap.

“Oh jesus.” Chris snorted
again, getting up on his
elbows.

“It’s actually your fault.”
Darren laughed, putting his guitar back down on his lap and playing it again. “Because... *You’re so hot, oh Chris, you’re so hot you make my balls sweat, ooh.*” He sang, making Chris giggle. “*You’re the light in my eyes and the sweat on*

my- no, okay, that's not very romantic." He frowned, glancing at Chris.

"Oh my god." Chris turned to lay on his back, still looking up at him, his grin huge. "I make your balls sweat?" He asked, biting down on his lip, a

mischievous look passing on his face.

“Yes.” Darren nodded. “Just thinking about you makes my balls sweat, you see? I was just thinking about you earlier and got so sweaty.” He pouted, putting down his guitar and laying down

next to Chris.

“Oh yeah?” Chris arched an eyebrow.

“Yep.”

“Would you like me to test just how sweaty your balls are with my tongue?” Chris smirked.

Darren swallowed,
nodding his head
frantically. “Yes, yes, that
would be a very good
idea. Please.”

77) “Call me if you
need anything.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [70]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 756

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**77) “Call me if you
need anything.”**

“You sure you’re okay?”
Chris asked once again,
still sitting on the bed and
holding Darren’s hand.

“Yes, Chris. Don’t worry.
It’s just a little bit of flu.

Nothing I can't manage.”
Darren reassured him,
smiling, looking up at him
with tired eyes.

“You know I can stay
home and take care of
you, right?” Chris still
wasn't sure it was a good
idea to leave Darren home
alone when he was sick.

And there was no way he wasn't going to worry all day long.

“But you promised you'd meet up with some of the guys.” Darren pouted, turning on his side and curling up a little, making himself look even tinier to Chris. “You can go. Don't

worry.”

Chris sighed, letting go of Darren’s hand to brush away the hair from his forehead and checking his temperature. “You’re still pretty warm.” He worried, kissing Darren’s forehead as well.

“Mmmm just go, Chris. I’m gonna stay in bed and won’t even notice you’re gone.” Darren whined, trying to smile.

Chris looked at him, definitely not convinced.

“Okay, okay,” Darren chuckled, coughing a

little. “I’m gonna notice, but... I’m gonna be fine.”

Chris sighed again, nodding. “Okay.” He pulled up the blanket to better cover Darren, making sure he wasn’t going to get cold. “Try to sleep, okay?” He smiled, adjusting Darren’s pillow

too. “I’m going to make you your favorite soup when I come back home.” He whispered, winking playfully at him.

“Yay.” Darren’s laugh turned into a grimace before he started coughing again.

“Hey, take it easy.” Chris chided, giving one last look around the room and making sure Darren had everything. “And call me if you need anything, okay?”

“Yeah.”

“Promise.”

“I promise.” Darren sniffled, burying himself even more under the blanket.

“Okay. Later.” Chris leaned down to kiss Darren’s lips softly, moving to his forehead when Darren leaned away.

“You need to stop kissing me when I’m sick. You’re gonna get sick too.” He mumbled, making Chris giggle a little.

“Don’t care.” He left another kiss on the top of Darren’s messy curls, petting them a little before standing up. “I’ll see you

later.”

“Later. Love you.” Darren yawned.

“Love you too.”



Chris felt his phone

vibrate in his pocket.
“Sorry, guys.” He took it out, excusing himself and standing up from the table. “Shit.” He worried as soon as he saw it was Darren. “Dare? Babe, you okay?” He answered.

“Chris?”

Chris hesitated a second. That was Darren's voice, but he didn't sound as sick as he had left him. "Dare?"

"Yes! Yes! Chris! Chris you need to come home. Like, now."

Darren sounded way too

excited for someone with the flu. “You okay?”

“Yes, just. Come. Home.”
Darren repeated, before ending the call.

Chris just blinked at his phone confused. “What the hell?”

But Darren needed him home. He couldn't just ignore that. He excused himself to his friends, saying Darren wasn't feeling good and he needed to go back. Which wasn't a lie, since as long as he knew, Darren could have taken something.

“Dare? Baby, you okay?”
He asked as soon as he
got home, going for their
bedroom as he wasn’t
hearing any noises.

“Chris!”

He barely caught Darren
jumping into his arms,
hugging him so tightly,

Chris couldn't breathe.
“Dare, what the fuck?
What's going on?” Chris
tried to pull away a little,
even more confused now.

“I'm going back to
Broadway, Chris!” Darren
exclaimed, finally
releasing Chris from his
grip. “I'm gonna be

Hedwig! Chris! I got the part, oh my god!” He squealed, jumping up and down and clapping his hands excitedly.

Chris’ mouth fell open and he couldn’t stop himself from squealing too, because “Oh my god! Oh my god, Dare! Yes!”

He hugged Darren back, jumping with him. “I’m so proud of you, babe. Oh my god!” He kissed him fiercely. “So, so proud.” He leaned away, his smile as big as Darren’s.

“A-and you’re gonna be fucking Noel Coward, oh my god, Chris. This is so

fucking amazing. I'm so fucking happy.” Darren was crying now, but they were happy tears since he still hadn't stopped smiling.

“Me too, baby. Me too.” Chris felt tears in his own eyes. “Oh god.”

They ended up celebrating the news with soup and cuddles, once Darren realised he was still sick and he had spent all his adrenaline. But Chris was still so, so happy and proud he kept repeating it to his boyfriend, whispering it in his ear when he finally fell

asleep.

**78) “Do you want to
come too?” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [71]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

Updated: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 615

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

78) “Do you want to come too?”

Chris was trying his best to keep it together and not completely freak out, but it was a lot to take in. Because he had just met Darren — no, having a

small crush on him
because of a silly musical
didn't count as knowing
him — but they were
already so in tune with
each other. It turns out
Darren is a huge nerd, just
like him. And loves to
talk. A lot. And to him.
Especially to him, since
he didn't stop to talk with

other people but only with him.

“Listen, Chris, uhm, I have tickets for Sutton Foster concert. Do you want to come too?” Darren asked him as they were leaving, together.

Chris froze and just

blinked at Darren. Was he asking him out? Or was he just being polite? Or worse, was he pitying him, cause Chris looked like someone no one ever took out and he wanted to be nice???

“Uhm, you don’t have to come, I was just, um,

wondering...” Darren
laughed nervously,
scratching the back of his
neck and looking down.

“You want me to come to
a concert with you?”
Chris asked dumbly. God,
what was he? Twelve?

“Um, yes.” Darren smiled

and Chris could tell that it wasn't one of those fake smiles you put on to impress people, but a genuine one. A smile that made his eyes shine.

“Just us or...?” Chris had to ask.

“Just us.” Darren grinned,

his eyes getting a little bit squinty and his cheeks red.

“Okay.” Chris said and, god, he hated how high his voice gets when he’s nervous. But Darren didn’t flinch at it or even seemed to notice, his grin getting even bigger, if

possible.

“Okay.” He nodded, looking down shyly.

Chris bit down on his lip, because, holy shit, why was Darren acting like Chris was the popular and cool kid and he was the nerd trying to talk and

hang out with him. This never happened to him. It was kind of insane. He stared at Darren for a few more seconds, feeling his cheeks heat too. “Um, I’m, um, not really used to people, um, asking me to hang out, you know...” He stuttered, blushing harder.

Darren's head snapped up, his eyes widening and his expression confused. "Why? Is everyone dumb or what?" He scoffed and he looked liked he meant it.

"Well, I'm not that cool, you know..." He

shrugged.

“You’re not cool???”
Darren laughed. “You’re amazing, oh my god.”

Chris laughed too, trying to hide the fact that he was completely freaking out now, cause Darren just called him amazing, *holy*

shit. “Um, I don’t know, I’m just...”

“Well, I hope it’s okay if I help you getting used to it, then.” Darren winked, *fucking winked.*

“Um, yes. I’d, um, I’d really like that.” Chris grinned so widely his

cheeks were hurting.

“And, what do you say to dinner before or after the concert?” Darren asked with a smirk, his eyes so big and clear. “Just to, you know, know each other better? We could talk about work or, or not.” He added, looking at Chris

for an answer.

Chris was literally screaming internally, putting his hands in his pockets before he could air fist from how excited he was. “Yes, um, I’d love to get dinner with you too.” He smiled.

Darren smiled back and Chris hoped he wasn't imagining it, but Darren looked really excited too.

“Wait, just to be clear...” Chris said seriously. He didn't want to ruin the moment, but he didn't even want to get his hopes up too much. “Is this a

date.... or...?”

“It is whatever you want it to be.” Darren smirked.

“Oh.”

**80) “Is your seatbelt
on?” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [72]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 253

Publisher:

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80) “Is your seatbelt on?”

“Okay, are we ready?”
Chris asked, checking their four year old niece in the review mirror, making sure she was still in her seat and safe.

“Yes!!” Rosemary
giggled, clapping her
hands.

“You’re gonna have the
time of your life with your
favorite uncles, princess, I
promise!” Darren said
excitedly, turning on his
seat to look at her.

“You are my only uncles!” She giggled again.

“Still.” Darren chuckled, getting back in his seat.

“Is your seat belt on?” Chris checked before starting the car.

“Yes, uncle Cee!”
Rosemary nodded.

“Oh, no, sweetie, I was asking uncle Dee.” Chris laughed, pointing at Darren.

“Aw you still worry about me.” Darren cooed, putting his seatbelt on.

“No, it’s just cause you move a lot and you can get kinda distracting.” Chris snorted, starting the car. He looked over at his fiancée, whose lips were turned down in the cutest pout Chris had ever seen. “Oh god, I was kidding.” Chris rolled his eyes. “Of course I still worry about

you. Who am I gonna marry otherwise?" He grinned, glancing at him one last time before focusing on the road.

"Oh I see, that's the only reason." Darren smirked, puffing out his chest a little.

Chris shook his head, taking his right hand off the wheel and holding it out for Darren to take. “You know I love you.”

“I know.” Darren grinned, taking his hand, intertwining their fingers and laying them on his thigh, squeezing Chris’

hand tightly.

“Cute!!” Rosemary
squealed in the back.

81) "Sweet dreams."

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [73]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-01

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 263

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

81) "Sweet dreams."

Darren knew Chris and the kids always tried to wait up for him to get back. But there was no way he could have left this dinner before 3am. He only had one beer — he and Chris had promised to

each other to never drink much when they were out ever since they had the kids — so he managed to slowly open the door to their house, tiptoe inside and reach their bedroom without making any noise.

He found the three most important people in his

life curled up on their bed, Chris on his right side, a protective arm over Emily, who had her thumb in her mouth and was sleeping blissfully against Chris' chest, while Luke was sprawled on his back, a leg on top of his sister's and Chris' fingers in his tiny hands.

Darren couldn't stop the huge grin that took over his face, because wow, he really had the cutest family ever.

He toed off his shoes, quickly changing into his pajamas and climbing into bed. He hovered over the

three of them, leaving a kiss on each forehead, making Chris stir and open his eyes.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Darren smiled, curling up beside him, his arms sneaking around him and his kids. “Sorry I

woke you up.”

“No, no. ‘s fine.” Chris yawned, relaxing under his touch and leaning into Darren’s chest. “Night.” He whispered, going back to sleep.

“Sweet dreams, love.” Darren whispered back,

burying his face into the back of his husband's neck, breathing him in and following him into dreamland in a matter of seconds.

83) “Stay there. I’m coming to get you.”
& 98) “Take a deep breath.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [74]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,827

Publisher:

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**83) “Stay there. I’m coming to get you.”
& 98) “Take a deep breath.”**

Chris wasn’t worried. Not yet. Darren said he was going to stop by at Mark’s to say hi, but it had

already been five hours since he had left. He didn't want to sound paranoid or anything, but they had planned to go out for dinner to celebrate their anniversary, so why wasn't Darren back? He sighed, sitting down on the couch, taking his phone and calling his

husband. He looked at his phone confused when after a few rings it reached Darren's voice mail. He tried again and again, but only the voice mail answered.

Now Chris was definitely worried. Darren always picked up his calls. And if

he was with a friend, why wouldn't he answer? There was a small voice in his head that wondered if Darren could be cheating on him, but he silenced it, because they had been married for twenty-six years now, why would Darren cheat on him?

He pinched the bridge of his nose, dialing Mark's number. "Hey, Mark. I'm Chris."

"Oh, hey, Chris! How are you doing?" Mark answered, sounding surprised.

"I'm fine. Look, I was

wondering if Darren is still there?” He asked, fidgeting with his ring.

“Uhm, Chris... Darren is not here? He never was.”
Mark said confused.

“Oh.” Chris felt butterflies in his belly. And not the good kind. “O-okay, I

probably misunderstood
or maybe he found
someone and stopped to
talk...you-you know how
he is...” He let out a
nervous laugh. He didn’t
even know if he was
trying to convince Mark
or himself.

“Chris? You okay?”

“Yes, yes, sure. Look, I really need to go, now. Sorry for bothering you.”

“What, no hey, you didn’t bother me. You sure you’re okay?”

“Yes, thank you.” Chris’ hands were starting to shake, something that

always happened when he was nervous. “I really need to...”

“Okay, yeah. Don’t be a stranger, tho. Actually stop by to say hi, okay? Both of you.” Mark chided with a small laugh.

“Okay. Yeah. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Chris ended the call, almost dropping his phone. He was definitely panicking now because why did Darren lie to him? And where was he? And why wasn't he answering his calls? He stood up, starting to pace

the floor, trying to call him again.

“Dare?” He stopped in his track when someone finally answered after three rings. “Dare, honey, where are you?” He could hear voices in the background, as if he was somewhere with a lot of

people. But he couldn't hear his husband. "Dare?"

"Chris." Darren sobbed.

And Chris knew something was wrong. Very wrong. "Dare, what's wrong? Where are you?"

“I don’t know.” Darren cried. *“I don’t know, Chris, I d-don’t kno-ow.”*

“Okay, okay, calm down, honey. Take a deep breath. Can you do that for me?” Chris instructed, trying to sound as calm as possible even if he was panicking himself.

“Chris, I-I’m s-sorry.”

“No, hey, baby, it’s okay.
Deep breaths, come on.”

Chris tried again and this time he heard Darren take a deep breath, then another one, until his sobs calmed down a little.

“There. See, now it’s better. Okay, now, what

do you mean you don't know where you are?"

"I-I got lost. I lied, Chris, I'm sorry."

"You lied? Dare, honey, what..."

"I didn't go at Mark's. I wanted to get you a

*present for tonight so I
lied. But t-then I just... I
forgot where I was and
where I was going and
just... I-I panicked. And I
didn't know what to do
and I started crying and
everyone was looking at
me weirdly so I hid in an
alley but there was a
really b-bad smell so I*

started throwing up a-and then I just p-panicked even more and when you called I-I didn't answer cause I didn't want you to g-get m-mad at me and I feel so stupid, I'm sorry, Chris."

Darren finally stopped his ramblings to take a breath

and Chris had to do the same because, wow, that was a lot to take in. “Dare, honey, it’s okay. I’m not mad. Just...just tell me where you are and I’ll come get you, okay?” Chris said softly.

“B-but I don’t kno-ow.”
Darren sobbed.

“Just, tell me what you can see, okay?” Chris reassured him, putting on shoes in the meantime.

“*Uhm, Starbucks?*”

Darren whispered. And god, he sounded so much like a lost child Chris almost started crying too.

“Anything else?” Chris asked, because there were Starbucks everywhere and he needed Darren to be more specific but he also didn’t want to push him.

“Y-yeah. There’s a-a restaurant, I think? It says Alfredo. Does-does that help?”

Chris sighed. That definitely helped. He was pretty sure they had been there a couple of times, but he put that information aside for the moment, taking his car keys and getting out of their house. “Yes, baby, that helps.”

“W-wait. I think I’ve been here before.” Darren said, sounding a little bit calmer now. *“We ate dinner a couple of times here, I think.”*

“Yes, we did.” Chris nodded, getting into his car. He put the phone on speaker and threw it on

the passenger seat.

*“How did I forget it?
How...?”*

“Dare, it’s okay, honey, just don’t freak out on me again, okay?” Chris had noticed how lately Darren had gotten even more forgetful. It started with

small things, like his phone, his keys, his glasses, but then it was dates and even a few names. And now even places. Chris took a deep breath, trying not to be the one freaking out.

“I think I know how to get back, Chris. I-I can take a

cab b-back, I'm so stupid, why didn't I think of this before?"

“No, no, hey. Stay there, okay? I'm coming to get you.” Chris said immediately. “I'm on my way there. Just give me five minutes.”

“Okay.”

Darren was quiet for a couple of minutes, his still unsteady breathings the only sign that he was still there. “It’s gonna be fine, honey, I promise.” He tried to reassure him again. Or maybe he was also trying to reassure

himself, Chris wasn't really sure.

“Yeah.” Darren sniffled.

“Okay, I can see you, Dare. I'm gonna hang up, now, okay?” He said as soon as he spotted his husband sitting on the sidewalk, his head in his

hands.

“*Kay.*”

Chris ended the call with one hand, parking the car with the other near where Darren was. He jumped out, closing the car behind himself and jogging up to his husband. “Dare, hey.”

He called, kneeling down in front of him.

Darren looked up, his eyes red rimmed and puffy. “Chris.” He cried, burying his face into Chris’ neck and sobbing, hugging Chris tightly.

Chris hugged him back,

drawing circles on his back, trying to calm him. “Shh, baby, I’m here now. I got you.” He whispered, kissing Darren’s temple. He glared at a few people who were looking at them weirdly, only one girl stopping to ask if they needed help. “No, thank you.” Chris answered,

helping Darren to stand up, steadying him when his knees buckled. “Here, let’s get you in the car, okay?” He smiled at him, putting Darren’s arm around his shoulders and pretty much carrying all his weight to the car, helping him get inside and buckling his seat belt.

“Here.” He kissed his forehead, closing the car door and running to the other side, climbing into his car and starting it again.

“Something’s wrong with me, right?” Darren sniffled.

“What? Honey, no, I...”
Chris shook his head, taking one hand off the wheel and resting it on Darren’s thigh.

“I know you noticed I keep forgetting stuff lately. You always notice this kind of shit. And I noticed too and...”

something's wrong, Chris. This is not just me forgetting shit..."

Chris sighed, glancing at his husband. "Okay." He nodded. "I'm...I'm driving you to see a doctor. How does that sound?" He asked, smiling at him

reassuringly.

“Now?” He felt Darren tense, his knuckles getting white from how hard he was gripping his other thigh.

“The sooner the better, right?” Chris gave him a soft smile.

“Kay.” Darren nodded, even if he didn’t look okay with it. Not even remotely.

Chris took advantage of a red light to get a better look of his husband. Darren looked pale as a sheet and exhausted, as if he had been completely

drained of all his energy. And he smelled like puke and god knows what else. He sighed, putting his hand back on the wheel and turning completely the car, probably breaking a couple of laws, but luckily no one was there to see it. “Tell you what.” He took Darren’s hand,

squeezing it. “We’re going back home, now. We can have a long, relaxing bath together, so I can give a back massage. I’ll cook you dinner and once we’re done eating, we can go to bed early and cuddle. Then, we’ll go see the doctor tomorrow morning.

Yeah?”

“Yeah.” He could see Darren relax a little out of the corner of his eye. It didn’t last long, though. “Oh shit. Shit, Chris, it’s our anniversary.” He almost squealed. And Chris would have found it adorable if the situation

was different.

“It’s okay.” He smiled, squeezing his hand again.

“No. I didn’t even get you the present. God, I’m so-”

“None of that, okay.” Chris warned, pulling into their driveway, stopping

the car and focusing on his husband. “I love you, Dare. I don’t care if you didn’t get me a present. Or if we’re not going out for dinner for once.” He took both of Darren’s hands, shaking his head as Darren was about to protest. “No. All I care about, right now, is to

make sure you're okay.”

“But I ruined everything....” Darren frowned, his eyes sad now.

“You didn’t ruin anything.” Chris promised. “No gift could ever top us spending time

together. Being it in a fancy restaurant or our home. I don't care. I only care about you.” He smiled, caressing Darren's cheek with his hand.

“But-”

“No.”

“I-”

“Nope.” Chris grinned as smile started to show on Darren’s lips.

“I don’t even have a saying in this?” He asked, looking down.

“Not if it’s just bullshit

again.” Chris shrugged, playfully.

Darren chuckled softly, taking Chris’ hand to his lips and kissing it. “I-I love you.” He whispered, looking back up into Chris’ eyes. “I don’t think that’s even enough. I just... really fucking love

you, Chris.”

Chris let out a mix of a laugh and a sob, because he *knew*. “I know.” He smiled, his sight getting blurry.

Darren sniffled, laughing a little and looking down shyly. “A-about that

bath...”

“Let’s go.” Chris nodded, letting go of him. Their worries could wait for now. Just for one more night. Because he also knew everything was going to change once they finally got to see a doctor. He just *knew*.

**84) "The key is under
the mat." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [75]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 360

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**84) "The key is under
the mat."**

“And cut. Five minutes
break, guys.”

Chris sighed, walking
away from the cameras
and towards his boyfriend.
Darren was sitting in

Chris' chair, lazily tapping with his fingers on his phone. "Hey."

"Oh, hey." He smiled as soon as he noticed Chris.

"You look bored. And tired." Chris noted, sitting down in his lap, his arms circling Darren's

shoulders.

Darren yawned as if on cue, his nose scrunching up adorably. “A little.” He said, resting his head on Chris’ shoulder.

“You know you don’t have to wait for me to be done filming, right?”

Chris whispered, kissing the top of Darren's head.

“Mmmbut we said we were gonna have a date tonight.” He pouted, looking up at Chris from underneath his eyelashes.

“You could go home and take a nap. I'll text you

when I get home so you can come over.” Chris proposed.

“But if I fall asleep there’s no way I’ll get out of bed again. You’d have to come to my place and drag my ass out of it.” Darren whined.

Chris rolled his eyes, smirking. “Okay, then go to my place and take a nap in my bed.”

Darren’s lips slowly turned up into a grin, his fingers tapping a quick rhythm against Chris’ hip. “That sounds like a good plan.”

“Please. All of my plans are good.” Chris scoffed.

“That’s not true.” Darren laughed, pushing himself up a little just to kiss Chris’ nose.

“Shush.” Chris smirked.
“Now go. The spare key is under the mat.”

“Oh you trust me with the spare key?” Darren teased, his voice low.

Chris smiled. “Of course I trust you.” He whispered, pecking Darren’s lips, before getting up. “Go.”

“Okay, okay, mister bossy-pants.” Darren

giggled, taking the hand Chris was holding out for him and getting up too. “Just... wake me up when you get home, okay?”

“Okay.” Chris nodded, giving Darren one last kiss. “Oh, wait, one more thing.” He called, making Darren stop and look

back. “Take off your shoes before you get into my bed.”

Darren rolled his eyes, sighing and starting to walk away again. Not before Chris could hear him mutter “Bossy-pants.” and giggle.

**85) "It doesn't bother
me." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [76]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

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85) "It doesn't bother me."

“Hey, pool party at mine, this week-end.” Naya announced between takes, while they were sitting in their chairs. “Who’s coming?”

“I am, obviously.” Kevin answered, taking Naya’s hand and playing with it.

“Me too.” Jenna, Dianna and Harry said at the same time.

“We are coming too.” Chris smiled, glancing at Darren sitting on his side.

Naya started to talk about it, discussing about drinks, food and even clothing with the others, but all Darren could think about was Chris saying “we”. He was staring at him, as if they were the only ones in the room, not paying attention to anyone else.

“What?” Chris rolled his eyes, turning his head to look at him. “Do I have something on my face?” He asked, rubbing his cheek with his hand.

“No.” Darren laughed, getting his chair even closer to Chris’ and taking his hand off his face.

“You said ‘we’.”

Chris just stared at him confused at first, but then he probably realised what Darren was talking about, since he blushed really hard, his mouth hanging open as if he didn't know what to say.

Darren giggled, leaning off his chair and kissing Chris' cheek.

“Uhm, is it...is it a bad thing?” Chris whispered, his eyes so big and clear Darren could almost see himself reflected in them.

“Nope. It doesn't bother

me. At all.” Darren smirked, finally getting up and going to sit in Chris’ lap, his legs thrown on Chris’ left side and his arms around Chris’ neck. “I actually love it.” He grinned, leaving a small kiss on Chris’ nose.

“Oh.” Chris’ lips turned

up into a huge smile, his cheeks still a little bit red. “Oh, uhm, o-okay.”

“Hey, lovebirds!” Naya called to get their attention. They both turned to her. “Did you hear what I said?”

“Yeah, totally.” They both

nodded. Not that they thought she'd buy it.

“I said no skinny dipping, okay? And yes, I’m talking mostly to you, Darren.” She glared, pointing her index finger to him.

“Why would I do that?”

Darren scoffed, rolling his eyes.

Everyone looked at him with their best “bith, please” faces. Even Chris arched his eyebrow, smirking at him.

“Oh, okaaay, okay, fine.” Darren conceded. “Buzz-

kills.” He poked his tongue out to everyone, turning his attention back at Chris. “I’ll leave that for when we’re alone, babe.”

“I wouldn’t complain.” Chris shrugged, his arms hugging his waist and his hands squeezing down on

his ass.

“I know.” Darren smirked.

86) "You're
important too." &
92) "I want you to be
happy." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [77]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
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Words: 1,008

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**86) "You're
important too." &
92) "I want you to be
happy."**

“Wait, you’re actually
going to that party,
tonight?”

Darren looked up from the shirts he had displayed on the bed, still not sure which one to wear, to see Chris staring at him from the door frame of their bedroom. “Yeah. You wanna help me choose the outfit?”

Chris shrugged, walking

up to the bed and sitting on top of it indian-style, his arms crossed over his chest. “Sure.”

Darren frowned, confused by Chris’ behavior. “You don’t want me to go?” He asked, moving his blue shirt to the pile of “no”.

“What? No, no.” Chris shook his head, taking one of the shirts and examining it.

“Then what?”

“What what?” Chris scoffed, frowning.

“You don’t look that

enthusiastic about me going.” Darren said, grabbing the shirt from Chris’ hands and throwing it apart, sitting down in front of Chris. “You okay? You need me to stay home?” He worried, because Chris was more important than any party.

Chris sighed, looking down at his fingers, fidgeting in his lap. “It’s just... I’m tired of seeing you pass out after you come back from a party or an event because you just can’t say “no” and always work yourself sick.”

“They are my friends, I

can't say no. And I can't back out of some events either. It's not fair." He explained as if it was the most natural thing. And to him it was. What was Chris even talking about?

"Of course you can say no." Chris replied, his eyes finally finding

Darren's and holding his gaze.

“But they expect me to go and I don't want to let people down.” Darren argued.

“No one is gonna feel let down if for once you take a break. They'd

understand. Trust me.”
Chris smiled.

“But what if they-”

“No.” Chris interrupted him, taking his hand in his. “You are always putting others before yourself, Dare. You need to start doing things for

yourself too.”

“I do plenty of things for myself.”

Chris arched his eyebrow, fixing him with an accusatory look.

Darren was even more confused now, because

what the hell was Chris talking about? He always put others before himself because what else was he supposed to do? Ignore them? And helping others made him feel good, so in the end he was doing things for himself too. Chris was still staring at him expectantly, so he

sighed. “Okay, I’ll call Mere to tell her I’m not going.” He shrugged, taking out his phone.

“What? No.” Chris stopped him, putting his phone down on the bed. “I don’t want you to stay home for me.” He shook his head.

Darren gave him a confused look, before standing up and walking around the bed. “Okay, you really need to help me out here, Chris, cause I seriously don’t understand what the fuck you want me to do.” He snapped, his hands on his hips.

“See, that’s the problem.”

Chris sighed, turning himself on the bed to better look at Darren.

“This is not about what I want. It’s about what *you* want, Dare. And what *you* need.”

“And I want to go to a fucking party, Chris.

That's what I want.”
Darren raised his arms,
letting them fall to his
sides again in
exasperation.

“Is it really, though?”
Chris challenged. “Going
out. Pretending to be
someone you're not. You
think I don't see how it's

eating you from the inside? You think I haven't noticed how hurt you are every time you come back home?" Chris stood up, his voice raising with him.

"It's what they expect me to do, Chris, I can't just—"

“That’s exactly my point!”

Darren cringed at Chris’ tone. They did fight, sometimes, but this time he still couldn’t understand Chris and he was also starting to feel bad for upsetting him.

“Shit, Dare, I’m sorry.” Chris sighed, passing a hand over his face. “I didn’t mean to raise my voice.” He said, stepping closer to Darren and trying to touch his arm. Darren let him, his eyes fixed on Chris’ fingers. “It’s just that...you’re important too, Dare.” He

whispered, squeezing his forearm.

Darren finally looked up into his eyes, only to see Chris' smile reach them as he did so. He nodded, biting down on his lower lip.

“You need to start valuing

your needs before the others'. Even mine.” He brushed one of Darren’s curls from his forehead, his hand staying on his face and caressing his cheek too. “I love you, okay. And I want you to be happy.”

“Okay.” Darren breathed,

smiling too. He sniffled, resting his hand on top of Chris' before letting go and stepping away. "Okay." He repeated, taking his phone back and dialing Meredith's number. "Hey, Mere, sorry, but I can't come tonight." He said when she picked up.

“Oh, you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. I just...” He looked back at Chris, who had turned his back to him and was probably going to walk out the room. “I just really need a break, you know? To sort some shit out.”

“You and Chris are doing okay?” She asked worried.

“Yeah, yeah, we’re fine. This is just...for me. I need some time for myself.” He nodded, more convinced now. Because Chris was right. He needed this. He actually

fucking needed it.

“Okay, no worries, I’ll tell the others.” Meredith reassured him. *“Take care, then. Okay? And say hi to Chris.”*

“Yeah, thank you. Will do.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.” He threw the phone back on the bed, turning to look at Chris again, who hadn’t left.

“Uhm, you...you were right.” He scratched the back of his neck, sighing.

“I really need to think about myself too,

sometimes.”

“Come here.” Chris smiled, opening his arms and hugging him tightly. Darren felt himself melt against Chris’ chest, his strong arms holding him and making him feel safe and taken care of. “I love you.” Chris whispered,

kissing his temple.

“I love you too.” He
whispered back, his hands
fisting Chris’ t-shirt.

“Thank you for knowing
me so well.”

“Always.”

87) "I saved you a
seat." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [78]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss, Glee Cast

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

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Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 945

Publisher:

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87) "I saved you a seat."

“God, I’m so tired I could probably sleep anywhere.”
Chris sighed entering his and Darren’s shared changing room.

“Thank god I saved you a

seat, then.” Darren grinned, kissing his cheek.

“What? What seat?” Chris looked at him confused.

“Here.” Darren took three chairs that were in the room, aligning them with another one. “You can rest on top of them. I’ll take

the floor.”

“What? No.” Chris tried to protest, but his limbs felt so heavy and he was just *so tired*.

“Come on.” Darren grinned again, taking Chris by the shoulders and pushing him towards the

chairs. He made him lay down, kissing his forehead. “The best seat for the best boyfriend.”

“You’re the best.” Chris yawned, using his hands as pillow to rest his head on.

“Let’s say we both are.”

Darren laughed, before laying down on the floor.

“Wait, here.” Chris got up a little, taking his hoodie from the back of the chair and throwing it at Darren.

“Always get cold when you nap.” He added as Darren caught it and put it around his bare arms.

“Thanks, babe.” He yawned too, before they both lied down once again.

“Night. Love you.”

“You too.”

*

“Hey, where did Darren and Chris go?” Kevin asked, sipping his soda.

“Dunno, saw them go to their changing room.” Cory shrugged.

“Oh god, can they not have sex for one night?” Jenna whined.

“At least you don’t have to share a room with them.” Chord groaned. “Do you know how fast they can go from sickening cute to gross making out sessions? Ugh.”

“We need to go back to the hotel though.” Harry

pointed out. “Someone has to sacrifice themselves and go call them.”

“I say it should be a guy cause we already had enough of Darren’s dick the other day.” Heather said, getting up from her chair.

“But we see them naked every day!!” Mark protested.

“They’re not that bad looking, guys, come on.” Amber shrugged.

“Then you go call them.” Harry pointed his index finger at her.

“Nope.”

“Okay, you know what?”

Cory stood up, looking at his friends with a smirk.

“Let’s all go!”

“Nooo.”

“Nope.”

“Why?”

“Aw come on! They’re our friends. There’s nothing bad or wrong with it!” Cory just smiled, starting to walk away. Most of them sighed heavily, still getting up and following him though.

“Uhm, it’s kinda quiet.” Cory said, resting his ear against the door to their changing room.

“Yeah, too quiet.” Kevin whispered, finally opening the door. “Oh.”

“What?” Naya asked, pushing Kevin out of the

way to see too, letting out a soft “oh” as well.

“Look how cute they are.” Cory whispered. They all awed at their friends, some of the girls trying to quiet their squeals.

“Wait, Imma take a picture.” Chord elbowed

everyone in his way to get in the front, snapping a couple of pictures, before Darren started to stir.

“Hey. What’re you doin?”
He slurred, getting up on his elbows and scrubbing his face.

“You just looked too cute

not to take a picture.”
Chord pouted.

“Oh. Uhm.” Darren
blushed a little, getting up
and scratching the back of
his neck. “Chris was just
really tired and I didn’t
want to leave him alone.”

“Awww” Lea squealed.

Darren just shook his head, trying to hide his huge grin.

“We need to go to the hotel though. You think you can wake Chris up?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll take care of him.” Darren

approached his boyfriend, kneeling in front of the chairs and touching Chris softly on the shoulder. “Hey, Chris. Wake up, baby.”

“Mmmno, five more minutes.”

Darren chuckled a little,

kissing Chris' forehead.
“You want me to carry
you bridal style, babe?”

Chris just groaned some
more, trying to turn on his
other side but almost
falling from the chairs.

“Easy there.”

Chris let out a final groan, before finally opening his eyes. He blinked at Darren a few times and then grinned widely. “Hey.”

“Hey sleeping beauty.” Darren smirked, leaving a small kiss on Chris’ nose. “Our carriage awaits.”

Chris looked confused at him for a second, before noticing everyone else in the room, staring at them. “Hey!” He yelled, protecting his chest with his arms.

“You’re not even naked, Chris, Jesus.” Kevin laughed.

“Yeah, well, it’s just... I’m...” Chris grumbled. “Why were they watching us?” He finally asked Darren, who just shrugged.

“They came to wake us up. We need to go back to the hotel.” He explained, helping Chris up from the

chairs. “Come on.”

“Oh. Oh okay.” Chris nodded, taking Darren’s hand and following the others.

“You’re both still in your costumes, guys. You should change first.” Harry smiled, patting

Chris on the back.

“Ugh.” Chris groaned.

“Wait, isn’t that Chris’ hoodie, though?” Ashley asked Darren, arching an eyebrow.

“Oh, yeah.” Darren took it off, passing it to her.

“Always gets cold when he naps.” Chris shrugged, blushing a little.

“See? Now they’re sickening cute.” Chord pointed at them. “Give them five minutes alone in the room and they’ll start making out.”

“Shut up.” Chris pushed him, rolling his eyes.

“As if we don’t have to put up with you jerking off in the bathroom at 2am.” Darren snorted.

“So I didn’t dream it!” Mark exclaimed.

“You usually dream about him jerking off?” Dianna laughed.

“What? No!”

“Guys!” Telly called them. “Will you move your asses? We’re waiting for you.”

“Yeah, sorry, sorry. My fault!” Darren excused them, tugging Chris along with him as they went to change to their normal cloths.

“Were they having sex again?” Telly asked.

“Nope. Cutely napping

together.” Naya smirked.

“I’ll show you the pics.”

Chord giggled.

**88) "I'll see you
later." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [79]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

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Warnings Apply

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**88) "I'll see you
later."**

“Don’t go.” Darren
whined as their lips
parted, Chris still resting
on top of him, fully
clothed.

“This meeting is really

important, Dare.” Chris smiled, getting out of bed and straightening his shirt and jeans.

“But I’m gonna miss youuuu.” Darren pouted, sitting up in bed, only the sheets covering the fact that he was still naked. And pretty hard.

“It’s only a couple of hours. I’m not gonna be gone for days, come on.” Chris rolled his eyes, taking his phone and wallet.

“Still gonna miss you.” Darren sighed dramatically, throwing himself back on the bed.

“You’re such a baby.” Chris snorted. “Come on, give me one last kiss, before I go.” He grinned, leaning down and kissing Darren sweetly on the lips.

“I’ll see you later.” Darren whispered when they parted, his lips turning up

into a smirk.

“Later.” Chris smiled, leaving one last peck on those perky and full lips, biting down on his own and actually leaving, before he could also take care of Darren’s perky boner.

89) "I noticed." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [80]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-05

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive
Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 437

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

89) "I noticed."

“Hey! Can you join us in the living room? I need to show you something!”

Darren called as soon as Chris entered their house.

“I’m not in the mood for it, Dare.” Chris groaned,

toeing off his shoes.

Darren appeared in front of him, a sad smile on his face and his arms crossed over his chest. “I noticed.”

“What?” Chris sighed, trying to walk past him and go to their bedroom, but Darren stopped him,

taking his hand.

“Lately, you’re always tired and pissed off and... I don’t know, you’re just...not you.” He shrugged, squeezing his hand.

“I’m just really busy and...tired.” Chris said,

looking down.

“This is why...” Darren smirked, tugging him to the living room, where Cooper was laying down, a drum stick between his paws and dishes in front of him. “We prepared a little surprise for you.” Darren let go of his hand,

sitting down next to Cooper and taking his guitar. Brian appeared out of nowhere, a little bell attached to his tail with a ribbon.

Chris just looked at them confused, a smile starting to form on his lips, because this was his

family. His cute, adorable and dorky family.

“Okay. Now, Bri, move your tail. Like we practiced. Like that, good boy.” Darren praised Brian with a pet on his head, Brian purring and moving his tail, making the small bell jingle.

“Okay, now gimme a beat, Coop.” He instructed Cooper, as their puppy started moving his paws a little to make the drum stick hit the dishes, creating what actually sounded like a rhythmic beat. “Good.” Darren smirked, looking up at Chris and starting to play

his guitar too.

“Daddy don’t be upset.

We know it’s hard.

But we love you,

with all of our hearts.”

He sang, a little bit out of

tune, as if he was improvising. Cooper barked a couple of times too, almost as if he was singing along.

Chris clapped his hands as they stopped, except for Brian, who got up and came up between Chris' legs, purring and wanting

to be pet. “Come here.” He laughed, picking up his cat and sitting down next to his boyfriend, all his worries forgotten for the moment and the tension in his muscles leaving him.

“So? You liked your surprise?” Darren grinned,

putting the guitar down and letting Cooper get in his lap instead, petting his head.

“I...” Chris shook his head, biting his lip. He sniffled, resting his head on Darren’s shoulder, Darren’s arm holding him closer to his body. “Thank

you.” He whispered,
leaving a soft kiss on
Darren’s cheek.

“Anytime.”

93) "I believe in
you." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [81]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer / Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-06

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,070

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**93) "I believe in
you."**

Chris woke up because of his neck hurting and he realised he had fallen asleep while writing in bed. Again. He took off his glasses and put them

on the bed-side table, closing his laptop still on his thighs. The bed was cold, which meant Darren hadn't come to sleep yet. Chris rubbed the sleep off his eyes, getting out of bed and checking the time on his phone. He groaned seeing it was 4am. He walked barefoot to their

living room, only one of Darren's old t-shirts on. He found Darren still at the piano, scribbling something on a paper.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Darren looked up, pushing his glasses back on his nose. “Did I wake

you?” He asked, making room on the stool for Chris.

“No.” Chris yawned, sitting down and hugging Darren’s waist, resting his head on his shoulder. “Fell asleep while writing again. Then couldn’t sleep without you.” He

whispered, closing his eyes. “You done yet?”

“Nope.” Darren sighed, going back to his paper. He sneaked his right arm around Chris’ waist as well, so that he could still write with his hand while cuddling with him. “Almost.”

“Wake me up when you are.” Chris smiled, starting to doze off, Darren’s warmth making him feel safe and at home. “Wanna be the first one to hear it.”

“Of course.” Darren left a soft kiss on his forehead.

Some minutes passed, maybe even hours, Chris wasn't sure. The only thing he knew, was that his boyfriend was fucking talented and the way he was whispering the lyrics along the music he was still writing was incredibly cute but, at the same time, amazing. Chris

didn't get all the lyrics, both because Darren was literally whispering them and because he was mostly out of it. Until Darren started kissing him again, calling his name softly.

“You done?” He asked, opening his eyes and

yawning.

“Yes.” Darren smiled.

Chris studied his boyfriend as he prepared to play. He let go of him a little, to let him move better, but still stayed close to him. Darren looked tired. He always

looked tired lately. But the smile on his face made up for the dark circles under his eyes. His curls were a mess, one of his pencils tangled over his right ear. Like Chris, he wasn't wearing many cloths, just a pair of mismatched socks, boxer briefs and a t-shirt.

“The title is Rise.” Darren announced, his fingers hovering over the piano keys.

“Okay.” Chris brought his knees up, resting his arms and chin on top of them, watching Darren starting to play.

*“Have you ever felt like
you woke up on the wrong
side of your heart?”*

Has it ever felt like it's
broken, like the world tore
it apart?

Have you felt so weak you
could hardly stand,
Like if you ever fell you
could never tell if you'd
ever get back up again?”

Chris couldn't help but think about how many times he had felt like that. As if the whole world had turned its back on him. As if he couldn't get back up anymore, after being pushed down so many times. And he knew Darren had felt like that

too.

“I know it’s hard to do

But I think you can make
it

‘Cause I know you can
take it

Baby we will rise

We are young we are the
dreamers we will fly

When the world will not
believe us we will rise
above the ashes
Before this whole life
passes us by,
You and I, we will rise.”

Darren was looking at him
now, not paying much
attention to the piano.
Chris felt his heart stop,

Darren's words hitting way too close home. He smiled at him, his hand finding Darren's thigh and resting there.

“It's difficult to try to stay awake when you walk a tired path

And there are moments when it's easier to take the

road that leads you back
I'm not the first to say it,
and I won't be the last but
I want to remind you I'm
there it's time to hold on
You're stronger than
that.”

Chris bit down on his lip,
trying to not cry, because
Darren had stopped

playing for a few seconds
and just stared at him,
repeating the last line. He
smiled at Chris before
nodding and starting to
sing again.

*“But when it gets too
tough to find my way
home*

And I’m stupid enough to

try to find it alone

When it feels like there is
nothing I can do

But give up, I look up and
thank God I have you to
tell me

I know it's hard to do

But I think you can make
it

‘cause I know you can

take it.”

He sang the refrain again, this time louder, but still not taking his eyes off Chris. And Chris could see in his eyes how much he meant every word. He didn't even realise he was crying until Darren stopped playing, his hands

immediately finding
Chris' face and his
thumbs brushing off his
tears.

Chris let out a soft sob,
resting his forehead
against Darren's.

“You like it?” Darren
asked, his voice nervous.

“I love it.” Chris smiled, pecking his lips. “You are so fucking talented, Dare. And this song. Wow. I’m just...wow.”

Darren laughed, his whole posture relaxing. “You inspired it, you know.” He whispered, hugging Chris again.

They stayed cuddled like that for a while, just holding onto each other on a small piano stool, both tired, physically and mentally, but both happy. Chris didn't want to let go. He didn't want to go back to worrying about their lives and their jobs and how awful their

situations were. He just wanted to stay right there with Darren. For ever. But as Darren had just sung, they were going to make it. They were going to rise above everything and everyone. As long as they had each other, no one was ever going to take them down. “I believe in

you, Dare.” He said softly.

Darren’s grin became huge, his eyes sparkling with unshed tears. He hid his face in Chris’ neck, sniffing loudly and hugging Chris more tightly.

“I believe in us.” Chris

added, kissing the top of Darren's head. "Because we are stronger than anything and anyone else."

"I love you so much."
Darren half laughed-half sobbed.

"I love you too."

94) "You can do it."

by

spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways to say "I love you" [82]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer / Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-06

Updated: 2015-03-06

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:54:49

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 732

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

94) "You can do it."

Chris walked into Darren's apartment, soft music hitting his ears immediately. He smiled to himself, taking off his coat and shoes and tiptoeing to the living room where Darren was

sitting at his piano and lost into his music. Chris stood there, just watching, waiting for Darren to take a breath to finally say: “Hey.”

Darren jumped in his seat, almost falling to the ground. “Jesus, fuck. You scared me.”

Chris chuckled, resting his hip against the piano to better look at Darren. “Sorry.”

“How long have you been staring at me, you creep?” Darren rolled his eyes, his fingers finding once again the piano keys.

“A while.” Chris shrugged. “I just.... really like watching you play.”

“You do?” Darren asked, beaming up at him.

“Yes.” Chris nodded, grinning. “While we’re at it.” He added, stepping back from the piano and

standing right next to Darren. “Can you teach me how to play?” He asked, batting his eyelashes at his boyfriend.

Darren laughed. “There’s no need to charm me with your amazing skills of batting eyelashes, Christopher.”

“No?” Chris tilted his head, smirking.

“Nope. I will.” Darren scrunched his nose up, shrugging a little. “Just, look at my hands. I’ll show you.”

“Okay.”

Darren flexed his fingers over the keys, before starting to play again. Even if Chris didn't recognize the melody, he could tell that it was really, really good. The music flowing so smoothly, just like Darren's fingers. Chris couldn't take his eyes off

them. So quick but at the same time so precise. And it looked like Darren was caressing those keys, almost as if he was magically controlling them. Chris got so lost into it, he was surprised when Darren suddenly stopped and looked up at him.

“Your turn.” He winked.

Chris finally switched his focus from Darren’s hands to his face and just glared, Darren’s grin pissing him off even more. “Fuck you.” He snorted, throwing his hands up in the air and starting to walk

away.

“What?” Darren scoffed.

“You’re an ass.” Chris shouted, turning back, his hands on his hips.

Darren just smirked, getting up from his seat. “Sorry. Was just fucking

around with you.”

“Oh yeah?” Chris couldn’t stop himself from grinning too. “Then guess who won’t fuck tonight?”

Darren gasped, his hand to his chest to stress his indignation.

“Hope your fingers are as talented on your dick and in your own ass as they are on the keys.” He winked playfully.

“Rude.” Darren snorted, before rolling his eyes and pointing to the piano seat. “Come on. Sit down. I’ll actually show you, now.”

Chris glared at him some more, keeping eye contact while he sat down. “Uh uh. Just... show me. Don’t show off, you ass.” He grinned.

“Okay, okay. I promise.” Darren chuckled, sitting down as well on Chris’ left, kissing his cheek

softly.

“I don’t even remember how to start.” Chris sighed, glancing down at the piano.

“Come on. I know you can do it.” Darren smiled encouragingly.

“Uhm....” Chris tried a few notes, not really sure that was actually music. He stopped just to glare at Darren. “Are you laughing at me?” He challenged.

“Nope.” Darren raised his hands, pouting.

“Uh-uh. Okay.” Chris tried some more, before sighing. “Okay, okay, I can feel your fingers shaking from abstinence.” He laughed, turning to his boyfriend.

Darren just giggled, shaking his head and kissing Chris’ cheek

again. “Tell you what?”
He whispered, his fingers
intertwining with Chris’.
“Here. I’ll play with your
fingers.”

And just like that, Chris
was playing the piano.
This time he recognized
the tune. He looked at
Darren, who just smiled.

They were so *close*, all their limbs touching, their faces only inches away.

“But since I met you, I’ve never been good with words.” Darren sang softly.

Chris smirked, closing the distance between them

and kissing Darren on the lips, biting down and making his boyfriend skip a couple notes.

“Oops.” He breathed against Darren’s lips.

“You’re such a bad student, Christopher.” Darren moaned, his hands

forgetting the piano and finding their way to Chris' face, holding him in place to start kissing him more firmly.

“Uhm, not a good teacher either.” Chris groaned as Darren started to nib at his jaw and neck.

“Do you wanna fuck on the piano or bedroom?” Darren asked between kisses, his fingers unbuckling Chris’ pants.

“Bed-bedroom.” Chris gasped. “Now.”

95) "Good luck" by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [83]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris

Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-07

Updated: 2015-03-07

Packaged: 2015-05-13
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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive
Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,173

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

95) "Good luck"

“Good luck, babe.”
Darren smiled, kissing
Chris’ cheek as he was
about to leave.

“Wish you could tell me
that right before they
announce the winner.”

Chris said bitterly, finishing to button up his shirt.

“Oi, come on. You know I’d love to come too, right?” Darren whispered, adjusting Chris’ shirt collar. “Especially as your date.”

“You’re right. I’m not being fair to you. Sorry.” Chris sighed. “I just can’t wait for us to walk the red carpet together as the gay power couple we are.” He shrugged, a faint smile on his lips.

“Me either.” Darren shook his head, his big golden

eyes looking up at him.

“I’d better go. I’m already late.” Chris breathed, checking he had everything.

“Okay. Later.” Darren got on his tiptoes to kiss his cheek again, Chris letting him, but not kissing him

back.

“Later.” He replied, his smile not reaching his eyes, as he got out of the door.

*

When Chris came back, he found all the lights in

his house off and silence. He put down his award as he felt guilt eat his guts, because what if he had really hurt Darren earlier and he got so upset he had to leave? He was still mad and bitter, but that didn't mean he wanted Darren to leave. "Dare?" He called.

“In the bedroom!” Darren called back and Chris sighed in relief.

He walked to their bedroom, an apology ready on his lips. But when he entered it, he quickly changed his mind.

“Hey.” Darren greeted, his

hands on his hips, only a pair of boxer-briefs on and googly eyes covering his nipples. He grinned cheekily, flexing his pecs and making the eyes move a little.

“Nope.” Chris held up his hands in defeat, turning on his heels and walking

back out of their room.

“Chris! Wait!” Darren laughed, running after him. “Come on. I know you’re still mad at me. But you can’t stay mad at me after seeing these!” He smirked as Chris turned to look at him again.

“Nope.” Chris repeated, glaring at him.

Darren sighed, stepping closer to Chris and taking his hand, playing with his fingers. “One day, we are going to walk the red carpet together. I promise.” He said, smiling up at him. “And I wish

that day would come sooner just as much as you do, I swear. It's just..."

"I know." Chris nodded, glancing down at their linked hands. "I'm just really tired of not having my amazing and supportive boyfriend at

my side.” He shrugged.

“Give me some more time. And then, I swear, I’m going to make it up to you by going to every award together. All of them. I swear.” Darren promised, his expression so serious and honest, Chris couldn’t help but

smile, leaning down a little to kiss Darren's lips, his arms automatically going around his neck.

“I love you.” He whispered.

“I know.” Darren grinned.
“Now, let's celebrate your win.”

“Only if you get rid of those, mister.” Chris snorted, pointing at his boyfriend’s nipples. “You look ridiculous.”

“They worked, though. Now you’re not mad at me anymore.” Darren smirked, flexing his pecs again.

“Oh my god, you’re such an idiot.” Chris laughed.

“Your idiot?”

“Mine.”

*

“I can’t believe you forgot!” Chris snapped,

his hands on his hips.

“Oh, please. As if you never forget anything!”

Darren scoffed, glaring at him.

“Like what?” Chris demanded.

“Oh I don’t know. Maybe

to put the milk in the fridge when you finish the bottle?” Darren snarked.

“That’s completely different from forgetting to get the cake for our kids’ birthday party!” Chris defended himself, rolling his eyes.

“Oh so you’re allowed to make mistakes, but I’m not?” Darren asked, stepping closer to Chris, but staying on the other side of the kitchen table.

“That’s not what I meant!” Chris shook his head, his jaw clenching.

“You know what? Enough of this.” Darren held up his hands, walking away briefly and coming back with a tank.

“What are you doing? We’re not done.” Chris protested, confused as why his husband had taken the tank of helium

they were supposed to fill the balloons for the party with.

“The first one who cracks up is gonna go get the cake.” Darren explained, putting the spout between his lips and inhaling the gas. “I mean, it’s not like you’re the perfect saint

who never forgets anything.” Darren said, his voice altered by the gas making him sound ridiculous.

Chris just stood there, staring at him, his mouth opening and closing a few times.

“What? You scared you’re gonna lose?” Darren challenged, arching his eyebrows.

Chris’ competitive side took over. He glared at Darren, taking the tank from his hands and inhaling the gas as well. “It’s not like I sound that

different.” He tried to say, before realising he did sound different. And ridiculous. They both did.

“Yes you do.” Darren nodded. “But don’t change subject,” Darren took another gulp of the gas, before finishing the phrase. “Christopher.”

Chris had to bite down on his lip, because the way Darren had just said his name was hilarious. But there was no way he was gonna lose that easily. “I wasn’t, Frodo.” He fixed Darren with his best bitch look, getting even closer to him.

“How dare you!” Darren protested.

“You sound like a hobbit!” Chris grinned, taking another inhale of helium, immediately mimecked by Darren.

“I don’t!”

“You’re right. You sound more like...” Chris leaned over, whispering into Darren’s ear. “Smeagol.”

Darren’s reaction alone was fucking funny, but the way he gasped and then squealed “Rude!” was what cracked Chris up.

He laughed out loud, throwing his head back and holding his stomach, his laugh sounding weird because of the helium and making Darren laugh too.

“You lose! I win!” He exclaimed, the helium making him sound like a little kid more than usual.

“It’s not fair!” Chris protested. “I sound like normal me!”

Darren just giggled more, inhaling the gas again. “I’ve always wanted to do this.” He announced, getting in position and starting to sing. “At first I was afraid. I was

petrified.”

“I don’t need helium to do that!” Chris declared, almost bent in two from how hard he was laughing.

“Dad? Papa?”

Chris and Darren both

turned to their fifteen and fourteen years old kids, who were staring at them with confused, matching expressions.

“Uhm, what are you doing?” Emily asked.

“N-nothing.” Darren
cleared his voice a few

times, but the helium effect didn't go away. "I mean, nothing."

Chris tried to hold in his laughter, shaking his head.

"Did you use the helium we were supposed to fill the balloons with?" Luke wondered, pointing at the

tank still laying on the kitchen table.

Darren and Chris shook their heads probably too enthusiastically, because their kids rolled their eyes, walking away.

“You guys are so fucking ridiculous.” Emily sighed.

“Language!” Chris
scolded, but his voice was
still altered and sounded
weird, so they both burst
out laughing again, their
previous fight forgotten.

**96) "I brought you
an umbrella." by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [84]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-09

Updated: 2015-03-09

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Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 76

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

**96) "I brought you
an umbrella."**

“Oh shit, it started raining.” Darren groaned, looking outside of a window, during a break from filming.

“Don’t worry, I brought

you an umbrella.” Chris smiled, coming up beside him and kissing his cheek.

“Oh, thank you my savior!” Darren grinned.

“What would I do without you?”

“You’d get wet.” Chris shrugged, winking at him,

before getting back in position to start shooting again.

“Idiot.” Darren rolled his eyes, still a fond look on his face.

**97) “I’ll pick you up
at the airport.” by
spontaneoussoftyetass**

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [85]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,
Darren Criss

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-09

Updated: 2015-03-09

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:54:43

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 266

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

Summary:

This is set right after the news of Cory's passing came out. Please, don't read

this if you know it
could upset you.

**97) “I’ll pick you up
at the airport.”**

Author's Note:

This is set right after
the news of Cory’s
passing came out.
Please, don’t read
this if you know it

could upset you.

Darren turned his phone back on as soon as he got off the plane, like always. But unlike other times, his phone started to buzz with unanswired calls and messages. He read the messages, all of them saying the same thing. He

almost dropped his phone, his heart falling to his feet. It was probably a stupid prank or a misunderstanding because there was no way it could be true. Even after a horde of paparazzi, asking about it and calling his name repeatedly, he just couldn't believe it.

So he took out his phone again, calling the only person he actually trusted.

“Dare?” Chris answered immediately, his voice muffled.

“Chris. I just got off the plane. Is it true?” He

asked, hoping Chris would just tell him it wasn't.

He heard Chris sob on the other side of the phone. "Y-yes." He whispered, sniffing hard. "I-I...shit, y-you just....I'll pick y-you u-up at the airport, I...j-just..."

“Chris, baby, no.” Darren interrupted him, trying to stop himself from crying too. “You’re too upset to drive, baby. A-and there are tons of p-paps. They’ll eat you alive.” He sniffled into his wrist, making sure no one could hear or see him. “I’ll just take a cab instead, okay?”

“O-okay.” Chris cried. He took a deep breath before speaking again. “D-Dare...just...hurry up, please. I-I n-need you.” He said before starting to sob again.

Darren couldn't stop the tears this time and just

cried too. “Y-yes, baby. J-just hold in there, kay?”

“Kay.”

“A-and Chris?”

“Yes?”

“I love you.” Darren sobbed.

“I love you too.”

99) "Be careful" by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [86]

Category: Glee RPF

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Chris Colfer,

Cory Monteith, Darren
Criss, Harry Shum Jr,
Kevin McHale, Mark
Salling

Relationships: Chris
Colfer/Darren Criss

Status: Completed

Published: 2015-03-11

Updated: 2015-03-11

Packaged: 2015-05-13
15:54:43

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive

Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 627

Publisher:

archiveofourown.org

99) "Be careful"

“Uuugh, I’m so tired already.” Darren groaned, plopping down on the ground melodramatically.

“We’ve only been in here for half an hour, Darren, shut up.” Harry rolled his

eyes, getting a sip of his bottle of water before getting back to his excises.

Cory, Mark and Kevin laughed at his attempt to flip Harry off, but kept running on their treadmills, shaking their heads.

Chris slowly stopped his cyclette, jumping down of it and wiping away the sweat from his forehead. “Come on, you dork. I’ll give you the motivation.” He smirked, sitting down in front of Darren.

“How? Staring at me?” Darren asked confused.

“Nope. But if I grab your ankles like this,” He held Darren’s ankles down, moving closer to him until his legs were on both Darren’s sides. “and you do sit ups, you get to kiss me.” He winked.

“Oh come on! We said no making out!” Cory

protested.

“It’s motivation. Not making out.” Chris shrugged, squeezing Darren’s ankles.

“This is not a bad idea.” Darren grinned, finally starting to do situps and kissing Chris’ lips every

time, making smacking noises just to hear Chris giggle.

“You two are giving me diabetes, Jesus.” Kevin sighed, getting down from the treadmill and passing to a cyclette.

“Y’all just jealous.”

Darren laughed, sitting up completely to take Chris' face between his hands and kissing him properly.

Chris' grin grew huge, his cheeks dimpling with it, making him look even cuter. "Come on. I'll take the treadmill next." He said, standing up and

helping Darren to his feet.

“I’ll do some lifting then.”

Darren shrugged, getting one last kiss from his boyfriend. He put weights on both ends of the bar, maybe going too far, but making sure Chris noticed him.

“Isn’t that a little too much, Dare? Be careful.” He gave him a worried look, before starting to run.

“Oh, please. I can take it.” Darren scoffed, laying down on the bench and taking the bar, making sure his grip was firm

before lifting it up and down a couple of times.

“I swear, if we have to drag your ass to the ER because you tear a muscle...” Mark trailed off.

And as if on cue, Darren dropped the bar, almost

ending underneath it.
“Ouch, ouch, ouch.” He
cried out.

Chris jumped down the
treadmill, immediately on
his knees at his side to
check on him. “Shit, you
okay? Where does it
hurt?” He worried, as the
other guys stopped too

and came over to help.

“I’m gonna take some ice.” Harry started to go to the small nursery room at the end of the gym, but Darren stopped him.

“No, no, don’t worry. It’s something only Chris can take care of.” Darren

smirked, sitting up with Chris' help.

“What?” Chris looked at him confused.

“I strained my dick. A few kisses there should fix it.” He winked, dodging the towel Cory threw at him.

“Ugh, we’re never inviting you two to the gym again.” Kevin groaned.

“You actually scared me, you ass!” Chris gasped, punching him on the shoulder.

“What about my dick? He

needs assistance!” Darren chuckled, pouting at Chris who just rolled his eyes, getting back up and going to the treadmill again.

“Tell him to wait until I’m done, sweetheart.” Chris flipped him off, starting to run again.

“Rude.” Darren glared at his boyfriend, who pretended not to see it. “Fine then. Guess I’ll just jerk off he-”

Chris jumped down once again, stopping Darren from taking off his already too short shorts and cutting him off.

“Okay, you and I are hitting the showers. Now.” He hissed, tugging at Darren’s wrist and dragging him to the showers.

“Never again!” Kevin yelled at them, the others laughing in the background.

100) "I love you." by
spontaneoussoftyetass

Series: One hundred ways
to say "I love you" [87]

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Darren Criss

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100) "I love you."

“And the winner is....Darren Criss!”

Darren thought he would be used to win by now, after winning two Tonys already, but he was sure his heart skipped a beat

once again. He only stood up because Chris helped him, hugging and kissing him on the lips. “So proud of you, Dare.” barely heard over all the cheering and clapping.

He walked up the stage, accepting the award and looking at the audience.

“Oh my god.” He breathed. “Wow, uhm, I can’t believe this.” He chuckled a little, looking down at the shiny award. “I wanna thank, uhm, all the cast and crew, our make up artists that do an amazing job every night. I wanna thank Mike, for choosing me for this role.

And Matt for being an extraordinary counterpart for me. And, really, anyone involved in our show.” He took a deep breath, looking and finding Chris in the audience. “But mostly, I want to thank my amazing and handsome husband, for always supporting me

and for being an amazing father to our beautiful kids, Em and Luke. I love you, Chris.” He saw Chris cover his face with his hands to hide the fact that he was crying. Not that it passed unnoticed since the camera caught him. “And, thank you to all of my fans. I wouldn’t be where

I am now without you guys. And to anyone out there who is struggling. Just keep fighting, guys. And never, never stop dreaming. Cause look where dreaming got me, holy fu-fudge.” He laughed, as everyone stood up again, cheering and clapping for him. He

sent a flying kiss to Chris, before taking a bow and leaving the stage. There was no way he was ever going to get used to this.