

Like You Mean It

by

certain tendencies

Chris/Darren || RPF || NC-17

Prompt: "Look, all I'm saying here is that I'm the best kisser," Chris says as he drops into the chair next to Darren.

[Art and a fanmix here.](#)

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Chapter One

“Look, all I’m saying here is that I’m the best kisser,” Chris says as he drops into the chair next to Darren.

Darren shifts to face him, the thin, lightweight wood of his chair creaking under the pressure change. “I’m not saying you’re *not*,” Darren says, “I’m just saying we haven’t kissed, so you really have nothing to base your hypothesis on.”

“What do you mean we haven’t kissed?” Chris asks. “We’ve made out for like, hours if you add it all up.”

“Kurt and *Blaine* have made out for hours.”

“Really?” Chris deadpans. “You’re pulling the character card?”

“It’s not a card.” Darren rolls his eyes. “It’s the truth.”

“So the way you kiss and the way Blaine kisses are *entirely* different?”

“Maybe not entirely different,” Darren admits, holding out a packet of gum. “But Blaine doesn’t kiss Kurt the way I would kiss you.”

Chris pinches a piece out and unwraps it, shoving it into his cheek and contemplating Darren’s words.

“Do you kiss exactly like Kurt does?” Darren asks.

Chris shrugs. “I don’t know. I just kiss.”

Darren looks at him.

Chris sighs and tries to explain. “I just think, if you’re going to kiss someone and mean it, then you give all of yourself. You push your whole self into that kiss. Technique is useless if you don’t *mean* any of it. And so, Mister super-secret formula kisser, I think I’m the better kisser because I feel things instead of plotting them out.”

“I don’t *plot* my ki-”

“Excuse me? You nibble, and you suck at a lip, then you nibble, then you suck at the other lip. Every once in a while you lick something. I’m sure if we’d progressed to frenching you would have had other, more advanced moves interspersed.”

Chris watches Darren’s fist slowly clench around the gum. “Did it really suck that bad?”

Chris rolls his eyes. “It didn’t *suck*. And I’m sure if we hadn’t been stuck at first base for hours on end I wouldn’t have even noticed your pattern.”

Darren still looks put out.

“Darren, you’re a good kisser. Like, really good. I’m sure, if you could actually be *in* to kissing me, or Kurt, or whatever, then you’d be the best ever. And I’m not saying it doesn’t look wonderful on camera, because it does. But these are boy kisses, and I have home field advantage. I kiss boys better than you because I really like doing it.”

Darren narrows his eyes at Chris. “That sounds like a challenge.”

“Bad idea,” Chris says, immediately wary.

“Uh *uh*.” Darren grins, leaning over the arm of the chair. “You’re just scared. I can see it on your face.”

Chris rolls his eyes. “And what can you see on my face *now*?”

“Judgment, mostly. And disdain. That’s harsh, man.”

“I can’t help the way I feel.” Chris smiles, smacking his gum obnoxiously.

“You’re right.” Darren nods. “And you can’t contain your fear at the thought of a kiss-off with me. I understand.”

“I’m not *afraid* of a ‘kiss-off’ with you,” Chris says with exaggerated air-quotes. “I’m also not susceptible to such a blatant attempt at reverse psychology.”

“What if I made it worth your while?” Darren asks. His voice is suddenly low and what he obviously thinks is alluring. It kind of is alluring, but Chris isn’t telling him that. “What if we made it interesting? Put our money where our mouths are. Or our mouths where our mouths are. Or, wait, no. Put something where our mouths are, anyway. A wager. The best kisser gets something, whatever they want, from the loser.”

“That sounds dangerous,” Chris says. “And stupid. Who would we kiss?”

“Each other, duh.”

Chris thinks about it for a moment, unsure. “How would we pick a winner?”

Darren shrugs. “We’ll just be honest. If we can’t agree, then the bet’s off. No harm, no foul.”

“No,” Chris says, squirming uncomfortably and crossing his arms in front of his chest. “That’s far too vague; too many variables.”

“Variables?” Darren asks, looking at Chris like he’s very weird indeed.

Chris sighs, “What *kind* of kiss? No tongue, church tongue, porn tongue? Is biting allowed? Are there hands? And if there are, is it anything goes or do they stay above the waist, or do they stay above the neck? Is it a standing kiss or a sitting kiss or a laying down kiss? You haven’t thought this through.”

“Wow.” Darren blinks slowly and stares at Chris’ lips. “I am now thinking about making out with you in like, a *billion* different ways.”

Chris rolls his eyes; of course Darren would go there. “If you’re actually serious about it, you need a more detailed proposal,” Chris says dismissively, sliding out of the chair as the AD waves them over. “C’mon, we’re up.”

Darren spends his lunch break making a comprehensive kiss-off proposal, with charts and little checkmarks and a space at the end to tally up the winner. He looks over it one last time and nods to

himself, satisfied. He doesn't know why he's so intent on winning this thing, or starting it in the first place, but if he's going to do it he's going to do it right.

He rips the final draft out of his notebook and folds it up, stuffing it into his pocket as he makes his way back to the set.

"Here," he says, digging the college-ruled page out of his jeans and pressing it into Chris' hands right before the director yells *places*. Chris looks at it curiously but slides it into the back pocket of his skinny jeans before action is called.

Throughout the scene, Darren finds his eyes drawn to the faint, rectangular outline in the denim.

"Okay, cut, reset. Darren?" He looks up, startled. "I love the commitment to the character, but you actually have more to do in this scene than stare at Kurt's ass, alright?"

Darren blushes and nods. Chris turns around with an eyebrow cocked and ready.

"What?" Darren asks, defensive. "If you insist on wiggling your junky trunk all up in my face I'm gonna notice, okay?"

"I was walking. In front of you. That's all. And I think we both know who's got the junkiest trunk out of the two of us."

"You think my butt's big?" Darren pauses. "You've been looking at it?" Chris simply rolls his eyes. Darren cranes his neck and looks over his shoulder, trying to gauge the size of his posterior.

"Um, Darren?" He looks up at the director. "I think it goes without saying, but... you can't stare at your *own* ass the whole time, either."

They get a few good takes once Darren manages to find the correct amount of ass-ogling to infuse into the scene, and a break is called while they relocate everything to the auditorium set.

Darren sidles up behind Chris and leans over his shoulder to whisper in his ear, "So are you gonna look at it?"

“Gah! Jesus, Darren, stop creeping around. Look at... Are we still talking about asses, ‘cause-”

“No, the paper I gave you.” Darren rolls his eyes and moves until he’s beside Chris instead of behind him.

“It’s my proposal. It’s very thorough.”

Chris gives a *why not?* shrug and retrieves the folded-up paper from his back pocket. “This is the kiss thing right? Oh...kay. Yes it is.” He frowns in concentration as he reads the page. He reaches the end and then flicks his eyes back up, going over it more slowly the second time.

Darren tugs at his arm to get him moving, walking him in the direction of the auditorium.

“Well?” Darren asks, once Chris surfaces fully. “Do you accept my challenge?”

“What’re the ‘b’s for?” Chris asks, lowering the paper.

“Oh that. Those score you extra points. They stand for boner bonus. If I- If either one of us gets a boner, the other gets an extra point that round.” Darren bares his teeth in a grin, prepared to drop that stipulation if he can get the rest of the proposal pushed through. He should totally run for congress.

“Boner bonus,” Chris repeats, staring at Darren like he’s an idiot.

“Yes.”

It takes Chris a few moments, but all he does is shrug and look back down at the page once more. He sucks his bottom lip in and lets it drag out from between his teeth slowly. With a nod, he folds the paper up and returns it to his pocket. “Okay, but-”

“But?”

“You still haven’t specified a wager,” Chris reminds him. “What do I get if I win? What do *you* get?”

“Aside from the satisfaction of being pretty much the best kisser ever, I was thinking we could get each other for a night, or something like that.” Darren looks over and is treated to Chris’ poker face. “No, I mean, if I won, I would get you for a night, keep you from working for once. Maybe drag you to one of my shows. And if you won, you’d get me.”

“For a whole night.”

“Yes. Or, I guess, day. Twenty four hour period, how’s that?”

“So I could just order you to leave me alone and then have an entire day to myself without you bugging me?”

Darren feels his brows lower over his eyes, unimpressed.

“Oh! No! I could make you clean my bathroom!” Chris exclaims, his eyes lighting up. “Oh my god, I accept.” He grabs Darren’s hand and shakes it enthusiastically. “There’s something behind the toilet that I’ve been too afraid to take a closer look at. This is perfect. You could clean the whole *apartment*.” He gets a far-off look in his eye, mumbling to himself as he wanders ahead, leaving Darren behind. “Maybe do laundry. I still have a bag of clothes from tour I haven’t opened...”

Darren feels his nostrils flare in fear.

He shakes it off and watches as Chris’ long legs carry him off down the hall.

He’s totally got this.

Chris studies the kiss-off proposal once more later that evening, setting it on the small table in his trailer and reading it while he wriggles out of Kurt’s pants. He wonders if the mysterious dark mass behind the toilet is actually worth putting himself through what will probably be a very embarrassing and uncomfortable experience. He thinks of the duffel bag in the bottom of his closet filled with sweaty tour socks and that god-awful leotard and winces.

Totally worth it.

There's a knock at his trailer door and he stumbles, hopping on one foot while trying to extract the other from Kurt's stupid skinny jeans. "Hang -whoa," he wobbles, wind-milling one arm until he's steady again, "Hang on a second!"

He leans against the table and yanks the denim over his heel, quickly tugging on his own pair of much more reasonably fitting jeans.

"It's open!" he calls, looking down at his fly. He manages to fumble the zipper up as Darren walks in. "Hey," he says, a little breathless.

"Oh. Hey. I can-" Darren takes a step back and gestures behind him towards the door.

"No, it's fine. What did you need?" Chris pretends he's not blushing and wipes his palms on his hips to have something to do.

"I was just wondering," Darren starts, giving a little hop over the crumpled jeans on the floor, "when you wanted to do the kiss thing, because I'm free tonight, if you are." He comes to a stop by the couch and stretches a finger out to scrape a nail across the scratchy upholstery.

"Oh." Chris pauses. His gaze traces the line of Darren's arm up to his shoulder and around the curve of his jaw to his lips. He needs more time to prepare; having a kiss-off with his costar without psyching himself up first is a bad idea. He also needs to look Darren in the eye, not in the mouth.

When he meets Darren's gaze his eyes are as big and brown as ever. "No, I didn't have anything planned." The words slip out without his approval and it's all Chris can do to keep from smacking himself in the forehead. He reaches down and swipes Kurt's jeans off the floor, instead, folding them over his arm, babbling to take his mind off what a mistake this could be. "Besides the usual, I mean. Writing and stuff. And I'm a couple chapters ahead of schedule so one night off won't hurt. Probably."

"Cooliosis."

Chris stops his fiddling and flattens his lips out, letting his line of sight drift to somewhere above Darren's left shoulder, quietly contemplating all the things he could say to that.

"You're judging me again, I can feel it."

"You just said cooliosis."

"Well *excuse* me." Darren rolls his eyes. "I didn't know you were such a word Nazi."

"Well I didn't know you were the type of person that says cooliosis. *Cooliosis*, Darren."

"You've said it more than I have, now."

"It's contagious," Chris decides, unbuttoning the green and pink striped top from Kurt's latest outfit. "Hand me my shirt, would you?"

"What if I get my word germs on it?" Darren asks, picking up the t-shirt anyway.

"I'm already infected," Chris responds, catching it when Darren lobs it at his head. He switches shirts and lays Kurt's clothes out across the small table, looking up at Darren expectantly once he has. "So."

"So," Darren parrots, rocking slightly on his feet. "My place or yours?"

"You get your car fixed yet?"

"Nope."

"Mine, then."

"We should get pizza."

"Really," Chris states, gathering his phone and his wallet and shoving things into his satchel.

"With meat. Lots of meat. Sausage." Darren fantasizes, his voice dreamy and faraway. "*Bacon.*"

"Mushrooms," Chris adds.

Darren wrinkles his nose and gives Chris an unhappy look.

“Did you get your bank card sorted out?”

“No.”

“Well then you suck and I am getting mushrooms,” Chris says matter-of-factly. “And olives.”

“That’s disgusting. You take the fun out of everything,” Darren says, bouncing excitedly in spite of his words.

Chris shoulders his bag and brushes past Darren on his way to the door. “If you would actually take care of the boring shit in your life you’d get to make more decisions.”

“You’re not the boss of me,” Darren says, following him out of the trailer and jogging a little to catch up.

“You want pizza or not?” Chris asks.

Darren huffs and leans into Chris, pushing him off course.

Chris veers back and whacks his bag into Darren’s side, causing him to detour clumsily into a neighboring trailer. “Fucker,” Darren says, rubbing at his shoulder.

“Mooch.”

Darren carries the pizza on the way into the apartment building. They take the stairs up and Darren shifts impatiently from foot to foot for Chris to open the door. Chris turns the key and shoves the door open with his hip, stepping back and letting Darren go in first.

Darren drops the pizza on the counter and calls over his shoulder. “I gotta pee!” He makes his way quickly to the bathroom and settles his hands on the sink, leaning his weight on stiffened arms. He squints at himself in the mirror. He’s nervous.

There's an itch in the pit of his stomach, a sort of dangerous fluttering that started as soon as Chris had accidentally pulled the folded up kiss-off proposal out of his pocket at the same time as his wallet at the pizza place.

"This is stupid," Darren says to himself, turning the taps on and splashing his face. "It's Chris. It's not weird."

He's about to make out, *comprehensively* make out, with Chris Colfer.

"It doesn't *have* to be weird," he tells mirror Darren, going for reassuring. It's less than convincing.

He turns the taps off and turns to look at the toilet. He should probably flush it so Chris doesn't think he's a pee-keeper. He pushes the handle down, and his eye is caught by a dark blob in the shadows behind the tank. His mind goes back to what Chris had said earlier and he shudders, turning away before he can look at it too closely. He turns the taps on again out of habit and wets his hands, running his fingers through his hair.

He shakes himself and lets out a deep breath. "It doesn't have to be weird," he repeats, opening the door and stepping out into the hall.

Chris looks up from his spot on the couch. He swallows his bite of pizza with a gulp and watches as Darren takes the cushion next to him. "Your face is all wet," he observes neutrally.

Darren looks down at his hands, which are also damp. He looks back up at Chris and says calmly, "I missed."

Chris gives a little shudder of disgust and hunches in on himself. Darren raises his hands. "Don't you dare," Chris warns, holding up his half-eaten slice of pizza in defense.

Darren grins and tackles him, pinning Chris' arms back against the couch and rubbing his wet face and hair all over the side of Chris' neck and up his cheek.

"Argh! No! Darren!" Chris writhes beneath him and bucks up, knocking him off the couch and into the coffee table. "Oh my *GOD!*"

Darren slides to the floor, laughing, as Chris scrubs frantically at his face. “*Relax!*”

“No. That is the most disgusting feeling in the world.” Chris picks his abandoned pizza slice up off the floor and chucks it at Darren’s head.

He ducks, and the slice grazes his ear and tumbles across the coffee table, leaving a flurry of cheap brown napkins in its wake.

“You’re *awful*,” Chris informs him, sitting up straight crossing his arms over his chest.

“I’m awesome,” Darren corrects, pushing himself up and moving to sit next to him again.

Chris waits until he’s settled in to scoot as far away from him as possible, shoving himself into the corner of the couch.

“Aw, don’t be like that,” Darren says, pouting. “It was only water.”

“I know what it was,” Chris mutters. Darren can see the faintest hint of a shiver prickle across his shoulders. “It was cold and it was gross and you suck.”

Darren bites his lip and turns to the coffee table. He grabs a napkin and another slice out of the box and hands it to Chris as a peace offering.

Chris takes the pizza gingerly from Darren’s hand. He takes a bite and chews slowly, still eyeing Darren warily.

“What?” Darren asks.

“There’s cheese on the floor,” Chris says, tucking his legs underneath him and gesturing at the spot where the previous slice had fallen.

Darren blinks at him. “Are you serious?”

“It’s your fault. You clean it up.”

Darren is prepared to have a stare-off to reassert his manliness when Chris shifts again, getting more comfortable, and Darren hears a faint crinkling sound. It's the proposal, he's pretty sure, folded up and stuffed in Chris' pocket and now making crinkling noises as it's forced into the shapes of the contours of Chris' ass.

Darren takes a deep breath and grabs a napkin, sliding off the couch and to his knees. "Okay."

Chris watches as Darren goes to his knees, swiping at the mess on the carpet in front of him and avoiding eye contact. It's weird.

He takes another bite of pizza and squirms further into the cushion, uncurling his legs as Darren straightens up.

"Okay?" Darren asks, waving an arm and presenting the floor for inspection.

Chris doesn't look very closely. He shrugs and nods, stretching out a leg and hooking his toes under the lip of the coffee table, dragging it closer. "Have some," he says.

Darren flops onto the couch and grabs a piece, folding it in half and biting off a third of it in one bite.

Chris watches him chew for a second, before realizing how creepy that is and standing up. "I have beer," he announces, setting his half-eaten slice and its napkin on the end table.

"Cool," Darren says thickly, trying to talk through a cheek full of dough.

Chris nods and goes to the fridge, taking a moment to let the cool air from the fridge wash over him and calm him down. He shakes his head at himself and grabs two brown bottles, enjoying the way the necks clink together in his hand. He walks back slowly and rounds the far end of the couch, snagging the remote from the entertainment center as he does.

Darren flicks his head in thanks as he takes his beer, his mouth full again with what looks like his second piece.

Chris turns the TV on as he sits down, going to the guide. "Movie?"

Darren shrugs, twisting off his cap and swallowing his mouthful. "I don't care."

Chris settles on cartoons; something vaguely familiar but too new to be nostalgic.

They don't say anything for a long time, which has never happened before.

"So this is really weird," Darren says eventually, setting his empty bottle down and shifting until he's facing Chris.

"Oh thank god," Chris sighs in relief. "I thought it was me."

Darren raises an eyebrow and wiggles his head on his neck. "I never said it wasn't you. I just said it was weird."

Chris kicks at him with his socked foot and Darren jerks away, smiling. "So," he says, slapping his hands down on his thighs and sitting up straight. "I think we should do the kissing thing."

Chris goes still.

"I mean, that's obviously what's making us weird, but it shouldn't be weird. So we just need to get it over with, 'cause we already agreed we would, and then we won't be weird anymore."

"I don't think your logic is exactly bulletproof," Chris points out.

"Whatever. It's worth a shot."

Chris drains his beer and licks his lips.

"Besides," Darren continues when Chris doesn't say anything. "It's about time you acknowledged that I'm the superior kisser so we can make plans to put it on the headstone."

“Whose headstone?”

“Both of ours.”

“Are we having a joint headstone?”

“No. One apiece.”

Chris nods.

“Unless you want a joint headstone.”

“I’m good, actually, on the... headstone front.” Chris looks around for something to do and grabs the remote, muting the television but leaving the bright, chaotic colors on in the background.

“Okay.” Darren nods. “We need a pen.”

“Huh?”

“For the thing. To keep score.”

“Oh.” Chris looks around stupidly for a moment before standing up and going to his desk, unclipping one from the spine of a notebook. He walks back and pulls the paper from his pocket, unfolding it and sitting down to read it just as Darren stands up.

Chris looks at him.

“The first ones are standby-uppy ones,” Darren reminds him.

“Oh.” Chris stands and looks at the page. “So. Do we just... start?”

Darren shrugs. “Yeah. We’ll stop in between kisses to figure out who won.”

Chris nods and tugs at his bottom lip with his teeth. “Do- wait, how long are they? The kisses?”

Darren's eyes widen. "We should *time* them. That's a great idea. Duh, why didn't I think of that before?" He digs around in his pockets for his phone and taps at a few different screens once he finds it. "What do you think? Thirty seconds for the standing ones?"

"I... okay." Chris turns his head to the side and looks at the app Darren's fiddling with. "What's that supposed to be?"

"It's an egg. Egg timer."

"And you already had that on your phone," Chris checks.

"Yup."

"Wow."

"It's useful, shut up."

Chris raises his eyebrows but doesn't say anything.

"Any more questions?" Darren asks. Chris shakes his head, looking down to scan the page one more time.

And then Darren kisses him.

"Mmmph!" Chris exclaims against Darren's lips, making him smile. He doesn't back off, though, he's got thirty seconds and he's going to use them.

His fingers are itching to come up and hold Chris steady, but he holds them down by his sides, instead trying to convey his wishes via the forceful application of his lips. Eventually Chris stops cussing him out and starts kissing back, tilting his head and returning the pressure.

Darren pulls away with a slight smack and presses in again, unable to keep from smiling.

Chris leans back and Darren tries to follow for a split second before he realizes his phone is beeping obnoxiously in his hand.

He opens his eyes and rocks back on his heels with a grin. "I totally won that one."

Chris rolls his eyes, smoothing his hands down his shirt. "Cheaters never win, Darren."

"This one did." He snatches the pen and the paper from Chris and marks a thick X under his name.

"So for the next one," Chris says after a moment, "which I will initiate, if only to keep you from ambushing me again, it's nibbling, right?"

"Yeah but like, lip nibbling. Nibbling with lips. Very little teeth," Darren answers, setting everything but his phone down on the coffee table and resetting the timer. "Does that make sense?"

Chris shrugs. "We'll find out."

"Okay," Darren says. "Tell me when."

Chris straightens his back and crowds in to Darren, inching closer and closer until their chests are brushing and Darren can feel the heat of him. Darren balances on his toes a little, so that he doesn't have to look up to meet Chris' eyes.

Chris smiles and ducks in close, whispering "*When.*" He immediately captures Darren's lower lip with both of his own, nibbling slightly and varying the overall pressure in a slow rhythm, forcing Darren to sway back and forward with him, unable to hold on to anything for balance.

Darren curses the stupid hand rule and tries to keep up with Chris' pace. He breathes in sharply through his nose when he feels the barest scrape of hard, wet teeth against the sensitive skin of his lip, but before he can retaliate his phone is beeping again. Chris backs away with a smirk.

Darren rolls his eyes, acknowledging the win.

“And I didn’t even have to cheat,” Chris gloats happily.

“Yeah alright. Whatever. It’s just the beginning,” Darren says, marking a quick X under Chris’ name and straightening. “Hands this time, above the neck. And I start.”

Chris nods.

Darren resets the timer and poises his thumb over the start button, looking up at Chris. “You ready?”

Another nod.

Darren taps the button and steps forward at the same time, tossing his phone to the couch and bringing both hands up to cup Chris’ face. He strokes Chris’ cheekbones with his thumbs and presses their lips together tightly before easing off and nipping playfully at Chris’ upper lip.

He feels Chris’ arm brush his chest as one hand sneaks up to curl behind his ear and into his hair. Chris slides his other hand around to the base of his skull, giving the hair there a sharp tug. Darren gasps, jerking back, and Chris uses the resulting space to take over the kiss, nuzzling their lips together and scratching his fingers against Darren’s scalp through his hair.

The phone beeps but they take few seconds to break apart.

“That wasn’t *just* a kiss,” Darren says, a nearly imperceptible waver in his voice.

“But it *was* a kiss,” Chris says. “So it counts. As a win.” He points at the paper. “For me.”

Darren grudgingly marks down an X under Chris’ name and then stands up straight, eyeing him carefully. “Time for tongue,” he says ominously. Chris snorts.

Darren retrieves his phone from the couch and resets the timer yet again. He turns to Chris. “Church tongue, though. Nothing obscene in the standy-uppy kisses.”

“You’re really kind of a weird person,” Chris tells him.

“Yeah but you’ve known that for a while,” Darren says, and Chris smiles at him. Darren beckons him closer. “Your turn to start.”

Chris steps close and nods.

Darren presses the button on his phone as Chris slides his fingers across Darren’s throat and around to the back of his neck, urging him forward and sucking a kiss against his lower lip. Darren brings a hand up to Chris’ face and tilts it gently, drawing him back in with a teasing flick of his tongue at the corner of Chris’ mouth. Their lips part and seal together. Darren barely feels the tip of Chris’ tongue against his own, searching and sweet, when his stupid phone beeps.

Chris startles and jumps away, his eyes snapping open. “*Shit.*” Darren would totally laugh at him but he feels the same way. He resists the urge to shake his head to clear it and looks at Chris. “That didn’t feel like...”

Darren nods. “Longer next time.”

Chris agrees and then looks down at the paper. “That was probably a tie, huh?”

Darren marks it down without saying anything, watching out of the corner of his eye as Chris slumps onto the couch.

Sitty-downy kisses.

Darren straightens and moves to sit next to Chris, bringing the paper with him just to have something to hold on to. This is nothing like making out as Kurt and Blaine. There’s no one interrupting them to get them to cheat towards the light, no one fixing their makeup, no one to yell cut or to talk to in between takes. No one besides Chris. Chris, who is an excellent kisser.

He should probably call it off before he gets in over his head.

He looks at the score sheet. Chris is ahead.

He can’t stop *yet*.

Standing kisses :					Results :		
	On the lips	nibbling	hands*	tongue	Chris	Darren	Tie
1	✓					X	
2	✓	✓			X		
3	✓	✓	✓		X		
4	✓	✓	✓	✓			X

* above the neck

Chapter Two

Chris watches as Darren stares through the piece of paper in his hand, oddly still.

He leans over and pokes him in the side.

“Wha- Hmm?” Darren looks over at him.

“You alright?”

“Yeah, sorry. I got distracted. So uh, how long do you think, now?”

“Until what?” Chris asks, confused.

“No,” Darren closes his eyes and laughs softly, shaking his head. He holds up the paper. “For the kisses, now. Forty five? Or like a minute?”

“Oh.” Chris watches as Darren sets the page on the coffee table. “Forty five seconds. A minute for the tongue one, though.”

Darren nods, already resetting his egg timer. “Kay.”

Chris scoots closer, until their thighs are almost touching. “Whenever you’re ready,” he says, watching Darren’s fingers as they flicker nervously over the touch screen.

Darren clears his throat and wiggles further down into the cushions, turning so that his knee is pressing solidly into Chris’ leg.

“Okay,” he says, tucking his arm around the back of the couch. “Back to square one again. Nothing but lips.” He leans in and Chris twists to meet him, smiling a little when Darren looks at his phone without turning his head and murmurs a quiet “Aaaaand *go*.”

It’s... soft. Much softer than the first one, and Chris is a little bemused, but he goes with it. Darren keeps the pressure almost nonexistent, and darts away when Chris pushes in for something more. He licks his

lips and leans in slow to press a series of light, damp kisses over Chris' mouth. Chris furrows his brow in confusion, kissing back firmly, trying to figure out what's changed. Darren keeps the kisses superficial, though, refusing Chris's attempts to change the energy of it.

It doesn't feel like Darren's trying to win anything.

Chris pulls away as soon as the phone beeps. "Okay that sucked."

Darren sighs and rubs his hand over his face. "I know. That was stupid. I'm sorry. You definitely won that one."

"No one won that one. We tied. For last place." Chris leans over Darren's lap to mark a thick X in the tie column and tosses the pen down as he sits up. Something occurs to him, "Is it, like, weird now? Do you wanna stop?"

"No!" Darren answers quickly. "No, I just... I was going for teasing but it didn't work."

Chris doesn't really believe him but he shrugs and lets it go. "Okay. You want another beer?"

"Yes," Darren says, relief evident in his voice. Chris decides not to take that as an insult and instead simply pushes himself up off the couch and retrieves two bottles from the fridge. When he sits back down he makes sure to give Darren a little more space than before, handing over the beer and fiddling with the label on his own.

"Are you hungry?" Darren asks after a small stretch of not-quite-awkward silence, "You didn't eat much."

Chris looks at the pizza and rubs a palm over his belly. He can't really contemplate adding more food to the current mix of unexplained achiness and nervously excited butterflies in his stomach. He shakes his head and quirks up one side of his mouth. "I'm good." He decides to ignore Darren's very Blaine-esque look of mild concern. He faces the soundless cartoons playing out on the television and twists the cap of his beer off, taking a small sip.

If he ends the night with a crush on his costar he will be very angry with himself.

“Okay!” Darren announces, startling Chris into looking at him. “I am refreshed and ready to go. Prepare to have your socks kissed off.”

“Kinky,” Chris says, leaning forward to set his mostly full beer next to Darren’s half-empty one.

Darren turns to face him and claps his hands down on his thighs. “Hands this time, above the waist.”

Chris nods and takes a deep breath. “Okay. Prepare the time-keeping device, if you please.”

Darren does as he’s told, setting the phone on the cushion on the other side of him, keeping one finger hovering over the screen. “Kay. Whenever you’re ready.”

Chris nods, scooting close and facing Darren completely. “Ready.”

Darren hits the button and Chris leans in, sliding one hand around the back of his neck and using the other to grab his shoulder and pull him close. Darren’s breath tastes like beer against Chris’ lips, strong and bitter. Chris tilts his head and pushes into the kiss, letting his hand slide down from Darren’s shoulder to his waist.

He feels Darren reach behind him to fold an arm around the back of the couch. Darren uses his grip on the couch as leverage to lift himself up and over Chris’ lap, straddling him without ever breaking the kiss.

Chris drops both hands to Darren’s waist and leans back, unsure. “What the hell-”

“Twenty seconds.” Darren cuts him off, cupping his shoulders and pulling him back in.

Chris tilts his head up, struggling to match Darren’s pressure, and curls his arm around Darren’s lower back, fisting his hand in the cotton of his shirt and shoving their chests together. It’s not enough, though, not for a win, and Darren’s grinning when the beeping phone breaks them apart.

“You really need to work on your inability to play by the rules,” Chris says. His voice is, perhaps, a tad huskier than normal.

“There’s nothing on that paper saying *where* we’re supposed to sit,” Darren points out, and Chris has to scramble to get a good hold on his waist as he bends over backwards to grab the proposal and the pen off

the coffee table. He grunts with the effort of pulling himself upright again. "We don't really need to discuss who won that one, do we?"

"Nor do we need to acknowledge the fact that you keep resorting to guerrilla warfare in order to win."

"You're just jealous." Darren grins, setting the paper down and picking his phone up, resetting the timer.

"So you're just gonna stay here?" Chris asks after a moment, readjusting his hands lower on Darren's sides.

"Yup," He says cheerfully, wiggling slightly, "Comfy."

"You're such a strange human being," Chris says, trying not to focus on the hot weight across his thighs, tightening his grip on Darren to get him to hold still.

"My turn to start," Darren says, "Sucking and nibbling this time."

"Oh goody," Chris says, and Darren swoops down before he can close his mouth.

Darren links his fingers together behind Chris' neck and sucks his lower lip between his teeth, biting down gently.

Chris pulls at his hips until they're flush together, straining up into the kiss. He sucks wet half-kisses into Darren's upper lip until his own lower one is freed, and then they come together, slick lips sliding against each other and teeth nipping out occasionally to tug at reddened, sensitive skin.

Chris sweeps a hand up Darren's arched back and pulls down on his shoulder, pressing him harder into his lap, lower and closer and easier to reach. Darren tilts his head further and tangles his fingers into Chris' hair, panting through his open lips against the corner of Chris' mouth. Chris fastens their lips together and slides his hand across Darren's lower back, wrapping his arm around him and hugging him even closer, rocking into the kiss and then back into the couch when Darren pushes back.

The phone, when it goes off, sounds quieter than usual. Chris realizes he's probably just having difficulty hearing it over the rushing in his ears.

"Well," Darren says, leaning back slowly.

Chris releases his hold on him and swallows.

“We’re pretty good at that,” Darren says, scrubbing his fingers through his hair.

Chris nods. They’re a little too good.

“I don’t really...” Darren trails off awkwardly. “That was a tie, right?”

“Yeah.” His voice, once it finally decides to work, is low and embarrassingly hoarse.

Darren blinks down at the couch for a moment, and Chris’ fingers twitch where they’re resting against the cushions. He really shouldn’t rub his palms up Darren’s thighs, no matter how much he’d like to.

Eventually, after a strange period of what might be contemplation and what might be shock, Darren reaches over and marks an X in the tie column, picking his phone up as he does. “Tongue this time. And we’re not restricted just to lips anymore.”

Chris considers the images that plants in his mind, not all of them attractive. “So I could, like, lick you all over the face?”

“If you wanted to lose, yeah,” Darren says, giving an exaggerated scoff.

“Whatever, I have extremely sexy licks.”

“Great,” Darren deadpans, fiddling with his phone. “One minute this time. Prepare thyself.”

“One minute.” Chris tries to keep his voice light. “One whole minute of me quite possibly licking your eyeball. Prepare *thyself*.”

“If you lick my eyeball I’m quitting you,” Darren warns, slinging an arm around Chris’ neck and readjusting his position across his thighs.

“You don’t know what you’re missing,” Chris says, suddenly breathless.

“Don’t want to,” Darren replies, scooting his knees up further and giving Chris a nod. “Your turn first.”

Chris slides his fingers around the back of Darren's neck and doesn't give him more than a hastily muttered "Go." Before tugging him in and connecting their mouths, running his tongue along the seam of Darren's lips and pulling it back when they open. He smiles into the kiss as Darren makes a frustrated little noise in the back of his throat, chasing after Chris' tongue with his own.

Chris lets himself be caught, pushing back against Darren and rocking forward. He scrapes his thumbnail across the stubble at the corner of Darren's jaw, just beneath his ear, and smiles at the shudder he receives in return.

Pulling his head back, Chris breaks them apart with a smack, Darren's wide-eyed surprise giving Chris time to kiss his way up the line of Darren's jaw. The five o'clock shadow there prickles and catches at his lips, and he stops when he hits the spot his nail had scraped over a few moments before, sucking and biting at the blushing skin there. Chris brings his other hand up and rests it against Darren's throat, feeling his adam's apple work as he swallows and then growls.

Chris laughs as Darren's hands fist in his hair and tug him off and up, "No fair."

The hot gusts of the words are followed by Darren's lips, wet and solid against his. There's a tongue tracing its way across the edges of his teeth and Chris sucks it in further, fucking his mouth on it with a few slick strokes and leaving Darren gasping. He releases Darren's tongue and curls his own up, teasing it against the roof of Darren's mouth before pulling back to set hard, damp kisses across Darren's lips and back up to that spot beneath his ear.

The phone beeps, and Darren slumps away from Chris' sucking lips like a puppet with its strings cut, sliding bonelessly off Chris' lap and onto the couch beside him. "Fuck," he says eventually, his voice blown. "That wasn't even kissing. That was mouth sex."

Chris melts back into the couch and looks over at him, licking his swollen lips. He nods, letting his head fall back. Somewhere in the middle of that kiss he stopped trying to win and started trying to turn Darren on. If he were a responsible person with boundaries and a sense of reason he would put a stop to the whole stupid kiss-off thing. Instead, he watches as Darren shifts uncomfortably and digs his phone and the piece of paper out from underneath him.

Darren pens a careful X in Chris' column while Chris takes a deep breath through his nose before blowing it out in a long, even stream. "What's next?"

Sitting kisses					Results:				
	On the lips	hands*	sucking/nibbling	tongue	Chris	BS	Darren	BS	Tie
1	✓								X
2	✓	✓					X		
3	✓	✓	✓						X
4		✓	✓	✓	X				

* above the waist

Darren answers Chris' question without hesitation. "More beer."

He struggles slightly to sit up straight, unable to shake the strange, quasi post-coital heaviness from his limbs. He needs time to reevaluate his approach if he wants to win. He leans forward and slides his bottle through a small puddle of condensation and off the edge of the coffee table, raising an eyebrow at Chris over his shoulder. Chris reaches an arm out and makes a grabby hand, so Darren picks his up, too.

Their fingers brush as Darren hands Chris' off, and Darren knows it's stupid, because those fingers were buried in his hair and wrapped around his neck not too long ago, but the contact makes him startle and lose his grip on his own bottle, the cold, wet glass slipping through his fist until his fingers tighten around the neck. A few drops splash out and land on the back of his hand. Darren stares at them dumbly.

"You alright there, cowboy?" Chris asks with a vague smile playing around his lips. His voice is wider than normal, a little bit deeper and a little bit warmer than Darren's used to hearing it. The thought that this whole thing might be affecting Chris as much as it is Darren sends a little thrill down to the base of his spine. The hairs on his arms stand on end. He switches the bottle from his left hand to his right and looks up at Chris with a shrug, licking the drops from the back of his hand as nonchalantly as he can manage. Chris' eyes widen, but he doesn't say anything, instead tipping his head back and taking a swig of his beer.

Darren watches Chris' long, pale neck and takes a mouthful of his own drink, wondering when exactly he started perving on his friend.

He switches his gaze to the muted television, now showing what looks like an infomercial for some type of towel things. The guy selling them has a headset on and is punching some carpet.

"Sham Wow," Chris says knowledgeably.

"Huh?"

"Sham Wow. That's what they're called. They work pretty well."

Darren looks at him.

"I sleep-bought like ten sets once, if you want some," Chris says, and then tips back the rest of his beer.

And all of a sudden Darren doesn't want to prolong the wait. He doesn't want to formulate some sort of kiss strategy; he just wants to be kissing Chris.

He sets his beer down and leans back against the arm of the couch, bringing his curled legs up until his toes tuck under the side of Chris' thigh. With a glance at the paper to confirm Chris is on top first, Darren grabs his phone and asks, "Do you think one minute is long enough for the layey-downy ones?"

Chris sputters a little, wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand, "Uh, yeah. A minute. That's a good... a good-" He flattens his hand and cuts it through the air horizontally, back and forth. "A good ceiling. Time ceiling. Whatever." He leans forward and clunks his empty bottle on the table top. "Limit."

Darren watches him, amused, as he plucks at the front of his shirt and clears his throat.

"You're on top first." Darren informs him. "Anything goes."

Chris swallows visibly and wipes his hands down the tops of his thighs. He turns and grabs the back of the couch as he settles his knees on either side of Darren's hips, leaning forward and balancing his weight on one hand. He licks his lips and finally meets Darren's eyes. "Ready when you are."

Darren smiles, enjoying the way Chris' hair falls across his forehead, enjoying the way it feels to be underneath someone as strong as he is. Stronger, maybe. He taps the button on the phone and lets it fall to the floor, reaching with both arms to pull Chris down. He tugs insistently and Chris is forced to plant his other hand on the arm of the couch to keep from falling into him. Darren grins into it when their lips meet.

The kiss is leisurely and almost familiar in a way. He knows the shape of Chris' mouth and he knows the taste of it, behind the shared tang of the beer. He lets his hands slide around to Chris' chest and trails his fingers down as he keeps the kiss deep and slow. Unable to use his hands, Chris is helpless to guide things as he'd done before, and Darren takes advantage of that. Playing his hands down Chris' torso, he scratches Chris' shirts up and dances his fingers along the soft, newly-exposed skin of his belly, kissing him through the shivers it brings.

"Ticklish?" Darren murmurs, when they pull apart to change the angle of the kiss.

"Mmm mm," Chris shakes his head slightly, his eyes pressed tightly shut and his abs clenching under Darren's exploring fingertips.

Darren takes pity on him and slides his palms around to rest across Chris' lower back, still under the shirts but no longer teasing. Chris' muscles eventually start to relax, but before Darren can do anything more the phone begins to beep from its resting place on the floor.

It takes Chris a moment for his eyes to flutter open. Darren watches him come awake, his hands still splayed across the hot skin of Chris' back and his toes curling into the far cushion.

Chris blinks a few times before he finally focuses on Darren. "Huh," he says.

"Right?" Darren agrees. "That wasn't a competition; that was just making out."

Chris walks his hands back and sits up on his knees, forcing Darren to slide his hands off. "Sorry."

Darren just shrugs. "Doesn't bother me." He grins. "I totally won anyway."

Chris rolls his eyes and lifts a leg up, leaning over the back of the couch as Darren slides his own legs off the couch and pushes himself back into a seated position. He feels Chris settle in next to him as he grabs

the somewhat crumpled kiss-off proposal and smoothes it out against his knee, marking an X under his name. "We're tied," Darren smiles, turning to look at Chris and wiggle his eyebrows. "Better bring your game face this time."

Chris seems to take his advice to heart, breathing in deep and exhaling slowly. He twists around and leans back, one leg stretching out along the back of the couch, his foot pushing past Darren's ass to brace against the far armrest, the other leg bent, foot resting flat on the floor. Darren watches his movements with interest, setting the paper down and picking his phone up. He crawls up the couch, until his knees are nestled between Chris' spread thighs, and leans over him, one hand sinking into the cushion next to Chris' shoulder. "You ready?"

Chris nods, cupping his hands around Darren's ribcage, just under his arms. "Go ahead."

Darren hits the button and abandons the phone, leaning down to kiss him once more. Halfway there, though, the hands around his ribs squeeze and pull tight, and Chris' legs come up to wrap around him. He falls onto Chris, a shocked laugh escaping from his lips before Chris catches them with his own.

Chris' thighs clamp around his hips, heels dragging up the backs of his knees, and Darren slides his hands between the cushion and Chris' wide, warm back. The shift and play of muscles against Darren's hands is almost as exhilarating as the way Chris is arching into him and biting at his lips.

Darren closes his eyes and tilts his head, leaning more of his weight on Chris and holding him even tighter. He arches his back when one of Chris' legs climbs higher, his right heel coming to a rest just above his ass, digging in a little and giving Chris some leverage to push himself further against Darren. Darren groans into the kiss and works his mouth sloppily across Chris' jaw to his neck, leaving his own throat exposed and angled enough that Chris latches on and sucks what feels like quite the hickey into it.

It's too much, and Darren stops himself from grinding down into Chris, but only barely. He snaps his head back with a whine and a "Fuck. *Chris-*" just as the phone goes off.

And that's when Chris flails, bucking Darren off the couch.

Darren can't get his arms out from under Chris quick enough and he winds up taking Chris with him as they collide with the floor and roll into the coffee table with a loud crash.

Darren winds up on top again, and he feels a bottle tumble off the table and thunk into his leg before rolling a few inches away on the carpet. He stares at Chris in shock, the wind knocked out of him, and Chris stares back, his eyes wide, before frantically pushing at Darren's shoulders. "Up," he says, his voice strained. "Get off. Darren, please."

Darren struggles to his knees and back onto the couch, reaching out a hand that Chris ignores, climbing up and sitting as far away from Darren as he can while still remaining on the couch. He's hunched over awkwardly, with a hand wrapped around his stomach.

"What's the matter?" Darren asks, tentatively, reaching out a hand. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, just don't-" Chris waves his hand at Darren. "Just... Stay over there."

"Did I do something wrong? Did I grind? Was there grinding? I tried not to-"

Chris laughs and plants his forehead in his hand. "It wasn't you, Darren. You're fine. It's me."

Darren mulls that one over for a moment and then narrows his eyes. "I'm getting the insincere break-up speech now?" He can't believe it. "Look, you may have won the stupid kiss-off but I'm not so bad that you have to use the break-up speech on me."

Chris snorts and looks over at him, still hunched over. "I didn't win the kiss-off, Darren."

"Well. Not officially yet. I still have to write it down, but we were tied and you won that last one, so-"

"We tied," Chris says in a soft voice.

"No, you did the leg thing; that was a win," Darren says, turning sideways on the couch and scooting closer. "It wasn't technically part of the kiss but you definitely won."

Chris sighs and snatches the paper and pen off the floor. It's crinkled heavily, and has a few transparent spots where the falling bottle splashed a few drops on it. Darren leans over to try to read what Chris is writing, but Chris hunches over further and then tosses the pen to the coffee table once he's done, standing up and walking around the back of the couch. He folds the battered page and hands it to Darren with a muttered, "I need another beer."

Darren watches him trudge to the kitchen for a moment, but quickly turns to the page in his hand. He unfolds it and skips to the bottom. Chris marked an X under his name, and then a checkmark under... "Oh."

Darren looks up at Chris, who is slumped against the fridge, the neck of his bottle hanging from two fingers. "Boner bonus." Darren breathes, reverent. "*Boner bonus.*"

Reclining Kisses (Anything Goes):

	Chris	B	Darren	B
1 (Chris on top)			X	
2 (Darren on top)	X			✓
Total Score :	Chris 4		Darren 4	

Chris looks up as Darren stands and stalks over. "What is it?" he asks warily.

"You know what this means, right?" Darren asks, and Chris isn't sure but he thinks there's a hint of a smile playing around his lips.

"What does it mean?"

"Sudden death."

"Sudden... what?" Chris sets his beer down on the counter and turns to face Darren with his arms folded over his chest.

"Sudden death. One final round. No holds barred. Winner takes all."

Chris raises one eyebrow. "And it doesn't bother you in the least that I popped a woody in the middle of our make-out session."

"Popped a *woody*. Wow. I haven't heard that since like seventh grade. Well done," Darren jokes.

"Shut up."

"No. And no. Of course not. Make-outs are optimal tent-pitching environments. Well, make-outs and camp grounds, obviously. Anyway. I was skirting the edges of bonerdom myself. The leg thing. You have really long legs. Did I tell you I had to stop myself from grinding? That definitely would have resulted in-"

It occurs to Chris that Darren is rambling, so he holds up a hand to cut him off. "Sudden death."

"Yes," Darren nods after taking a deep breath.

"How long would it be?" Chris asks.

"A... minute," Darren says, and then, "and a half. Minute and a half."

"You sure about that, hot stuff?" Chris asks, gaining a little of his equilibrium back since Darren is obviously not bothered by recent developments. *Affected*, yes. But not bothered.

Darren shrugs and smiles. "Maybe two. You never know."

"Sounds reasonable," Chris agrees. "Sitting, or-"

"Standing," Darren says quickly. "Preferably by the couch so if we fall again there's somewhere soft to land."

Chris winces. "Sorry about that. Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Darren reassures him. "I mean, I'm fine. Your coffee table might be in trouble, but I'm good."

"Good." Chris nods.

They lapse into an awkward silence and Chris is inching towards the beer on the counter when Darren blurts. "We should do it now."

Chris stops his movements and stares at him, blinking rapidly a few times.

"The kiss," Darren says after a moment to reflect on what he said. "Now. Not..."

Chris nods and holds up a hand to show his understanding and get him to stop talking.

"Not that the other thing is-"

"Darren." Chris closes his eyes and shakes his head. "Just- the kissing. Let's just do that. See who wins."

"Good. Okay." Darren spins around and walks back to the couch.

Chris follows him, noticing for the first time what a mess the space around the couch is. There are napkins and beer bottles all over the table and the floor around it, and the pizza box is half-way off the table, its open lid bent back and pressed into the carpet, keeping it from sliding all the way off.

"Nice," Chris says, surveying the damage.

"Right?" Darren scoops his phone up off the floor and looks around as well.

"If you lose you're helping me clean this up," Chris informs him, coming to a stop right in front of the couch.

"Deal," Darren says. "But I would have done that anyway."

Chris curls his lip at him. "You're far too nice sometimes, you know that?"

"Nothing wrong with being nice," Darren says airily, spinning around to face him. "But I can be naughty, too."

"Oh *wow*," Chris laughs. "That was awful even by your standards."

“I have no standards,” Darren tells him with a smile, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“That explains so much.”

“Says the guy I’m about to make out with.”

“Bite me.”

“I haven’t even started the *timer* yet,” Darren exclaims, shaking his head.

“Start it, then,” Chris says, stepping forward.

Darren gives him a look from under his eyelashes as he bends his head over his phone. “Two minutes.”

“Fine.”

Darren grins and taps the screen with his thumb before tossing the phone to the couch. “C’mere.”

Chris steps in and fists the front of Darren’s shirt with one hand, yanking him close. He feels Darren’s arms come up around his shoulders as their lips meet and wraps his free hand around the back of Darren’s neck, stretching his fingers up to drag through his hair.

The kiss starts slow. Chris figures they’ve got a little while and he wants to be able to remember it. He wants to memorize the way Darren’s mouth fits against his, the ridges of his palate and the edges of his teeth against Chris’ searching tongue, the slick hotness of it when Darren’s tongue slips into his mouth to explore in return, teasing and retreating and then pushing in again.

Chris cards his fingers further into Darren’s hair and guides him even closer, feeling a bright, sharp ache in the pit of his stomach as Darren groans into his mouth.

He gasps when Darren drops his hands down from his shoulder blades to his hips and tugs their bodies together.

They stumble in to one another, tripping clumsily across the short stretch of carpet between their feet and the couch. When they fall, landing half on the cushions and half off, Darren wastes no time gripping Chris around the waist and hoisting him further back on the cushions, climbing up to straddle him even before he's stopped bouncing.

Chris splays his fingers out across Darren's ass, pulling him close and keeping him there as the kiss gets frantic, more tongue and teeth than anything they've shared so far. It hurts, a little, the way Darren's biting at his lips and nipping at his tongue, but it's a good hurt, and Chris is giving just as much as he's getting. Chris slides his hands lower and works Darren's thighs higher up his own, until they're flush together and he can feel Darren's heaving breaths with every expansion of his chest.

Darren begins to rock against him in a slow, sinful rhythm, rolling his hips down into Chris' lap with a keening sort of growl, and Chris can feel his arousal piercing through him. A rushing white noise builds to a roar in his ears and time seems to slow down; every press of Darren's tongue against his lips, every scrape of stubble against his chin is sluggish and Chris savors each one as if it might be the last because surely the phone will beep any moment now, any second.

But it doesn't.

"Darre- mmm, Darren," Chris pants, turning his mouth away only to have Darren kiss a line to his throat. "Darren, stop."

"Don't wanna," Darren murmurs in between kisses.

"No, st- the phone, D- *god*."

"What about it?" Darren continues his trail of kisses, tracing a crease in Chris' throat across to one side and worrying a small patch of skin there.

"It's not going off!" Chris insists, finally working up the willpower to push Darren away. He looks oddly guilty and somewhat smug.

"I never set it."

Chris shoves him further back and keeps him there with a hand on his upper chest. "What do you mean you never set it?"

"There aren't too many different things those words can imply."

Chris stares at him.

"I told you I could be naughty," Darren says, but the words are tentative instead of teasing.

Chris lets his hand slide down Darren's chest to land with a muted *thwack* on his thigh.

Darren watches him closely. "Are you just shocked or are you shocked and appalled?" he asks, scooting back on Chris' thighs a bit and leaning down to look him in the eye. "Was this a violation of the bro code?"

"I don't know," Chris says, blinking slowly. "The bro code doesn't really cover kiss-offs. Not my copy, anyway."

"Okay. But you're good? You don't hate me?"

"What? No. I don't hate you." Chris shakes his head and puts his hands on Darren's hips, trying to get his bearings.

"So, can we make out some more?" Darren asks, turning his head away slightly and giving Chris a hopeful-looking side eye.

Chris looks at him. "I... guess? Are we, I mean. Is that what we do now? Are we people who make out with each other?" Chris asks inarticulately.

"We could be," Darren says, bringing a hand up and cupping Chris' neck, rubbing his thumb across the skin just below Chris' ear. "I like kissing you. You kiss back." He ducks in and presses their lips together lightly, and Chris can't help but respond for a moment.

"Wait," he pulls back. "Wait a second."

"What is it?" Darren asks, shifting impatiently.

“Is that all we do?” Chris watches as Darren digests the words.

“All we... We could-” He looks cautiously at Chris. “We could do... more. If you wanted. More things besides kissing.”

“More things,” Chris says, leaning in until their foreheads are almost touching. “More things *plus* kissing. In addition to.”

“That’s what plus means,” Darren breathes, barely nodding.

“Kiss me.”

“Aren’t your lips sore yet?” Darren asks.

Chris grins at him, and as his smile stretches wide, the deep, tender ache of his abused lips becomes apparent. “That’s the best part,” he says, curling his fingers through Darren’s belt loops and tugging. “Come on, so we can get to the plusses.”

“Math,” Darren says sagely, ducking in for a quick peck. “Math is awesome.”

“It’s not more awesome than kissing plus things,” Chris argues.

“No,” Darren agrees, leaning back in.

The kiss is just starting to get deep when Darren pulls back suddenly. Chris grabs at his waist so he doesn’t fall backwards, “What is it?”

“You’re sweeter than pi.”

Chris looks at him.

“P. I. The number. You know. ‘Cause of math.”

“Shut *up*.”

"You don't appreciate my humor," Darren says, pouting and moving like he's getting off Chris' lap.

"I appreciate your *tongue*," Chris says, sliding his hands up Darren's back and over his shoulder blades, holding him in place. "Let me show you."

"It's not that easy, Colfer," Darren says, turning his head away from Chris' seeking lips. "*No*. You have to woo me."

Chris groans and drops his head against the back of the couch.

"If you don't want to woo me I can go," Darren says. "I can take my pizza and go."

"It's my pizza," Chris says automatically, and then, "Don't go."

"Woo me," Darren insists. "*Mathematically*."

"You don't even *like* math!"

"I love math! Plusses, remember?"

"Fucking plusses," Chris mutters, sitting up straight and wiggling a little. "Okay. Math." Chris thinks.

Darren looks at him expectantly.

"You," Chris begins hesitantly, "plus me-"

"No," Darren interrupts him. "Plusses are taken. Something else."

"Are you serious?"

"Woo. Me."

"I like-" Chris starts, squinting one eye as he racks his brain for math-related tidbits. "Your... curves? Lines can be curvey, right? Lines come on graphs."

Darren glares at him. "I don't *have* curves."

"You have curvy parts!" Chris exclaims.

Darren glares harder.

"Your ass! Has a curve. The curve of your ass...ymptote. I like your asymptote! Asymptotes are mathy. Whatever they are." Chris is bouncing stupidly by the end of his mathematical discovery, as much as possible when weighed down by an extra person anyway. He slides his hands down to grab Darren's assymptote for emphasis. "C'mon. See? I wooed."

"You're so romantic."

"Shut up and plus me."

Darren laughs and leans down, planting a big smacking kiss on his cheek. Chris makes a protesting noise in the back of his throat and stretches up to catch Darren's lips as he tries to pull away again. Darren allows it, surging into the kiss almost as soon as their lips touch and pinning Chris against the couch.

The kiss deepens, and with his hands on Darren's ass, Chris feels the almost imperceptible roll of his hips as soon it starts up. He tightens his hold, making sure to thrust up to meet him, and groans at the gasping, hitching sound Darren makes.

"*Fuck*," Darren pants in between kisses. "Boner bonus."

Chris stifles his laughter in Darren's neck and slides his fingers further under Darren's ass, helping him with the screwing sort of riding motion he's trying to develop.

"*Double* boner bonus," Darren amends, hooking his arm around Chris' neck and leaning back to get a different angle. "Boner squared."

"Oh my *god*," Chris' laugh cuts off into a sharp intake of breath. "Enough with the math."

"This is fun math," Darren says, his voice a little high and a little thin. "I could get behind this sort of math."

Chris snorts and pulls him closer, mouthing at his neck.

“Except,” Darren says, holding Chris’ head in place while screwing his hips down. “*Uhn*- Except my zipper is trying to cut my dick in half.”

“Ew, fractions,” Chris murmurs against Darren’s salty skin, not really paying attention until Darren pulls away and starts climbing off. “No, where are you going?”

Darren falls back and sprawls against the armrest, not saying anything, but fumbling with his fly.

“Oh,” Chris says stupidly. “Oh, zippers. I can-” And then Darren tugs his fly open, shoving his jeans a few inches down his hips, and Chris can see the outline of his dick through his underwear. He crawls forward, looking between Darren’s junk and Darren’s face, unable to decide which one to pay more attention to. He ultimately decides that talking to Darren’s face makes more sense. “Can I?” he asks, gesturing helplessly.

Darren gives a sharp little nod and grips the edge of the cushion tightly, tossing his head back when Chris slides his hand over Darren’s impossibly hot cock through his boxer briefs. Chris licks his way back to the spot of skin on Darren’s throat he was bothering earlier as he palms Darren roughly, pressing and squeezing as Darren jerks up into his hand.

“You’re really sweaty,” Chris mumbles. “When did you get so sweaty?”

“I sweat,” Darren grinds out, the veins in his neck standing out in sharp relief as he gives a stiff sort of shrug and continues pushing into Chris’ hand. “It’s a thing.”

“I like it,” Chris assures him, because he does. It could be gross, but Darren’s flushed skin is just sort of glistening and his curls are getting curlier, pitch black and plastered against his forehead and Chris just wants to touch him everywhere. He reaches down with both hands and pulls the waistband of Darren’s underwear out and down, tucking it under Darren’s balls so it stays there. Chris isn’t exactly a connoisseur, but he thinks Darren has nice balls.

His cock, though, is like, perfect.

He tells Darren that, and Darren laughs. “Perfect?”

Chris nods, licking a broad, wet stripe down the center of his palm and reaching down to wrap his fingers around Darren, pumping him in long, smooth strokes. Darren's legs go stiff and straight, his toes curling into the carpet, and he grips Chris' shoulder tightly, almost painfully.

"Chris," he grits out through clenched teeth.

"What?" Chris asks, nuzzling into the crook of Darren's neck and tasting the skin there.

Darren arches into Chris' grip, dragging his fingers from Chris' shoulder to his neck. "Can I?"

"I don't know," Chris says, rolling his neck within Darren's tight grasp. "Can you?"

Darren puffs out a frustrated sigh and bats Chris' hand away with a tortured look, grabbing his shoulders and laying him back against the couch. Chris sucks in a breath as Darren's shaking fingers work his fly open. He watches with anticipation as Darren shoves his shirt up and pulls his pants and underwear down carefully until Chris' dick springs up, red and hard and aching, against his lower abdomen.

"Jesus," Darren says softly, fitting his palm against Chris' cock, pushing it against Chris' belly. He drags two fingers of his other hand through the moisture at the tip of it, looking up and meeting Chris' eyes as he rubs the wetness against his thumb thoughtfully.

Chris' hands shoot out without his permission, grabbing Darren by the shoulders and hauling him up into a sloppy, hurried kiss.

Darren presses his hips down experimentally and they both groan at the sensation, quickly losing the ability to focus on the kiss and simply breathing against each others' lips.

Coming up to Darren's waist, Chris' scrabbling fingers find their way under his shirt and dig into hot skin as Darren grinds into him. Their cocks fit next to each other perfectly, catching on sticky, sweaty skin and slipping through trails of pre-cum as they rock against one another, mouths slack and bodies tensed.

Darren pets a hand down Chris' side and then strokes it back up, brushing his knuckles against the pounding pulse in Chris' neck.

“You can go faster,” Chris manages to say, his voice sounding strange and distant to his own ears. “Harder.” He wraps a leg around Darren’s ass, squeezing with his thigh for emphasis.

Darren lets out a choked-off sort of growl and begins to rut faster, the friction dirty-hot and almost unbearable, painful but so fucking necessary. Chris does his best to meet him, thrust for thrust, and soon they’re both making low little breathy noises with every stroke of their hips. Chris feels a hot, blurry tingle swimming through the pit of his stomach, welling up at the base of his spine, and he lets go of Darren’s waist with one hand to grab him hard around the shoulders.

Burying his eyes in Darren’s neck, Chris moans out a warning, his orgasm curling tightly at the base of his dick.

“Yeah,” Darren manages to pant. “Yeah, Chris, *fuck*. Do it.”

He lifts them both off the couch with the arch of his back when he comes, a white-hot flash across his vision and a roar in his ears. Everything stops for a split second, and the only thing Chris is aware of is the pulse of pleasure through his veins and the wet, gasping lips against his temple.

He floats back down to himself with the sound of Darren sobbing his release into his hair, an arm tight around his neck and fingers buried in his hip, still fucking brokenly against the mess on their stomachs.

“God,” Darren manages, collapsing against Chris. “*God*.”

“You saw him, too?” Chris asks, his eyes wide and his hands stroking absently down Darren’s heaving back.

Darren nods weakly, swallowing with an audible dry clicking sound. Chris tucks Darren’s head against his neck and watches the ceiling.

“Are you any good at blowjobs?” Chris asks eventually, once their breathing is no longer labored and obnoxiously loud. He rolls over and deposits Darren between himself and the back of the couch, propping his head up on one wobbly arm.

“Huh?”

“Because I am *excellent* at blowjobs.”

Darren raises his eyebrows.

“As a matter of fact,” Chris says, stroking Darren’s red, well-kissed mouth with his thumb, “I’m probably the best. Ever.”

A slow grin curls across Darren’s lips. “Wanna bet?”

THE END

[Kissmix](#)