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by [traumschwinge](#)

## Summary

From the start of the year, Erik's personal life had suddenly taken over a lot of his headspace. He'd never thought he'd have to deal with relationships, seeing as he wasn't trying to date, but when his best friend confesses to him he has to consider the possibility. The problem? He did it over the internet. The problem? They're living on opposite sites of the continent. The problem? They only know each other from working online, as twitch streamers. So, the solution seems simple. At least to Erik. They meant to meet up at a games convention anyway. So, why not ask for a shared room. That way, they get their time, but nobody has to know until they know it works out.

## Notes

I'd advise to keep in mind this is a streamer AU so some gaming jargon will have slipped in.

One more word asking for reader discretion: Raven is the main "antagonist" here. Which is to say she antagonizes PoV character Erik

Both of these apply more to the second than the first chapter.

# Chapter 1

>>I think you should go for it  
>>>but what if it doesn't work out  
>>Just ask him!!! He won't kill you I promise  
>>>yeah but what if he does  
>>Is2g  
>>OK, fine!  
>>If it's a bad idea and you realize it come sleep in my room? But you have to ask him today.  
>>>that alright with you?  
>>>k  
>>>whatever  
>>>asking him  
>>>wish me luck  
>>Gl hf  
>>No, I mean it, good luck. Tell me how it went down.

@#\$\$%^&\*()\_

"Urgh." With a tired sigh, Erik collapsed onto the couch in Raven and Hank's hotel room. They'd just come back from dinner with a larger group, after a day spent on the show floor of a gaming convention. His feet hurt, his head hurt, he didn't want to be around people anymore for the next month or so, but he'd also promised to spend at least another hour or two with his best friends whom he so rarely saw in real life.

A moment later, Erik started to regret sitting down. First, Logan sat down next to him, immediately leaning against him. Then, on his other side, Charles did just about the same, putting his head on Erik's shoulder. With a smirk, Raven pulled out her phone. Erik rolled his eyes at her. "Spare me." He tried to subtly nudge Charles upright. Less subtly, he punched Logan in the side. Neither worked.

"Not a chance," Raven declared. "Twitter must know of this."

"How do you even have battery left?" Erik groaned.

"Powerbank. Charged it during dinner. Any words for the world? If not..." Raven winked, tapping on the screen to start recording.

Erik pointedly rolled his eyes at the camera, not Raven.

"Look at those beaten warriors after a mere day at con," Raven told her phone. "To think they agreed to some more gaming..." With that, she ended the recording.

"You're the worst," Erik informed her.

"I'll tag you, alright? And Charles and Logan of course." Raven's smirk was much too pleased for Erik's liking.

"Where's Hank when you need him?" Erik groaned, just when that very man emerged from the bedroom, holding the box of the card game he'd promised.

@#\$\$%^&\*()\_

They managed three rounds of Exploding Kittens, before Raven finally caved and agreed that there was no sense in making the effort of waking a half-asleep Charles for every turn. Erik helped putting the cards away and promised to see both Logan and Charles to their rooms, before wishing Hank and Raven a good night, making sure they all remembered the same time for meeting up the next day and then left, a hand on Charles' shoulder to gently steer him in the right direction.

Charles' room was two floors further up. During the entire elevator ride, Charles dozed against Erik's shoulder. That was what had Erik ask for his key card, convinced Charles wasn't able to operate the door anymore.

"There we are," Erik said when he'd opened the door to Charles' room. "All you have to do is go to bed and sleep. We'll fetch you tomorrow morning for breakfast, yeah?"

Bleary eyed, Charles looked up at Erik, then nodded.

"Night, Charles," Logan said, ruffling Charles' hair once. He seemed to have woken up a little during the card game session, leaving Erik with one person less to mind.

"Good night, Charles," Erik echoed.

"Night, Logan. G'night, Erik." Sleepy as he was, Charles meant to hug Erik, but missed, then decided to kiss him on the cheek instead. A second later, he realized what he'd done, looking at Erik with eyes wide open. Erik looked equally shocked.

Logan, on the other hand, was laughing. "Geez, Charles, you really need some rest."

Quickly, Charles nodded. He took his key card from Erik's hand and then shut the door between them, not hasty enough that it looked like a retreat in panic, but a retreat it was.

"What the actual..." Erik murmured as they walked back to the elevator.

"I think it means he likes you," Logan sing-songed, all too amused.

Erik bumped into him. "Cut it out."

Looking back down the hall to make sure nobody was watching, Logan put an arm around Erik. "I think it was cute." In the elevator, however, he turned Erik so they were face to face. "If he'd kissed you on the lips, though..." His voice was a low growl. "I might have gotten a little jealous."

Weighing his options, Erik decided that this had been an invitation to kiss Logan on the lips, making use of the privacy the elevator offered. "You'll have me all night," he said, eventually. "That's the plan, if you've somehow forgotten it. No reason to be jealous of anyone."

"Charles' just a friend, hunny," Logan mocked. He was in good spirits, the glint in his eyes telling of that.

"Exactly," Erik snorted.

"So..." They were walking down the hall to their room. "I assume you're not... er... too tired?"

Erik looked scandalized, a trick he'd picked up from Raven. "Logan, are you implying what I think you are?"

Logan shrugged, completely unapologetic. "Yeah, pretty much."

Erik groaned. He waited until they were inside their room with his response. "I think I can see a reasoning, but... fuck, we were up on our feet all day, I mostly want to fall into bed and don't do anything until tomorrow morning. Sex sounds like work. Effort even."

From behind, Logan put his hands on Erik's shoulder. "I could just jerk you off," he rumbled into Erik's ear. "All you'll have to do is lie there and enjoy it."

Erik sighed. He was leaning into Logan's touch almost on instinct, now that he allowed himself to let his guard down. "That still sounds like effort." He considered the offer for a moment. "Fine. Alright."

"All too gracious of you to allow me," Logan laughed. His hand had found its way under Erik's t-shirt. "May I also undress you?"

Above the fabric, Erik put a hand on Logan's. "In bed."

Logan hummed in agreement, even though he didn't let Erik go just yet. Instead, he kissed him on the back of the neck for a while, his hand on Erik's chest still but firm.

"Bed," Erik eventually sighed. His voice sounded shakier than it should in his opinion. He'd been waiting for months to have Logan's hands on him, but this wasn't exactly how he'd

imagined it. He'd hoped for a little less longing, at the very least.

Logan withdrew his hand. For a moment, Erik remained standing as he was, his back still against Logan's chest before he got moving over to the bed, taking off his shoes as he got there. "Pants too?" Erik asked.

"I wouldn't mind taking them off for you," Logan grinned. "But if that'd take too long..."

Erik shook his head. "It won't. I can wait that long."

Logan stepped behind Erik again. Bracketing him with both arms, he opened Erik's belt and then the buttons on Erik's pants one by one, slipping his hand inside Erik's pants once he was done. It didn't feel like coincidence how he cupped Erik's groin for a moment. Erik didn't protest it. Instead, he leaned back against Logan, bringing his arm up so he could make Logan kiss him again.

"I can't kiss you and pull down your pants," Logan laughed into the kiss. "Priorities, please, Erik."

"Kiss, then pants," Erik instructed. "And keep your hand where it is."

Logan was laughing into the kiss, the ripples of it shaking Erik's body a bit. Erik didn't protest. He was just glad Logan was holding him and kissing him back, no matter how awkward the position and how uncomfortable it was to turn his neck as far back. Despite what they'd said, Logan was trying to push Erik's pants down as best as he could while moving very little. Eventually, he just gave up and broke the kiss, so he could pull Erik's pants at least over his ass, letting gravity handle the rest.

Shaking off his pants the rest of the way, Erik turned around, wrapping his arms around Logan's shoulders and kissing him again. They stumbled over to the bed, the one, two, three steps it took, falling on it onto their sides, then rolling around so Logan was on top of Erik. Erik held him in place like that for a long while. Logan's weight on him felt reassuring, more than enough to make up for how he felt like he'd trouble to breathe normally.

"I love you," Erik murmured against Logan's shoulder. "I love you even more than I thought. I..." He tensed his grip. "I'm so glad you talked me into flying back a day later so we'll at least have one proper day together."

"I mostly have good ideas," Logan smirked. "I mean, not all good ideas work out as intended. Exhibit A being Charles. But... I think my track record in total is really, really good when it comes to ideas."

Erik let him ramble, mainly because aside from propping himself up on his elbows, Logan hadn't moved much. He was still well within reach to be kissed, to have Erik nip at his neck while he talked. "Jealous after all?" Erik asked between two soft bites.

"No," Logan laughed. "Well, a little. But not enough to complain about it to anyone but you."

"I just hope you're aware that I'll ignore you in that regard? I need somebody to talk about you." Erik pressed his nose against the crook of Logan's neck. "Imagine I'd have to tell Raven."

"Oh fuck no." Logan shook his head, once and very careful not to rustle Erik. "I can deal with Charles." He looked Erik in the eyes. "So long as you both remember the concept of boundaries."

"That kiss shocked me more than it did you," Erik protested. No matter how much he liked Logan, being looked directly in the eyes made him uncomfortable and squirmish. "Do you intend to talk all night?" he huffed, hoping he could change the topic back to... well, less talk would be a start. "Because if so, I'd much rather just sleep."

Logan pushed himself up into a sitting position, earning himself noises of protest from Erik for it. They quickly subsided when he put his hands on either side of Erik's hips, pushing his shirt up as far as he could without Erik's help. Then, he leaned down to kiss Erik's chest, peppering it with soft touches of his lips while his hands returned to Erik's waist, both to hold him in place and to stroke his sides with his thumbs.

Erik closed his eyes, praying that what Logan was doing right now was enough to keep him awake even if he relaxed.

As if he knew what Erik was thinking, Logan growled softly, "If you fall asleep on me like this, I will bite you." To emphasize his words, he gently nipped at the skin on Erik's belly.

Erik moaned from it. Shocked, he slapped his hands on his mouth, his eyes wide open again.

Logan looked up, his puzzled look turning into a smirk. "You like that?"

Erik swallowed, relaxing again. It was alright. "Yeah," he admitted. "I liked that. A lot."

"Cool," was all Logan had to say to that.

"Cool?" Erik groaned, covering his eyes with his arm. That wasn't the reaction he'd expected. "Cool..."

"Cool for now," Logan conceded. "Just... good to know one first thing that you really like. Learning more would be cool too, but... not today." He kissed Erik, just above his navel. "Too much effort."

Likely anticipating that Erik was very much in the mood to kick him for that, Logan bit down on the same spot he'd before, successfully distracting Erik. Putting the gained time to good use, Logan fumbled Erik's shorts down, having to fight the fabric a little to get them all the way off. Then, he pulled his own shirt over his head and freed himself of his own pants and shorts. Naked, he straddled Erik's hips, their dicks almost touching.

"This okay?" Logan asked, trailing a finger up the underside of Erik's dick. "I know I said jerk you off, but I wouldn't mind jerking us both off."

Erik opened one eye to see Logan grin at him broadly. "I won't stop you," he groaned, closing the eye again. With the hand he'd used to cover his eyes before, he held onto the cushion he was lying on, pushing it further under his head and holding it in place. The other hand, he put flat on the sheet.

Logan took both their dicks in his hand, holding them loosely together. He moved his hand slowly, the dry skin dragging a little uncomfortably over the sensitive skin of Erik's dick, making him pull in air sharply.

Logan immediately stopped. "Not good?"

"I think I need lube. Lotion. Something." Erik pressed his lips together. "I packed some?"

Logan leaned forward to kiss him. "Me too. Be right back."

The bed creaked softly as Logan got off. He was just gone long enough for Erik to silently hate himself a little for making Logan stop and interrupting everything just because he couldn't be comfortable. Logan kissed him when he returned, causing Erik to wrap an arm around his shoulder and holding him in place for a long moment, failing to say how sorry he was, but hoping it would suffice.

Logan held still the entire time until Erik let go, kissing him again at the end. He took his time to lube them both up and then added some more to his hand before picking up from where he had left off, stroking slowly for the moment. "Is this better?"

Erik nodded. "Much. Sorry. Should have said something."

"Is that... a thing? Something to keep in mind for me?" Logan had started rocking his hips.

"Yeah." Erik gasped softly. What Logan was doing felt good. If it was up to Erik they could do that a lot longer, the pace being the perfect balance right between too slow and fast enough to actually getting him off. "Need lube almost every time. Skin gets too dry too easy."

Logan grunted in understanding. "Gotcha."

Erik let his eyes slip close. It was easier to relax like that, when he could concentrate on nothing but what he felt. Logan's hand was nice and warm, making Erik wonder if he'd used warming lube or just had naturally warm hands. He could feel Logan's prick throb. It felt weird, slightly out of beat with his heartbeat, making him miss a beat or a breath every now and then.

Logan had taken his time, but eventually, he changed his movements, longer strokes, faster pace, eventually twisting his wrist every time he reached the tips. After one of those twists, one that had felt particularly good, Erik let out a low, whimpering sound. Logan took that as his cue, focusing on recreating what had felt good. He grunted when Erik started to buck his hip, speeding up in his movements at that.

Erik shuddered. He could feel his orgasm coming, for about half a minute before he actually came. Somehow, he wasn't able to manage a warning, a noise, anything to make it clear to

Logan to change things up or keep going depending on what he wanted. There was just not enough air in Erik's lungs. Not enough control of his body.

He came in thick squirts across his belly, each drawn out by another stroke of Logan's hand. After that, when Erik had decided to just lie limp on the bed, waiting for the stars in front of his eyes to vanish, Logan let go of his flagging dick.

Logan cleared his throat. "Is it ok, if I...?"

Erik blinked at him for a second. His mind felt horribly sluggish, and he needed it to figure out what Logan was asking. "Huh, uh, yeah, sure, gotta clean up anyway."

Logan hummed in what could only be agreement. "I could clean you up after," he said, leaning down to get Erik to kiss him again. His lips felt cold, his tongue a little dry. The kiss didn't last long, Logan having to break away for air soon. A couple of moments later Erik felt Logan's warm cum on his belly.

"I hope you meant to go take a shower or at least wash up together," Erik laughed, once he was sure Logan was listening again.

Logan grinned at Erik. "I actually meant I could just lick it off."

"No." Erik pulled a face. "No, you don't. Ew. No. I'm not allowing that."

Logan shrugged. "Ok, shower it is, then." He yawned and stretched. "Like that, at least we can sleep half an hour longer in the morning."

"Yeah." Erik yawned, too, infected by Logan. If he hadn't felt awfully sticky and itching to wash the lube off again, he could have fallen asleep right at the spot. As it was, he forced himself to sit up, pulling a face when he noticed some of the cum move with gravity. "Urgh, yeah, I really need the shower."

"Erik Lehnsherr, are you insinuating sex with me is yucky?" Logan laughed. He'd already gotten up and had collected a toiletry bag from his suitcase. It was open, Erik noticed, probably because he'd taken the lube from there.

"No," Erik huffed. "I'm saying that I think sex after the sex is messy and somewhat, yeah, yucky. That has nothing to do with you. ...can I borrow some of your bodywash?" Opening his own suitcase and finding his own stuff seemed like wasted effort if Logan meant to shower together anyway.

Logan snorted. "Borrow or bum off me?"

"Don't you want me to smell like you?" Erik joked.

Logan blinked a couple of times, apparently trying to make sense of what Erik'd just proposed. Eventually, he grinned. "If you put it like that..." He held out his hand, pulling Erik into the bathroom when he took it.

Without clothes to take off, getting into the shower was only a matter of finding and putting towels within reach. The shower was a bit too narrow for two, but Logan clearly didn't mind with how he'd immediately pulled Erik close before they'd even turned on the water. Erik allowed it, closing his eyes and relaxing into Logan's embrace. He even tolerated the roaming hands all over his body.

Eventually, however, Erik sighed. "Logan... either you stop that or you at least use washing as an excuse. I don't want to spend the entire night under the shower."

"Are you getting grumpier when you're tired?" Logan sounded far too awake and amused for Erik's liking so he turned the water off. At the very least, that was a cue Logan understood, taking the bodywash and using it wash Erik in all the places he could reach. When he was done lathering Erik up, he handed the bodywash over. "Return the favor?"

It took some awkward shuffling in the cramped space, but Erik somehow managed to turn around in the end. "Just the chest or the back, too?" Erik asked, while he was already putting his hands all over Logan's torso. He felt nice, firm and fit, almost better than perfect. If he weren't so tired, Erik would have loved to touch him like that for a long while. At the same time, knowing he had time to do it later as well, after they'd slept, gave Erik a warm and fuzzy feeling in his chest.

When Erik looked up from his hands and Logan's body, Logan was grinning at him. "Wherever you want," he said, his tone sounding incredibly obnoxious to Erik. Later, he'd swear he had no idea what had gotten into him when he'd put his hands square on either side of Logan's ass and grabbed it, as hard as he could without risking them getting unbalanced. In truth, it had probably been a mix of lack of judgment, annoyance and the simple desire to actually touch Logan wherever he wanted.

Logan just laughed and wrapped one arm around Erik while bracing himself against the wall with the other to give them some stability back. "So... As soon as you get an explicit permission, you get handsy?" There was no threat in Logan's voice, it was a pleased, amused, statement of observation. "Would blanco permissions help with that?"

Erik looked at him, glowering a little. He'd already loosened his grip. "No."

"Ah, well, didn't expect that to work anyway." Logan still sighed.

"Just shut up," Erik grumbled back. He'd taken to wash Logan again now, willfully leaving out the spots that could even be constructed as sexual. Soon enough, he was finished, reaching behind him to turn the water back on.

"Leaving out the hair?" Logan asked. He'd resigned himself to having to wash himself between the legs on his own, being accommodating enough to do his best not to bump against Erik too much.

"You can wash your hair yourself," Erik rumbled, squeezing just enough from the bottle for his own hair before handing it over to Logan.

After that, they quickly finished up in the shower, only waiting long enough for the foam to be washed off. Towelling off went quickly as well and soon enough, they were back in bed, still naked, their hair still slightly damp.

Logan had offered his arm, so Erik was lying with his head on Logan's shoulder, his hand on Logan's chest and Logan's arm around his shoulders. His eyes had slipped closed almost instantly when he'd settled, but something about the position, as nice as it was, kept him from falling asleep. Eventually, in a couple of minutes, he'd have to move again, but right now, it could wait.

Logan squeezed his shoulder. "I still can't fucking believe you're actually returning any of my feelings." His voice was a low rumble, quiet, meant for Erik to ignore if he wanted to or not to wake him if he was already asleep.

"I still can't fucking believe you thought it was a good idea to confess in a skype call." Erik snorted. "I should have just logged off and walk away when you started getting all earnest and sappy."

"Sappy?" Logan tightened his grip. "I thought I was doing pretty well keeping it matter of factly."

"Yeah, right." Erik snorted. For a moment, he hesitated, then, he put his arm around Logan's torso. "I'm glad you did. And I know you tried. Made it easier to pretend nothing had happened for the first while."

"I really thought that was just your way of letting me down softly," Logan laughed. "You proposing we could just share a room... that was a shock, almost."

Erik shook his head. "Yeah, I needed a push. And some good reasoning."

They were silent for a moment. Logan was staring at the ceiling. Erik counted his heartbeats, an easy thing to do with his ear directly above it.

"We're gonna be in trouble once this con's over," Logan sighed. "I don't want to leave already."

Erik nodded. "It's gonna be harder than we thought. We..." He sighed. "Maybe we should just, at least, plan the next time already?" He swallowed. "We're gonna be talking almost every day anyway."

"You up to pretend nothing happened three days a week?" Logan had tensed, his heartbeat quickened. "I'm not up to having that much of my private life out in public. At least not now."

"No shit. Neither am I." Erik shook his head. "No, we'll both do our best to keep it as usual. Nobody ever needs to know, as far as I'm concerned." He cleared his throat. "Well, Charles might hear some of the rough outlines."

"*Rough outlines*," Logan echoed. "Sure. You two gossip a lot, don't pretend you don't."

Erik shrugged, entirely unapologetic. "I'm so sorry to have a friend I trust."

Logan pulled him halfway on top, Erik helping him with the rest of the way. For a moment, they kissed.

"I'm glad you've a friend like him. I'm just..." Logan shook his head. Breathed. "Still jealous."

"I noticed." Erik kissed his cheek. "It's ok. Now. I might change my mind with time, but right now, it's okay for me that you're jealous. Well, saying you are. If you'd act on it... I dunno. Not ready to take that kind of decision making over my head from anyone, not even you."

Logan frowned.

"I won't stop you, though, if you decide to tease Charles for the rest of his life about that stupid good-night-kiss," Erik relented. "...I don't plan on letting him live it down all too easily either."

That made Logan laugh. "Should have known." He hugged Erik tight. "Sorry, sorry. I should really have known better than to think you couldn't fight for yourself if you thought it necessary."

Erik pressed his nose against Logan's neck, too exhausted to say anything. "Sleep?"

Logan reached over so he could check the time on his phone. "Yeah, shit, we fucking better..."

With a groan, Erik got himself off Logan again. He meant to roll over to the other side of the bed, but not without kissing Logan once more first. "I love you," he murmured. "A lot."

"Love you too." Logan tried to suppress a yawn. "But I figure you're also not ready to find out if we could sleep and cuddle, are you?"

Erik groaned softly into his cushion. "I wanted to be asleep hours ago, what do you think? G'night, Logan."

"G'night, Erik."

@#\$\$%^&\*()\_

>>If you haven't booked a room yet  
>>I wanted to ask if

>>Is it alright if we book one together?  
>>>I thought you'd know by now how to book hotel rooms, Erik  
>>You insufferable asshole  
>>I meant together. As in one room.  
>>I can just go and book one on my own and not have to bother with you  
>>>Wait what  
>>One room. One big bed. For the two of us. Yes or no?  
>>>Yes?  
>>>Is this about what I said that one time?  
>>>Because it's hard to understand it differently  
>>...  
>>Yes it is  
>>>k  
>>>Wanted to be on the same page  
>>>Already picked a hotel tbh I'll give you the link

@#\$\$%^&\*()\_

The next morning, Erik and Logan almost missed their alarm. It wasn't really them oversleeping, it was more a case of knowing exactly how late it was and still being unwilling to move out of bed. Erik tried, half-heartedly and interrupted by Logan's kisses solely meant to distract him, to get them both to get up and get dressed and maybe wake Charles up so he would be on time for breakfast with Raven and Hank.

By the time they eventually made it out of bed it was already five minutes past the time they had promised to pick up Charles from his room. Getting dressed didn't go much better than getting up. It wasn't all that surprising, at least Erik had expected something like that, but it still took longer than he had hoped.

They ended up splitting up, partly because at least like that one of them would be on time to meet with Raven and Hank, partly because they agreed that it would make it easier to keep from Raven that they were actually sharing a room. To Logan's obvious dismay, Erik insisted he'd go pick up Charles before coming down to meet the rest, arguing that he and Charles were better friends. Despite all that, Logan still went ahead without complaints. The last kiss before Erik left the elevator, however, made it clear how he felt about it anyway.

By the time Erik turned around the corner, Charles was already waiting outside his room, leaned against the wall and typing on his phone. He only looked up when Erik'd almost reached him. They smiled at each other briefly, before Charles pushed himself off the wall. "You're late," he observed.

Erik replied with a noncommittal sound.

"Brief night?" Charles smile widened into a sly grin. They started walking back to the elevator.

"Not that it's any of your business..." Erik grumbled. He cleared his throat. "Er... but... yeah... kinda... it's been awhile since I'd had a shower past midnight."

The spark in Charles' eyes, in combination with his grin, spoke volumes of questions he was too smart to outright ask. "Logan just texted me to remind me to keep my dirty paws to myself."

Erik raised an eyebrow. "Did he now?"

"Well, no," Charles admitted. "But the way he looked like yesterday, I'm surprised he didn't."

Calling the elevator was a good enough excuse as any for Erik not to look at Charles. "Must've missed that," he murmured.

Charles politely waited until they were inside the elevator, before he pressed on. "Sooooo, you're not gonna tell me any details about what happened yesterday? Or even broad strokes? Come on, give me at least something."

"I think I said enough already," Erik huffed. "But... ah... I think I'll pass on your offer, now. Thanks. But it's definitely not needed."

Charles laughed. "As if that hasn't been clear the moment you were late. So... but, how's Logan..." Erik's dread must have been visible, because Charles motioned in front of his own chest, his smile speaking of far dirtier thoughts.

"You've seen him in tight shirts too!" Erik shook his head, sighing despite the faint smile he couldn't hold back. "It holds up."

The elevator dinged, indicating they'd reached their destination.

Just as the doors opened, Charles leaned up so he could whisper in Erik's ear. "Tell me more details when you don't have to say them out loud."

"Incorrigible," Erik murmured, pushing Charles gently out of the elevator. He knew that Charles would get his way sooner rather than later anyway. It wasn't like Erik had any other close friends to gossip with anyway.

## Chapter 2

>>that was an unusual stream  
>>>Charles, if you want something just say it  
>>nothing nothing just noticed that it wasn't on the schedule  
>>>I am pretty sure you watched the whole thing  
>>>I saw you in chat  
>>>What do you want?  
>>will logan be over the entire week?  
>>>...you're so obvious sometimes  
>>>Until next wednesday. Cheaper flights  
>>so you're not gonna stream?  
>>i'll steal all your viewers make sure to host me :P  
>>>I said lighter schedule, not no streams  
>>>Logan's still gonna do the usual group things and sat morning, just from my pc  
>>so he's not gonna say anything?  
>>>Nah, not ready to have anyone put two and two together  
>>>Gotta go now

@#\$\$%^&\*()\_

The first time their phones buzzed almost simultaneously, Erik and Logan opted to ignore it. There were more important things than checking why they would be messaged. Like making out. Logan had only arrived the day before, making this the only third time they'd spend some time together at either their places. Everything was still fresh enough for them to want to savour every moment, but not so fresh that it felt extremely urgent.

The latter part was why Erik, eventually, after their phones wouldn't stop buzzing, groaned. "Group chat. Tell Charles we're busy."

Logan, careful not to make Erik move off him, reached for his phone on the bedside table. "Raven wants to play Quiplash later," he informed Erik. "And says to tell you no audio is fine, as long as you can play." For a moment, he hesitated, then put an arm around Erik's shoulders and took a picture of himself scowling over the back of Erik's head which he sent Charles.

"Raven still thinks I'm... what? At Charles' place? I told her I was home, just busy." Erik sighed deeply. "I don't want to tell her again."

Logan snorted at the chat he was still reading. "Charles' way ahead of you. She's just not listening." He rubbed circles into Erik's shoulder. "I could tell her you're on board? She wants to have a go this afternoon. The usual, EU friendly, group stream."

"Yeah, sure, why not? Quiplash I can play from the couch no problem." Erik shrugged. "It's not like I had any other plans. I mean, you were in on the group stream anyway."

"Exactly," Logan nodded. "You can't play console games all night just because I hog your pc."

"I can, and I will, frequently," Erik huffed, amused. "Too bad cross save with steam won't work, though, I hate having to redo all my unlocks."

"You could just play console exclusives instead of games you own twice," Logan reminded him. "Last time I was over, you just went from streaming the current Darkest Dungeon build to playing it on your own time, but a version four patches behind."

"So what, I like the game." Erik looked up at Logan, smirking all of a sudden. "Or is this your way of telling me I should just spend the time you're busy doing your job staring at Nathan Drake's rear?"

That made Logan laugh. "And here I believed you when you said console shooter are an abomination of the genre and should never be played."

"Just because the gunplay is the worst doesn't mean it's not nice to look at," Erik laughed. "But, criticism heard, I will find something else to play. Maybe something without godawful controls." He picked up his phone and muted it, but not before checking that between Charles and Logan, the message that he was ready to play along had reached Raven. "Sometimes," he sighed. "I think it's not worth enduring stuff like this just to keep this between us from Raven."

Logan rubbed a hand across his face. "I know," he groaned. "But... are you ready to be out about it? I can guarantee she won't keep it to herself, even if she'd want to try."

"That's the thing, isn't it?" Erik rolled off Logan and onto his back so he could stare at the ceiling. As to be expected, the ceiling did not suddenly offer any sort of resolution. "I mean, I don't care. Like, honestly, the joke that I and Charles are dating has been going on for such a long time, I don't think it'd shock anyone anymore if I said *yep, I'm gay, please leave me alone about it*." He turned his head so he could look at Logan. "The question is do you want to deal with it?"

"Considering that I could just shut everyone up who tries to take that joke to my chat? And Raven?" Logan shrugged. "Hard decision. The pay off's good, despite the risk."

"Yeah." Erik sighed. "It's just... I really wish I could pretend I had some form of private life, you know?"

Logan put his phone away and rolled onto his side, facing Erik. "I know. I really, really know." He put his hand on Erik's cheek. "I don't care all that much either way. So... 's up to

you, understand? I won't push you."

Erik took a deep breath. For a moment, he allowed himself to close his eyes and lean into Logan's hand. "I think I do. Thanks."

@#\$%^&\*()\_

They somehow made it through lunch and the first half of the afternoon without talking about the topic again. By the time they needed to get ready for the stream, Erik had almost forgotten about it again. As promised, Erik ceded his PC to Logan, after making sure together that all the setups were in order and everything was running smoothly. Almost as an afterthought, they remembered to make sure Logan was logged into everything used at the moment, especially Steam, Twitch and Discord. As soon as that was done, however, Erik retreated to the couch with his phone, listening along to the stream with headphones, silently praying that his internet connection could take two downstreams of audio and video while Logan was streaming.

The intro went down just as always. Raven did the round of introductions, explained Quiplash for the one person watching who'd be seeing it for the first time and then added that while Erik wasn't willing to join the call, he'd at least act as an eight player. As usual, she'd invited Alex, Armando and Sean and roped Hank in as well, in addition to their usual four player core group.

"What's Erik doing?" Sean asked about halfway through the first round. "Did I miss something?"

"He's just busy with some private stuff, he said," Alex, who tended to talk with Erik on a regular basis, replied.

"Hah, yeah," Raven snorted.

"Raven..." Charles and Logan said almost simultaneously, a warning in each of their voices.

"What, am I really the only one here who thinks he could just say it when he wants to take a week or two off to spend with his lover or whatever?" Then, probably because she was still looking at the game, she cursed. "How's *knives* a better answer to *A terrible name for a clown* than *tinkles*? ...well, at least chat gets it."

"Just quit it, Raven," Charles sighed. "It's really none of your business."

"Ok, Charles, then why don't you own up?" Raven wasn't yet willing to let the topic die. "I kinda get it why Erik wouldn't but, like, you... you'd usually make use of bragging rights."

"Raven," Logan's voice was almost a growl. "If this were my chat and not a stream, I'd have you banned by now. Just let it go. Please." He turned around to look at Erik and roll his eyes.

Erik got up so he could hug Logan for a moment. While he was at it, he muted the mic for a moment. "I'm so done with this bs," he grumbled. In his ear, Charles and Raven were bickering about the concept of privacy. "I know this is a stupid impulse decision, but..." He softly bumped his head against Logan's. "I think I'm really just done by now."

"I'm here either way," Logan said, putting his hand over Erik's on the keyboard. For a moment, neither of them moved. "Go ahead. I just wished she'd stream with facecam."

"I could ask Hank to film her," Erik joked. "It'd serve her right."

Logan laughed softly, only to press his lips together so he wouldn't be heard when Erik unmuted the mic. "Hey, Raven? I'd really like it if you'd stop that. But if you must know, you could just look at Discord for a sec. It's not like I'm logged in or anything. And by the way, I'm home. So you're wrong there."

In the silence that followed, Logan carefully maneuvered the chair so he could pull Erik down on his lap and into a hug. He could feel Erik's heart racing, making him almost consider to just quit the call and stream altogether and go do something else.

"What?" was all Raven could eventually come up with. "What the hell, Erik?!"

"Hey, good on you, kiddos," Armando laughed. Erik relaxed a little, thankful the burden of response had been taken from him.

"Thanks, 'Mando," Erik mumbled. He did his best to ignore the confusion in chat.

"Man, I should've asked if anything was up at the con when I saw you." That was Alex, pretending that he hadn't and hadn't been told to mind his own damn business no matter how right he was for his trouble. Which, thinking of it, probably meant that Armando had known too and was just too polite to say anything.

"Chat, chill, we'll catch you up in a sec," Erik watched Logan type in his stream's chat. "Gotta make sure Raven isn't broken by the news first."

"Raven?" Erik asked. "You still there?"

"Yeah, I'm still here but you didn't answer my question. What the *hell*, Erik?"

"Is that about the who or the why I didn't tell you?" Erik reached for Logan's hand again, feeling nervous to the point of nausea.

"Both!" Raven snapped. "But more the who! I *really* thought you and Charles..."

"We told you we weren't dating," that was Charles, laughing. "You just wouldn't listen."

"If you'd listened just once and didn't take stuff like *showed up together for breakfast* as ironclad evidence Charles and I were involved, I'd probably had told you," Erik said, adding,

“Maybe.”

“Charles knew?” Raven asked, her voice soft enough that she sounded stunned and a bit defeated.

“Charles knew. In detail,” Charles chirped. Logan and Erik exchanged a look. Charles did sound like he was enjoying himself a little too much.

Logan leaned forward, holding Erik a little tighter in the process, so he could reach the mic. “Hey, chat, just so you know, Erik and I’ve been dating for half a year now. That’s what’s going on. If you have questions I’m willing to answer, we can do a round on Saturday instead of the usual agony uncle stream. But... mind the chat rules. Mods are instructed to be just as ruthless as always with the bans.”

For a moment, chat didn’t move at all. Erik hadn’t meant to look, unsure if he wanted to know the reaction, even of a chat as tolerable as Logan’s usually was. With strict rules and even stricter mods, Logan had weeded the real assholes years ago, but knowing that didn’t help much. Especially when chat suddenly started to pick up speed, most of the messages gone by too fast to read. But Erik still saw at least some of the emotes. He relaxed. It looked like chat was taking it well overall.

“Wait, what?” that was Sean. “I didn’t look, was that why Raven’s so upset?”

“Pretty much, yes,” Logan laughed. He carefully patted Erik on the back, moving a little. Catching the cue, Erik slipped off his lap. Instead of returning to the couch, however, he kept standing next to Logan, a hand on his shoulder for support, the other on his phone so he could still play. None of them had really stopped, save for one or two votes on answers each, juggling conversation and game as usual.

“Oh, man!” Sean was laughing. “I’d never guessed. How?”

“Well, Sean, you know the birds and bees story from school, right?” Erik asked, earning himself a scowl from Logan.

“I just asked,” Logan clarified. “Don’t let Erik be an asshole to you just because you’re the youngest here, Sean.”

Erik rolled his eyes at Logan. Somehow, it felt good finally being able to talk open. Scary still, but good. “He asked, knowing fully well I had to leave in ten minutes and then expected me to come up with an answer in a rush.”

“You took almost a month to answer!” Logan protested. “That’s hardly a rush.”

“You never brought it up again!” Erik shook his head, pausing for a moment, before kissing Logan on the cheek. “Still, I’m glad he confessed over Skype instead of in person. That made answering so much easier.”

“I can honest to god not tell if that’s sarcasm or earnest coming from you,” Logan laughed.

“I vote both,” Charles interjected. “Definitely both!”

"Do we have to listen to you two sound like a couple now?" Alex asked, the smirk audible in his voice.

"If you don't like it, nobody's forcing you to interact with us," Erik replied. And, since the question caught his eye in chat, he added, "Chat, we haven't talked about couch co-op yet, but if you've any ideas, please, feel free. Just no promises yet."

As Erik finished writing his answers for the round, Raven messaged him in private. He checked once he was done, only to find her actually apologizing. "It's alright," he wrote back. "I think. I'm not mad, at least."

"Would you be mad if I asked you why him?" Raven wrote. "I mean. It's Logan. He's, like... the dad friend."

"If that is some kind of allusion to a daddy kink I'll be real mad, Raven," Erik wrote, still somewhat good natured.

"Nah, I mean, imagining Logan in a relationship is like imagining your parents dating instead of, you know, just being your parents." This admission by Raven made Erik laugh loud enough for Logan to hear and raise an eyebrow.

"Later," Erik mouthed at Logan, before writing back to Raven: "You've seen Logan in tight white t-shirts, right?" Just to make sure, Erik added one of the shirtless pictures he had of Logan.

"Fuck," was all Raven had to say to that.

"Oh, I intend to," Erik typed, grinning from ear to ear.

"You're the worst, Erik. How'd you ever keep it a secret from anyone?"

"I could vent to Charles, that helped. Don't expect me to start telling you things now, though." Erik took a deep breath. "It means something that you'd apologized. If I ever need tips on what to do as a couple, I'll ask you. ...and if you really must know, I like Logan precisely because, in the end, he's chill about just about everything."

Later that night, when they'd wrapped up the stream and Erik and Logan were sitting on the couch, watching a movie neither of them paid much attention to, Logan asked, "Are you ok?"

"About today? In total? Yeah." Erik sighed. "Mostly, I think. At least it was all on my terms." He put an arm around Logan's waist. "And I still have you. That counts, too."

"Glad I count, too," Logan laughed.

"A little," Erik allowed. "Is it ok I told chat we could do coop streams?"

"Yeah, sure, depends on what you wanna play." Logan shrugged. "We can find some, I'm sure. ...knowing you, you can come up with five weird indies on the spot."

"Define weird. Most I'd force on you are actual good. Stressful cooking. Guns and puns. Pushing you into the maws of a wolpertinger by accident," Erik counted. "Pick one. I draw a line at spaceship piloting, though."

"I could always just teach you the love and wonders of visual novels," Logan smirked. "It sounds like fun in my head. Showing you the real weird ones."

Erik groaned. "Sure, we could do that, too." He paused for a moment. "That one would even make more sense while you're here because you could just laugh at me trying to understand the genre."

"You would try?" Logan kissed Erik's cheek.

"Probably." Erik frowned. "Depends on the game. If you force, like, that weird badly photoshopped wrestler meme thing one me, I'd probably try to resist."

"No dating John Cena, gotcha," Logan nodded solemnly.

"Good." Erik sighed, relaxing a bit more against Logan. "Logan? ...I love you."

"I love you, too," Logan said, hugging him tight.

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