

A Brewer-Rose Tradition

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A Brewer-Rose Tradition

by [lostinmysticfalls](#)

Summary

David and Patrick are on the search for the perfect Christmas tree but a heavy snowfall causes them to change their plans.

David didn't know if giving Patrick something in return was right. How could he? He'd never been in a similar situation before.

If he were being perfectly honest, he'd never even imagined being in it at all. An engagement just seemed so out of the realm of possibilities for him. Every single man—child, really—he'd been with, bared only the physical resemblance of a man but none of the characteristics, values, and heart that Patrick possessed. David never even had a chance to dream up a wedding scenario with anyone else, let alone ponder about expectations and formalities.

As a result of his bad relationships streak, and much to his chagrin, he had almost given up hope of finding "the one." He made a face just thinking about the phrase, because to him that title was only justifiable if used in a cheesy Netflix Christmas movie or the Hallmark ones that were currently airing on TV nonstop.

He looked down at the palm of his hand, eyeing the gold chain. *Is this it?* He wondered. Was someone who had once proclaimed he was the human equivalent of a burnt marshmallow, really getting his happy ending after all? They'd been engaged for months and it somehow still felt unbelievable to him.

The sound of footsteps outside startled him, making his heart skip a beat. He closed his hand into a fist, discreetly hiding the necklace underneath his pillow when he heard the door to the motel open.

"Ready to go?" Patrick asked, a big smile on his face. His cheeks a little rosy from the cold outside. The beanie he was wearing making him look even more adorable than usual.

It was the first week of December and Patrick had been complaining about the holiday season missing some jolly. David had rolled his eyes and winced at the word but he eventually agreed that they had been focusing too much on wedding planning and not enough on what was presently happening around them.

Which is how Patrick convinced him to go on the hunt for the perfect Christmas tree. *We will cut our own tree this year, David.* He'd said with childish excitement and effervescent glee. *It'll be a new Brewer-Rose tradition.* And how could he possibly object when he smiled up at him with those dimpled cheeks and honest brown eyes?

David nodded. "I'm ready."

Soon enough they were in the car. Zippering through the curves and climbing higher elevations in search of their first tree.

"There's this little Christmas tree farm just a few miles up the mountain. I saw it a couple weeks ago when I was picking up a new shipment of goat's milk soap for the store." Patrick said, adjusting the vents so that the toasty air from the heater would warm up their cold skin.

"I thought you said we were going to chop our tree down in like... the wild, or whatever." David said.

Patrick laughed. “Oh yes. The famous tradition of literally hunting down a tree in the wild. Did you remember to bring your ax, David? Maybe some camo too so we blend in with the wildlife.”

David puckered his lips, rolling his eyes and staring out the window. He was enjoying the scenery of evergreens and wondering why they couldn’t just chop one of those down and call it a day.

As usual, Patrick read his mind. “Just so you know, it’s illegal here to just pick a tree off the side of the road and cut it down. You have to go to an authorized location for that.”

David was about to give him a smart remark when he noticed the little feathery specks falling on the windshield. It wasn’t rain.

“Uh. Was is that?” He pointed, leaning forward to get a look at the sky above as well.

“Hm.” Patrick sounded surprised. “That... wasn’t on the forecast. Or it was but not until tomorrow.”

“Luckily, you’re always very good about being prepared. I’m sure you planned for it, just in case.” David said, assuming his fiancé had things under control. After not getting a reply from him for several minutes he added. “You did plan for snow, right?”

Patrick continued driving, meanwhile the snow falling faster, opaquing the windshield no matter how fast the wipers moved to clear it away. “I might have forgotten the chains at the apartment.” He muttered.

“I’m sorry?”

“We’ve just been so busy. I thought about bringing them but then it completely slipped my mind last minute. And it wasn’t in the forecast.” He repeated.

“So what are we supposed to do now?” David waved his hands around, trying not to let his exasperation ruin something good.

“It’s probably just a little bit of snow, not even an inch. Nothing to worry about.” Patrick assured him. “We’ll get to the farm, pick our tree and go back home. And if we’re really lucky, we’ll catch the Friday night special at the Cafe Tropical.”

David smacked his lips and nodded. “Okay.” He sounded unsure but tried to make the best out of the situation. He took out his phone. If they were going to be putting up with bad weather he might as well document it for others to see.

“That.” David pointed. “Is a dead end.”

Patrick looked at him quietly, grinning sheepishly. He’d been driving up and down the hills, trying to find that damn pinery he’d come across just the other day but the heavy snowfall was making it impossible to see very far.

David was close to yet another complaint when Patrick spotted a structure just ahead in the distance. “That’s gotta be it!”

“Oh thank God.” David breathed a sigh of relief. “Any way you can drive a little faster so we can get there quicker?”

Patrick grimaced. “I can’t. This is as fast as the car will go.”

David knew it then, his stomach twisting at the realization. He knew that they weren’t going to be heading back home any time soon. No chains in this weather probably meant staying put until the snow cleared, and then hoping against all hope that the road would be a little more drivable once it did.

They approached the large cabin at a snail’s pace, pulling up to the front. Patrick took a couple minutes to survey the area before cutting the engine.

“This doesn’t look like a place that sells Christmas trees.” David mused.

That’s because it wasn’t.

They’d apparently driven up to a small cabin that seemed to be unoccupied that day.

“Why don’t you look up where we are? I would’ve already done it but my phone died while I was posting to my Instagram story.”

“David.” Patrick’s voice was soft, close to cracking, knowing very well they were now stuck in the middle of nowhere because he’d made the mistake to start driving without even looking up the place online first. “Please don’t be mad but I also forgot my phone back at the apartment.”

“You. Left your phone. In the apartment.” David said in pauses. He cleared his throat, trying to be an adult about the situation and not put any blame on Patrick for trying to do something nice for them. He remembered how he almost ruined something magical the last time he did that. *It’s supposed to be the start of a new Brewer-Rose tradition.* David reminded himself.

“Then what can we do?”

“Wait for the snow to clear so we can go home?”

David nodded. “Right. Obviously.”

“We can go inside? Maybe there is someone home and we can use their phone to call Roland so he can bring a tow truck.”

“So now we need a tow truck?”

Patrick smiled. “It’s an idea.”

The snow continued plowing down on them. Heavier with each passing second. It had been less than five minutes since Patrick had turned off the car but the temperature inside had

already dropped dramatically.

“I can turn the heat on but if I keep the car running for too long without driving, it might stall on us, and the last thing we need is a dead car.”

David could feel his anxiety starting to bubble up inside him. “We’re going to get murdered here.” He said out loud. “Nobody knows where we were going. We don’t even know where we are. We can’t call anyone.”

Patrick laughed.

“It’s not funny.” He snapped back.

“No, no. Of course it’s not. It’s just that, I was just thinking how perfect and I don’t know, kind of romantic this is. You and me, stuck in a snowstorm.” He sighed. “But you, David Rose, are imagining all the different ways in which we are going to get murdered. Let me guess, it’s um, an 80’s serial killer type of situation. Very on brand for you, actually.”

After a few moments of quietude David responded. “You think this is romantic?”

Patrick turned to him, his wide brown eyes locked on his. He nodded. “I’m alone with my fiancé in a secluded cabin and we’re practically immersed in a real life Winter Wonderland.”

David pressed his lips together, squirming in his seat at the thought. Maybe Patrick was right, maybe he was only focusing on the negative, murderous side of the situation.

“Fine. I guess we can try knocking on the door and see if anyone answers.”

“This is a terrible idea.” David said, his teeth chattering. “Breaking and entering is not what I had in mind.”

“Is it really breaking and entering if they leave the backdoor unlocked?”

“Trespassing, I believe is the term.” David replied.

The cabin might have looked abandoned on the outside but it was actually very nicely maintained. Everything in its interior was in order, and it was beautifully decorated with comfortable couches layered with blankets and holiday pillows. There was even a faint smell of holly and cinnamon in the air. The only downside was that it was rather cold. The thermostat was set to 60 degrees, probably an effort by the owner to conserve energy while no one was using the property.

“There’s a phone.” Patrick said, pointing to the landline in the kitchen. “I’ll call the motel and have them contact Roland.”

“Maybe we don’t have to leave right away.” David noted, having changed his mind pretty quickly. “It is a very nice place and you’re right. It is kind of romantic.”

“But you just said you didn’t like the idea of breaking and entering.”

“I know but I do love the idea of how nice and quiet this is compared to the contrasting noise of the motel and the wedding clutter back at the apartment.”

Patrick smiled. “David, if you wanted to get away for a while, why didn’t you just say so? I could’ve found us a place like this to escape to for a few days.”

David smiled, pacing toward him with a little glint of mischief in his eyes. Patrick’s dimples deepened, his arms wrapping around David’s waist, interlaced fingers resting on the small of his back. He looked up at his fiancé, David licking his lips before leaning down to kiss him.

Patrick’s head tilted back, his mouth latching on to David’s, heat invading his core, making his body whirr with rousing anticipation as his mind raced, thinking of all the things he and David could do with their time alone and uninterrupted.

David’s hands traced his broad shoulders, squeezing them before his hands anchored to the back of Patrick’s neck. He kissed him again, this time wedging his tongue between Patrick’s parted mouth, licking the edges of his lips, and running the tip of his tongue along his teeth before stroking the roof of his mouth.

Patrick moaned, a little sound that David loved, especially knowing he was responsible for it.

“You wanna check out the rest of the place?” Patrick suggested, out of breath and trying really hard to keep his composure.

He was always so taken aback by the way David managed to turn him into a needy mess. A touch was all that was required to make his body rev with want.

David nodded enthusiastically. “I’m very interested in exploring that option.”

They ran up the stairs, both eager to continue what they’d put on hold.

“Oh my god.” David said. “Quaint but also very charming.” He looked around the room, a giant king size bed, with the fluffiest of comforters and down feather pillows was pushed up against the wall. It took up most of the space.

There was also a little reading sofa next to the window with a tall lamp hanging over it. Next to it, a bookcase with an array of novels and sightseeing guides.

The whole place had a vintage cottage quality to it but especially the room. It even had its own private balcony. It was perfect for a couple looking to disconnect from the world. Perfect for them.

David dipped his hands underneath the lapels of Patrick’s jacket, slipping it off his shoulders with ease. Patrick’s feet faltered as he walked backwards toward the bed. They both laughed as they kicked off their shoes and then jumped on it. Patrick lying on his back as David’s hands trailed up his leg.

Their lips collided in a heated exchange. Patrick’s tongue, languidly encircling David’s before sucking on it gently. His hands running along his sides, brushing over David’s ribs as he clung to his favorite knit sweater. David ran one hand through Patrick’s hair, taking the

beanie with it. His curls entangling between his fingers as he raked through it and tugged at it gently.

"Are we really doing this?" David questioned, his body responding almost instantly to his own words.

Patrick smiled, looking down between their tightly pressed bodies, aware of David's unmistakable arousal. "Feels too good not to."

They kissed again, his hand dipping beneath David's sweater this time, pulling it over his back little by little until he was yanking it off over David's head. His messy black hair, fluffed and ruffled from the tug, making David look even more handsome than usual.

David trembled involuntarily. "Oh, it's cold."

"It's okay, I'll warm you up." Patrick replied.

He brushed David's chest with his fingers, turning his head to the side, as David's warm lips came in contact with the hollow of his neck. Hot breath and wet tongue on his skin, inching slowly towards his Adam's apple. The sensations triggering a shiver in Patrick as he raised his hips into him.

The grip of David's hand was now planted on the stiffened protrusion beneath Patrick's jeans. Patrick's movement a reaction to his touch, his heartbeat accelerating with every moan that left his lips. David wedged himself between his thighs, greeting Patrick's legs as he hooked them around his waist.

Both moved into each other urgently, the friction between them somewhat alleviating their wanting ache. Patrick breathed him in, the faint scent of his cologne only increasing the pining. His lips brushed against David's ear, tongue lightly licking his earlobe before he pulled on it with his teeth. David groaned happily, bucking his hips into Patrick again.

Slowly, Patrick began lifting himself up, first on his forearms, then hoisting himself up with his hands to a more upright position. He let David help him out of his shirt. He pushed himself further back on the bed, resting his head against the headboard, feeling David's hands on him as he unbuckled his belt and slowly undid the button of his jeans.

Patrick's body was shaking in preparation for what was to come. His breathing hitching as David's fingers hooked on to the band of his jeans and started pulling them down his legs along with his boxers.

He was perfectly hard underneath, his length sprouting out of the confines of his clothing, slapping his abdomen and making the prettiest of sounds as it moistened his skin. David worked him with his hand for a while, jerking his cock slowly at first until Patrick started asking for more. Patrick's eyes closed momentarily, precum dripping out of him and rolling down his length, helping David's hand slide more easily over it. He moaned, his breathing hitching every time David touched him just right.

“Come here.” Patrick said, reaching his hand to try to get a feel of David as well. He wanted them to do it at the same time. To make David feel just as good as he was making him feel.

David understood and removed the rest of his clothes. Both completely naked now, as he sat across from him, his legs draped over Patrick’s thighs as they reached for each other’s cock and continued on with their ministrations.

David’s little noises became louder, his hips momentarily lifting off the bed. “I know I’ve said this before and it shouldn’t come as a surprise, but you’re so fucking good at this.”

Patrick only laughed, keeping a tight grasp on David’s shaft as he pumped him harder and faster. He looked so good, his mouth watered at the thought of David’s taste.

Without any warning, Patrick switched his position, his face hovering in front of David’s cock until his mouth enclosed around his slick pink tip.

The moans that erupted out of David were always the greatest form of validation. Patrick loved making him lose all sense of himself.

He took David in deeper, sucking him off like he was trying to devour him whole. One hand cupping his balls as his fingers gently massaged the strip of flesh dangerously close to David’s opening.

He watched Patrick intently, the way his lips enclosed around him, the way Patrick’s fingers grasped the thickness of his cock, sliding up and down his length as he drew him in, swallowing him to the point of gagging, over and over like he couldn’t get enough.

David was so close, he could feel it.

His body was hot against Patrick’s skin, breathing raggedly as his heart rate soared the further in Patrick took him. David began to lose himself in the moment, waves of pleasure overtaking him before Patrick did the one thing that inevitably put him over the edge.

In the midst of it all, Patrick’s finger found its way to David’s entrance, invading slowly at first before it began to move rhythmically in and out of him, almost in tune with the wondrous things he was doing with his mouth.

“Fuck.” David groaned. Feeling himself coming. A second later, the spurts of hot release hit the back of Patrick’s throat. Blissful moments accompanying the lewd act as David came undone in his mouth.

Patrick knew that making David come was almost always a guarantee to bring on his own climax. This time was no exception.

A few moments later, as David was still coming down from his orgasm, Patrick sat back on his knees. He took a hand to his own cock, unabashedly finishing himself off. He didn’t think twice before spilling his seed all over David’s stomach, loving the way in which he welcomed his actions with praises and moans.

“This has got to be one of the dirtiest things I’ve ever done.” David said, putting on his sweater.

“This? Really?” Patrick was a little skeptical. “No offense David, but I don’t see how this is the dirtiest thing you’ve ever done.”

David raised his eyebrows, walking slowly toward his fiancé and fixing the collar of his jacket for him. Taking absolutely no displeasure in his words.

“You quite literally deep throated me in a strangers bed, and then you jerked off until you jizzed all over me.” David said. “Dirty.” After a few seconds he added. “And very hot.”

Patrick smiled, looking down like he was somehow a little embarrassed after the fact. It was the first time he had ever finished David off like that. He could still taste him, tart flavor lingering in his tongue.

“You think we should call for that tow truck now?” He mused, a bit flustered.

David nodded. “Probably a good idea before someone shows up and catches us here.”

They found the Christmas tree farm a few days later, once the snow had cleared and the roads were back to their drivable conditions.

“This one.” David said, looking up at tall, robust noble fir. “I’m sure this is the one.”

Patrick stared at him for a long while, beaming. He was absolutely sure he’d found the one too.

“You wanna do the honors?” He asked David, handing him the saw.

David shook his head. “Hard pass. I did the picking, you do the cutting.”

Patrick laughed. “Okay. Let me…”

He began sawing at the base of the tree, trying to cut as low to the ground as possible. After a few minutes the tree began to lean to one side.

“Alright, David. This is where you come in, don’t let it fall or the bark will splinter and the cut won’t be as clean.”

David put his hands between the branches of the tree, supporting the trunk as best as he could as Patrick quickly finished sawing it off. While Patrick was busy, he dug into the pocket of his jacket, sure that this was the perfect moment to present him with the gift he’d been holding on to for the past week.

“Hey, that was pretty good for not having ever done it.” Patrick chuckled. “Let’s take it back so they can put it through the machine and shake off all the loose needles.” There was no reply. Patrick furrowed his brow. “David?”

He had been awfully quiet. Patrick kept his hand on the tree but he managed to lean over to take a look at what David was up to on the other side.

He felt his heart thud in his chest, his stomach clenching as a rush of excitement overtook him.

"What... what are you doing?" Patrick asked, unsure of why David was on one knee holding up a gold plated guitar pick with a chain attached to it.

"This is not a ring."

Patrick chuckled. "I can see that."

"Not because I don't think you don't deserve a ring." David said. "Because of course you deserve a ring. You deserve all the good things in this world. You are kind, and honest, and caring, loving and impossibly charming and sweet. You are all the things I never thought that I deserved."

"David. You do deserve all of that and more." Patrick said, switching his hands to continue holding the tree up. "You know why?"

"Why?" David asked, moving his head like he was trying hard to understand.

"Because you, David Rose, are a very, very nice person."

"I am?"

Patrick nodded. "Yes. Except maybe not that nice right now."

David looked at him, entirely perplexed.

"Because a nice fiancé wouldn't just leave me here, trying to balance an 8 foot tree all by myself."

"Oh fuck!" David got up right away, helping him keep the tree in place.

Patrick smiled. "I love you, David. I always will."

David leaned in closer, giving him a kiss before asking for permission to put the necklace on him. A gesture to which Patrick happily obliged.

Patrick took the pendant between his fingers, reading the inscription. "To a lifetime of promises and a world of dreams. D."

He grinned, the biggest and happiest of smiles. "Thank you, David. This is perfect."

"You're welcome." David said, a meek smile on his face. "Now, let's go home so we can properly continue the first of many Brewer-Rose traditions."

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