

Yes, it works

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Yes, it works

by [creative_smtimes](#)

Summary

My friend Nate and I decided to write a series of short-stories about severely underrepresented parts of the queer community. I will be posting both our stories here and he will be posting them on Wattpad to reach a broader audience together. In the notes before each chapter, I will be putting the tags relating to that specific short-story and which one of us wrote it (N for Nate and M for me). Enjoy!

I've decided to put the chapters in correct chronological order and stored by which set of characters it's about. Because I write completely out of order, though, this means that whenever I post a new chapter, especially in the Caja/Adri etc. story, the new chapter will be somewhere in the middle between everything else.. I'm sorry if that's confusing but it makes it easier for me to write...

Poly Quartett

Chapter Notes

Polyamory, Polyamory Negotiations, Polyamorous Characters, Pre-Poly, M/M, M/F

Enjoy these messy beginnings of a wonderful relationship -N

"Mon chou, wake up. The sun has already risen. Open your eyes. It is Friday. We have plans, my love."

Hazel eyes blinked open, fluttering against the early morning sun. "Victor?" A low groan escaped Noah as he rolled over to properly look at his boyfriend. "Victor, God has blessed morning hours with coffee not just so you can wake me up with your insistent bugging!"

A warm laugh escaped the Frenchman. "It is bold of you to assume that I have not prepared coffee before waking you, mon petit lion. The sun is waiting to catch your beautiful eyes and so am I."

Noah rolled his eyes exasperatedly. "Vic, I love you. But you are incorrigible."

With a deep sigh, Victor swept his freckled lover into his arms. "You are a horrible, horrible person to be around before you had your coffee. You know that, right, mon chou?"

A vaguely confirmative huff from Noah was all the answer he got.

Victor dumped him onto a kitchen chair and placed a steaming cup of coffee in front of him. "Drink up, mon chou. The 'business' date with your dear graphic designer won't attend itself."

Hazel eyes lit up as Noah's head whipped around to look at Victor. "Shit. That's today! Oh Vic, thank fuck you woke me up. Holy..., Vic, we need to get ready! MOVE!"

Victor raised an eyebrow. "Were you not the one grumbling about being woken up just a minute ago? My dear Noah, you really need to get your morning attitude in check."

"Viiiiic, I wasn't even really awake then. Come on, babe, I love you but I want this to go well." Noah scrambled up and pulled his lover into a tight hug and kiss. He scrunched up his nose as Victor kissed a few freckles on his face.

"Noah, my love, you are too precious for this world. It will all go smoothly. I will be the ever-charming gentleman I always am and this poor boy is gonna fall to his knees and beg you to let him stay, mon chou." He threw a confident smirk at his boyfriend.

Noah chuckled in turn. "You are a disaster, Vic, but I love you. Please try to be civil, yes?"

"Viiiiiiic! Come in here immediately and help me with my hair!" A defeated sigh left the Frenchman who had been seated on the bed for over half an hour after Noah had shooed him out of the bathroom.

"Don't look at me like that. I look stupid, Vic. Help me. Do your magic!" Warm hands settled onto his shoulders.

"Mon chou, you do not look stupid. Use the blow dryer. You look cute with... how do you say? Uh..., oh! Poofy hair!"

A soft smile grazed Noah's lips at Victor's problem with finding the right word. "If he hates it, I'm blaming it on you."

A dismissive snort was all the answer he got from his boyfriend who was already on the way back into the bedroom.

After the initial disaster with Noah's hair, it took him mere minutes to get ready. Black jeans, a red button-down and his poofy hair looked perfectly balanced between casual and fancy, at least that was what Victor told him.

Soft gray carpet lined the entrance area of the cozy café they had entered. Noah let his eyes sweep over the tables to see if his date was already there, Victor on his heels. Long, dark brown hair, equally dark beard, soft gray sweater and black pants, yeah, that was the cute graphic designer from OD one floor down. A smile and a soft blush graced his face as Noah made his way over to him.

Both Noah and Victor almost went flying when the latter crashed into Noah's back after he had stopped dead in his tracks without any notice. It didn't take Victor long to realize what had startled Noah into stopping so abruptly.

Right next to the graphic designer sat a young woman with dark skin and dark hair in a muted red dress. She was holding his hand and seemed to be softly talking to him.

"He is NOT serious. He brought a random girl with him? This is a DATE!" Noah's whisper was sharp and bordered on anger.

"To be fair to him," Victor cut in to stop Noah from talking himself into a frenzy like he was prone to do, "you are not alone either. Mon chou, maybe all is entirely different than it seems right now. Let's go over, introduce ourselves and see what comes out of this."

A frown on his face, Noah agreed with a defeated huff. "Fine. But if she is his girlfriend or something...."

Victor offered a consoling smile. With warm hands on his shoulders, he steered Noah through the café to the table.

"Noah," Benjamin smiled as he looked up at him, "who is that? I... you didn't come alone." Under the table, the young woman hit his thigh.

"Neither did you, as I see, Benjamin. This is Victor, my, well, he's my boyfriend." Noah's eyes were cold while he looked down at the other two.

For this exhibition of rudeness, he received a concealed elbow to the side from Victor. The Frenchman launched right into conversation. "It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Who do I have the pleasure with?" It was truly hilarious as Victor took the girl's hand and pressed a light kiss on the back of it.

She chuckled indulgently. "My name is Enya, I'm Ben's girlfriend. Lovely to meet you two. Please have a seat."

A cold silence fell over the table for a moment before Victor took a seat opposite of Enya and motioned for Noah to sit on his right. Hesitantly, Noah followed his boyfriend's silent directions.

"So, Benjamin, I heard you were a graphic designer? I am very fond of the arts myself." Trust Victor to always ignore the awkward atmosphere and just jump into conversation.

"Yes, uhm, I work at the same company as Noah. I'm in the Online Design department. Noah didn't exactly mention you, may I ask what you do for a living?"

A warm chuckle left Victor before he started talking again. "Of course you may ask. I work in theater. I am a," at this, he turned to Noah, "Noah, what did you say it was called? Uh, a *décorateur de théâtre*."

"Set designer, Vic, it's not that hard, you got to learn your job description." Noah rolled his eyes. Victor usually knew very well what his job was called. Either he was very tired and slipping between languages without noticing or, and Noah would bet his left leg it was this, he was trying to be charming and showing off his french roots to Benjamin and Enya.

"Ah, yes, of course, set designer. I build the terrain for the stage."

Benjamin nodded smiling and looked over to Enya. "Well, the world is small. Enya is an actress. Maybe she has already played on a stage you designed?" Enya's cheeks took on a slight red tint.

"Maybe. Mademoiselle, what was the last play you took part in?" Victor turned his attention to Enya now.

She had a warm smile on her face when she answered, "The last play was an off-broadway production of *Lés Misérables*." Under the table, she squeezed Ben's hand to reassure him that everything was going fine.

Victor's face sank and he shook his head lightly. "Unfortunately I don't think I worked on that. But maybe you have seen some of my work. I worked on the Broadway set of *Wicked* and *In The Heights*."

Enya and Benjamin grinned. "Yes, actually. We spent our fourth anniversary by watching *In The Heights*. The stage was impressive."

Noah began coughing and looked at them. "You've been together for four years?"

Victor lightly slapped his back to make him stop coughing. "Now, now, Noah. Are you alright?" A soft nod was his only answer.

"Well, belated Congratulations. How did you meet, if I may ask?"

A sharp pain erupted from his right shin as Noah kicked him. Still, except for the twitch in his eyebrow and the dangerous glance he threw at him, Victor remained perfectly still.

"Ben has a thing for picking up colleagues. He worked for a theater I had a job at. He designed the marketing. But, like, enough of us. How did you guys meet?"

"Well," Victor started, lovingly taking Noah's hand and placing their joined fingers onto the table, "it was Halloween and a friend of ours hosted a party. I have to admit that we were all drunk that evening and I do not entirely remember what happened but Noah and I were very angry. And screaming turned to making out and in the morning he didn't seem as terrible as the night before so we set a time for dinner."

Little wrinkles appeared around Enya's eyes while Ben seemingly tried to stifle a grin. The atmosphere was light-hearted, for a moment they all smiled together.

"Anyway, I think we miscommunicated a little about what today was gonna be, right, Benjamin?" Noah asked softly, sparing a little side glance at Victor.

An awkward cough was Ben's first answer. "Well, yeah. Somehow I was under the impression that this would be, I don't know, a date?"

"So was I," Noah whispered, his voice tight and strained.

An excited yelp came from Victor. "Well, isn't that just amazing? All of us had the intention of spending a date with someone and our datemate, quite possibly with the aim of having a polyamorous bond. The more the merrier!" The grin on Victor's face was so pure they couldn't help but stare at him for a moment.

"Actually," Enya beamed, "that is a very good observation. We are obviously all okay with our datemate being with another person. I think I like you already, Victor."

Benjamin and Noah looked incredulous. "En, babe, this was not I mean, this was not exactly planned."

"You mean to tell me," Enya inquired, "that you didn't tell each other you were bringing us and just hoped for the best? Unbelievable!"

Both young men looked ashamed. Their gazes wandered from each other, away from the other's apologetic eyes, only to look back up again.

"Would you like to join me at the bar for a moment, mademoiselle?" Victor was looking at Enya now, a soft smile gracing his features. "I think these two need to spend a few minutes alone for... le rapport... if you know what I mean. I am sorry, usually, I am not this bad at voicing my thoughts. It must be your lovely face that is confusing me today." He had put on his most charming smile which immediately pulled an appreciative chuckle from Enya.

"Well, then, lead the way," she replied, taking his hand and leaving the other two alone.

"Look," Noah began, "I'm sorry. I guess I just wasn't expecting you to be already in a relationship. I know it's kinda weird but I've always been a bit jealous. Don't get me wrong, though. Enya seems sweet and I'm really glad you are happy. It's just that I thought we would show up, have the 'we're poly'-talk and either you'd be scared and angry and run or you'd be game and, like, join Vic and me."

For a second, it seemed the world had stopped. The silence that ensued was suffocating. But then Ben sighed and looked at Noah.

"I see. I can't really say I blame you. I thought basically the same thing. Maybe we both underestimated the importance of communication."

The other nodded. "Yeah. But are you okay with... this? Do you want to, I don't know, try to build something serious from this?"

Benjamin's eyes trailed across the room to Enya and Victor, both a coffee in hand and badly concealing that they were watching their boyfriends while they talked.

"I liked you the moment you stumbled into the office like you hadn't slept in a week. And I think En and Victor get along pretty damn well if the way they talk about us like school girls is any indication."

Both chuckled, daring another glance over to their datemates.

"So we are going over there, tell them we talked it out like responsible adults and set a date for dinner or movie night or something?" Noah looked at Ben while he asked.

"Or," Benjamin smirked sort of surreptitiously, "we could start making out and let them draw their own conclusions."

"Teaming up already? I'm in. But we'll still invite you for movie night, you are not getting out of this," Noah clarified, already leaning over the table towards Benjamin.

"I hope you do. Victor is french, after this, I will take it upon myself to test if they really kiss that good," he grinned while coming closer to Noah, too.

With his lips already against Ben's, he added swiftly, "He does, you're free to see."

Enya and Victor had their coffees raised halfway to their mouth when they stopped in the motion. “Not to be that kind of girlfriend, but this is, like, really kinda hot.”

Victor simply nodded mutely.

“Seems they got over themselves. I think they owe us an explanation.”

“And quite possibly the date for the next dinner and movie night, if I know anything about Noah,” Victor added, slightly breathy.

She took his arm and gently pulled him over to their datemates.

Non-Committal Poly

Chapter Notes

Polyamory, Open Relationship, Asexuality, Long Distance Relationships, Open Poly, Non-Binary Character -N

Ten pm. The red letters of their alarm clock gleamed through the darkness of their bedroom.

That meant Avy, Yves, Linda and Gil, all the way over in Europe, were probably – “hopefully” their brain supplied – in bed right now. Lexus, in his little house in Greece, should have been getting up right now, but he was getting ready for work at this time. But James and Safia in LA and David in Lawrence should all be awake.

Corey dialed James' number. It rang three times until he picked up. “Hey, Corey. How are you?”

“Lonely. Cassidy is on a trip with her fam right now and I’m all alone.”

A soft chuckle from the other line. “You always have us. Wait, can I put you on speaker? Saf wants to hear you, too.”

Corey said yes immediately. They missed their datemates.

“Hi, are you there, pumpkin?”

“Yes, I’m here Saf. I’m here and I miss being pinned down to the bed by someone.”

“Oh, no. Imma go make a smoothie or something. I don’t need to hear THAT.”

Safia and Corey chuckled. Of course, it was not unexpected for their ace partner to leave the conversation when the topic became even slightly steamy. He was never mad at them, he just didn’t want to participate in that. And they were all fine with that. James was the one in their dynamic that was always called to various family dinners.

Technically speaking, they were all varying degrees of “single”, in a way. They were in an open, polyamorous relationship. James and Saf were a couple, she was the one who had even brought him into the dynamic. Linda was aromantic and only in it for the sex with the squad. Everyone suspected that something very deep went on between Yves and Gil over in France but no one dared to ask.

Officially speaking, they were not really all dating. But it was nice to know that all, across the world, there were people who cared for you and loved you all in their own way.

“Saf, how long does it take you to get here?”

“I can be there tomorrow around noon. You wanna call Avy, see if she can get her ass up here too? We can have a nice long weekend. James can fend for himself for a few days.”

“That sounds amazing. In eighty days across the world and right into my bed.”

Corey smiled happily up at their ceiling. They might be single, open to a few fun dates and a one-night-stand here and there, even trying a few serious relationships with varying outcome, but, at the end of the day, they knew, no matter where they were, no matter what time, no matter what they needed, there were people on this world who were the amorous to their poly.

An unusual first time

Chapter Notes

Asexuality, Non-Binary Character, Polyamory

A few years before the story I've been telling so far, Lin and Adrienne end their first date a bit different than "usual".

I hope you like this thing I wrote at 02:30am -M

"Wait," Lin breathed when Adrienne was already two buttons into opening their shirt.

The pretty blonde leaned a bit away from the kiss and her hands stopped unbuttoning but they stayed where they were on Lin's chest.

Adrienne was a bit taller than them, not much but enough for Lin to shoot a small curse towards their south-east-Asian genes for making them so small which they immediately regretted, quickly apologizing to their own body.

Looking down a bit, Adrienne's eyes were filled with hunger but even more so with curiosity. "What is it?" she asked.

"I will let you take off my shirt, I want you to, and, if you want that, I will take off yours," Lin explained against their date's lips. "Same goes for pants but no further."

"Okay," Adrienne nodded. "You tell me where I'm allowed to touch you, okay?"

"I will," Lin smiled, glad that the woman they'd had a crush on for quite a while now understood.

"So, can I take this off?" Adrienne's hands tugged at the button they had stopped at.

"Please," Lin nodded and pulled her back into a kiss.

"I really enjoyed this tonight," Lin whispered.

"I did, too."

"You know," Lin started, smirking, knowing Adrienne would see it in the bit of light from outside the window, "if you go on another date with me, maybe next time I'll let you take off the sports-bra as well..."

"Interesting..." Adrienne said in a flirtatious tone, "very, very interesting."

Lin grinned and pressed a peck onto her head.

"Did you leave it on because of dysphoria?" Adrienne asked.

"Yep."

"What'll be different next time that'll let you take it off?"

Lin shifted their position a bit closer to their date. "I'll know you better, trust you more."

"Okay."

Lin didn't know if Adrienne wanted to know about the underwear but they decided to tell her anyway. "The underwear will stay on though."

"Ace?" Adrienne asked, surprising Lin.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"My sister and her partner are, too," she explained. "Where other people sometimes know too much about their family members' sex life, I know too much about their lack of it," she joked.

Lin chuckled. "Well, I'm glad you do so I don't have to explain it all."

"I'll tell my sister growing up with her has finally paid off," Adrienne grinned.

"Do that," Lin smiled.

They fell into a comfortable silence, Lin staring at the moving shadows of the leaves the streetlamp was throwing at the ceiling, Adrienne playing with the fabric of Lin's sports-bra.

"You know," Adrienne broke the silence after a while, whispering to not break the magic of the moment, "you are really hot and I am really attracted to you but I don't need you to have sex with me or do anything you're not comfortable with." She stopped fiddling with the fabric and instead just placed her flat hand on Lin's stomach. "I mean, I got a boyfriend for that," she added with a small puff of laughter.

"You do, yep," Lin chuckled with her, "and he is pretty beautiful himself."

"Thank you very much, I do agree, I have a very good taste," Adrienne smirked. She looked up at Lin now, shifting the mood back to seriousness with that motion. "I do like you a lot," she said, her voice even lower now. "And if you really are okay with all this, with me and Jeremiah and with you, then I would love to go on another date with you and not just to get to take off your bra."

Lin smiled. "I really am okay with the Jeremiah thing, I ship you two a lot, but I also ship us," – Adrienne chuckled at this which brightened Lin's smile. – "so, I would love another date with you."

Party

Chapter Notes

QPR, Asexuality, Aromantic, Polyamory, Non-Binary Character, Trans Woman, Questioning Gender, Coming Out, Queer Family, Explanations

Loved the characters of my other two chapters so much that I decided to mash them together! Before you're confused: this takes place some time before my other chapters - M

“I wanna run, I want to hide! I wanna tear down the walls that hold me inside! I wanna reach out and touch the flame! Where the streets have no name!”

“Do the streets not have names where aunt Adri lives?” Mel asked from the backseat.

Caja turned around just enough so she could see her eight-year-old from where she was sitting on the front passenger’s seat. “No, baby, they do have names there, too. This song has nothing to do with where we’re going.”

“Speaking of names though,” – Giules turned down the volume of the radio so her partner would be able to hear her better – “Can you give me another rundown of the people there?”

“Sure,” Caja laughed. “So there’s my sister, Adrienne, you both know her, she visited us last Christmas, remember?” Her question was directed into the rearview mirror and therefor at Mel.

“Yea, she got me a ukulele!”

“You mean Santa got you a ukulele, he just brought it to Adrienne first,” Caja corrected, chuckling at Giules.

“Mom, I’m not in kindergarten anymore, I know Santa isn’t real!”

Giules gasped loudly, “Who told you that?”

“Arin’s brother told us, he’s 14!”

“Well if he’s that old he must know,” Giules shrugged.

“Or,” Caja chimed in and Giules knew from her partner’s voice that she would try to save something that was lost by now, “maybe he’s just pissed because Santa only gives gifts to children younger than 10 so his gifts aren’t as cool anymore because he actually only gets gifts from his aunts.”

“Nah,” Mel said, “he got a really cool bike last Christmas. Besides, Arin doesn’t have aunts, only two uncles, I think.”

“Well then maybe one of his uncles is almost as cool as Santa,” Caja tried.

“Come on, Cai,” Giules placed her hand on her partner’s knee for a second, “Mel is old enough, we can drop it now.”

Caja looked at her partner, then into her child’s eyes in the mirror, and then back at her partner. Finally, she looked ahead, watching the city rapidly approach at the horizon. She sighed. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Giules asked again to make sure.

“Yea...,” Caja smiled, and then, after a deep breath, “Mel, who allowed you to grow up this fast?”

“You did,” Mel explained, causing her mothers to raise their eyebrows, “you always cook so well, mom, and when I take seconds that makes me grow faster!”

“Is that so?” Giules laughed.

“Yes!” Mel said confidently.

“Okay.” Giules realized they had gotten off-topic. “Names,” she reminded her partner.

“Ah, yes,” Caja remembered, “so, on Christmas the man that was with Adrienne was Jeremiah, remember, he taught you some chords on the ukulele and then he played a song on Giu’s big guitar.”

“Yea, I remember, he sang the song with the haircut.”

“Hallelujah, yeah,” Giules remembered, laughing, “What is it with that song’s lyrics?”

Caja chuckled as well, “No idea.”

“So are they dating or not?” Giules asked to get back on topic.

“They are still dating, as far as I know, and Jeremiah has a new partner now as well, their name is Jayme.”

“*Their* name?”

“Yes, Adrienne said they are somewhat genderfluid and go by they/them pronouns.”

Giules made a small humming sound in acknowledgment.

“What does genderfluid mean?” Mel asked from behind them.

“Uhm,” Caja made, trying to remember how her sister had explained it and trying simultaneously to make that explanation more kid-friendly. “It means that Jayme is

sometimes a boy and sometimes a girl and sometimes somewhere in between,” she explained, satisfied with her words.

“In between?” Mel asked.

“Yes, in between,” Caja said, “you know, baby, not everyone is either a girl or a boy, there are people who are neither and there are people who feel like they belong to both of the groups in some way but not fully so they’re somewhere in between.” She looked at Giules for a quick reassurance if she had explained it well.

Giules made a face that said ‘Was okay’.

“What is the word for that?” Mel asked next.

“Well, the people that are in between are called non-binary people because man and woman are called binary genders so if you’re neither you’re non-binary, get it?”

“I think so,” Mel replied, looking like she was very interested in the topic so Caja decided to keep going.

“If you want to say a word like ‘boy’ or ‘girl’ but the person is non-binary you could just say ‘child’ or ‘kid’ and when they’re an adult you can say ‘person’, yea?”

“Okay.”

“Oh and speaking of which...” Caja poked her finger into the air. “I just remembered Adrienne is also dating a new person and they actually are non-binary!”

“Name?” Giules asked while taking their exit off of the highway.

“Lin,” Caja replied.

“Lin is non-binary?” Mel asked.

“Yes, and they go by they/them pronouns so if we talk about Lin or Jayme we say they or them instead of he, she, her or his, got it?”

“Got it,” Giules said.

Three seconds after Giules had rung the doorbell, the door of the townhouse flung open to reveal a dark-haired, dark-bearded young man with a brilliant smile on his face.

“Hello,” he greeted the family cheerfully, “I’m Zeki!”

Giules threw a quick look towards her partner.

“I’m Caja, Adrienne’s sister, this is my partner Giules and this is Mel,” Caja introduced them politely. “You’re new,” she pointed out, still in a polite manner but a bit uncharacteristically straightforward.

Zeki laughed. “Ah, yes, I’m Jayme’s boyfriend and hopefully Jeremiah’s, too, soon,” – he held his hand to the side of his mouth as if to whisper but continued speaking at the same volume – “We have a date planned next weekend.”

“Okay, good to know,” Caja laughed and Giules noticed her laugh was already close to the border between her polite “I have to laugh or it’s awkward”-laugh and her genuine, friendly laugh.

“But, come on! Get in, get in!” Zeki took a step to the side and made hand movements to usher them into the house. “Your sister should be in the living room,” he told Caja once they were all inside.

“Thank you,” Giules said before following her partner into the yet unknown place filled with people.

“Never have I ever given a lap dance,” a brunette woman about Adrienne’s age asked, causing a few of the young adults around her – including Adrienne and Jayme – to take a sip from their drinks.

Giules hadn’t been drunk when the game was first suggested, had only had the obligatory champagne glass for the toast because she had thought she would be the one to drive her family home after the party. When one of Jeremiah’s or maybe Zeki’s friends – Giules had long given up trying to learn anybody’s name at this party – had suggested the game, Caja had excused herself to look after the kids upstairs and had told Giules she would be okay with driving them home.

After almost an hour of *Never Have I Ever*, Giules still wasn’t drunk. As an aroace person at a party full of very sexually active beings with dirty minds and an increasingly high blood alcohol concentration, her chances of getting an *I Have* were relatively slim. The only sip she had taken was at the question “Never have I ever been inside a sex toy shop”. (She had accompanied a friend before she had come out as ace and had been incredibly uncomfortable)

“Never have I ever received a lap dance,” the next person in line said and some people – this time including Zeki and Adrienne – drank.

“Anyone paid attention last round?” the next guy asked, “then we could match partners now, see who gave who one!”

“Nah, for all you know it could have been by a stripper so who cares, now say your Never Have I Ever,” another man commented.

Giules looked up at the ceiling. Was Caja having more fun up there?

Caja was 6 years older than Adrienne and older than most of her sister's friends. Since, in addition to that, Mel had already been 3 years old when Giules and Caja had adopted her when they had still been young themselves, they should have seen it coming that Mel was older than all the other kids at the party.

Now, at half-past 11, most of the younger kids Caja and a very nice trans woman named Angelica, a friend of Jeremiah's, had looked after for the better part of the night, had fallen asleep.

Angelica was on the other side of the upstairs living room Jayme had given the kids to play in, twin girls on her lap as she read them a story. Caja could see both girls were close to falling asleep and was about to suggest a bet to her daughter, who she was doing a puzzle with, which one would fall asleep first when Mel whispered a question.

"How do people know if they're the gender people say they are or if they're like Jayme and Lin?"

"I don't really know," Caja replied truthfully, "I've always known I was a girl and everyone else said I was one, too, so I never really questioned it."

"Did Angelica always know she was a girl?"

"Maybe you can ask her once the twins are asleep."

For the next couple of minutes, the two stayed in silence, working on their puzzle. When the girls fell asleep, Angelica placed them on the couch to the other three children and joined the puzzlers.

"Angelica?" Mel asked.

"Yes, sweetie."

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course, you can," she smiled.

"How and when did you know you were a girl?"

Angelica chuckled. "I think I always knew," she replied. "But not every trans person does," she continued. "There are women who only know they're women when they're 50 or older and then there are the ones like me who told their mom in kindergarten that they wanted to grow up to be a strong woman like her."

Caja smiled. "I bet your mother was very flattered."

“Well, back then, she was shocked at first,” Angelica clarified, “but now she’s proud.”

“How can I tell if I’m a girl or not?” Mel asked now.

Caja looked at her child, a mixture of confusion, shock, but, if she was being completely honest, also a bit of a did-I-see-this-coming?-type understanding filling her gut. “Do you think you maybe aren’t a girl?” she asked once the realization of that question had fully reached her brain.

“I don’t know,” Mel shrugged, now fully turning away from the puzzle and towards the two women.

“Are you maybe a boy?” Angelica asked, shifting the way she was sitting to a more comfortable position. This was an important moment in this kid’s life, she could feel it.

“No, I don’t think so,” Mel replied and then, after a second, turned to her mom. “Remember in the car when you said Lin is somewhere in between boy and girl?”

“They’re non-binary, yes, I remember,” Caja nodded.

“Can I be like Lin?”

“Of course you can, baby,” Caja reassured her child.

15 minutes or so later, the party started to come to an end. Parents, including Giules, were coming into the living room to pick up their children. Caja’s partner was tipsy by now since the last Never Have I Evers by Jayme, Zeki, and Adrienne had been directed specifically at her after they had realized that her bottle was still almost full.

They hugged everyone goodbye, Caja told Mel to thank Angelica for her help and Jeremiah promised the five of them would come to visit soon.

Back in the car, Caja threw a look at Giules in the corner of her eye. She seemed sober enough for an important conversation.

“Mel, do you wanna tell Giu what we talked about with Angelica earlier?” she asked.

“Okay,” Mel nodded and leaned forward a bit so their mother would be able to hear them better. “Giu, I think I’m maybe like Lin and I wanna try out if it feels right if you call me your child instead of daughter and use they/them pronouns for me.”

Giules looked at Caja, confused but proud of her child’s maturity. “Okay, my child, we can do that. You keep us updated if it feels right or if you want to change to other pronouns, okay?”

“Okay,” Mel nodded.

“Mel is a neutral name though, so, can we keep calling you that?”

“Yes, you can,” Mel smiled. They were starting to grow tired but the excitement about this big change in their life and the happiness about their mothers’ acceptance of it was keeping them awake.

“Do you want this to be something just for us or do you want to tell other people, too?” Caja asked after a minute.

“You could tell Arin maybe?” Giules added.

“Yea, I think I’ll tell her and maybe Siana and Evan.”

“Can I tell Adrienne and her partners?” Caja asked. “Maybe you can meet with Lin and Jayme some time or call them and you can talk about this.”

“I don’t like calls, but yea, I would like talking to them about it,” Mel agreed.

“I love you guys,” Giules said, a bit out of nowhere – Caja loved how honest she got when she was tipsy.

“I love you two,” Caja smiled.

“Love you, moms.”

I'll help you figure yourself out.

Chapter Notes

We're kind of picking off more or less where the chapter "Party" ended, couple of days later probably.

In here, we have Coming of Gender, Non-Binary Characters, Autism, Queerplatonic Relationship, Queer Family, QPR with child,...

Hope you enjoy this little chat of two of my favorite new text babies :D -M

"Hello Lin"

"Hey, Mel, how are you?"

But Mel didn't care about small talk. "Why do you think you're non-binary?"

"Ooo," Lin made, "straightforward, I like it! Uhm, I recently heard someone explain it pretty well that whenever you're in a group of girls you feel like you're the only boy but the opposite happens when you're with boys and you don't feel like you're meant when someone addresses a group as 'girls' or 'boys' and when you're on your own, you just really don't know which one you're supposed to be because neither feels fitting and then you discover the term non-binary..."

"And then it clicks." It wasn't a question, it was understanding.

"Yea, then it clicks."

"But what do you think made you be non-binary," Mel wanted to know.

"Well, in my case...", Lin seemed to think for a second, "I'm actually also autistic," they started anew, "and a lot of people on the autistic spectrum don't really belong into society's gender roles so maybe those are connected within me."

"Am I autistic?"

"You could be," the sound of cloth made Mel believe Lin had shrugged, "but you don't have to be. You can be non-binary and neurotypical, I-"

"What's neurotypical?"

"It means you're not autistic or schizophrenic or any of these things means your brain works the way people say is normal."

"And you're not normal?"

Lin laughed a bit. "No, in most people's eyes I'm probably not."

"My mom Giules says normal is boring."

Lin laughed again which made Mel smile. "Yea, she's probably right!"

"If I'm non-binary but neural-"

"Neurotypical"

"Yea, if I'm that and non-binary, am I still not normal?"

"In society's eyes, probably not."

There was a short pause before Mel breathed in and Lin was sure they could hear a smile in their voice. "Good."

The two of them continued talking for a while more, about school, Mel's mothers, Lin's partners, and more.

When they hung up and Mel brought the telephone back where it belonged in the living room, they had a bright smile on their face. Before the call, they had thought it would be awkward and weird and had been scared of the call, but all their expectations had been turned on their heads.

Caja and Giules, who were cuddled up on the couch, watching a movie together, looked up at their child, glad to see them so happy.

"So your talk went well?" Caja asked.

"Yes, very! Lin is so cool! They also think being normal is boring, Giu, they think you're very smart to say that."

"Well, they're right, I am smart." Giules did a hair flip.

Laughter burst out of both Caja and Mel, causing Giules to look at them, mouth agape, feeling betrayed.

"Heyyyy! I am!"

"We know you are, hon," Caja smiled. "May I?" She placed her hand on Giules' jawline and, when her partner nodded slightly, pressed a kiss to her cheek.

"Love you, assholes," Giules pouted.

"Hey, swear jar!" her child exclaimed as they were climbing onto the couch between their moms.

Caja laughed again, “As if anyone is still keeping track of that one.”

“Are we bad parents?” Giules asked, but they all knew she didn’t really mean it.

“Nah, you’re the best!” Mel assured her anyway. “And I’m pretty sure now that I’m non-binary like Lin.”

“That’s amazing, baby, I’m proud of you!” Caja pressed a kiss to her child’s forehead.

“Hey, why do you always ask Giu if you can kiss her but not me?”

“Oh,” Caja pulled back to see her child’s face better, “I’m sorry, do you want me to ask?”

Mel thought for a second. “Nah, it’s okay.”

“Okay,” Caja smiled.

Mel squeezed themselves in between their mothers, an arm of each around their back, a warm feeling of belonging and safety filling their body. “So, what are you watching?”

suggestions of change

Chapter Summary

the writing deities overcame me out of nowhere just now - M

“How was iiiit?” Adrienne’s excitement echoed through the house as soon as Jeremiah entered the living room.

Before he could answer, Lin stormed in from upstairs to hear his answer as well. “Was it good?”

Jeremiah turned toward them, letting their curious tension linger in the air for a moment before he clapped his hands and, in the same tone as their questions, shouted back “It was so good!!!”

“All the things you told me were right, oh my god,” Zeki swooned as he let his head fall into his partner’s lap.

Jayme, who had been watching Netflix, the movie now paused on a shot with bisexual lighting, started playing with his hair.

“I mean, I know a bunch of stuff already like the way his eyes light up when he talks about photography and British Columbia but it’s so much better when he does it talking to you, you know?”

“When those excited eyes look at you and wait for your reaction, right?”

“Yes! He looks like a dog waiting for the cue that he can eat!”

“Oh my god, exactly! And then when you nod and tell him to keep going his eyes light up even more!”

“Ugh he’s so fucking cute!” Zeki squealed and wiggled himself into a new position, now half-lying half-sitting next to Jayme with his head on their shoulder, ready to continue watching the movie they had started together.

“What else did the two of you talk about other than his Canada obsession,” Jayme laughed.

“I mean, obviously I talked about Canada and my photos, you both know me...” – Lin and Adrienne laughed at that – “... but we talked about so much more, we talked about religion and homophobia in religions and we talked about family and childhood and about Jayme a little,” Jeremiah grinned sheepishly, “and on the way to the station he showed me some music he liked and I felt like a teenager, it was so cute!”

“What did you tell him about your childhood?” Adrienne asked, not wanting to sound overly protective but simultaneously needing assurance.

“Don’t worry, I didn’t go deep, we mostly talked about what kind of TV shows we watched as kids and stuff like that and he told me about his siblings. I think he misses his brothers, they don’t accept his queerness, fucking waste.”

Jeremiah didn’t curse often but both Lin and Adrienne understood his frustration.

“We’ll be his new family,” Lin tried. “Like we’re each other’s.”

“We know that doesn’t replace what was lost,” Adrienne said while pulling Jeremiah into a hug she had seen he needed. “But hey, you and Jayme have been together almost as long as me and Lin and the two of them almost as long as you and me and now with you and him working out so well...”

“You getting ready to propose?” Jeremiah chuckled and pulled out of the hug, clearly wanting to get back to the happy energy from before.

“Oh yes, definitely,” Adrienne played along, “I’ll buy four rings from all my money and when I kneel down I’ll pull out a big box with all four of them in there and you’ll have to figure out yourselves which one is for whom!”

“They’re personalized?” Lin asked. “Can mine be black?” they added with pleading eyes.

“No spoilies!” Adrienne replied and pressed a kiss to Lin’s cheek. “But yes, it is,” she whispered there loud enough that even Jeremiah could hear it.

“If we’re all married then,” Jeremiah started while wrapping one arm around both his partner and his metamour, “do we live together, too?”

“I mean, if we clear out the attic and rent a storage unit instead, there’s more than enough space for a third bedroom up there,” Adrienne shrugged, causing both her partners to freeze.

“That was a joke,” Jeremiah said once the small shock had subsided, “but, I mean, if that would be okay with you.”

“Would it be okay with you?” Adrienne directed the question at Lin, knowing they had some trouble with both change and groups of people.

“I mean, I know them, they’re here all the time, we’re friends,” Lin evaluated both for themselves and the others, “Adri is right about the attic and there’s not much stuff from me up there anyway so I wouldn’t have to throw things out probably... I think I’d be okay with

them moving into our attic as long as it's not immediately, but with the whole moving stuff out of there and all, it will be some time, right?"

"Exactly," Jeremiah said calmly, "Plus, we haven't even asked them yet, and they might say no or not yet so..."

"But if they do say yes and it happens within the next few months then everyone is okay with it?" Adrienne asked again.

"Yes," Jeremiah said.

"Yes, I'm okay with it," Lin nodded as well.

How Giules and Caja got together

Chapter Summary

Queerplatonic Relationship, Relationship Negotiations, Friends, Text Messages, Asexuality, Aromantic Character, Background Polyamory

I love Giules and Caja so much and I think Jayme ships it (platonically ofc) a lot, too

Jayme: hey Giules, I have a question.

Giules: Okay? Shoot

Jayme: So yk how we're like not all actually dating but still all live together so I'm living with people I love but like not love romantically or sexually so it's kind of a QPR I guess...?

Giules: I know that, yes, but I don't think I understand what the question is you're asking.

Jayme: I think I want what you and Caja have with Lin like with Adri it actually feels like friendship yk but with Lin it feels like more but still not romantic level ykwim?

Giules: I guess I understand. You want to know how to approach them in asking for a QPR, right?

Jayme: Right... and I know all QPRs are different and all people are different but can you like maybe just tell me how you and Caja met or how you like got together and stuff?

Giules: Sure, so we had been friends for a while, just through an overlapping friends group in college, (and Caja had had a crush on me for a while) when I called her one evening because I was pissed at my roommate and just wanted to rant to someone so we met in this park even though it was almost midnight...

"Thank god, finally," Giules chuckled as she opened her arms to hug Caja hello. "We should have stayed on the phone until now, I was worried you'd gotten kidnapped on the way!"

"We're too dumb sometimes," Caja laughed, hugging her friend tightly.

As the hug ended, Giules turned around and slowly started walking, Caja following right after her.

"You know, you actually saved me from a shitty night with that call, too," Caja admitted. "But you wanted to rant," she remembered why they were here. "Go ahead."

"Sometimes I could just strangle Tyler; you know?" Giules ran her hand through her hair before letting it rest on her shoulder. She could feel tenseness underneath her skin that had been there for weeks now.

"What'd he do?"

"He just keeps bringing home girls and it pisses me off because I can't sleep when they're fucking in the room right next to mine and I've told him before that he should just go to the girl's place every once in a while or maybe warn me beforehand when he thinks he's gonna bring someone home so I can sleep somewhere else... actually sleep for once but he just... urgh!" Her hands mimicked the action of strangling Tyler.

"Strangulation is way too physically draining." Caja leaped in front of Giules to take her friend's hands into her own in an attempt to calm her down. "I bet my sister's boyfriend could teach you how to beat Ty unconscious," she smiled. Still holding on to both of Giules' hands, she guided the two of them to a bench a few steps away.

Sitting down, Giules slowly and with a thankful smile removed her hands from Caja's, letting them fall onto her thighs again as she let out a sigh, looking around the shadowy park.

"Though, now that I think about it, I think they've broken up again so maybe not..."

The silence between them was calm and strangely warming despite the cool air of the late-September night.

"I just don't get how he can be so obsessed with sex," Giules finally continued her rant. "Like what's so fucking great about it?"

"Paige is like that, too," Caja smiled sympathetically. "She's banging some dude she met at McDonald's the other week. McDonald's!?"

A small puff of laughter left Giules. She stretched out her arms with a yawn and leaned against the backrest of the bench. "I just don't get it...", she said between yawns.

"What?" Caja had been distracted by Giules' muscular arm so close to her face.

"Sex," Giules explained, "I don't get it, it's disgusting."

Caja turned away from Giules again, looking straight at the bush on the opposite side of the path instead. "I don't know if I'd say I think it's disgusting but, yea, I don't get the appeal of it either," she admitted.

"You don't like sex?"

"Nope."

"Hm. Giules made. "Never thought anyone else felt this way about it, too."

"It's weird," Caja agreed, "Society is so focused on sex in so many ways. They use it in ads to sell things, they spend so much time in their adolescence thinking about it, almost having

their whole lives around it sometimes... I always thought I was weird for not getting it but I recently realized that maybe people are just weird for their fixation on it."

"Never thought about it that way," Giules realized. "I'm glad I'm not the only one who doesn't like it though."

"Me too."

The comfortable silence was back.

Giules let her fatigue take hold of her and let her forehead lean against Caja's shoulder.

Caja smiled. "Hey, maybe we should just move in together," she suggested after a while, prompting Giules to look up at her again.

Giules was too tired to fully grasp the proposal. Her eyes were still trying to focus on Caja's face again.

"I mean it," Caja continued enthusiastically, "We'd never have to worry about our roommate's sex life keeping us from sleeping ever again!"

"What about Tyler and Paige?" Giules asked.

"Fuck them, they can move in with each other, maybe they'll even fuck each other then," Caja laughed.

"Okay," Giules nodded slowly.

"Are you approving of our roommates fucking or are you saying yes to moving in together?" Caja chuckled but despite how tired she was, Giules could sense the nervous energy in her friend's question.

"Yes to moving in," Giules clarified. "Though, who knows, maybe we're setting up the love-match of the century with Paige and Ty."

"Who knows," Caja laughed. Her phone made a sound in her pocket so she took it out and flipped it open to read the SMS. She smiled.

"Hm?" Giules looked over expectantly.

"Paige just texted that she and McDonalds guy are going to a party and she'll sleep at his after so I can come home."

"Okay," Giules stood up. "I'll bring you home."

"Damn right you will." Caja stood up after her. "And then you're staying. No way I'm gonna let you go home to Tyler's sex party tonight."

Giules smiled. "Thanks."

They left the park in silence, walking close to one another, arms sometimes brushing. Two blocks away from the park, Giules linked her arm into Caja's for warmth as neither of them was wearing a jacket.

Prompted by the cozy action, Caja decided to voice the question that had been flying around her mind for a while now. "Why'd you call me?"

"Because Tyler."

Caja chuckled. "No, I mean, why'd you call me and not someone else?"

"You're nice," Giules replied sleepily. "Thought you'd understand... and I know you stay up late so I knew I wouldn't wake you."

Jayme: that's so adorable.

Jayme: so you moved in together and then what? Like how did the whole QPR thing happen?

Giules: We had been living together for half a year at that point, I believe...

"You know, we're gonna be the exception in history."

Giules and Caja were lying on the carpet in their apartment, both reading.

"What?" Caja laughed, like Giules a few seconds earlier now putting her bookmark into the book she had been reading before closing it. "What do you mean?"

"Most of the time in history when two women moved in together, never got married to any men and spent the rest of their lives together they were probably actually dating and banging but we're going to actually just be gal pals living together."

Caja was staring at her roommate with a bright smile.

"What?" Giules chuckled.

"Are you saying you wanna live with me for the rest of our lives?"

Giules laughed, rolled her eyes, and swatted Caja's knee in response. But then her features softened as she studied Caja's genuinely happy face. "Maybe... Yea."

"We do work well together," Caja shrugged.

"We do."

"And we both don't want sex with anyone, right?"

Giules nodded, sitting up as she realized this was starting to become a serious conversation. "And I don't want anything romantic either, do you?"

"What we do is enough for me," Caja said, looking up at Giules with a serious and meaningful look in her eyes. "And I like you..."

"Like... romantically?" This sent a twisting feeling into Giules' stomach.

"Kind of...", Caja admitted, her eyes fixed on Giules'.

"I don't..."

"I know," Caja cut Giules off, not wanting her to feel bad. "I know. You're still enough."

"I am?"

"You are."

"And you are okay with me not wanting romance?"

Caja reached out for Giules' hand and she allowed her to take it. "We can establish some rules... IF I'm getting too romantic, you can have a safeword or something..."

"A safeword for romance?" Giules chuckled.

"Why not?" Caja smiled back.

"Okay." Giules nodded.

"Okay."

Giules: I hope this helped somehow, I don't know how it could have but...

Jayme: thank you, Giules, wish me luck with Lin!

Giules: Good luck

Lin and Zeki

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Are they gone already?” Lin asked, walking into the kitchen where Zeki was sitting on one of the bar stools, bent over his laptop.

“Yep, left at 10,” he replied.

“Wait it’s past 10?” Lin looked at the digital clock on the stove with shock in their eyes.

10:23.

“Of course it is,” Zeki laughed, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you get up before 10 on the weekend.”

“Hm,” Lin made, “Thought was earlier today,” they mumbled.

The pause in their speaking was filled by the sound of Zeki’s fingers on the keyboard and Lin pouring coffee into a mug.

“Babe, could you pass me the milk please?” they asked, pointing at the bottle next to their roommate’s coffee mug.

“Sure.” Zeki handed them the bottle but didn’t immediately get back to whatever he was working on. Instead, he watched Lin pour the milk into their coffee. “Can I just say that I love that you call me ‘babe’?” he grinned.

Lin turned around, not having noticed they had used the pet name. “Everyone else does,” they excused themselves sheepishly.

Zeki laughed, “No need for excuses,” he grinned, “I just said I love it, makes me realize how close we are even if we’re not dating.”

“You aren’t dating Adrienne either and she calls you ‘babe’,” Lin pointed out, sitting down opposite Zeki at the counter, coffee in hand.

“Yea but Adrienne calls everyone ‘babe’.”

“True...”

“Even that one waitress at the coffee shop two weeks ago.”

Lin tried to remember the incident their friend was talking about. “Oh, no we actually knew her from college,” they explained.

“Really? Hm,” Zeki said, “But, see, just the fact that I didn’t even question that shows how Adri calls everyone ‘babe’.”

“Touché.”

This time, their silence was filled by fingers on keys and Lin drinking their coffee.

“So,” they started when taking a break from their coffee, having sent half of it down their throat, “what we gonna do with our partner-free day?”

“Why don’t you eat something first?” Zeki smiled. “Before you forget again...”

“I don’t forget to eat *that* often,” Lin complained.

Zeki raised his eyebrow. “Only because we always remind you.”

Lin said nothing to that. Instead, they got back up, put some bread in the toaster, and got something for on top out of the fridge.

While Lin was preparing their breakfast, Zeki went back to his work on the laptop.

When their toast was finished, Lin sat back down, took their phone out of their pocket, and started scrolling through Instagram. After a few minutes like this, a small laugh puffed out of their mouth, they placed their phone on the kitchen island, and let it slide over to Zeki who picked it up to read the post Lin had laughed about.

The post read: “Polyamory is wrong! It’s either Multiamory or Polyphilia! Mixing Greek and Latin roots is wrong!”

“Ahh,” Zeki made with a bright grin, “knew that one, love it! You’re prepared to write a whole paragraph into the comments to defend your life after the first sentence but then it’s just a meme.”

“Yep,” Lin grinned, “I like that they always pair it with pictures that look especially wrong to... whatever people who hate polyamory are called so they click on it like ‘yea, finally someone who agrees with me’ but then it just mocks them.”

“Beautiful.”

“Peak memeing!”

“Really? That’s already peak for you?” Zeki asked.

Lin looked up from their phone and shrugged while swallowing the last piece of their toast. “Let’s talk about what we should do today instead,” they changed the topic, “See? I’ve eaten!” They pointed at their empty plate.

“I’m so proud,” Zeki grinned and closed his Laptop, pushing it to the side. “Okay, suggestions?”

Lin put away their phone as well before drinking the last gulp of their coffee. “You’ve been wanting to try those banana-oatmeal-cookies,” they remembered.

“You wanna bake with me?”

“Why not,” Lin shrugged and got up to put away their dishes.

“Do we have all the ingredients, though?”

“Don’t know.” Lin held out their hand for Zeki to give them his empty mug so they could put it into the dishwasher as well. “What do we need?”

“Bananas, oatmeal, dates, and cinnamon.”

“Don’t have dates,” Lin said without even opening the pantry.

“I got an idea!” Zeki said, suddenly jumping up from where he had been sitting.

“Which is?”

“We gotta go shopping, right?”

“Right...?” Lin was smiling because Zeki was smiling but had no clue where he was going with this.

“I’m in a mood to mess with people,” he continued, holding out his hands for Lin to take them. They had all gotten used to not touching Lin without warning but rather giving them the choice if they wanted to be touched.

Lin took Zeki’s hands and let themselves be pulled out of the kitchen by him.

“Wanna dress really masc while I dress kind of femme so we can confuse everyone at the supermarket!” he suggested with an excited glow in his eyes.

Lin laughed. “I always dress masc,” they said.

“Yea, but today you’re gonna go to an extreme!” Zeki said. “Only if you want to, of course,” he added a little more quietly.

Lin nodded. “Okay.”

“Like, you can borrow a suit of mine!”

“That does sound nice,” Lin laughed as they were being pulled upstairs to the bedrooms – and therefore the closets.

They went to the supermarket, very much enjoying people's confused looks, occasionally holding hands to confuse them even more. They had decided to actually check what else their household needed so no one would have to go grocery shopping that week anymore.

When they came back home, they baked two sheets of cookies, singing along loudly to a playlist Lin had put on and when there was still dough left over, they decided, since there were obviously no eggs in the vegan dough, they could just eat it raw.

When the cookies were finished and put into bowls, almost all the dishes washed and the kitchen cleaned, the two of them sat at the kitchen island again, licking the very last of the dough out of the bowl and off of the spoon.

"I can never eat again," Lin declared, placing the spoon into the bowl and was about to get up to put it into the sink to wash it.

"Wait," Zeki said, stretching out his hand into the direction of their face.

"Hm?"

"You got something there," he pointed to a bit of dough on Lin's cheek. "May I?"

Lin sat back down and leaned over to them, "Go ahead." They expected Zeki to just take the dough with his fingers and eat it so they were more than surprised when Zeki leaned over and kissed the dough off of their cheek. Zeki pulled away quickly after what wasn't really more than just a peck, waiting for Lin's reaction.

They just looked at him for a bit, at first, understandably so, with a bit of shock and confusion and Zeki was about to apologize but then their features softened.

"Okay," they simply said, took the bowl to the sink and started cleaning it.

Was it okay? , Zeki wondered, looking at his boyfriend's girlfriend's partner's back. *What even were they to each other?*

What did that mean? , Lin was asking themselves a few feet away, feeling a small but, to them, very much noticeable tingle in their stomach.

Chapter End Notes

hope you liked it -M

cheek kiss

Chapter Notes

Dunno if I've said this before but I have no idea if the timeline in these things actually makes sense, especially with the who starts dating whom when n stuff so if you notice something off, just tell me. I write this as all over the place as I post it so please forgive me -M

The front door opened then closed with a loud thud. A coat was thrown over the hanger, shoes kicked into the corner. The sound of tired but angry steps up the stairs.

Adrienne and Zeki had been planning the meals for the following week in the kitchen. Jayme had taken Lin on a “not-a-date-date”, as they had called it.

“I got it,” Adrienne mumbled as she got up from her stool to follow Jeremiah - she would have known from the steps alone that it was him - to whichever room he had gone to.

The doors of most rooms upstairs were open but the door to the smallest bedroom was only slightly ajar. Adrienne remembered that, from downstairs, she hadn't heard another door shut except for the front door and she knew that her boyfriend had been too tired to throw this one shut after he had entered.

“Hey,” she whispered as she slowly pushed open the door. “I'm here,” she added as she took the first step inside.

Jeremiah was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring down at his knees, fresh tears glistening on his cheek, while repeatedly scratching his thighs with both hands. If he hadn't been wearing jeans, Adrienne was sure he would be bleeding by now.

“It's okay, baby.” She sat down beside him, leaving a few inches between them in case he didn't want to be touched right now. Adrienne knew better than to ask what was wrong so soon after he had let the panic attack begin to rush over his body. “It's going to be okay.”

She slowly lifted her hand, letting it hover above his for a second, testing if he would slap it away. When he didn't, she carefully lowered her hand, letting it close around his to make it stop scratching but the other hand just scratched more aggressively instead.

“Okay,” she muttered and reached behind her boyfriend. Grabbing one of the pillows, she held it in front of him. “Scratch this instead?” she asked in a low and careful voice. “Don't want you to get hurt.”

After some hesitation, Jeremiah took the pillow, pressed it to his chest, and began scratching it.

Adrienne examined her boyfriend's face for a second before she scootched back on the bed so her back was against the headboard.

"C'mere," she whispered.

It took Jeremiah a few seconds before he scooted after her, letting his body move between her legs and his back fall against her chest.

Adrienne moved her arms underneath his, letting her hands rest on his shoulders, pressing him close. "Breathe," she whispered, taking in a deep breath herself, knowing he could feel the movement of her ribcage.

He breathed with her once, his intake of air a lot shakier than hers. As soon as they began to exhale, though, he seemed to remember something, his breath leaving his body with aggressive force as his nails began to start scratching the pillow again.

"Too soft," he grunted, barely audible to the woman behind him, before he tossed the pillow to the side and began scratching his thighs again.

The pillows on the couch – Adrienne remembered. Lin had complained about them some of them feeling too rough before. Trying to move as little as possible, Adrienne retrieved her phone from her back pocket and sent a quick text to Zeki.

Adri, 16:43: Small room, bring purple pillow from left couch

Zeki arrived less than a minute later, Lin's most hated pillow in hand. "What's wrong?" he asked while rounding the corner, his breath the tiniest bit labored from running up the stairs. Taking in the situation before him, he quickly crossed the room and hands the pillow to his boyfriend. Jeremiah took it, pressed it to his chest, and began scratching it like the white pillow before.

Knowing his boyfriend often couldn't speak during a panic attack, Zeki's next question was directed at Adrienne. "What can I do?" he asked, knowing she was more experienced with this. Zeki himself had only lived through two attacks like this one with his boyfriend.

"Wait."

Zeki stood next to the bed for a bit, watching as his metamour helped their boyfriend calm down his breathing.

After a minute or two, Jeremiah looked up at his boyfriend. His fingers came to a halt on the pillow as the one on Zeki's side traveled to the empty part of the bed between them. He laid it down on the cover, then patted. Once. Twice.

Zeki smiled and sat down beside Adrienne.

Feeling Jeremiah shift slightly towards his boyfriend, Adrienne moved over to the other side a bit, allowing her boyfriend to slip out from between her legs and in between his partners instead.

They all scooted down into horizontal positions, Jeremiah wrapping his arms around Zeki's middle who was laying on his back while Adrienne decided to be Jeremiah's big spoon.

Zeki lifted his head slightly, pressing a kiss to Jeremiah's temple before he let his head fall back down on the mattress.

They stayed like this for so long, they were only stirred out of what had turned into a group nap by the chatter of the other two members of their family coming back from their date.

Jeremiah moved first, removing his hand from Zeki's hip to rub his face. Annoyed with the feeling of dried-up tears on his skin, he lifted himself up.

"Need to shower," he mumbled and scooted off of the bed. "Thank you," he added before he moved out into the hallway to get to the bathroom.

Adrienne took a deep sigh and, while Zeki sat up and took a moment to stretch, she got up and walked around to his side of the bed.

He got up as well, awkwardly standing at the same spot as about half an hour earlier, now because his way out was being blocked by Adrienne.

She looked at him for a second and then took a step forward, now only inches away from Zeki. She took his chin into her hand, moving his head slightly to the side before she let her lips connect with his cheek. His beard tickled her chin and her lips but she needed this to be more than just a peck. This needed to be long. This needed to be meaningful.

"Thank you," she mumbled into his ear before stepping back again. Another smile for his surprised eyes, then she left the room.

Zeki's sister

Chapter Summary

Zeki and his sister meet at a café to catch up

When Zeki entered the café, he spotted his sister Nadire immediately. Her light-lavender-colored hijab really didn't make it very hard for him. It was one of her favorites, he knew, and she knew he liked the color so she wore it almost every time they met.

When she spotted him coming towards her table, her face lit up and she got up from her chair to hug him hello.

"How are you?" she asked as she pressed a kiss to his cheek.

He kissed her cheek as well and settled on the chair opposite the one she had been sitting on before he answered. "I'm good, very good, actually."

"That's amazing to hear," she smiled. "Still... what was it last time? Five of you? Has anyone left? Has anyone joined?" She asked the last part with a slight wiggle of her eyebrow.

He chuckled. "No, still only us five."

"Only," she repeated with a scoff that quickly turned into a chuckle.

"How's the family?" he asked, making both their smiles disappear almost entirely.

"They're good," Nadire nodded to herself. "Dad had a cold recently and mom panicked, saying she's not ready for him to die and all that but after a week he was feeling fine again."

"Tahir still seeing... what was her name? Neda?" Zeki asked next.

"Surprisingly, yes, as far as I know," his sister replied with an impressed expression.

"Really?" Zeki's eyebrows were almost reaching his hairline. "Isn't that a record?"

"Almost," Nadire chuckled. "In one and a half weeks she'll outlive... what was her name?"

"The one with the dimples, yes, I remember, don't know her name anymore though."

"We should pick something before we keep talking," Nadire pointed out and handed her brother the menu with the waffles and crêpes while taking the ice cream menu for herself.

"Yes, mom," he chuckled but took the menu and opened it.

“You know what, no, give me that.” She took it from his hands and handed him the ice cream one in return. “I feel like something French today.”

“Perhaps un croissant?” her brother asked with an exaggerated accent.

Nadire just scoffed in return.

“How about the golden boy?” he continued their catching up. “Any news?”

“Sami?” she asked as if she needed any clarification. “Nothing new, really.”

“Any pregnancies on the horizon?”

“Nope,” she replied. “Should I take it with chocolate sauce or strawberry jam?”

“What?”

“The crêpe.”

“I don’t know, take the jam,” he replied, “but what do you mean there’s still no pregnancy?”

“I mean that Didem still isn’t pregnant,” Nadire shrugged.

“But it’s been over a year since she and Sami got married?”

“So?”

“Just saying, his Perfect is crumbling!”

Nadire scoffed again. “Pick something, the waiter is looking at us,” she ordered him.

“I picked something a minute ago,” he laughed.

“Then say so, I could have waved him over the whole time!” She hit his hand with her menu before signaling the waiter they were done picking.

“A crêpe with raspberry jam for me,” she ordered.

“For me just a bowl with one scoop of stracciatella, chocolate, hazelnut, and vanilla each, thank you,” he smiled at the waiter.

“Boring,” Nadire commented as soon as the waiter was far enough away.

“I knew as soon as you took the menu from me that you’d take raspberry jam,” he laughed.

“Sure you did.”

“You’re predictable,” he shrugged.

“Well, I’m sure you’re happy to know that you really aren’t,” she commented.

“What? You mean you did not see coming since we were kids that I would be in a happy relationship with four people?” he joked and got another hit with the menu before his sister placed both of them back into the stand where they belonged.

“Speaking of which, tell me about them more, last time you only really mentioned their names.” She placed her elbows on the table and leaned her chin onto her hands.

“I told you much more than just their names, hon,” he laughed and shook his head.

“I wanna know more, though,” she pleaded.

He laughed even more now. “Is your romantic life so boring you need to feed off of mine?”

“Heyyyy,” she complained, “can’t I just be interested in my baby brother’s love life?”

“I’m only a year younger than you,” he reminded her.

“Baby,” she shot back.

The waiter arrived with their orders and they thanked him. As Nadire looked down at her crêpe, Zeki noticed a pattern on her hijab he hadn’t seen before.

“Wait, this isn’t the hijab you usually wear, is it?”

“What?” she asked with her mouth full. “Mh, no.” She chewed and swallowed before continuing. “This one is a gift from Neda actually.”

“Tahir’s girlfriend Neda?”

“Yep.” Her mouth was already full again.

“Is she buying herself into the family?” he laughed.

“She really doesn’t have to,” Nadire clarified.

“Do our parents accept her?”

“They do, actually!”

There was a short silence between the siblings, both just enjoying their food while thinking.

“I’ll never understand why they accept Tahir having one girlfriend after another but they don’t accept my partners...”

“Yours are at the same time and with men and... in-between-people,” his sister tried to explain.

“Non-binary,” he corrected her.

“Yes, that, thank you.”

There was silence again.

“You asked if Didem is pregnant,” Nadire asked and trailed off. “Is there anything like that to be expected in your family?” She looked up at her brother carefully.

“I don’t think Adrienne is ready to be pregnant, but I could see her doing that someday maybe...”

“Would it be yours?” she asked just as carefully.

“We haven’t talked about any of that yet if you mean if it would be mine biologically but of course it would be mine in a way, it’d be my girlfriend’s child, I’d raise it, no matter if it looks like me or Jeremiah.”

Nadire took the time she needed to chew on her piece of crêpe ponder over her next question. “Does either of the ‘they’s have a female body?”

Zeki raised an eyebrow at the way his sister had phrased her question but decided not to comment on it. “Yes but they don’t want to get pregnant ever,” he replied instead.

“Wait, both of them, or was that a singular they?” Nadire asked quickly.

“Singular, the other one was assigned male at birth.”

“So they have a male body?”

“Well,” Zeki sighed a little, “yes but they don’t like people saying it that way. They say ‘If I’m female then this is a female body no matter if it has... breasts or... male reproductive organs.’”

“They use different words for those, though, right?” Nadire asked with a chuckle.

““No matter if it has tits or bits...””, Zeki quoted Jayme, “or both or neither, really.”

“Hm,” Nadire just made.

“So you won’t be making me an aunt either anytime soon, huh?”

Zeki laughed at that. “Sorry to disappoint but, nope.” He laughed again at a thought he had. “Who knows, maybe we’re aunt and uncle already and we just don’t know.”

“Tahir?” she asked. “You think that’s a possibility.”

“You don’t?” Zeki asked, bewildered.

“He surely would have told at least you!” As soon as she had spoken the words, both their expressions fell and the café was too loud for the silence the emotions in their chests were calling for.

“He hasn’t talked to me in over a year,” Zeki reminded his sister, trying his best not to let any of the anger and hurt he felt towards his brother seep into his words.

“I know, I’m sorry.” Nadire reached out to take her brother’s hand.

As she looked at him, she fixed an encouraging smile on her lips but the way that action reminded him of his mother just made him sadder.

“I really want to meet your partners sometime, you know?” she said and the smile on her face was beginning to look genuine.

“You do?” He asked carefully.

“Yes!” she replied enthusiastically, letting go of his hand to get back to her crêpe. “I mean, Adrienne sounds lovely, so does Jayme, I stalked Jeremiah on Instagram, sadly his account is private but his profile picture is very handsome and Lin... you were gushing about them so much the last time we talked, how’s that going by the way?”

“We’re actually dating now.” Zeki blushed.

“You are?” Nadire’s eyes lit up with excitement.

“Yes,” he chuckled. “And... I’d actually really like it, too, if you met them soon.”

“‘Them’ as in Lin or ‘them’ as in all of them?”

“All of them,” he laughed.

“Then let’s make a plan.”

Caja's birthday

Chapter Notes

I haven't posted in a while, I know, I'm sorry, but have something I wrote a while back until I find the time, energy, and inspiration to write prose again. As always, if there's something you'd love to see, just comment and I'll consider it! -M

“Can someone come help with my dress, please?” Jayme’s voice sounds through the house.

“Sorry, busy with Lin’s tie!” Zeki’s reply comes from the opposite room.

“On my way!”

Adrienne enters the walk-in closet a few seconds later to help them.

“Why are you not dressed yet?” Jayme asks as Adrienne closes the zip on the back of their dress.

“Can’t decide what to wear...”

“Dress, skirt, or pants?”

Adrienne shrugs and lets herself drop onto the comfy stool in the middle of the room.

“Pants,” she then decides.

Jayne turns around a couple of times, studying the clothes. “That blouse over that shirt with those pants,” they decide, pointing at the items as they name them, “and...” They walk over to the shelf with the shoes. “These.” They take the pair and place it in front of Adrienne.

The woman smiles up at them. “You’re an angel.”

“A cliché is what I am,” Jayme comments. “Now get changed, I’ll pick accessories for both of us, don’t worry.”

“Love you!” Adrienne calls after them.

“Love you, too!”

“You really need to learn to do this yourself some time,” Zeki comments as he ties Lin’s tie for them.

“I never learned to do it,” they defend themselves.

“I tried to teach you last week but you didn’t pay attention,” Zeki reminds them as he finishes the knot. He turns his partner towards the mirror so they can get a look at themselves.

“I like it when you do it.” They pout at him in the reflection.

Zeki smiles. “I know you do.” He pauses to appreciate the view of the two of them together in the mirror. “You look beautiful.”

“Both of you look handsome,” Jeremiah comments, appearing in the mirror behind Zeki. He presses a kiss to his boyfriend’s neck and Zeki passes it on to Lin’s.

“So do you,” Zeki grins at both his partners in the mirror.

Jeremiah checks if his hair looks good one last time before he turns around and leaves the room.

“You girls about ready?” He pokes his head into the other room. ““Girls’ okay today?” he quickly asks Jayme with a lower voice.

“Yes, Sir,” they reply. “Adri is still getting dressed but I’m finished with make-up and I think so is she so only accessories left.”

Adrienne leaves the closet as she’s getting into the blouse Jayme picked for her. “We’re not gonna be late,” she assures her boyfriend. “Lin isn’t even finished yet so we can’t be late!”

“Lin is finished now,” Lin enters the room with Zeki right behind them.

“Damnit,” Adrienne says with a laugh before turning to the dressing table where Jayme is holding two different earrings to their ears, trying to decide. “Jayme, baby, what’cha got?”

Jayme points to a necklace they hung on one of the drawer knobs for her. It’s gold with a tear-shaped, blue pendant that matches both the blouse and Adrienne’s eyes.

“Left,” Zeki tells Jayme from the other side of the room.

“You’re right,” they nod, place the right earring back where it belongs, and put the left one in.

“Ready to go?”

“Is it a one-earring kind of day?” Lin chuckles.

“It is!” Jayme replies with a smile.

“Then we’re ready.”

An hour of driving later, the five partners enter Caja and Giules' garden through the open gate at the side of the house. Mel sees them and immediately comes running to greet them. They

halt before Lin. "Can I hug you?"

"Yes you may," they chuckle and reciprocate the hug. "Thank you for asking."

"Hey, hi all of you!" Caja comes to welcome them as well.

"Hey, birthday girl!" Adrienne envelopes her sister in a tight hug. "35 already, damn you're going on 40 now!"

"Pff, shut up," Caja says with a laugh.

"Come with me," Mel says to Lin after all of them have hugged and congratulated the birthday girl. "My friends want to meet you!"

With Zeki holding their hand, Lin follows the child to a group of even more middle-schoolers.

Seeing their friend Angelica at the bar, Jeremiah kisses Adrienne's knuckles before leaving with Jayme at his side.

"Where's Giules?" Adrienne asks her sister, looking around.

"She and Nat went to grab more chairs. Us mid-30s people are less good at standing for a long time than we used to be," Caja laughs.

"Wait Natalia is here?" Adrienne asks, her voice full of surprise.

"Of course she is, we're friends, why wouldn't I invite her?"

"Does Giules know you had the biggest crush on her before the two of you got together?"

"She does and she doesn't have a problem with that," Caja smiles, "Also, that was 16 years ago!"

"Yea sure," Adrienne laughs.

"With a y or ie?" the bartender asks Angelica as Jeremiah and Jayme approach.

"Please with ie, otherwise it looks like angry."

"Introducing ourselves as Angie these days, huh?" Jayme asks instead of saying hello.

"Hey, guys!" Angie hugs the two of them simultaneously, one arm wrapped around each torso. "Is the whole busload of yours here?"

"All five, yea," Jeremiah smiles. "How about you?"

"Well, you know Keegan," she points at the little seating area on the terrasse where her boyfriend is chatting with a few of Caja's other friends. "But," – she leans in a bit closer to her two friends – "don't tell anyone yet but we've been talking about adopting after we get married!"

“Really?” Jayme claps their hands excitedly.

“As I said, nothing is official yet, but maybe there’ll be three of us when you turn 30.” She pokes Jeremiah’s side.

“Oh, don’t remind me,” he laughs abashedly.

“Oh, come on, it’s still two years until then,” Jayme comforts him.

A few hours later, most of the guests, including Angelica and her boyfriend, have left. Mel is about to leave with Arin, their friend having offered that they could sleep at hers so the adults wouldn’t have to be quiet. Caja is about to bring the two of them to Arin’s when it starts raining.

“Quick, everyone grab something! The chairs! Giules, get the cushions!” Caja commands everyone, she herself also running into the rain to get the utensils still in the bar.

Natalia grabs the box most of them were in before and runs after her. “I got it, I got it,” she assures her friend with a calming touch to her shoulder. “Go, bring the kids to Arin’s, we can handle everything!”

“You’re sure?” Caja asks, looking at everyone running back and forth from the garden to the roofed part of the terrasse.

“We got this,” Natalia repeats, the water already dripping from her curls as she starts collecting everything into the box.

“Okay,” Caja nods and waves her hand to the kids, telling them to follow her to the car.

Because Mel forgot something in the house, though, the other adults already finish bringing everything to dry spots before they can leave.

When Mel returns to the terrasse, Jeremiah is dancing in the rain with Zeki, laughing and swinging their hips.

“Ewwww!” Mel calls out with a laugh when the two men begin kissing.

“Get a room!” Arin adds.

“Nooo,” Lin protests to everyone’s amusement. “Look at how much they love each other! Isn’t that the cutest.”

“It is,” Natalia comments with a smile, and Caja nods at her.

Instead of watching her partner leave with Mel and Arin, Giules watches Natalia look after Caja.

“So, I noticed how well you got along with Nat all evening...”

“Someone jealous?” Caja chuckles, poking her partner’s side. They are in bed, finally, but Caja is still buzzing with the excitement of the evening and night.

“Not at all,” Giules smiles and turns towards her. “On the contrary, actually.”

“What’s the opposite of jealous?”

“Do you like her?”

Caja furrows her eyebrows. “Of course, I like her, I’ve been friends with her longer than I’ve known you,” she chuckles.

“No,” Giules smiles, “I mean, would you be interested in something romantic with her?”

Caja is even more taken aback by this. “I mean, maybe, yea, but I have you!” she says, scooching closer to her partner. “And I told you back then and I still mean it now: you are enough!”

“I know, I know,” Giules nods, her hair against the pillow making a nice crinkly sound. “Do you think the two of you are gonna meet up more often now that she lives in Philly again?”

“Yea, I might go grab a bite with her every once in awhile...”

Giules looks into Caja’s eyes so deeply that the blonde knows now is not the time to turn away yet. Giules takes her partner’s hand into her own before she speaks. “I just want you to know that if you came home after a friendship date with her one day and told me the two of you kissed, I wouldn’t get mad, okay?”

Caja’s expression softens as she studies Giules’ face, filled with sincerity and love. “Okay.”

Pentagon

Chapter Notes

Polyamory, F/M, M/NB, F/NB, Domestic Fluff, ...

Enjoy these cuties, I loved them as soon as I had written them -M

“Whose hair is that in the upstairs bathroom sink and could that person *please* remove that!”

Adrienne and Zeki looked up from the meal plan they had been making for the following week. Lin was standing in the kitchen’s doorframe, bed-hair spiking into all directions and a frown on their face.

“What color does the hair have?” Adrienne asked calmly.

“Dark,” Lin replied.

“Well, then it’s not ours,” Zeki pointed out and turned back towards the whiteboard on the table.

“Hey, it could be yours,” Adrienne noticed. “You only dyed it again like yesterday!”

“Two days ago, actually,” Zeki defended himself, “And since then, Lin has used the bathroom countless times so they would have noticed already.”

“True,” Lin admitted, “Also it’s too long to be his...”

“Then why don’t you go shout at the others?” Zeki asked, his eyebrow raised and in a tone he knew Adrienne would scold him over once their partner had left.

“But isn’t it your turn to clean the bathroom?” Adrienne asked her boyfriend and he knew this could very well be a replacement for the scolding.

“It is,” he replied calmly, “But since it’s not my hair...”

“It’s okay, I’ll go ask the others!” Lin raised their hands appeasingly and left to find their other partners.

“So, did you find the evildoer?” Adrienne asked when all five of them were gathered around the dinner table in the evening while she was putting pasta onto Lin’s plate.

“I did,” Lin said, looking at Jayme with an exaggeratedly judging look.

“I’m sorry,” Jayme laughed sheepishly. “I was in a rush for date night with Zeki last night and I wanted to straighten my hair for it but then I didn’t have time to clean afterward.”

“Ha, so it was your fault... indirectly,” Adrienne pointed at Zeki.

“How is that my fault?” Zeki laughed. “I didn’t tell Jayme to straighten their hair!”

“Babes!” Jeremiah cut into the fight he felt was about to start. “Babes...,” he repeated a bit softer. “No need to fight, Jayme has cleaned the sink, Lin did their hair downstairs, Jayme and Zeki had a nice date night, I assume...”

Jayme and Zeki nodded, smirking at one another.

“See?” Jeremiah smiled. “Everything is alright.”

“Sorry for causing this drama.” Jayme twirled their hair around their finger as they always did when they were getting shy.

“Sorry for shouting this morning,” Lin joined into the apology.

Adrienne shot Zeki a quick look, causing him to take a deep breath in. “Sorry for being a bitch this morning,” he apologized to Lin.

“Is everyone forgiven?” Adrienne asked.

“Yes, you’re forgiven,” everyone else said in unison, each looking at someone else.

“Good,” Adrienne smiled, “then Bon Appetit.”

Jayme coming out

Chapter Notes

I'm just posting a couple of scenes today that have been sleeping in the vault haha, hope you enjoy -M

"Babes?"

Adrienne and Jeremiah noticed the nervousness in Jayme's voice. Lin and Zeki didn't, they simply continued eating but seemed to be listening.

"I think I might be a woman."

Now all four of their partners were looking at Jayme.

"Okay," Zeki said, nodding.

"What's making you think that?" Lin asked curiously.

"Well, I know I say I'm genderfluid but in the past... I'd say more than half a year actually, I've only ever been fluctuating between girl and demigirl at the most, you know? And sure, I sometimes like to present masc, too, but I think those feelings I had of looking in the mirror in those clothes weren't 'yes, I'm a man' but more internalized transphobia saying I should fit into that look because I should be a man, you know?"

Lin nodded strongly and the other three made understanding and sympathetic faces, not commenting out loud as if they had an unspoken agreement to let Jayme finish.

"But I think I'm a woman even if I'm wearing a suit or something else that's masc," they continued. "Giules wears suits all the time. She's a woman. I think I'm maybe just gender-expression-fluid if that's a concept that exists."

Jayme's partners chuckled.

"But I think I'm always more than 85% woman."

"Do you want to try out she/her pronouns?" Adrienne asked, sensing the end of Jayme's exploration.

"Yes, please," Jayme nodded, her smile growing wider.

"Does 'Jayme' still work or do you want to try a different name?" Jeremiah asked next.

"No, Jayme is fine," she said.

"Finally I'm not the only girl in this house all the time anymore!" Adrienne cheered.

"Apart from when Jayme is at work...", Lin pointed out.

"... or other places outside the house," Zeki added.

"Oh shut up, you guys," Adrienne laughed, throwing her hand in the air as if, had she not been at the dinner table, she would have thrown something at the both of them.

"Babes," Jeremiah warned with a chuckle.

"I love you all so much," Jayme smiled brightly, looking around the table.

"And we love you," Lin replied as Jayme received kisses on both her cheeks, one by each of her boyfriends.

Period Procedure

Chapter Notes

I hope the four new scenes are enough for a while until I get my groove back -M

A loud groan leaves Adrienne's lips as the front door falls shut behind her. She presses her back against it, sliding down while throwing her bag into the general direction of the space where it belongs. She slides down even further, curling up on the floor which is how Zeki finds her moments later.

"Cramps?" he asks, holding out his hand to help her up but she doesn't take it.

"Mmmm," Adrienne grunts as a reply.

"Okay, standard procedure?"

"Please."

Zeki takes a few steps back, when he reaches the stairs, lets his head fall back before shouting, "Jerry?"

"Yea?" his boyfriend answers from upstairs.

"It's period time!"

"Oh shit, okay, one sec!" Jeremiah replies and his two partners downstairs can hear him rushing to finish something before he comes running down the stairs.

"I'll make the tea and the almonds," he says to Zeki, "You get the blankets."

Zeki nods and looks down at Adrienne, still in fetal position on the floor. "Carry you?" he asks.

Adrienne turns around with another grunt, making it easier for her boyfriend to carry her.

"Thank you," she mumbles into his neck halfway to the living room.

Zeki softly places Adrienne on one of the couches, making sure she has a soft pillow underneath her head. "I'll go get more blankets and pillows from upstairs," he says, "Want a change of clothes?"

"Yea," Adrienne replies and repositions herself into a more comfortable position, "PJ's on my bench thing."

Zeki nods and smiles before he turns around to run upstairs.

“Hola todos!” Jayme shouts into the house as she arrives, holding the door open for Lin who is right behind her. “Honeys, we need period procedure for this one!”

“Shit, on it,” Zeki says as he walks past them from the stairs to the living room, carrying Adrienne’s duvet and pillow with him.

While Lin follows their boyfriend to the living room, enjoying the homey smell of Adrienne’s flower-printed linens, Jayme makes her way into the kitchen. There, she finds Jeremiah, preparing tea and almonds covered in chocolate for Adrienne. “Make that double,” she smiles, passing her boyfriend another chocolate bar from the pantry.

He sighs.

“We’re synched!” Adrienne says semi-cheerfully from her place on the couch.

“Our poor partners,” Lin laughs.

“Well, they’re getting a massage treatment as a thank you in a week for sure!”

Jayme enters the living room with two steaming mugs. “I wish I had a period,” she mumbles as she sits down next to Adri.

“Trust me, you do not want this!” Lin comments while Adri comfortingly strokes Jayme's back. “Would gladly swap genitals with you though,” they add.

“You wanna make her suffer this?” Adri asks.

“Okay, never mind,” Lin says.

“What a hero,” Zeki says to Lin with a kiss to their forehead as he places their duvet on their body.

“I am indeed!” they grin.

“Little snack for your heroism?” Jeremiah asks, entering with a tray of chocolate almonds.

“Yes please!” Adri cheers.

“Aren't you a bit warm with that sweater plus duvet?” Jeremiah asks Lin while offering them some almonds.

Lin looks over to Adri, lying on her couch in only a tank top - no bra.

“As a trans masc person you're used to either having back pain or being too warm from layering so I think I can handle them happening at the same time,” Lin grins weakly.

“Speaking of which,” Zeki says, “don't you wanna take off your binder? It's been almost 8 hours since you left the house...”

Lin groans but obliges, taking off their sweater, the top they're wearing underneath and, with Zeki's help, their binder. As soon as it's off, Zeki hands them back the other two garments which they put back on again quickly.

“Wanna switch bodies?” Jayme asks with a smirk.

“Sure,” Lin chuckles sheepishly. “But only from the neck down, my face is prettier than yours,” they wink.

Jayme gasps, pretending to be hurt, making the rest laugh.

Movie Night

Chapter Notes

Can anyone guess what movie they're watching?

“Ah, I love this movie,” Caja sighs and snuggles back into Giules’ side who smiles and puts her arm around her partner.

“Because there’s no men in it?” Jayme asks with a chuckle.

“There were men on the boat earlier,” Lin points out.

“Those don’t count,” Adrienne says and reaches holds out her hand above her head which is using Lin’s legs as a pillow.

Zeki removes their arm from around Lin’s shoulder where he’d only just put it, making them pout in the process, to hand Adrienne a few chips out of the bowl that is perched dangerously between him and the constantly-shifting Jayme. The number of times he’s had to vacuum the couch after a movie night because of her...

Jeremiah shushes them and lightly slaps Adrienne’s legs, which are strewn across his lap when three chips loudly enter her mouth.

“What?” Adrienne defends herself, her mouth still full. “They’re not even saying anything right now!”

“I watched an interview with the director where she said the silences are just as important as the dialogue and the music,” he whispers, almost hisses.

“What music?” Lin asks and also takes a handful of chips.

“That’s later,” Caja replies.

“Hm,” Lin makes.

“But the silence is to experience the room around oneself,” Giules points out, turning her head toward Jeremiah but not removing her eyes from the screen. “It’s like with Cage’s 4’33”, she wants the audience to always be aware that they’re an audience, that they’re watching something that was created by someone, not just something that’s just there.”

“It adds to the art,” Caja agrees with her partner.

“Nerds,” Adrienne scoffs.

“But that means we’re allowed to eat the chips, right?” Lin asks, raising both eyebrows.

Jeremiah sighs and rolls his eyes. “You guys are insufferable,” he mutters.

“You love us,” Adrienne grins widely and pokes his side.

He looks down at her. “Unfortunately,” he sighs before a grin spreads across his face, and before anyone can stop him, he is tickling Adrienne who shrieks loudly.

Without a word, Caja grabs the remote and presses pause. “This is gonna take a bit,” she says to Giules as Zeki and Jayme join in with the tickling. Lin, left alone on the couch by the others who are now rolling around on the floor, has saved the chips bowl and is happily munching through their chuckles.

They Were Roommates!!!

Chapter Notes

It's been a minute and I'm sorry, I started Uni this month and I'm moving to a different city, plus I'm meeting all these new, exciting people because of Uni and I barely even have time to keep all my friends updated on my life so I have even less time to write which sucks... so yea, have this scene I wrote a while ago, I've written a couple more in this verse so I might post some of those sporadically until I find the time to write again,.. thank you for your patience, love you all, thanks for reading!! -M

J: U can come sleep at home if you want...

N: Wasn't good?

J: Nope

N: omw

"What did he do?" Nolan asked seconds after he had entered their flat, seeing Joana sitting on the couch, scrolling through Instagram.

"Remember Mr. Mason?"

"The Biology teacher who gave you an E in 7th grade?" Nolan laughed.

"Yep, that asshole. The guy reminded me of him."

"Ouch."

"Yep, very," Joana turned around to look at her roommate.

For anyone except Nolan – and maybe Joana's sister Jaki – her expression would have looked neutral but Nolan could see that she was tired – not because it was past midnight but because she was past 25 and bisexual and still hadn't found the one yet. Nolan knew because he felt the same way.

"How 'bout you?" she asked, leaning her chin onto the armrest of the couch so that her head bobbed up and down when she kept speaking. "Any matches? Any dates?"

"Nope." Nolan let his bag drop next to and then himself onto the couch.

“Sucks.”

“Yup.”

“How the fuck do we both not have a partner by now?” Joana whined, “I mean we’re so fuckable, right?”

“We’re extremely fuckable,” Nolan replied. “I mean, I’d fuck you.”

“Naww, boo, I’d fuck you, too,” Joana said and wiggled her body into a position where her head lay on her best friend’s lab.

Realization hit both of their faces at once.

“Wait!” Joana’s body shot up, immediately turning around to face Nolan again.

“Do you think...?”

“I mean we literally just both said we would...”

“Guess so,” Nolan shrugged.

“Come on, you’re lucky to get a girl like me,” Joana teased.

“Pff,” Nolan made, “you don’t know what I do to hotties like you in bed!”

“Well I’m about to find out, aren’t I?” She got off of the couch, stretching out her hand for Nolan to take it, lifting him up as well. She tugged him into the direction of her room, let go of his hand, and began taking off her shirt.

Nolan followed, taking his off as well.

Inside her room, Joana turned around, pulled Nolan by his arm, and made him sit on the edge of her bed.

He looked up at her and she could see he was nervous.

She was, too, but she swallowed her emotions, tried to focus on the unrest between her legs, and made a hand movement commanding him to crawl back onto the bed.

He obliged, quickly followed by her moving on top of him.

She straddled him, lowering herself onto his crotch while also moving her face closer to his. She kissed his naked collarbone, his neck, took his wrist into her hand, and moved it against the headboard above his head. She kissed his jawline once, again. Her lips moved above his lips but she couldn’t bring herself to do it. Both a bit out of breath, the air they were breathing started to mix. Normally, Joana loved this. Normally, she would use this to tease the other person. Normally, she knew they wanted it, knew she wanted it but with Nolan...

“Yea, nope, this isn’t working,” she commented, pushing herself off at his shoulder to make her body roll off of his. She landed on the mattress with a thump.

“Fuck,” Nolan breathed out.

“Nope.”

“Yep.”

“Felt like Emma Watson describing kissing Rupert in Deathly Hallows.”

“Felt like incest.”

“Exactly.”

Silence enveloped them, the static air only filled by the quiet sound of their breathing and heartbeats.

“I’m still horny, though,” Nolan admitted after a while.

“Same.”

“Each on their own?”

Joana sighed. “Yep.”

Nolan lifted himself off of her bed. Before leaving the room, he opened a drawer of her dresser, pulled something out, and threw it at her.

Joana picked it up from where it had landed only inches beside her waist. Her vibrator. “Dick,” she scoffed.

“Exactly,” Nolan grinned, “just not mine.”

A small laugh puffed out of Joana’s lips. “Idiot.”

His face turned serious again. “But seriously, though, let’s never talk about this, ever.”

“Definitely.”

Joana talked to Prom Lady

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

„No, No, No!“

„Me or did something happen?“

“No, Nolan, I mean you, I talked to her, get your ass in here, I talked to her!”

“Talked to who?” In only his boxers, Nolan stepped into the living room, his eyes only half-open but he heard the importance in Joana’s voice so he let himself drop onto the couch, plopping his feet onto the coffee table.

“Prom Lady, you know, the one who organized that thing last semester where they wanted to emulate high school prom.”

“You talked to her without fainting?”

“Oh, fuck off.”

“Okay, shoot, tell the story,” Nolan scooped a bit more to the front of the couch to signal he was not going to fall asleep.

“Basically, even though she is studying event-management and shit, she’s super interested in engineering as well so she came to my class to like, I don’t know, basically, she’s a nerd and had some free time so she came over to listen to my lecture and,” – her voice grew louder – “she fucking sat next to me and at that point, I did almost faint but I *didn’t* and instead I *talked to her* and she knows everything about the Apollo missions and more and we talked for an hour after class, went to the cafeteria together and just talked and talked and talked and... I’m in love with her now.”

“Did you get her number?”

“Yep!”

“Proud of you.”

“Thanks, I almost forgot but then I didn’t and I did a little happy jump when I was out of sight... I hope I was out of sight...”

Nolan smiled brightly; his half-asleep state of mind appreciated this side of Joana, a side only he got to see since Jaki had moved away.

“You gonna text her?”

“Already did!”

“You know what Jaki would say to that...”

“Jaki’s neurotypical bla bla can fuck off, I don’t give a fuck about society’s standards about when you text back, I want that girl, okay?”

“Feel that.”

“Anyway, texted her I liked talking to her, now I’m having a slight retrospective anxiety situation about that because I don’t have a clue if she’s into women or how she’ll interpret what I said but suck it, I’m gonna try to sleep now.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like these dorks as much as I do

Nolan meets Ember

“Hey, hey you!” Merritt’s voice echoed loudly through the supermarket.

Nolan ran to where his colleague’s shout had come from. He found the tall, red-headed man standing in front of a smaller, dark-haired woman, cutting off her way out. Like everyone else in the store, the woman was wearing a mask, but Nolan could see some fear in her eyes.

“What’s going on here?” he addressed the two of them who hadn’t said a word yet since the shout, only stared at one another.

“This woman just tried to steal something!” Merritt said, turning away from the woman and towards his younger colleague.

The man’s piercing look having been lifted off of her, Nolan could see the woman relax a little despite the accusation that had been made against her.

“How do you know?” Nolan asked, trying not to let it show too much that something in his gut was telling him that Merritt was wrong.

“She put a package of rice into her backpack there!”

“And how do you know she wasn’t going to pay for it?”

Merritt looked at him with disbelief, taking a few seconds to find an explanation. “She should have just taken a basket, like everyone else! Or a cart!”

“Ma’am?” Nolan addressed the woman directly for the first time, feeling weird about the formal word, but he had learned it was the appropriate one at his workspace.

She looked up at him, but he could see she wasn’t fully looking into his eyes, more somewhere on his forehead – a common behavior among autistic people he probably wouldn’t have noticed if he and his roommate weren’t autistic, too.

“Were you going to pay for the rice?” he asked, directing his look a bit to the side of her face in an attempt to show her he was with her.

“Of course,” the woman said, her tone a lot more confident than Nolan had expected. “I was going to pay for all of it.” She opened the zipper of her backpack, revealing, other than the rice, a jar of yogurt, a bottle of ketchup, and a package of some spice Nolan couldn’t identify. There was more underneath it but the things on top covered them.

“Why did you not take a basket then?” Merritt asked, clearly trying to defend his being right. Nolan didn’t like this man, a perfect example of fragile toxic masculinity.

“My brother has a lot of health issues,” the woman explained, again more confident than before, “He is immunocompromised, I am trying not to endanger his life.” She was speaking to the air somewhere between the two men but the conviction in her voice made up for how

that could have looked weird to a neurotypical person like Merritt, Nolan thought. “I am simply trying to touch as little objects as possible that were touched by others before.”

Nolan wanted to smile at the person to show her he believed her, but with his mask on, that was close to impossible. Instead, he decided to turn to his colleague. “I think apologies are in order.”

“Just trying to do my job,” Merritt said, lifting his arms in defense, and walked away without acknowledging or apologizing for being wrong any further.

“Sorry about him,” Nolan shrugged.

“It’s alright,” the woman nodded. “You guys should consider something like a person disinfecting the carts and baskets whenever they’re put back, though. Would prevent awkward situations like that.”

Nolan looked down at the floor with a chuckle. “You’re right, I’ll talk to my boss about it soon.”

“Thank you.”

Should he ask? Ah, boundaries like that were useless. “I noticed you never fully look into my eyes.”

The woman raised her eyebrow. It was only now that Nolan noticed she was about his age. The confidence had made her look older and the mask hid too many of her features. “You looked past me, too,” she pointed out. “Autism?”

“Yep, you too?”

the woman laughed. “Self-diagnosed, but yea, definitely.”

“I’m Nolan.”

“Ember.”

“I’d shake your hand but I don’t think that would be appropriate.” He drew a little circle in the air with his finger, trying to summarize the well known “everything that’s going on” everyone was using in every conversation these days with a simple hand movement.

“Nope, wouldn’t be.”

“Did you need anything else, or...?”

“No, I think I’m finished.” Ember took a look into her backpack and nodded to reaffirm her statement.

“Well, so am I,” Nolan said, “with my shift that is.”

“What are you hinting at?”

“I’m trying to say that, after you’ve paid for all those items,” – Ember chuckled at the reference to earlier – “I’d like to walk you home.”

She took a bit to contemplate his offer.

“I will not touch your bag or anything else and I will keep my mask on the entire way!” he promised.

“Okay,” Ember said and he could hear her smile.

“Nice,” he smiled as well. “Shall I escort the lady to the self-checkouts?” he added in a bad, butler-esque British accent.

Ember rolled her eyes but laughed, “You may.”

I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, Nolan thought, or maybe even something else.

Your Ember

Chapter Summary

New content from the Roommates storyline, enjoy -M

“What are you so happy about?”

“And what are *you* so happy about?” Nolan directed the question back to his best friend as he watched her take off her shoes and jacket.

“I asked you first,” Joana pointed out as she let herself fall onto the couch next to him.

“Maybe I met a nice person at work today and maybe I walked her home and maybe I asked for her number before leaving...” he grinned brightly, betraying his faux casual way of answering.

Joana gasped loudly in excitement. “You did not!”

“I did!” He clapped his hands and wiggled in his place a little.

“Tell me everything about her!”

Nolan chuckled adorably before calming himself down a little to properly recount his story. He told Joana about the interaction that had taken place at the supermarket and the additional things he had learned about the woman on their short walk to her home. Having looked at the wall instead of Joana in order to be able to remember more of the details, Nolan had not noticed his best friend’s disbelieving expression, so he was surprised by her reaction once he stopped talking.

“You’re fucking kidding me!”

Nolan quickly turned his head to look at Joana, trying to figure out if she had said this negatively or positively but to his relief her eyes were shining with joy. “What?”

“Your pretty woman’s name is Ember, she has long, dark, straight hair and brown eyes, she has a sick brother named Austin who is a teenager and who is living with her, she lives past Druid park – wait and you walked her all the way there?”

“Yea, why are you asking all this?”

“Because your Ember is the same as my Ember!”

“Your Ember?”

“The hot party planner lady, have I really never told you her name?”

“No you haven’t”

“Hm...”

There was a short second of silence before they both remembered what had just happened.

“And you’re sure she’s the same person?”

“Come on, with this many details...”

“You’re right...” Nolan let himself fall into the backrest of the couch. “So are we crushing on the same woman?”

“Seems like it,” Joana laughed. “And even better, remember, I was excited, too when I came home, right?”

“Right, what about?”

“Ember’s parents are coming back this weekend so after they’ve quarantined for two weeks, Austin will be moving back in with them!! She must have found out after you dropped her off and texted me then.” Joana had balled her hands into fists and put them onto her cheeks that were now being squeezed between said fists and her bright smile as she was bouncing on the couch.

“Meaning?” Nolan laughed at his friend’s happy stimming, readying himself to join in once he understood why it was happening.

“Meaning she won’t have to be *that* careful anymore, meaning she could come over!!!”

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