

A Christmas Fic

by scoobygang8

There were about a million reasons that I didn't come home for Christmas. Well, ok, 2. Fine, in reality, 1. First off, I had a show late Christmas eve, and a commission piece for some Upper West Side bajillionaire family on boxing day, so I would've spent more time flying to and from the Pitts than actually there, had I come just for Christmas day. Plus, it was a lotta money that I didn't have, and I had long since stopped accepting Brian's hand-outs, since they defeated the purpose of trying to make it on my own. But, the real reason I wasn't going home was the fact that after 3 ½ weeks, already I was so fucking homesick, I didn't know if I could take going home for such a short amount of time. I made Brian promise that not only would he not cover the airfare for me to come home, but he would under no circumstances skip out on his Christmas affairs to come see me. I was as forceful as I could be. It went a little something like this:

"Ok, repeat after me."

"Justin, this is fucking stupi-"

"Just do it."

sigh

"I"

"...I"

"Brian Kinney"

“Brian Kinney”

“Will absolutely not under any circumstance”

“Will absolutely not under any circumstance”

“Fail to attend Debbie’s Christmas festivities, and remain at her house for the duration of said festivities...”

“Fail...ok, I have no fucking clue what you just said.”

“Just promise, asshole.”

“Ok fine, I promise.”

I don’t want to say I regretted making him promise, because I didn’t. But, I think spending Christmas alone in New York City might be the most depressing thing anyone can hope to do. My mom fed-exed my Christmas present and it arrived the night before, so I opened it (a set of clay mugs and a gift certificate to Geller artist materials, very nice) and I called her and Molly and talked to them for a while. Then of course, I made the obligatory phone call to Deb’s Christmas party. After a chorus of “HI” signifying Deb holding the phone receiver up to the living room full of friends, I asked her how everything was, and then of course I asked if Brian was, in fact there. I heard Ted in the background saying something to the effect of “I think he’s at the baths, actually...” and I swear, I only believed him for about a milisecond, before I heard the sarcastic “real funny, Theodore”, and my heart melted in my chest. I heard him grab the phone from Debbie.

“Sunshine, do you really have no faith in me? You really have to call and check up?”

Once I really heard his voice, mixed in with the laughter in the background, that was when my heart sank down to around my spleen and I genuinely wished that I was there. I tried to sound chipper while my eyes watered.

“Of course not, I’m just making the obligatory call to the home front.”

He wasn’t buying the whole non-chalance thing, I could tell.

“Sunshine.”

And the flood gates were open at the sound of his soft, trying-not-to-be-sweet tone. I tried my best to steady my breath, but my voice was still husky with my reply.

“I just wish I could’ve been there, that’s all.”

There was a short pause at the other end of the line, where I could hear him rolling his lips between his teeth, and thinking about how to console me without seeming sentimental in the least.

“I know.” He said softly. “You’ll just have to tough it out, Sunshine. I’ll see you when I see you.”

“Mmmk.” I sniffed. “Would it be cheesy and sentimental to tell you I love you right now?” I asked, smiling sadly. I heard him snort.

“Would that stop you?”

I grinned. “Love you. I do.” It was then I noticed that the noise in the background had gone silent. I could imagine him trying to curl up in the corner and deflect their attention.

After a long pause... “Yeah. Yeah, you too, Sunshine. Justin.”

And, of course, a collective “awww” from the gang, right before the line went dead.

I couldn't tell whether I felt better or worse.

Around 8 I decided that I needed to get out of the apartment, so I went down to Rockefeller centre, and walked around town to Central park, and before I knew it, I had been gone for 3 hours, and I was completely starving, and there was no food in my apartment. It was strange, how when you're alone in New York, all you see are friends and families and couples. I decided my stab at entertainment was futile and headed back to my apartment.

Halfway down the street, I noticed someone sitting on the front step of my building. For fucks sakes, if some hobo had decided to position himself on my fucking doorstep...then I thought how much suckier his Christmas must've been than mine if this is where he ended up.

If I ever told Brian, which I never intend to, that I had mistaken him for a homeless man, I think that might be enough to jeopardize our relationship. As I walked closer, my breath got more and more shallow, and all the gloom this day had brought seemed to dissolve into thin air. Funny how he could do that. He didn't see me walking up at first, and I reveled in how strangely vulnerable and innocent he looked perched on the top step of my building...MY building, like a lost child. It was the first time he'd broken into my new life. I stopped in front of him and he looked up, and he raised an eyebrow, trying to look unruffled, but his eyes gave him away. I smiled, my hands in my pocket, breath forming clouds in front of my face.

“We had an agreement.”

He smirked. “Yeah, that I would attend Debbie's Christmas party, which ended almost 4 hours ago.”

Some part of me felt guilty that I'd made him worry enough to hop a plane to New York on Christmas day just to sit on my doorstep for God knows how long. I didn't want pity, that's not what I was going for.

“I never should've called...”

“Sunshine don't fucking flatter yourself, I didn't run and hop the redeye just because of a fucking phonecall.” He scoffed, getting to his feet. “I booked the ticket 2 weeks ago.”

I grinned. “That’s pretty fucking flattering, I think.”

He smiled his lopsided smile that made me swoon like a 14-year-old girl.

Somehow, snow slowly and carefully drifting through the air seems endlessly more beautiful and poetic when it’s surrounding the person you love.

He descended the steps to stand in front of me, and I don’t think I realized how much I had needed him there until he was. All I could think to do was rest my head on the woolen shoulder of his coat, and let out an “mmph” while he encircled his arms around my shoulders. I put my arms around his waist and held on for dear life.

“I’m so fucking glad you’re here.” I felt him smile.

“Merry Christmas, Sunshine.” He kissed my hair. We stayed like that for a few minutes until I noticed he was carrying a large paper bag.

“What’s that?” I said softly. He brought the paper bag in front of me so I could see the Cantonese symbols and a delivery phone number on the bag.

“Hungry?” he asked, raising an eyebrow. I sighed and grinned.

“God bless us, everyone!”

He laughed wholeheartedly. I made him laugh. That always gets to me. I grabbed him by a gloved hand and led him up the steps into the building.

As far as Christmases go, this certainly wasn’t my worst