

Garry X San

It was a cold April night, San was cuddled in bed, switching through streaming services, not knowing what to watch. Would he rewatch the mentalist again?

He wished he would be cuddling with someone, he already knew who he wanted next to him in bed, playing with his hair.

R&B was playing softly from the speaker he got as a gift, and he liked to listen to music with lyrics he could relate to... Garry's name was playing in his head, like a prayer, those Jhene Aiko songs were about him.

He ran his hand through his hair, shaking his head no, chuckling to himself. What started as a joke from his friends became true... they do say every joke has some truth to it.

—

Garry was walking home from the corner store, after he picked up some snacks. He put his hood up and he warmed his hands by rubbing them together. He saw a couple across the street holding hands and, oh, how he wished that was him. But with who?

As he was walking up the stairs, he saw San and Matin walking down, gym bags thrown over their shoulders.

"Oh, hey San! Matin!" Garry cheered, as he stopped in his tracks and waved at his friends.

San, rushed, nervously waved back as he disappeared going out and Matin stayed and fist bumped with Garry.

"What's up with him?" Garry asked.

"I don't know, he's lonely, beat his meat too much, have you seen his right arm?"

Garry has noticed San's right arm, but his left arm too, his whole body actually. He pursed his lips together, not wanting to say anything too alarming. Matin approached Garry, rubbed his arm, "don't worry about it, Garry, I know how caring you can be," Matin said truthfully, but in fact, he wished Garry would care for him too.

"Anyways, I'll let you go to the gym," Garry replied, not wanting to get him caught up, but didn't San already go? Like earlier? It's actually kind of late. He walked up, unlocked his dorm and dropped his snacks to the floor and took off his spring coat. Someone had slid a note under his door.

"Meet me in the pale moonlight x" it was written, but no address or name. What the hell? Who could it be? He turned the card and saw a V written. V? A V. Who the fuck is V? Cyberpunk 2077 breaking the fourth wall, he then turned it upside down, and looked closer... it was the drawing of a mountain.

San... mountain in Korean is San.

He shook that thought out of his head, that's way too far fetched. But what if?

—

As San wiped sweat off of his neck, he wondered if Garry read the note or stepped on it like the big klutz he is. And if he did pick it up, did he get the mountain drawn on the

back? San always admired Garry's intelligence, he would get it. Matin jogged over to San, fired up after his intense cardio session.

"San, you ready to go?"

"We just started," San lied. He didn't want to leave, he felt at home... well almost, he'd feel truly at home in Garry's arms.

"You literally already did your whole circuit, don't overwork yourself."

San rolled his eyes, Matin was right, but he was scared to face what was coming...

Matin headed to the locker room to change as San soon followed, tired.

Waiting for the metro, Matin was counting one of his many stories from Iran, but at one point he stopped and said, "Garry looked good today."

"What?" San stopped him. Why would Matin say that? Did San slip up? No, he never even mentioned Garry today, why did he bring him up.

Matin, putting both hands on his cheeks, like a school girl, closing his eyes and smiling, "I said, Garry looked good today."

San slapped the back of Matin's head jokingly, "stop daydreaming about that ho- idiot."

"Hoe? Hottie?"

"Yea- what wait no what the fuck. Get better ears."

They climbed in the metro and had a silent ride home. But San got off at McGill, there was a place he wanted to go to first. Matin didn't question it, because he was asleep.

—

Garry took the metro as well, *vers Honoré-Beaugrand*, only two stops. He knew where San would be, if his assumption was correct.

Off at McGill, he looked at the various exits. It was so confusing. He left the building by the closest exit, hoping he'll be able to orient himself better outside. It started to snow. He looked up, he couldn't see the moon through the thick clouds, but would this count as pale moonlight? He still walked where his feet dragged him to, if San wasn't there, then he would give up. It's nice to go out sometimes, even though he was out running errands all day. He didn't understand how much energy he still had, but that note did invigorate him.

He was finally in front of the church, but there was no sign of San. There was no one, not in the stairs, no by the fence, not even hobos. Tired, he sat on the bench, but he saw a shadow on the side of church. Probably just a homeless dude. He looked at how pretty the snowflakes looked through the street lights. He was listening to the sound of cars passing by. He remembered how San said he hated the sound of cars and chuckled to himself. Garry thought cars sounded nice however, like ocean waves. He closed his eyes and reopened them when he felt someone sitting next to him.

He could smell sweat and was about to stand up before he noticed it was San.

San was speechless. Garry knew where to come to find him. Or was it just a coincidence... no it couldn't be, why would Garry just go to church? Sitting next to

Garry, he was unable to speak, even though it was a cold night, he could feel his cheeks heat up.

"You came," he finally spoke.

Garry, not knowing what to say next, muttered, "yeah," watching the fog escape his mouth.

They saw two girls running into the church. Two short girls, one holding a... body pillow?

"Mimie brought her dakimura to church," Garry sighed.

"Who's she with? Alexandra?"

"I think so," Garry replied, laughing lightly. He remembered how her discord nickname was, for a while, San Simp and how he wished he had that name. But he wasn't as open as she was. And it was clear Alexandra was just joking, Garry has known San for a while and knew his feelings were true.

"What the fuck are they doing?" San continued, happy that he wasn't as shy as before.

"I don't know, Alex did seem stressed this morning, didn't she mention a man named Manny Chavez?"

"Huh? I don't think I saw that."

"Well, anyways," Garry turned to San, as San turned too.

San wanted to look away, but Garry finally made the first move, putting his hand on his cheek, retaining San's head from moving.

"Garry!" San gasped.

"Why are we here?" Garry whispered, "I want to hear it from you, San, please."

Garry's voice got San excited, his brain running miles at an hour, thinking about how happy he was in this moment, knowing it might never happen again. He thought this was as good as it could get. He wanted to savor it, "I wanted to see how... well, how we looked together in the moonlight. Thought it was an important step in our friendship."

San took Garry's hand that was now stroking his cheek, but instead of taking it off, he just let it rest atop.

Garry grinned to himself, looking down and then back up in San's dark eyes.

"It is, I guess, how do I look?" Garry said confidently. Having San's hand on his definitely boosted his mood.

"Uh, good? You look good Garry."

"Well, for the record, you look dashing, San."

"Dashing?"

San was interrupted by Garry slamming his lips into his. San's eyes widened at first, but he closed them and enjoyed the kiss as Garry's passed his hand, that was previously on his cheek, through San's smooth hair. San, felt weak in the knees and was unsure of what to do his hands, but brought himself to put one on Garry's thigh and leaned into the kiss.

San detached, overwhelmed by emotions and Garry's scent. Garry leaned back, opening his eyes slowly.

"Is our *friendship* stronger?" Garry laughed, drunk on San's touch.

San laughed shaking his head, "fuck you."

"When and where?" Garry cockishly responded before putting an arm around San pulling him closer. San didn't remove his own hand off Garry's thigh.

They cuddled like that for a minute, before San invited him to the dorms, where it would be warmer.