

A part of my soul

[Convin/Reed900]

Von NightcoreZorro

A soft grumble escaped the brown-haired man's throat as his alarm clock ripped him out of his dreams. Still not being able to see, due to his own sleepiness he fumbled for his phone to turn off this awful noise before letting himself fall back onto the mattress and into the embrace his boyfriend offered. He enjoyed the lulling feeling contently and drifted back to sleep.

"You have to get up.." He then heard a familiar voice in his ears, which made him grumble once more.

"Five more minutes."

"Gavin, this was the third alarm already."

He turned around a little to look into the dark-brown eyes, which belonged to the younger one.

"Oh fuck you, Connor. You don't have to be out today.."

A little giggle escaped from Connor's mouth as he couldn't take the insult seriously since there wasn't any harsh tone involved and he still sounded quite drowsy.

"But I, on the other hand got into bed only tonight. Come on I'm even gonna make you something for breakfast." Connor offered and kissed him on the cheek before he jumped out of the bed, which made Gavin want to drown in his pile of pillows even more.

"If you fall asleep again, you're gonna have some coffee in your face!"

"God damnit alright, I'm getting up.."

Gavin brushed his hand over his face and yawned, sitting up and swinging his legs over the edge of the bed. To him, it was a mystery as to how someone's able to be that happy in the early mornings. With a muffled snorting noise, half annoyed, half amused, he grabbed his phone and headed towards the bathroom. The advertisement mail, which made it's way out of the spam folder again made him scrunch up his face in annoyance.

Are you still looking for your soulmate? Are you worried, that you're never going to find them? We'll handle it! Contact us and we swear, we're going to find your soulmate wherever they may be!

Almost automatically, his gaze dropped to his pinky finger, a dainty, red thread enveloping it.

"This morning is destined to be utter shit." He gnarled and swiped right to delete the

message, turning on music afterwards - the actual reason why he took his phone into the bathroom. As the usual rock music filled the room he placed his phone on the small shelf and looked at himself in the mirror, stroking his beard tentatively.

"Good enough for now." He decided and shoved the toothbrush into his mouth.

"Scrambled eggs?" Connor's voice chimed in from the kitchen and there was nothing but an approving grumbling as an answer. The question was meant rethorically anyways, as his boyfriend knew how much he adored to have his breakfast done by someone else. A little later he rinsed out his mouth, splashed some water in his face and headed to the kitchen then. A smile decorated his lips, as he saw Connor work at the stove and couldn't resist the urge to put his arms around Connor's hips and to tiptoe just to kiss his jaw.

"Smells good."

"That's how scrambled eggs usually smell." The smaller one got as an answer just as Connor turned around to brush his lips lazily.

"You're back from the dead?"

"Kind of."

A sloppy wink hit Connor's face as to which he received a happy grin from the android. Gavin couldn't prevent his corners of his mouth from twitching.

"You can sit down already."

Connor let his fingers brush over the older one's cheek and turned back towards the stove afterwards.

"And you should shave again."

"Tomorrow." He promised and grabbed his cup of coffee, which was filled on time, as always.

Gavin took a long sip, swearing as he does every morning due to his burned tongue, which lead to Connor grinning broadly.

"Don't expect me to pity you."

"Heartless asshole."

Brown eyes looked at him, clearly amused as he put the food on the plate, which he set down on the table and slid it over to Gavin.

"You're not eating breakfast with me?"

His answer was a shaking head.

"I'm still thinking about yesterday's case.."

"The one with the little girl?"

Gavin put down his cup and exhaled quietly, pulling Connor into a hug.

"Hey, it's okay. If you want to talk.."

„I know. Thanks.“

Connor reciprocated the hug slightly and chewed on his lip.

„There's something else I need to tell you..“

The older one raised his eyebrow and looked at him impatiently, shifting his weight from one foot to another and releasing a questioning „Hmn?“ from his throat when Connor didn't answer immediately. Connor was trying to escape the topic, as well as the other one's gaze, first before he sighed softly. „I've told you about my brother once, haven't I?“

„FBI fucker? Yeah you did.“ Gavin raised his brow some more and grabbed his coffee again from which he took another stressed out sip to test, if the black broth finally cooled down. „What's up with him?“

„You're gonna meet him today..“

For a second time today, Gavin cursed the fact that he took such a long sip. Not

because it was too hot but because he choked on it. He coughed a bit and threw a disturbed gaze towards his boyfriend. „What? Are you doing these cringy family meet-ups now?“

Connor stepped back a tad bit to look for distraction. As he finally found a washcloth, he started to clean the stove. „No, he'd never agree to something like that.. The case you're currently working on.. he was passed over to the FBI and it was given to.. him.“ Gavin's face scrunched up. „I called it. This day is a nightmare.“

An awkward silence engulfed the room and Gavin watched the other one cleaning the pan, when a sigh escaped his throat once more. Connor's family, especially his brother, has always been an awkward topic... „Hey, at least you don't have to see him?“ He started talking and bit down his lip as Connor's shoulders sank even further. Fuck. „I.. uhm..“ He tried helplessly, thinking about how to lighten up the mood at least a little bit, but he was disrupted. „I've fed the cats already. So you just have to eat up and you can go. I'm gonna lay down again.“ „Connor..“ Gavin tried to grab his arm but the younger one quickly left the kitchen, leaving the detective on the spot. Gavin's never known if he should follow him, or if he should leave him alone. Both options have turned out to be wrong already but a quick glance at the clock told him to talk to Connor about it later. He emptied his cup hastily and finished his plate. He's lost his appetite by now but he couldn't have let Connor cook for nothing. The dishes were put into the sink and he almost tripped over Cookie, one of their cats, when he turned around. He exhaled heavily and got on one knee to pet her. „Take care of Connor and distract him, okay?“ He whispered and got up again, grabbing his jacket and slipping into his shoes. He hesitated a bit at first and contemplated, if giving Connor a kiss before he'd go and to take it as another opportunity to look after him a last time for now, was a good idea. Yet he decided to just shout a quick goodbye into the empty hallway before leaving the flat and driving to work.