

## Be My Safety

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# Be My Safety

by [kinsie](#)

## Summary

Chris gives a helping hand (literally).

## Notes

This here is one of my favorite things that show the level intimacy of a relationship. I think it was Darren recently getting rid of his beard that subconsciously prompted it.

\*Title from Alessia Cara's Stone (one of my favorite CC-vibes songs)

“I cannot *believe* you sprained your wrist jumping from the risers.”

“It was for a choreographed move!” replies Darren defensively, cradling his currently heavily splinted wrist to his chest.

Chris raises an eyebrow. “Dare, no one’s ever required to jump from the risers.”

“Okay fine,” pouts Darren. “I was being stupid.”

Chris hides a smile and crawls over to where Darren’s been immobilised on his side of the bed, pushing back his curls from his forehead. This is only the fourth time Darren’s slept over properly, and the first time they’ve done nothing but actually *sleep* , and Chris’ spine tingles with the domesticity of it.

Darren closes his eyes and hums, burrowing his face further into Chris’ hand, which is when Chris realises something.

“Dare, how are you going to shave?”

Darren brings his uninjured hand up to his jaw and scrubs at it. “I don’t need to, we’re not filming.”

“They’re doing costume fitting today. You need to look as much like a teenager as possible, not like a bearded mountain man.”

“Hey! Do I at least look like a hot bearded mountain man?”

Chris kisses his pouty bottom lip and laughs. “Yeah, yeah, it’s very cute. My very own lumberjack.”

Darren grins self-satisfiedly and then his eyes light up.

“Will *you* shave me?”

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“Sit still or I *will* cut you.”

Darren looks at Chris absolutely horrified, staring at the razor in his hands like it's a spear instead. “*Why* am I dating you?”

Chris pretends to heave a long suffering sigh, and shaves a stripe down Darren's jaw, leaving smooth skin in its wake. “I ask myself that all the time too.”

“You're clearly just not ready for this jelly.”

Chris snorts, holding the razor away from Darren's face so that he doesn't *actually* accidentally cut him. “Oh my god, never say that again.”

Darren waggles his eyebrows and Chris has to school his face into seriousness again, tilting Darren's chin upwards so that he can reach under his jaw and neck. It's strangely intimate doing this, and Chris has a sudden urge to write about it, to immortalise it on paper.

His fingers are light on Darren's face, careful not to wipe away any of the foam. Chris has to dip the razor under the tap after every downstroke, starting up a rhythm of stroke, rinse, shake, repeat. He can feel Darren's eyes on him the entire time, heavy and warm, and he can't stop the blush from rising high on his cheeks.

“You're staring,” Chris whispers, fingers shaking slightly.

“I can’t help it,” replies Darren, leaning up suddenly to press a kiss against his lips. It leaves a smudge of shaving cream all over one side of Chris’ face and he laughs, wiping at it with the back of his hand.

“Now look what you did!”

“What?” asks Darren innocently, and Chris rolls his eyes before lathering up his jaw again. The side of his face still tingles from the sensation of the grain of Darren’s stubble and the silkiness of the cream.

Chris rinses the razor for the last time, wetting a washcloth so that he can wipe off Darren’s face before squeezing some aftershave onto his palm. It smells heady and familiar and so *Darren* that Chris has to stop himself from lowering his nose to it and inhaling deeply.

He rubs it in gently, moving the pads of his thumbs in slow, circular motions. When Chris is done, he leans down to press a kiss high on Darren’s right cheekbone, down under his jaw, and then the same on his left cheek and jaw. He pulls back to find Darren’s cheshire cat grin replaced with a softer one.

“I’ve turned you into a sappy mess, haven’t I?”

Chris flushes, huffing indignantly. “You have *not*!”

Darren grins, and oh *there’s* his million watt smile. He pulls Chris down onto his lap and Chris squeaks in protest, eventually surrendering under his searching kisses.

“Asshole,” he gasps out, once Darren’s stopped mauling him. He’s well aware that his face is probably beet red and his hair a mess. “We’re probably late now.”

Darren reaches out to click the home button of his phone, and it lights up with the time. 8:42.

They're almost an hour late for work.

And they'll be arriving in Chris' car. Together. Well *fuck*.

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