

Only You That Matters

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by [spierfics](#)

Summary

bi-guy-ben on tumblr prompted: Could you please write a fic about Simon and Bram looking for/buying a house after they got married?

House hunting had been a struggle for Simon and Bram.

Nothing fit into their price range, the ones that were on the lower end were horrific and often infested. The livable ones were completely out of their location and the travel costs would make them bankrupt within a year's time.

That wasn't to say they were completely blameless. Bram had pushed away an option because the backyard was too small. Simon needed a proper basement, even a fixer-upper.

Once they had actually found something that the two of them liked, but Bram couldn't shake an uneasy feeling as soon as he'd stepped into the house.

Once their realtor had told them someone had died there, no force on Earth could convince Simon to buy it. Bram had always considered himself a skeptic regarding these matters but ended up siding with his husband.

The two of them didn't take these disagreements too seriously, both wanting something that was perfect.

Not a single home seemed to align with what they needed.

Until today.

Their real estate agent told them to meet her in a rather small neighborhood just outside the main city. The houses looked old but exceptionally well-kept and the first thing Bram noticed were young couples out in the yards. The yards themselves were fairly large, with looming oak trees providing a decent amount of shade to the sidewalks.

They parked outside a house that looked magnificent from the outside, though Simon remarked it needed a fresh coat of paint. But Bram could hear the excitement in his voice.

"We've got two full baths and a half-bath. Three bedrooms including the master, a garage, and a semi-completed basement. The kitchen and bathrooms have all been refurbished with new appliances and marble countertops,"

Simon had to give credit to their real estate agent, who had put up with their demands without complaint, calling them all hours of the day to inform them of a new property and driving out wherever they asked her.

"And before you ask, Bram," She smiled knowingly at him, "There is a backyard, a little bigger than the front and there's a park within walking distance,"

As soon as they stepped inside, Bram looked at Simon and got a look in return. They both knew what the other was thinking.

'This feels like home...'

The foyer opened up to a small recessed space where a key holder lay, feeling as though it was inviting them in. The stairs were to the left of the door and the family room was to their right.

Just beyond the family room was the kitchen and Bram extended his neck to try and see past that.

As they walked through the home, Simon pointed out that there was carpeting almost everywhere. "It's even in the dining room,"

"We'll get it removed..." Bram whispered to him, giving him a quick kiss on his cheek before pulling away. He couldn't help it...this was going to be their home, Bram could feel it.

Their realtor described each room to them, pointing out some ways in which they could negotiate the price. Simon and Bram followed quietly, just choosing to regard the house with a sense of reverence.

"So gentlemen, what do we think?" she asked, as soon as she was done. She had a caring way about her, always referring to them as gentlemen with such consideration.

Simon and Bram smiled at each other, a sparkle in their eyes along with a look of determination.

"We love it," Simon said, reaching for Bram's hand and intertwining their fingers. Ever since their wedding, Simon had been doing that more and more, reveling in the sensation of their wedding bands against skin.

"I'll make the offer," she replied, walking outside and giving them some time to take in the house by themselves.

"You really do like it, right?" Bram made sure to ask. "Not just because you saw that I did?"

"I could feel it the second we walked in, Bram. This is going to be ours,"

Bram let out a relieved sigh, amazed that Simon was echoing his own thoughts. "I want you to have the perfect home, Si. You deserve it."

"Bram," Simon looked at him seriously. "You're my home. I honestly don't care what color the bathroom tiles are or whether we have crown moldings. If you're there and you're happy, I'm happy,"

"Where was all this complicity when the basement wasn't a possibility,"

"O.K the basement is a whole other deal. I plan to make that the greatest family room anyone has ever seen..." Simon said proudly.

Family.

Bram looked around the expanse of the house once again. He could easily imagine them growing older here. He imagined Simon convincing him to adopt a dog. He imagined them

cooking meals together, marathoning their favorite T.V shows and making out on the couch like the teenagers they once were.

He imagined them having children, dressing them up for Halloween, opening Christmas presents together and preparing Hanukkah dinners.

They didn't just accept a house, they established their future.

"Family," Bram repeated softly. "That sounds amazing..."

Simon reached up to plant a soft kiss on Bram's lips, unable to stop himself from smiling into it.

The first of many in what they couldn't help but feel was meant to be their home.

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