

Text Me In the Morning

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Summary

After an event at a party goes awry, Newt finally comes to terms with how he was feeling towards Thomas.

Newt couldn't believe he was in this predicament. He told himself he would never allow himself to do anything that could possibly lead to this.

Thomas invited him to a party at their mutual friend, Brenda's. That wasn't a surprise since they always did everything together (and sometimes with Minho). No the surprising part came when Newt came to pick Thomas up to go and he had to stop his heart from racing. For no other reason than Thomas looked *amazing* in his polo button down and khaki pants. Newt swallowed audibly and saved himself by pretending to cough.

"Sorry, water must've gone down wrong." He said, feebly. Unfortunately it was apparent there was no water nearby and he hadn't even left the porch. But Thomas just smiled at him and shrugged it off.

"Come on in, Newt. I'm almost ready to go." Newt stepped through the threshold of the small apartment. It was modestly furnished and comfortable for Thomas and his two roommates Gally and Minho, another friend of Newt's through whom the two of them had met.

Thomas disappeared down the hall for a few minutes while Newt took a seat on the sofa. Minho was home from work unusually early and smiled when he saw the younger man on the couch.

"How are ya, Newt? How's Fry and Alby?" Newt's roommates were Minho's former high school classmates. They had been close at one time but now barely talked.

"They're alright!" Newt was eager to distract himself from thinking about Thomas until he absolutely had to. He went into a whole discussion about what his own roomies were up to and then he trailed off as Thomas came back out into the living room. Thomas slid on his blazer, flashed Newt a winning smile and said, jovially.

"You ready to go?" Newt nodded, unable to properly speak. He silently followed Thomas out, being careful to rid his cheeks of the flush it had suddenly acquired. The car ride to the party was fairly uneventful and Newt was grateful Thomas couldn't see his face.

Not much registered for Newt at the party because he happened to be staring at Thomas the entire time. Brenda saw him watching his friend dancing with Teresa a bit here and there. She came over and sat with him.

“I wouldn’t worry too much about them.” Newt was startled by a familiar voice in his ear. He jumped and whirled around. Brenda plopped down beside him on the couch.

“Oh...hi Bren.” Newt regained his composure. “Why do you say that?”

“I saw you watching them from way over at the bar. I know who it is you were really paying attention to and it wasn’t Teresa.” She nudged him, gently on the arm. Newt blushed ever so lightly.

“You got me. I can’t get him out of my head, Brenda.” He looked so forlorn and confused that she felt horrible about even bringing it up. But she patted him on the back and said with a devilish grin, “We’re going to get you a dance.” Before Newt could protest she already had him up on his feet and shoved him *hard* in Thomas and Teresa’s direction. This attracted both dancers’ attentions. Teresa saw Brenda out of her peripheral vision and understood immediately what was happening.

“Hey, Tom. I’m going to get a drink. Another slightly faster slow dance is on. You and Newt should dance.” She winked at him. He looked confused but saw Newt coming over and offered his hand.

Newt’s breath caught when he saw Thomas looming over him.

“Come on, dude let’s dance.” And suddenly Thomas and Newt were face to face on the dance floor. Something potent sparked between them that both boys knew had never happened before with any of their female counterparts. The tension was thick enough to cut with a small meat cleaver and suddenly the boys felt a different sensation.

One thing led to another and they were asking Brenda to use the bedroom upstairs. Thomas grabbed Newt's wrist and practically dragged him upstairs two at a time.

They got upstairs, closed the door, heaving and gulping air. Thomas looked over at Newt and began taking off his shirt and pants fairly quickly. Newt was shellshocked and suddenly barely breathing. He stood frozen...and then bolted. He didn't know why his every muscle was telling him to run but it was.

He didn't even wait for Thomas to dress and chase him downstairs. It was like being shot from the barrel of a gun. The girls yelled his name but Newt was out the door. He couldn't be in the same room as a nearly naked Thomas. He was lightheaded and when he got far enough away, he threw up in a nearby bush. Sitting down on the curb four houses away, he covered his face in his hands and sobbed.

He must have fallen asleep because the next morning he woke up in Brenda's guest room to a text from Thomas.

“ Hey Newt,

Teresa, Brenda and I found you last night passed out on the street. I hope you're okay. I'm sorry about last night. I was a tad drunk and just wanted to have some fun with my best friend. But I know what I did, and even bringing you up there was wrong so I wanted to apologize. I love you too much, Newt to lose you to something like that. We can try again (if you want to) when you're ready.

Love, Tommy. ”

After reading and rereading this sweet note from Thomas, Newt took a deep breath. He began to type his response.

“ Hi Tommy, I'm sorry too. I should have told you I wasn't ready for that but I was a bit tipsy and you were (*god I'm gonna be a cheeseball here*) extremely handsome so I let myself get dragged in and then just froze. I love you too and I wanted to thank you for the note. I've woken to minimal damage and I appreciate you finding me last night. Yes I would love to try again. Your place? Tonight around, say 7? And this time I'll be ready if it should go a bit...far.

Love, Newt ”

Newt hit Send and smiled to himself. His phone vibrated a moment later to Thomas's message that simply was a kissy emoji and a thumbs up. Newt rose from the bed, which was insanely comfortable, and headed down to the kitchen. Brenda was downstairs already, making breakfast.

“Good Morning!” She smiled brightly and put a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him. “Eat up! You had quite the eventful night last night.” Newt was grateful to her for the food but most importantly for not elaborating on what happened the night before. He finished and pushed his plate away thinking hard.

“Brenda, I think...I love him.” From her spot by the stove, Brenda smiled, a knowing look on her face.

“It's about time we hear you say that. Teresa, Minho and I have had a bet for years who was going to let on first. I thought it would be you but they both told me they thought Thomas. So I guess they owe me some money.” She laughed at that last part.

“No, but in all seriousness, I'm glad you have finally voiced this. For years you've looked like you were hiding something. You have every right to be happy, Newt. And if Thomas brings you that happiness, then go get him!” He shot her a grateful look as she squeezed his hand across the table. Wiping tears from his eyes, he got up and with new confidence headed to the door.

“Wai-”

“I have some business to take care of!” Newt called over his shoulder. Brenda nodded and wished him luck with a broad, cheeky grin on her face.

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