

Sleepover talk

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Sleepover talk

by [Nokoikoi](#)

Summary

When he speaks it's only a little louder than a whisper.

“I think, I think I really... like tweek...”

Notes

It's 3am. I should be working on a different fic but I've been having trouble so have this short thing.

If there's typos I'll try to remember to fix them later.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“...Clyde?”

“What?”

Clyde glances at his bedside table to see the time, it's midnight. On Clyde's bedroom floor his best friend Craig is led on a sleeping bag with his hands clasped together. It's too dark in Clyde's bedroom to really see his friends face but he doesn't have to think hard to be able to imagine how Craigs brows tend to knit together when he's troubled.

He waits for Craig to speak, his friends not a chatterbox and usually if something's bothering him, it's like pulling teeth to get him to talk about it. Over the years he's gradually come to realise it's best to wait till he's ready to talk. It's only been a few seconds when he hears the loud sound of Craig sucking a breath in and the sound of his movements when he shifts to roll onto his side.

When he speaks it's only a little louder than a whisper.

“I think, I think I really... like tweek...”

Clyde wiggles to the side of his bed and squints at his friend in the dark. “That's cool dude, Tweeks cool”

It really is. Clyde likes Tweek. Like how he likes Jimmy's Jokes and how he likes when Token buy's him lunch if he forgets to bring his lunch money. Tweek Tweaks a little strange with all his twitching and the spontaneous loud noises he sometimes makes, but he's funny and can make really cool latte art when he can get his hands to stop shaking.

He's also the only person that seems to be able to make Craig Tucker, the human form of the expression 'stone faced', a complete and utter flustered mess. It's almost comical the way his friends face heats up when someone teases him about Tweek. The blonde boy has Craig completely wrapped around his finger and Clyde finds it hysterical. It's sweet though. It's nice seeing his Best friend look genuinely happy with someone other than his pet guinea pig.

Clyde can't really remember how long it's been since the his two friends started to date. But he remembers the chaos of the few day's leading up to them dating. It almost makes him chuckle thinking about the way they are now. They're almost inseparable. Tweeks parents coffee shop's the only thing that really gets in the way but even then Clyde knows Craigs often gone in just to see Tweek while he works.

“Clyde. I mean, I really like him” Craigs hushed voice breaks the his thoughts.

Clyde blinks then yawns. “Like you love him?”

“I think so, Yeah”

They lie in silence for a while, it's not quite awkward yet, at least Clyde doesn't feel awkward. Even if it's having the unusual honor of being the person Craigs sharing personal things with. Craigs a pretty private person compared to Clyde.

It takes another moment for Clyde to remember he probably should say something. If the silence drags on any longer he expects Craig is probably going to start stewing in regret of having shared his thoughts with Clyde.

“He probably loves you too” He finally responds. He’s starting to feel really tired. “You’re the only,” Clyde yawns. “The only person he’s not shakey around.”

Clyde pulls his duvet around himself and snuggles into his pillows. “You look happy together too, it’s nice” His eyelids are starting to feel heavy when blinks. As he starts to drift off into sleep he faintly hears Craig’s quiet voice whisper in the dark.

“Thanks Clyde”

End Notes

My writing's rusty but I love cute friendships and I love Creek so I may write more.

I also sometimes post South Park draws on my art tumblr: nokoikoi-draws

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