

or i'm just really [goddamn] selfish and really [goddamn] lost

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by [thinginthewalls](#)

Summary

I wanna rip the stars to shreds
I don't wanna feel better
Of course it hurt, of course it fuckin' hurt
It hurt like nothing in the world sometimes
That I was super scared, and we were all a train-wreck
And also somehow making it
I think I might've died there twice, and I would do it all again

or,

It's in the tags y'all thank you

Juno couldn't sleep because it was so damn cold. His teeth chattered and his entire body vibrated and *why the hell didn't this stupid motel have any heating* ? He'd had his fair share of cold nights, with Martian winters making the entire city seem like hell frozen over. He'd spent some time parted from most of his blood, sure.

But the freezing winds on Brahma were merciless, unforgiving, cutting straight to the bone and then sawing through some more. He had at least five blankets and a thicker coat wrapped around himself, not to mention the fuzzy socks and sweatpants, but he wouldn't stop shivering.

Juno found himself wondering how Nureyev might have survived on the streets like this, a child who had nothing and no one to warm him, with only the concrete walls of unwelcoming buildings to shield him.

And then he was glancing over at the other bed in the room, where Nureyev's sleeping form lay, seemingly unperturbed by the damn blizzard assaulting Juno at the moment. It made sense, of course, because he grew up here and in worse conditions, as Juno had already established.

And then he was thinking about how warm it might be under the covers with Nureyev. They wouldn't have to touch or cuddle, they wouldn't even have to hold hands like they would when one of them would wake up, sweating, overheated, terrified and gasping and needing a tether to reality. He would just- he would just be there, and Juno might leech warmth from him. A reversal of their usual roles, one Juno didn't mind at the moment.

And *then* , because apparently all rational thought left him when he was freezing and confronted with the knowledge that a hot guy just a few feet away from him was adapted enough to withstand these nights to sleep peacefully, Juno climbed out of his bed. He hissed as soon as the cold air hit him and shuffled quickly over to Nureyev.

“Reyev,” He shook the thief's shoulder. “Nureyev.” Nureyev rolled over with a hum. “Scoot over, ‘m cold.”

There was a moment of coherency where Juno realized that maybe acting like everything was okay enough between them when it obviously wasn't might not have been his best and smartest move.

But it was maybe two in the morning internal clock time and Juno was cold and Nureyev was not and they both were very aware of these facts now, so Nureyev scooted over and lifted the covers and Juno crawled in next to him.

He was right. Nureyev had heated the air around him significantly. Great. Awesome. Maybe now Juno's teeth would stop chattering so loudly and he could get some sleep, please? Maybe?

No.

No, he was still cold. Not *as* cold as he'd been on his own, but he knew Nureyev felt the bed shake and there was no way he could sleep through the noise of Juno's damn *teeth* .

"Juno," Nureyev's voice was barely a whisper above the wind outside, and Juno felt the blankets shift. "Come here."

Juno didn't need to open his eye to know Nureyev had opened his arms to him. A part of him, a big, shouting, aching part of him wanted to fall into those arms, as he had so many times before. That part wanted Nureyev to hold him, to smooth his hair away from his forehead, to kiss his temple, to say that he loved Juno over and over and over.

And yet.

And yet, Juno was scared.

Not of Nureyev, no. Never. But of the remnants of the THEIA in Nureyev they still hadn't been able to get out. Of the disinterested, almost annoyed look in his eyes when he'd come this close to killing Juno.

It hadn't been him. Juno knew that. They all did. Nureyev would never, *never*, of his own volition, do anything to actively harm Juno.

And yet.

He'd opened his eye by now. Nureyev had opened his. They were staring at each other, across this vast expanse of taut bedsheets and the weight of two worlds on each chest, and Juno was suddenly so *angry*.

He was angry at Sasha for experimenting on Nureyev like some lab rat, he was angry at Nureyev for leaving, he was angry at himself for not taking the first offer from Nureyev over a year ago because if he had then maybe he wouldn't be so life-threateningly in debt, he was angry at the whole damn universe because he shouldn't be scared to cuddle with his boyfriend when he was *freezing his ass off* and a goddamn fireplace was *right there*.

So he scooted closer, into Nureyev's arms. He buried his face in his neck and breathed in his scent. He knew his fingers were like ice, but he slid them under Nureyev's shirt and across his waist, wrapping behind his back. He wiggled his legs between his thief's. He wrapped himself up so thoroughly in Peter Nureyev that he felt sure they'd never part again.

Distantly, he was aware of Nureyev trembling, and he didn't know if it was because of the heat leaching from him and into Juno or from so much contact after not even speaking during the ride here.

His breath was in Juno's hair, his heart beating against his ear, his hands were gripping at Juno's coat like he'd be yanked from him any second now.

Juno tilted his head and pressed his lips against Nureyev's jaw.

"Goodnight," he murmured, eye slipping closed, teeth finally silent. Nureyev might have said it back. Maybe not. Juno didn't know. He was finally asleep.

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