

Title: sensory deprivation

Author: me

Prompt: current cues prompt—"*Cast me gently in morning for the night has been unkind...*" in 40 minutes or 1000 words.

Notes/Warnings, etc.: Nix-centric. I refuse to use the other characters names for fear of screwing with them without their mums' permission. Deals with seeking an open/polyamorous relationship, and a strange love triangle. All original characters from KSA-verse. 32 minutes of worry and my own angst later...

Rated: PG, dealing with alternative lifestyles, but nothing otherwise objectionable.

He felt safe for one moment before the feeling was lost to the wind. The three of them had been standing together at the only wedding in recent memory at the school. Well, away from the school, but arguably the only one that all participants had known each other by being from the same school. And he'd waited the whole ceremony, sitting between them, before it happened.

They applauded the happy couple as they walked down they were presented before the crowd with wide grins, a girl to the one side and a boy to the other. Nix stared up to the altar with almost a feeling of jealousy, that he could've had that same happiness only a year or two before. He sighed.

It was almost choreographed, the arms that surrounded him. Her arms reached around him just as his boyfriend's did the same, encircling him from both sides. Without a word, she rested her head on his left shoulder, whereas the other rested his cheek in the crop of blonde hair he was presented with. For a moment, time stopped, and there was just the comfort of the two bodies surrounding Nix, the two people he loved (separately).

The moment at the wedding lasted just as long as it took to lose and catch his breath.

He wakes up with a jerk most mornings, that feeling still ghosting in his pores, though the feeling is ages old. It's been a year since he mentioned it, though it's in his mind all the time. He said it in passing and got the strangest look from his always-on-but-oh-baby-the-drama boyfriend. He can't wake up anymore without imagining there are both of them in the bed with him.

The ache is there even more now that his boy left him without much word. Nix looks to the girl he's slowly falling in love with and feels adrift all over again. He'd forgotten that new love phase he goes through. But overlaid is the love he's held for his boy, the feeling of that dual hug, the weeks in Italy, the constant vacations in California (his other home).... He shudders as he goes from sleeping to awake; wrapped in the arms of the girl he's begun to love, but still feeling the arms of his lover.

She asks him if he's ever been a morning person.