Together, Holding Eachother

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Together, Holding Eachother

by lovewhisky

Summary

Whisky wakes up after a week that wasn’t quite gentle on him. Though, Birthday Cake wants to cheer them up, especially because Whisky is their boyfriend. So, they decide to bring something home along with groceries to hopefully uplift his mood.

Notes

Disclaimer for people new to my writing: I naturally write like this, so please don’t confuse me with using AI for my writing. Just because I use more complex words or larger paragraphs doesn’t mean I use artificial intelligence to write my stories. This fanfic took around a week or so to complete, so I hope it’s good enough.

As I am posting this, AO3 is currently down, so I thought I would publish my WhisCake fanfiction to this place first. This website is pretty great, by the way, despite being a bit small for something so popular as fanfiction. ˘

The rain poured itself down atop the streets formed out of asphalt with a light yet almost annoying pace as it tinkled against anything that happened to be solid outside. Dripping down his window, he lay in bed buried under the pile of blankets covering his small frame. It was extremely cold today—at least for them, as their body was appallingly terrible at regulating its own temperature. Their mother was still at her job, accompanying the fact that they would be home completely by themself impermanently, but for awhile. Which ‘awhile’ would be around two weeks or so on-end. It was awful staying alone, wasn’t it?

Forcing himself to stand out of bed, his legs ached horribly. It turns out that, along with their original body-wide weakness they’ve always maintained, the whole ‘collapsing while serving a customer during my work shift’ didn’t do any good to their body, either. He didn’t really want to believe that he had something chronic besides his vision and respiratory issues, even if the evidence was overwhelmingly obvious. They had been hospitalized of course. Had he not been?

“Yikes…” Whisky hissed distressedly with a hushed voice, looking down at their own legs. Upon inspecting them with touch more closely, they felt thinner than he ever remembered. They could almost see their own bone structure under the skin that covered it. He didn’t feel like doing anything today… especially when his legs were this weak and concerningly thin. “I dunno when… this happened,” they murmured.

It had been a syncope, wasn’t it? That’s what he had suffered from when he went to his part-time job on Wednesday, thinking so unobservingly that nothing bad would happen to him on this day. After all, they’ve finally got a full night of sleep and actually woke up wanting to be productive. So, how and why could that possibly have happened for any reason besides a body that had unexpectedly given up on the spot for no clear reason?

In his mind, the purely metaphorical knife he was completely unaware of suddenly twisted deeper as when he woke up in his hospital room, as he had soon found out after awakening from his coma that he was terminated from his job. One of the only sources of their income besides working at the family-run bakery with their mother. It was for him being too unwell physically and mentally, sure—but they could have at least warned him that he was going to get fired just because he was simply too underweight for the job, or something like that.

After attempting to shake off all those unnecessary thoughts that would bring their already degrading mental state into a bigger hopeless pit, they vaguely limped to the kitchen counter once finally outside of their room, and started to boil instant noodles. It was quite an aggravating situation trying to reach up for the ramen noodles on a step stool while his legs still trembled and ached unrelentingly—it was worth it however, if you could say that.

Whisky cracked the egg into the pot after the base noodles were almost done just to get a bit of protein in their system. He waited for a small amount of time before the built-in timer inside of the stove went off. Lifting the pan off subsequently after turning the handle that controlled the fire off, they poured it into the white plastic bowl as well as with the scrambled egg. It wasn’t the best meal he had made, yet it tasted like home.

Shifting over, they slowly sat down on the chair placed near the diner table with the steaming soup in their mittened hands.

The soup itself tasted familiar in a way. The thing they would always make when they were a child, before his grandparents taught them how to actually cook sustainable meals. It was always the easiest thing to make, and cheap too. Instant ramen wasn't a luxury in a sense for his own family when living with his grandparents—he still had perfectly healthy food at home. Nevertheless, that indistinguishable savory flavor of something cheap was addictive to their taste buds.

He had practically purred in contentment. "Mmm," they'd hummed, slurping the noodles with the clear plastic fork they previously stuck into the ramen bowl before it was done. "It's… good. Better than I expected, honestly." He felt a bit mental saying things that nobody would hear. This was the first time they'd actually eaten something without immediately stopping after three bites or immediately regurgitating it, however. To him, it was something to almost celebrate..

With nothing much else to do after the simple meal, they decided to fall asleep. If he ignored the constant *'plink-plink'* against the windows, the rain had nothing much less of a bone-deep calming sensation settling in his body. They'd already curled up in the same blanket they were previously buried in forty minutes ago, and it was warm. So warm…

Upon waking, he felt two arms wrapped around the concave shape of his midriff. They soon realized that while sleeping, their partner had already brought the groceries back, and now decided to hug Whisky while he was sleeping. He felt small in a way that felt bittersweet. That small feeling where you feel protected by someone bigger than you, but also the same kind of small where you're just trapped in a world simply not built for you. It was rather conflicting.

"B-Birthday Cake…?" they whimpered softly, nuzzling their face into the blanket further. He felt his eyes tear up involuntarily, not because of stress or anything like that, but because it was quite embarrassing having your loved one all on you like that. They strangely enjoyed that feeling though… it was like they were protecting them, were they not?

Realizing their boyfriend was awake, they smiled shyly into his nape. A meek, shy smile, if you could say it like that. "…you're awake," they mumbled, burying their face into his thin neck. "You're always… carrying so much on your back. I wanted to… um… I wanted to relieve you of that. I wanted to… do something for you."

Whisky's face burned a soft crimson, their breathing quickening marginally. "Hey, wh-what makes you say that…? I swear I'm fine, Birthday Cake. I just—"

"You're not fine, Whisky. I… you're always stressing yourself out and it's stressing me out so much and I don't know what to do about it and I—!" Birthday Cake paused, regaining their breath after verging on the edge of spiraling. "I worry about you a lot, Whisky… I just want you to be happy without expecting anyone to expect some sort of payment back." they lifted their head, and tilted their body enough to kiss his cheek. "I love you. So much."

"I-I'll try not to worry you so much in the future, mate."

“N-no… you don’t need to change for me at all, Whisky. You just… struggle a lot sometimes.”

“Yeah, maybe I do,” the slightest hint of a guilty-like chuckle escaped him; a slight smile tugging at his lips.

The both of them laid beside each other for a stretch of time while the rain still descended. They both didn’t bother to think about anything else but the other’s voice, evident in the way that they were both talking for a long time about what was seemingly nothing. At a point, Whisky decided to shift his position and turn to Birthday Cake directly, his face meeting their warm chest.

They knew they were being clingy and all. But he didn’t want to let go of them. Not in a million years would they ever want to let go of them at all. “Sorry I’m being so attached, mate. You’re just *really* pretty.” he dallied, shifting up and pressing his lips gently against theirs before they even had a chance to respond to his words. They soon released from their partner’s mouth, their face shining with a sheepish grin.

Birthday Cake kissed him back after the release, albeit a longer and more bold kiss for them. His lips tasted freshly of the instant ramen that had been eaten a short while ago, and they could feel the steady *‘thump-thump’* of his heart near their ribcage. They let out a soft whine before they could even control it against the baker’s lips, Whisky then curling tighter into their embrace. His glasses quickly fogged up from the heat being shared through both of their mouths at the same time.

When they broke apart just enough to breathe, they were both breathing heavily. Birthday Cake’s two-toned lips were plump and flushed, and their boyfriend’s face was shaded with a hot crimson and eyes coated with a watery sheen formed by unshed tears of pleasure, their breath coming in shallow, hot puffs as they regained their composure while their foreheads were still pressed together lazily.

“B-Birthday Cake…” Whisky mumbled in a trance, his voice nothing more than a breath of air. “You know I’m sensitive there… you’re mean. Properly mean.” They embraced their chubby waist with one of their sleek, lightweight metal prosthetics and another cradling the back of their head.

Pressing a soft kiss to his beauty mark underneath his mouth, they began wordlessly cuddling and kissing him again, although more fragile and rapid kisses than the long and drawn-out one before that left them both flushed with a burning red. Whisky poured out every single ounce of affection they could possibly produce for them, kissing them back and nuzzling into the gentle curve of their neck.

During their fit of cuddling and snuggling with each other, Birthday Cake had suddenly remembered something very important.

“Hey, Whisky?” they inquired, shifting a little bit backwards to make out his face more clearly. The bandage on their left eye was slightly crooked from the repeated movements that had been going on for a few minutes.

Their ears immediately perked up, looking at the detective in front of them with glassy yet wide and curious eyes. “Aye? What’s it about? Show me.”

“Well… I had something to show you. I bought it as a gift for you after I purchased the groceries as a thank-you for being… here,” gulping, they continued nervously. “I just wanted to actually show you. It’s on… it’s on the dining table, if you want to see for yourself.”

Lifting themselves up with their residual leg, they hastily grabbed their forearm crutches beside the bed where their wheelchair had been placed right next to it before their leg could give up. “Come with me if you want to. Or we can stay here… I’m fine with either, anyway. You don’t have to—”

“But… I want to, Birthday Cake! I’ve really never felt this loved by somebody before. I want to see it. I want to see how much I really matter to you, okay? S-sorry—I’m going on a rant. I’m so clingy. Sorry.”

At his heartfelt and unwavering confession , they startled a little bit. They didn’t quite know what to say at the time. They wanted to comfort them, but they couldn’t quite find the right words to piece together in order to try to calm things down. However, they didn’t want to force anything on him, not after he was just released from being hospitalized and was currently feeling miserable and pathetic after he suffered from something he couldn’t quite control himself.

“N-no! You don’t have to apologize for anything. I’m sorry for making you feel that way. Just… follow me to the table, okay?”

“Okay…”

Walking to the table side-by-side took a while, but it was worth every step taken. They arrived at the dining table, a clear white bag perched on top of it while its surface was wrinkled slightly. Pulling the seat out slightly from its initial position, Birthday Cake had sat down on the hardwood chair in order to make things easier for their own sake.

Gentle fingers reached out and gradually unraveled the plastic bag’s tie that held the contents securely inside, their deeply pigmented hands fumbling around for a few seconds before they finally found a way to detach the bag’s handles from each other in order to open it without damaging the plastic itself. When Whisky tilted their head to figure out what they were trying to pull out, they realized that they hadn’t just brought one thing for them. Multiple things were present in the bag from his view, in fact.

When their eyes darted to their hands again, the first thing they saw being pulled out of the bag was a fluffy black-and-white tartan pattern sweater that was clearly too oversized for their thin body. They had a warm and loving smile on their face—almost similar to his mom’s—that made his heart flutter with unrecognizable emotions mixed with a strange, soft feeling of affection.

“I think this would fit you perfectly,” they said to their boyfriend. “You look so pretty in your scarf patterned exactly, I wanted to find something that… matches it. Can you try it on? I want to make sure it’s comfortable on your body. I hope it’s not too much for you.”

Blushing, they handed it off to Whisky. The baker slowly pulled it over themselves, wiggling a bit as he tried to make the fabric of the sweater smoothen itself out a bit more. Unsurprisingly enough, the sweater had been way too large for him, the sleeves cascading down his metallic wrists and the sweater's hem reaching down all the way to the near-bottom of his skinny thighs.

"D-don't you think this is… too big? I mean, I'm not complaining at all about this! I love it! It's just that… um…" they trailed off into a shy silence. He patted the sweater's hem on his own thigh as if he was unconsciously checking if it was still real or not. Birthday Cake let out the tiniest hum that almost certainly was contentment, and pulled more items out.

A scarf with the same pattern as his old one was pulled out of the plastic bag. They had claimed that their scarf was 'wearing out and thinning' and it wouldn't be able to 'protect him (warm him up)' efficiently. Birthday Cake slightly lifted up from their seat although not getting fully off of it, trying to wrap the newly bought scarf around Whisky's neck. When they finished delicately wrapping the scarf around him, they seemed a bit proud of themselves, and kept rummaging through the plastic unknowing of just how much they were spoiling him.

"Oh, and these cute earmuffs I bought at the gift shop, they remind me of you…" they hummed, as Whisky was practically drowned in clothing. They lifted the earmuffs up, and placed them on their head as if they were a fragile little thing. Somewhere during their showering of affection, he ended up in their lap—nuzzling into their neck. They were a bit taken aback at their boyfriend's sudden clinginess, but they ended up kissing the tip of their nose gently and brought out more.

Socks that were long and soft with a pink polka-dot pattern imprinted into it, grey mittens that warmed his metal hands like the rest of his body, a knitted grey beanie with a white pom-pom attached on top of it that was nearly identical to the one that Whisky wore when he was still a baby (but bigger)… it seems like they ran out of stuff to give to him.

"Cake," Whisky muttered beneath the scarf embarrassedly, his glasses already beginning to fog up once more. "You bought out the entire shop. For me."

They noticed that the face of their partner had gotten visibly shyer; their smile faltering as their plump lips had suddenly pressed together in a thin line. Apparently, although the bag was empty in a sense that there wasn't any more clothes to offer to him, they had laid their eyes on something else inside of the plastic wrapping. A small white envelope with a tiny red heart placed on top of the folds to protect the paper from opening on it's own, is what they could at least make out from the detective's lap.

Pulling it out with hesitant hands, they spoke to Whisky.

"There's… um… there's one more thing." Birthday Cake whispered, looking away from his gaze slightly with their eye. They didn't hand it over right away however, as their thumb traced the outer cover unconsciously. "It's… I'm not good with words. Especially when people are… people are looking at me. B-but I wanted you to… to have this. I spent a lot of time writing this for you at the gift shop. I-I hope it's not bad."

“Eh? for me…?” Whisky said, reaching for the envelope with mittened fingers. Once he managed to tug the wool off of his hands so he could grip better, he began to open it. Under the white paper revealed a light pink lined paper with hearts, clearly themed after such as one would call a Valentine-esque card, despite it still being January. They unfolded it.

(01/22/27)

Dear Whisky,

I know things have been really scary and heavy for you lately, but I want to let you know that you’re not alone in this. I know what it feels like having too much to carry. Sometimes, the urge to hide away in your own space because it feels like you aren’t enough crawls deep inside me every day. But I really need you to know that you mean everything to me. To everyone who sees you. Every day, I wake up happy to see your face.

For a long time, it’s been very hard for the both of us, whether we see it ourselves or not. When people see me, they see something to be fixed. To be cured. But when you look at me, you see just me. You let me be your detective, even though I’m not really one. And I don’t think I would ever be as happy as I am without you beside me.

So please don’t ever think you’re a burden or something to be upset about. You’re the most beautiful person I’ve ever laid my eyes on, and the most kind one too. You don’t ever have to feel bad about being mad, sad, or just you. We’re all imperfect in our own ways, and that’s okay. I really love you, Whisky.

For my one and only,

— Birthday Cake

Suddenly, a flood of emotions burst directly through his heart like a dagger puncturing a hole into a fragile sheet of cloth. But in a way that felt as if every worry they ever had was alleviated and no longer living in constant misery. He could do nothing but take in shallow breaths of the chilled winter air as Birthday Cake still cradled him like something precious—something to be completely, utterly cared for in every way humanly possible.

“A-aah… ah…? For… for me…? I don’t understand…” a tear slowly tracked down their scrawny cheekbone, falling down into the pink paper. He felt like crying openly now; not out of sadness, anger, or fear, but pure, unadulterated joy and love that swelled his heart until he could no longer contain it anymore. “It’s… I don’t…”

“W-Whisky? Are you okay? I didn’t mean to make you… I didn’t mean to make you sad—”

“You didn’t! It’s just… it’s just that I’ve never… I’ve never experienced anything like this… in a… in a long time… I’ve never—” they were cut off by a sharp yet relieved sob that surprised even them. He turned around in Birthday Cake’s lap and buried his face in their

warm, plush bosom, the only sounds arising out of him being muffled and wet strings of ‘I love you’’s and ‘don’t leave’’s.

Instead of telling them to calm down, they had held them the entire way through it with no sign of letting them go. With their free hand that wasn’t already holding his thin and fragile frame, they shifted in the wooden chair in order to make more room for his body without making too much of a fuss. Humming a gentle, wordless tune, Birthday Cake began to rub delicate, careful circles on their back dutifully.

Still sniveling in their arms, Whisky began to calm down marginally. He let them gently blot the salty tears off of his face, and then simply kiss the tears away with a gentle press of lips to his forehead right after the wad of tissue paper made the lightest contact with his gaunt cheekbones. The contact elicited a startled yet contented purr-like noise from him.

“You’re okay now,” they reassured with a tender voice, pressing their lips atop their head once more. “It’ll all be okay.”

Eventually when dawn started to come down, they ended up helping each other to bed. They never truly realized how small Whisky looked when sleeping next to them. Nonetheless, it was just because he was positioned lower than where he usually laid. The boy seemed awake considering the reoccurring shifts every few minutes, though not quite awake in the sense that they were one-hundred percent up to engage in honestly anything. Birthday Cake could feel his hands gently flexing against their thighs as if seeking something out.

The beanie had been put aside for the sake of their boyfriend’s comfort. They still had on the large sweater, the soft socks, the earmuffs, and the spare heated shorts that Birthday Cake would always wear on these days. He had stopped crying altogether by then, but in return—he began to fall extremely close to sleep.

“Are you awake?” questioned Birthday Cake, shifting Whisky’s small body up a few inches so they could rest against their warmer, bigger detective partner more comfortably. “You’re not exactly with me now, are you? That’s okay. Rest all you want… I just wanted to check on you.”

“Mm. A bit.” he answered, clutching at their shoulders now. “It… you helped me get it all out… but I jus’ feel… *yawn*… very sleepy.”

“I don’t really expect you to be wide awake, anyways. You’ve always been overthinking a lot. I think you deserve at least a few hours more of rest than what you usually get.”

Whisky let out a dry, strained chuckle. “…yeah, detective’s orders, or somethin’…”

They reached up and gently cupped their cheek. Warmth spread through both of them as he leaned over and kissed them tenderly despite his own physical state, attempting to push himself up near eye-level so he could see their gentle gaze once more. Their lips tasted like it always would—coffee, milk chocolate, and a tinge of Whisky’s cooking from the previous day—something that grounded them.

After their mutual kiss, they both receded from one another gingerly. There was a pause between them, before Whisky's head meekly burrowed into the crook of their neck. His breath was shuddery and tepid as he sagged against them further, whimpering tonguelessly every time Birthday Cake gently stroked his spine through the cotton sweater with tender hands. They were still kissing their partner (or at least attempting to), just with small presses of lips to their nape and some to the very beginning of their back.

"Do you want anything to drink? Or eat? I can… um… ah—" they trailed off, their body trembling when his lips came in contact with the back of their neck once more. "I can bring that… for you. I-if you want."

There was silence for a moment. Their hands wrapped around the detective's neck more tightly, trying to cuddle further into them. "Mmh…" Whisky vocalized, although no coherent words were present in his speech. They tried to lift their head up to answer their question more clearly. "I… water, please. And… and something to eat. I want something sweet…"

Birthday Cake smiled. "I have a few donuts in the microwave. They're still in the box. Would you want that? A-and some iced water from the dispenser. Would you… want that?"

"Please, mate… 'm so hungry…"

Closing their eyes, they nodded. Soon they had wheeled themselves the room for exactly the things Whisky had asked for.

He had drunk the iced water. They had also eaten the chocolate-sprinkled donut that felt like galvanizing sweetness on their mouth. Eventually, Whisky had laid his head on Birthday Cake's shoulder, one arm wrapped around their waist, another on their neck, and his bottom perched between their legs—leaning on the stump more. "I love you so much," Whisky had whined.

Sizzling on the pan, fried eggs soon came after. Although cooked tentatively and disorderly, they for once had no problem with how they cooked… and especially when they were preparing something for their one and only. They just wanted to make Whisky happy, and fed, for once. When they got back to the room, the now-cooked egg was in their lap while they gripped the push-rims with practiced ease until stopping near the edge of the bed to place it in Whisky's lap.

The plate was settled into their lap. He was already eating with the white plastic fork Birthday Cake had brought with them so he did not have to force himself to stand up and get it himself as much as his body was already exhausted, overexerted and weak. Despite the fact that their partner wasn't good at cooking, it tasted like scrummy and flavorsome heaven on their tongue. It was weakly peppered with salt, though it was just the right amount to make his face slowly contort into a bright smile.

Everything went well today. After the meal, they borrowed under the blankets once more and decided that restraint was unnecessary. The repeated cycles of what went by kissing, hugging, cuddling and soft affectionate words, they couldn't quite get enough of each other, could they? The cold weather was erased by now, replaced by warmth—both physical and emotional warmth that spread throughout both of their bodies.

Birthday Cake noticed how mid-cuddle, Whisky's posture went slack as their breathing became soft open-mouth inhaling and exhalations of breath instead of the usual nose-breathing they were used to. His bionic joints loosened although they didn't completely release from their back, his chest rising and falling more deeply.

They pressed one more soft kiss to the top of his their with all the fluffy grey waves, and started to close their own eyes. It felt a bit liberating to finally be able to sleep comfortably. They had suffered with small problems that led up to them not sleeping or being afraid of the concept of even closing their eyes just to get rest, but now they didn't feel like anything would suddenly come after them. Not with Whisky by their side.

Shortly after, they started slipping into the same slumber their boyfriend had fallen into. The last conscious thought they had was about how much they adored him, how much they always wanted him to be by their side forever and ever like two people who were simply meant to be. Who knew that love in it's purest form was to finally trust someone with your everything. Your heart.

Goodnight, Whisky.

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