

## You Always Walk Away

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# **You Always Walk Away**

by [SHARKMARTINI](#)

## Summary

All Jake wants is the one thing Amir won't give.

## Notes

Again, older story cross-posted to Gullieship ages ago. Enjoy!

Jake wakes up to soft sunlight and a warm body pressed tight to his chest. He smiles to himself and buries his face into the fragrant mass of hair, feeling his body loosening up after a long night. He opens his eyes and watches Amir, still fast asleep, and lets one of his hands trail along the brunette's warm skin. He pulls Amir even closer, letting his hand wander the expanse of his back, being careful not to wake him yet. It's always in these quiet intimate moments that Jake feels himself reaffirm his belief in things like fate, and love.

Fate, which brought him to Collegehumor years ago as an intern and guided him to the empty desk in front of Amir. And of course love, which had kept him there ever since. Because it was never clearer to Jake than in these stolen moments, hidden from the rest of the world, that he was completely in love with Amir. His smile, his infectious laugh, his crazy facade; there was nothing about Amir too ugly to be cherished. Everything about Amir begged to be loved, and Jake wanted nothing more than to give him all he had.

Jake could feel the first signs of Amir stirring against his chest, and tries to hold onto the moment as long as he can, but it's all too soon that Amir is sitting up in the bed, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Good morning." Jake sits up and tries to find Amir's lips with his own, only to catch the rough stubble of his cheek instead. "Morning." Amir grins lopsidedly, and yawns widely, shaking his head to try and wake himself up. He starts peeling back the covers, swinging his legs over the side of the bed, until he feels the light touch of Jake's fingers on the sensitive inside of his wrist. "Stay." Jake asks, as he does every morning he wakes up with Amir tucked against him.

Amir smiles, but it doesn't quite reach his eyes, instead they're filled with all the complicated feelings and beliefs Jake has been searching through for the past months. He sighs, out of exasperation or something else, Jake can't tell, and replies as he's done every morning just like this one: "That's not a good idea."

Jake watches sadly from the bed as Amir dresses and grabs his belongings, before leaving the apartment, the empty space previously occupied more meaningful than Jake wants to admit. Amir is always the one to walk away. Unbelieving, unrelenting, he comes in and out of Jake's life as he pleases, leaving only empty spaces and eerie silence behind. And Jake.

Jake sighs and stares at the rising sun until his eyes hurt, finally making his way to the bathroom for a hot shower. 'How could something so simple, be so complicated?' he thinks, stepping into the hot spray of water. All he knows is that this definitely isn't what he thought would happen after the first time he let Amir kiss him, cupping his face gently in the elevator

after a long day at work. He imagined everything after the beginning; the intimacy, the tenderness, the future. He hadn't stopped to imagine that Amir wouldn't want those same things.

There was intimacy; sweet kisses, peppered all over skin wherever mouths could reach, and the calloused pads of fingers reaching out, travelling gently over knuckles and arms. There was tenderness; hands smoothing back hair affectionately, tucking it into place, hands reaching out late at night, fingers intertwining and holding on tight as they fell asleep. But there was no definite future. There was no stability, no guarantee for Jake that Amir wouldn't wake up one morning and decide that he no longer wanted what Jake could give him. There were no labels, no promises, nothing except for the two of them and the day they had stretched out before them.

Jake turns off the shower and trudges to the kitchen, ignoring the empty spot by the front door where Amir usually kept his backpack when he stayed the night. The empty corner was only further tangible proof of Amir's unwillingness to make himself a part of Jake's life more than superficially. If Amir decided today that he no longer cared for Jake, he would have nothing to show the months they had spent together, enjoying each other, and the endless golden afternoons of summer. He had nothing of Amir when he left him, save his memories, the only witness to their affair.

He tries not to let it get to him when Amir doesn't come over the next night, or the one after. On the fourth day of terse waiting his unlocked door finally creaks open, and he hears the familiar thump of Amir's backpack hitting the floor. There's nothing different in Amir's hello kiss, but Jake can't help but feel that the brunette is more reserved than he was a few days ago. This doesn't stop him from pulling Jake unsteadily into the bedroom, undressing him as they go. Jake pulls Amir's shirt off of him, and watches his face, illuminated by the last of the sun's light, and he lets out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. The familiar ache in his chest throbs, but before he has time to think about it, Amir is tugging him down on to the bed, and Jake finds it hard to think of anything else.

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He drags Amir to the bathroom before he has time to object, and starts running a hot bath. When he's satisfied he gets into the tub and holds his hand out, inviting Amir to join him, who only hesitates for the briefest of seconds before climbing in after him. Jake starts wandering his hands along Amir's shoulders and back until he finally feels Amir start to relax, and lean against him. Jake reaches for the shampoo and squeezes a dollop into his palms before massaging the soap into Amir's mass of hair. Amir lets out a soft sigh of

approval and lets his head fall back into Jake's touch, shutting his eyes. Jake continues to massage Amir's scalp and starts placing soft kisses, full of unspoken feelings, on the sensitive skin of his neck and jawbone. Jake seems to struggle with himself for a moment, caught between the perfection of the moment and all the things he'd been keeping quiet for too long. He tries to distract himself, spreading one hand across Amir's chest, holding him close and feeling his heartbeat. Finally the silence is too thick to ignore and he leans close to Amir's ear and whispers gently: "It could always be like this."

The reaction is immediate. He both hears and feels the sharp intake of breath as Amir stiffens against him in the tub. Despite the warm water lapping at his skin, Jake feels a chill pass through the air. He knows he should regret ruining their moment together, but can't help but feel proud of himself for voicing what he's been thinking for so long. Amir says nothing, and Jake attempts to smooth his hands over the brunette's taut skin, relieving the sudden onset of stress.

"I need to go." Whatever Jake was expecting, it wasn't this. He holds his hand more firmly against Amir's chest, and tries to keep him from getting up. "No you don't, stop trying to avoid this." Amir seems to pause for a second, and Jake would give anything to know exactly what's going through his mind, before he gets up and leaves the bathroom. Jake stays submerged in the water, resting his head in his hand and isn't surprised in the least when he hears the front door slam shut, with more vigour than necessary. He sighs and lets his head fall back, staring at the blank ceiling.

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It goes without saying that Jake wasn't looking forward to going into work the next day. He woke up staring at the ceiling and seriously considered calling in sick. In the end, common sense won out and he got dressed and ate breakfast silently before packing up his bag and heading out. By the time he got to work, Amir was already there, playing snood on his computer and halfway done a twenty pack of nuggets.

'Oh no.' Jake thought just as Amir noticed him. "Broseph!" Amir screamed, and jumped in the chair, hitting the desk and causing his computer screens to sway precariously. "Amir", Jake tried sounding calm, "get off my computer and go sit at your own desk." He wasn't surprised in the least when Amir only stared at him blankly, before smiling again. He really should have listened to his first instinct and called in sick. Instead Jake set his bag down and removed Amir from his seat wearily before sitting down. Distantly he heard Amir start his inane chatter again, and knew he was in for a long day.

Sometime around lunch hour, Jake was suddenly very aware of being almost completely alone in the office. Looking around he could only see Murph's head, barely visible across the room. Even more strangely, Amir seemed to have disappeared completely. Getting up and stretching, Jake grabbed his water bottle and headed to the kitchen to fill it up. On the way he ran into Sarah, and of course, Amir, who seemed to be bothering her with a long winded account of his latest dream. Without thinking he grabbed Amir roughly around the wrist and tugged him away from Sarah, who looked incredibly grateful, before turning a corner and shoving him into a small supply closet.

He heard a small squeak of terror from Amir as he shut the door, and felt a small pang of guilt- even if he wasn't crazy, he really was afraid of the dark. Jake refuses to turn on the light, instead turning around to face Amir in the dark, only a faint outline visible in the darkness. "You didn't need to do this." He says, squinting, trying to make out Amir's face. "Can nay do what, brotha?" Amir tries, but his voice comes out smaller than usual, the dark obviously scary, even if he is with Jake. "No, don't fucking do this", Jake snarls, prodding Amir's chest with his finger, "I know you're not completely retarded, so stop using the voice and the crazy to avoid talking to me like a real person."

The atmosphere in the closet changes ever so slightly, and Jake realizes this is the first time he's ever called Amir out on his bullshit. He can vaguely see the outline of Amir in the dark, and has absolutely no idea what's coming. He's never stripped away Amir's defences before, always allowing him the cover of his crazy persona when he's overwhelmed or avoidant, and now, he doesn't even have that. "Don't treat me like I'm the bad guy, you're the one who keeps trying to make everything so complicated." The low voice is a whisper, full of anger and some kind of hurt Jake can't place.

"I'm not trying to make anything complicated, I just want to know how you feel, to have some kind of idea of where this is going." Jake doesn't think this is being unreasonable at all, but he can't help but feel kind of like a girl at his words. "But I don't want that!" Jake's eyes widen at Amir's sudden outburst. "Why isn't it enough for us to be together one day at a time? Why do we have to analyze it, put labels all of it? Isn't it just enough to be the two of us?" Jake sighs. He's thought of all of this before, back when whatever this was had first begun.

"I want more." He admits softly, finding Amir's hand in the dark and running his thumb softly across his knuckles. "This could be so incredible, so much more than it already is." Jake says, pleadingly. It's so important that he makes Amir understand this, them. "I just want some kind of guarantee that you won't wake up one morning and feel differently." He finishes softly, still running his thumb across Amir's hand.

Amir sighs deeply. There's no more anger left in him and Jake can hear his exhaustion and frustration. Amir pulls his hand away from Jake's, and he can feel Amir's fingers slipping gently through his. "I can't give you that." He's speaking softly now, tenderly, like he knows every word is hurting more and more than the last, and he's trying to cushion the blow as much as possible. "No one but you can give yourself that." Jake blinks, confused at Amir's sudden insight, as he feels Amir walk past him, opening the door and leaving him alone in the dark closet.

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Jake spends every night for the next week alone in his apartment. He can't stop thinking about his talk with Amir in the closet at work. Mercifully, Amir had gotten the point, and had more or less dropped his crazy facade when Jake was around. However, instead of making him feel better, he somehow felt worse than ever. Surrounded by cold bed sheets in an empty apartment, Jake thinks about all the things he used to believe in, fate and love, and wonders where he fits in the grand scheme of things.

He feels so small and lonely in the world without Amir. Being with Amir, even if unofficially gave him some kind of direction, something to look forward to, something to build on. But now it seemed Amir was no longer interested in pursuing whatever they had had together. He didn't answer his phone, and after the third day, Jake had stopped calling. It seemed overnight Amir had changed his mind after all, just like Jake had always feared. And he couldn't have been more at loss to say why.

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Halfway through the second week, Jake has had enough of sitting. He's spent too long in his own apartment waiting for something that isn't coming. So in the middle of a sleepless night, he takes the subway to Amir's, pausing outside the apartment door. He doesn't come here often, and now that he's finally here he doesn't know how to express everything he wants. He can hear soft footsteps inside and knows it's time. Jake knocks twice.

The footsteps inside stop, and for a second Jake doesn't hear anything at all. Then suddenly the footsteps start up again, heading towards him. Jake braces himself as the door swings open, and immediately Amir is standing in front of him, illuminated by the light in the hallway. Jake sees that Amir is wearing one of his old tshirts and is immediately flooded with affection.

Jake doesn't really know where to begin, so he starts with the beginning. "Why did you kiss me, that first time in the elevator?" Amir's face registers complete surprise. Whatever he was expecting, this probably wasn't it. He takes a moment to think, and smiles softly, as if remembering something funny. "Because I wanted to." Of course, Jake thinks. It's all so simple after all. He takes a deep breath and spreads his hands out in front of him, laying himself completely open. "And do you still want to?" The silence is thick around them, Jake can hear the blood pounding in his ears, his heartbeat fast. Amir searches his face carefully, his eyes burning with familiar intensity. "Yes." He leans forward into Jake, lips insistent and warm, gripping fistfuls of his sweater between his knuckles and pulling him closer, until they're pressed flush together.

Jake pulls backwards out of the kiss, leaving them both breathless, Amir still gripping his sweater tightly. He lets his hands cup Amir's face and hold it close to his own, as he leans down again, pressing his forehead to Amir's and closing his eyes. "This is it for me. Being with you is so much better than anything I could ever imagine. This is real." Amir's grip tightens and Jake reaches down gently pulling his hands off of his sweater and holding them in his own.

"Are you going to wake up one morning and feel differently?" Jake hears his own biggest fear reflected back at him, and is surprised. He's always known the answer. "No." He sees Amir relax and smile softly, and knows he's said the right thing. "How do you know?" He pushes, and Jake stops to think. He thinks about Amir's laugh, his high pitched voice, and the way he always closes his eyes when they kiss. He thinks about his insecurity, his awful eating habits and tendency to snore. "I just do." And for all its vagueness, it's the truth. Jake just knows that he's always going to feel this way about Amir.

Amir nods, finally understanding. He looks right at him, and Jake can see all the feelings he's so familiar with reflected in his eyes; the passion, the love, the tenderness, the hope. "Me too." He whispers softly, and all the time spent alone, the nights sleeping in cold beds, are forgotten. Instead, all Jake can think about is the future, once completely unknown, now taking shape, stretching out in front of them.

With nothing holding him back, Jake pulls Amir into his embrace and kisses him soundly. It all feels so final, but Jake knows this isn't even close to the end- this is just the very beginning. He lets himself hold Amir tightly, like he's been wanting to for so long, and kisses him until he feels dizzy. When they stop, Amir is smiling like he did after that first kiss, a look full of promises. Jake smiles back and can feel his entire body tingle when Amir gently slides his fingers across the delicate skin of his wrist, finally threading his fingers through Jake's and pulling him towards the bedroom. "Stay."



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