

## 5 Times Rafael Almost Says "I Love You"

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18908116) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18908116>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Law &amp; Order: SVU</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Rafael Barba/Dominick "Sonny" Carisi Jr.</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Dominick "Sonny" Carisi Jr.</a> , <a href="#">Rafael Barba</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Mini 5+1</a> , <a href="#">5+1</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Love Confessions</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Domestic Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Mild Smut Suggestion</a> , <a href="#">Grocery Shopping</a> , <a href="#">Awkward Rafael</a> , <a href="#">Tooth-Rotting Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Sugary Syrupy Sweetness</a> , <a href="#">Early Relationship</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-23 Words: 2,186 Chapters: 1/1

# 5 Times Rafael Almost Says "I Love You"

by [barbaesparza](#)

## Summary

"I..." Rafael pauses for far too long, staring into Sonny's eyes. He takes a breath, his own eyes widening before flicking off to the side distractedly. "I like the color of your walls," he says in a rush, stepping away suddenly as if to study them. "Yes. I've never quite seen that shade of off-white before."

"Uh." Sonny narrows his eyes in confusion. "Thanks. It's called Honey Milk, if I recall correctly."

"Honey milk," Rafael repeats in a whisper. "Well, I'll certainly have to tell my mother about that one."

Sonny frowns, thinking that Rafael may have gone slightly loopy from sleep deprivation. He knew they shouldn't have gone for round two last night. Still, both of them seemed to consider it worth it, even now as Rafael is standing in Sonny's kitchen pointing out perfectly normal paint colors.

## Notes

For Maggie, to whom I promised this little fluffy fic... -checks watch- 17 months ago. This is that story.

Hope you enjoy, I love you :D <3

Thank you to @mforpaul for beta-ing! I love you too :\*

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

I

They're clearing up the plates from breakfast, and once they're done Rafael leans against the fridge and smiles.

"Thanks for making breakfast," he says. "I love your pancakes."

"Ah, it's nothing." Sonny waves his free hand in the air, before finishing his wipe-down of the counter and moving around to the sink.

"And..." Rafael adds quietly as Sonny washes his hands.

Sonny cocks his head over his shoulder, drying his hands and turning to face Rafael.

"I..." Rafael pauses for far too long, staring into Sonny's eyes. He takes a breath, his own eyes widening before flicking off to the side distractedly. "I like the color of your walls," he says in a rush, stepping away suddenly as if to study them. "Yes. I've never quite seen that shade of off-white before."

"Uh." Sonny narrows his eyes in confusion. "Thanks. It's called Honey Milk, if I recall correctly."

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"Right," he huffs, winding an arm around Rafael's waist. "Well."

And then Rafael is smiling up at him again, looking shy even as his eyes sparkle with something less than innocent.

"Anything else you'd like to admire?" Sonny asks, cocky.

"Nothing in particular," Rafael responds nonchalantly, tracing one finger down the row of buttons on Sonny's shirt. "But I'll let you know if I think of anything."

"I await your opinions with bated breath," Sonny says sassily.

"Good thing you're so good at holding your breath," Rafael comments in an undertone.

"*Oh?*" Sonny cocks his head in a challenge.

"But then again we both know you won't have to wait long."

"For opinions? No." Sonny purses his lips, trying to hide his smile.

Rafael puts on a pout. “It’s a good thing you put up with me,” he says deviously. “I admire that.”

“Oh come on, Rafi. I don’t put up with you.”

“Oh.” Rafael blinks, and Sonny thinks he sees a momentary flicker of doubt in his eyes before he looks away.

“I mean, I know you were joking, but please. You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“Is that right?” Rafael’s eyes soften considerably.

“Of course.”

Rafael actually beams at that. “You are,” he says, his voice hushed. “For me too.”

Sonny brings up his other arm to wrap around Rafael. “Well then, aren’t we a lucky pair?”

“The luckiest,” Rafael says, melting into Sonny’s embrace.

## 2

The next weekend, they’re at Rafael’s place, holding hands, watching a movie, when Rafael turns to him, a finger tapping at his hand.

“Sonny,” he prods.

Sonny turns to smile at him. “Yes?”

“I wanted to tell you something.”

“Shoot,” Sonny says with carefree grin.

“I, um.”

Sonny holds Rafael’s gaze, becoming curious at his pause.

“I l- I like what you’ve done with your hair.”

“Oh. Thank you.”

Rafael stares at the top of Sonny’s head then pointedly turns back to the TV.

“Was that all?” Sonny questions probingly.

Rafael looks back at him innocently, pursing his lips. He doesn’t answer. Instead, he surges forward and plants a soft kiss to Sonny’s lips, fingers tangling in his hair.

Sonny melts into it, trying hard to understand the curious look in Rafael's eyes as they pull back.

Rafael doesn't say anything.

Sonny swallows. "Hold back on the gel, get kisses. Got it, Counselor," he remarks with a wink.

Rafael hums, raking his fingers through Sonny's hair diligently.

"Feels nice," he says, eyes trained on Sonny as he continues to play with his hair, the faintest hint of a smile playing on his lips.

Sonny sighs in contentment, sinking forward to bury himself in Rafael, settling in for the evening.

### 3

"Hey," Rafael greets Sonny as he opens the door. He gives him a warm, affectionate kiss which Sonny returns, smiling against his lips.

"Hi," Sonny sing-songs before pulling him inside. "Miss me?"

"Of course," Rafael says begrudgingly.

"Aw, I missed you too. C'mere," Sonny says, tugging Rafael closer and putting his arms around him.

Rafael squeezes at him for far longer than Sonny expects him to, his head falling onto Sonny's shoulder.

They breathe together like that for a while longer, content to be able to hold each other again.

Finally, Rafael just sags, and Sonny pulls back, still holding him up. He takes in Rafael's tired eyes with concern, but is glad to see his soft, worn-out smile.

"You must be tired, sit," Sonny orders.

Rafael steps away reluctantly, but without argument, and drops into his seat.

"Wine?" Sonny asks. "I would offer something else, but I only have red wine left, really."

Rafael smiles. "Sounds good."

Sonny pours the wine and sits beside Rafael, sipping from his glass as their knees press together. He tries not to talk, wanting to give Rafael a chance to decompress.

Rafael's eyes don't leave him though, and they seem to dance in the dim light.

“What?” Sonny asks, feeling his lips curl into a smile.

“Nothing,” Rafael says. “I just- I love y-our view.”

Sonny raises his eyebrows. “Really?” He turns and searches the scene in front of him, finding nothing but the same ugly apartment building across the way, with just a bit of sidewalk unblocked by it. “Uh. It’s really nothing special?”

Rafael shakes his head. “It’s lovely. Just like you.”

“Not sure whether or not to take that as a compliment,” Sonny jokes.

“No.” Rafael stands up, taking Sonny’s hand and bringing him to the window, pointing. “See. The other building blocks most of it, but if you look hard enough, and long enough, you can see the glitter of the streetlights in the snow over there.” He shrugs. “It’s nice.”

“Huh,” Sonny says thoughtfully. “I guess I never really noticed that.”

Rafael smiles helplessly.

“I guess I need you to see the beauty around me, huh?”

Rafael looks at him tenderly. “It’s never hard to find,” he states, hushed yet matter-of-fact.

#### 4

He’d been looking at Sonny like that all breakfast, and Sonny would totally rise to the bait if he only had the time.

He returns Rafael’s blatant flirting with his sweetest, most angelic smiles, for which, if he was being self-congratulatory, he would applaud himself. It takes willpower not to respond to it by jumping across the table and kissing the life out of him. This thought doesn’t help - arousal spreading through his veins as Rafael slowly licks the remnants of maple syrup off his lips.

No, he tells himself emphatically. If he gets as much paperwork as he can done in the morning, he might not have to stay late. Then they’d have plenty of time, time they’d certainly use wisely.

He’s kissed Rafael goodbye and is on his way out when Rafael calls out after him.

“Oh, and Sonny?”

Sonny turns. “Mmhmm?” he says, leaning against the doorframe.

Rafael takes a breath before speaking. “I love you in that color.”

Sonny's heart almost stops halfway into that sentence. He lets out a breath as Rafael swallows, then flicks his eyes downwards.

"Black? Really?" Sonny asks, amused.

"Uh huh." Rafael nods, his eyes are wide with conviction.

"Well. Thank you."

"It, uh. It brings out your eyes. I dunno," Rafael says with a shrug. "You just look sexy."

"Oh? So you think I'm *sexy*?"

Rafael smiles suggestively. "Yeah." He trails his fingers down Sonny's chest, untucking the shirt and slipping his hand underneath. *To hell with it*, Sonny thinks, leaning into his touch, unashamedly eager. He's so fucking easy when it comes to Rafael, and he knows it, gasping when Rafael's lips meet his and adept fingers begin their work on his shirt buttons.

Sonny leans back, already breathless. "Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose?" He chuckles.

"Depends on the purpose," Rafael says, quirking a brow.

"Ah." He keeps kissing Rafael as he continues to unbutton. As they part for another breath, Sonny asks, voice low, "You love me in you more, don't you?"

Rafael blinks, one hand on Sonny's chest, the other pushing his shirt out of the way, before leaning close. "I thought you didn't ask questions you already know the answer to."

Sonny purses his lips, hoping to look unamused. "Touché."

"Touché me, Sonny." Rafael grins, looking far too proud of himself for this heinous misuse of the word.

Sonny scoffs. "You know, I'm starting to think I really am a bad influence."

"You're just figuring this out now, really." His hands settle warmly against Sonny's sides.

"Hmph." Sonny crosses his arms, pretending to pout.

Rafael chooses this opportunity to brush his lips warmly against Sonny's pulse point, making Sonny's lips part in a soundless moan, eyes fluttering shut as he surrenders himself to the soft drag of Rafael's lips, arms moving to embrace Rafael. He slowly makes his way up to Sonny's ear, nipping at the lobe. "Sonny..."

Sonny is taken aback by the desperate tone of Rafael's voice.

"Please?" Rafael sighs, pressing himself into Sonny's thigh.

And Sonny can never resist his boyfriend, asking for something so nicely.

Sonny can't help but grin at the image in front of him. "This is what you get when you're with me, right? Don't even think about hoping for twelve items or less," he jokes at their cart full of goods.

"I love being with you," Rafael says seriously as they join the line. "You're the best."

"I know," Sonny says with a grin, even though this has come out of nowhere. "I love being with you too."

"Ugh, you're so cocky," Rafael teases, rolling his eyes and smiling softly.

"And yet you chose to be with me," Sonny quips, not letting up.

"I did. I do." Rafael's thumb draws slow circles against Sonny's wrist as he holds onto the cart.

Sonny follows the movement, captivated.

Odd, how Sonny had always thought Rafael wasn't one for public displays of affection.

He looks up to Rafael's face, smiling, the look there making his heart swell as their shoulders bump together.

"You're so sweet, Rafi," he gushes in a whisper. "I never knew you were so sweet."

"I resent that," Rafael responds, but Sonny doesn't miss the fondness in his eyes as he starts stacking their groceries on the belt.

## +1

When Sonny wakes up, he can tell that Rafael's already awake. He smiles a sleepy smile as he hears Rafael draw in a breath, and turns to blink at him, taking in Rafael's bright eyes. He's still not used to the privilege of waking up next to Rafael.

"Morning," Sonny greets lazily, laying a hand on Rafael's chest.

"Morning," Rafael responds, his smile almost shy. There's a pause, and Sonny can feel the distinctly rapid beat of Rafael's heart under his touch. Maybe he doesn't ever want to get used to this, Sonny muses, not if it means taking any of it for granted. Unable to resist, Sonny fists his hand in Rafael's shirt and pulls him forward to give him a kiss, the kind of sweet, slow morning kiss that has Rafael warm and pliant against him. He sighs happily as they pull back. Yes, he thinks, every moment with Rafael should be treasured.

Rafael smiles slowly. "I love you, Sonny." It's quiet, no preamble, no hesitations.

It settles comfortably in Sonny's heart like it's been there all along, and the fact that he's known it for a while makes him break into a face-splitting grin.



“I love you too, Rafi,” he says easily.

Rafael keeps looking at him, stunned into silence.

“Can’t believe you finally said it,” Sonny teases lightly.

“I may have tried to say it a few times...” Rafael admits reluctantly.

“Well I’m glad you did,” Sonny says. “I love you so much, Rafi. I’ve been wanting to say it too, it was just... really amusing watching you try.” He gives Rafael a charming smile, which goes unappreciated.

“You get off on other people’s suffering, huh?” Rafael pouts.

“Suffering, no. I get off on your love, Raf. And all attempts to express it.”

Rafael scoffs and rolls his eyes, smiling fondly. “A cheeseball is what you are.”

“Well it’s a good thing you love cheese, right?” Sonny says, quirking his brow. “And balls?”

“Uncalled for.”

“It’s true though,” Sonny teases.

“It’s a good thing I love you,” Rafael says, eyes soft.

“The best thing I ever heard.” Sonny smiles happily, running his fingers along the front of Rafael’s shirt.

“I love you,” Rafael repeats for good measure, leaning in to give Sonny a sweet peck. “I love you I love you I love you,” he murmurs, lips dragging to linger behind Sonny’s ear.

Sonny giggles softly, leaning into Rafael’s attentive touch. “I love you too, Rafi. So much.”

Rafael smiles affectionately. “Now I’ve said it, I’ll never stop,” he whispers.

Sonny wouldn’t have it any other way.

## End Notes

Thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed! Hint hint, I like- no, love- comments ;D

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