

The Three Times Jake Kissed Amir and Regreted It and the One Time It was amazing

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The Three Times Jake Kissed Amir and Regreted It and the One Time It was amazing

by [CtrlAltDel](#)

Summary

No use crying over spoiled milk. Or concussions. Or Sarah walking in on you.

Spoiled Milk

Their first kiss was quick.

Jake did most of the work (of course) with the leaning in, holding Amir's cheek so he didn't turn away and the initial lip to lip contact while Amir just sat there with his eyes closed and his lips pursed how Jake told him.

As soon as their lips met they separated.

"Why does your mouth taste like spoiled milk?" Jake exclaimed wiping his mouth frantically as the crowd around them erupted into laughter.

"There was milk in your garbage can! I'm sorry that I care about the environment okay!" Amir whined his voice going up an octave.

"Drinking spoiled milk doesn't help the environment you fucking idiot!" Jake said getting up his hands still on his mouth. "Oh my god Sarah do you have any mouth wash or gum or something my mouth tastes horrible. I'm never doing that again."

He lied.

It's a hard knock life

They were on Jake's couch a bootlegged version of Annie playing on the small flat screen that sat on one of Jake's old side tables.

But they weren't paying attention to it. They stopped paying attention to it after they heard the orphaned girls say 'It's a hard knock life' for the third time. Half because it was annoying and half because Amir started whining until Jake turned it all the way down, not muted.

So they say there in silence only the light from the movie illuminating the dark room.

"Should I just turn the movie of-" Jake started before his forehead was smashed against Amir's. "What the hell Amir!"

Jake expected some type of loud whining retort back but instead he looked next to himself to see Amir splayed on the couch. Completely out of it.

"Jesus Christ." Jake muttered pulling out his phone, dialing Sara's number. "Amir like knocked himself out. Yeah again. See you in a minute."

In the Closet

Chapter Summary

Closets are cramped but Jake feels bad when he lets Amir cry in public so closets are kind of like their second office (or first office since they technically just have desks but whatever)

Chapter Notes

I have no racist for not updating other than not feeling inspired LO l

Jake didn't like closets.

Especially the closets at work. They were small, dark, and usually had spiders. But Amir was crying again and the large bipolar man baby refused to go home because Leron are all of the spaghetti o's.

So that's why Jake is in a supply closet that was filled with cords, mops, and barf bags, one of the selves shoved into his rib while another hit his shoulder. Amir seemed fine, hugging himself not even three inches away from Jake.

"Are you ready to go out now?" Jake asked slowly his hand reaching in front of himself to touch the other's shoulder or something that felt like shoulder. It was honestly so dark he couldn't tell.

"No!" Amir exclaimed. "I wanna stay here with you."

"If we go out there then you'll be sitting right across from me. And we'll have a lot more space. A lot more." Jake said moving his hand back to his side.

"No but then you'll start acting mean again." Amir mumbled pressing his face into his knees. "You're always mean when we're not alone."

"Psh. What are you talking about Amir." Jake said with a fake laugh looking away from Amir even though they couldn't see each other anyways.

"It's true! You always act like you don't know me, you always put me down in order to look cooler, you even try to knock me out so that I don't remember you acting mean!"

"Look Amir I'm sorry. I really am." Jake said. "I promise it won't happen again."

"Kiss on it." Amir said.

"What? No!" Jake yelled almost in disgust.

"Sara said that if I really wanted to make sure you meant something that'd we'd have to kiss on it." Amir said his voice getting louder and into that high whiny pitch that Jake hated.

"Oh my god fine just shut up!" Jake said rubbing his face and he faced forward, lips perched and eyes closed.

Surprisingly he actually got to Amir's lips. Even more surprisingly however was Sara opening the door and letting in the artificial light from the kitchen into the dark cramped room.

Haha two years have past really????? Well.

Chapter Summary

Hey I think my writing got better???

Chapter Notes

Two yearsyikes!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The end is bad but it's fine u know.

They were in LA and it was sunny and it was 100 fucking degrees.

Work was canceled because the building's ac was broken so they were lazing around the apartment they got after the whole muffin incident. It was small but it had two rooms, a nice kitchen, and a nicely sized joint living room/dining room area so they didn't mind calling it home.(Well usually. Like sometimes Jake wished he was back in New York in his own apartment but those moments pass because he couldn't imagine being without Amir. Because Amir would probably die.)

They had the central air blasting even though Jake knew it would cause their rent to skyrocket, but that was a problem for later. Now was the time to laze around and be grateful that they didn't have to be outside.

Jake was spread on one side of the couch in front of their shitty 40" flat screen they found at Wal-Mart for \$60. It was a really good tv for the price but Amir somehow spilled gatorade on it so part of the screen was darker than the other parts, and none of the buttons worked and Amir always lost the remote.

But today was a good day because the tv was a little more clear than usual and Jake kept the remote on his side so it wasn't lost. And Amir was actually very engrossed in the movie they were watching (Some nature doc and Jake wasn't really sure if that counted as a movie now that he thought about it but whatever) a penguin was swimming away from a seal trying not to, you know. die.

But that moment of serenity was over because Amir randomly shouted, "Swim bitch! Swim!" and Jake winced and leaned away from him.

"Ass!" Jake groaned holding his right ear reaching over to grab the remote with his left hand and pausing the movie.

“It’s not my fault that that, that piece of shit ballon goblin cant catch his food! He should swim faster! Hasn’t he heard of the survival of the shittest?” Amir says way too confidently.

“First of all, you don’t need to yell it because it cant hear you. Second he’s a fucking seal, not a ballon goblin. And third, it’s survival of the *fittest*. Why would it be survival of the shittest. If that were the case you would be at the top of the fucking food chain.” Jake says shifting over so his shoulder wasn’t brushing Amir’s anymore. He wasn’t in the mood to even touch the asshole.

“You yell at the TV all the time whenever football is on and they cant hear you! Think before you speak!” Amir whines almost sounding like he’s about to cry. “And i am *not* the shittest! I’m like brushing my teeth and showering and all that shit now.”

Jake rolls his eyes and crosses his arms.

“Okay fair point, but did you need to do it right in my fucking ear? That hurts.” He says with a sigh. “And you have been doing a good job showering and stuff I’m proud of you.”

Jake makes sure to compliment Amir anytime he brings up his hygienic process because he knows the second that Amir sees that its not a process that deserves constant approval he’ll just completely stop and get back to how he was back in New York. Which would make living with him that much harder.

Actually now that Jake thinks about it, LA Amir is different than New York Amir. Like not that much different but the little changes make him much more easier to live with.

He has less outbursts, he talks though his feelings more than he just out right cries, he’s more hygienic, he actually does a little work at work. Like he’s still not a good person but he’s getting there.

“Damn right you better be!” Amir exclaims and he moves closer to Jake and put’s his head on his shoulder as it was before. “Now let’s finish this god damn movie.”

Jake rolls his eyes once again and unpauses the movie.

He doesn’t really pay attention to the rest of the movie but instead things about how LA Jake is Different than New York Jake. Some self reflection he guesses.

He does more of his own thing and doesn’t care about what his coworkers think, especially with them throwing things at Amir during his first day. In New York his coworkers earned the right to hate Amir but the LA office didn’t even actually know him, nor the terrible things he did. Jake felt like he, himself, became more understanding as a person especially since he now puts up with Amir even more than he did before. Like he doesn’t want to admit it but Amir may have, probably, made him a better person. Possibly.

“Are you even watching the movie anymore, you usually love when the bird shits get ate.” Amir says interrupting Jake’s train of thought.

“Sorry I was just thinking and what are you talking about I hate when the birds get eaten.” Jake says looking from Amir to the tv to see a mauled penguin. “Dude what the fuck!”

“Geez sorry! Don’t get your kumquats in a twist!” Amir whines pressing his head harder into Jake’s shoulder which makes Jake wince.

“God you are such an ass!” Jake groans pushing Amir away from himself.

“Oh come on it’s not that serious! Stop overreacting!”

“How am I over reacting if you’re the one crying!”

“You’re being mean!” Amir says tears rolling down his face. “I’m sorry if I don’t have super thick skin!”

“You are actually a fucking child i cant fucking believe this.” Jake says.

“Kiss it better!” Amir whines and Jake's eyes narrow and his brows knot together in confusion.

"Kiss what better? Your scarily big ego? Which isn't scary because it's big but instead scary because you shouldn't have one."

"Okay now I think that you really flipping want me to cry! How dare you! Ass!" Amir says as he starts his ugly crying, which is his normal crying but his hands start flailing around as he hiccups.

Jake groans and then sighs and then looks Amir over once then twice and he sighs again before he slowly slides over and kisses his cheek.

Amir isn't crying anymore but he's still doing that hiccup thing and his face is scrunched up and gross looking.

"God stop with that face." Jake groans rolling his eyes. "It's gross."

"Kiss it better." Amir says and Jake probably...could've been into this but. Amir's face was still scrunched up and his arms were up like a trex.

"Not until you stop with the face." Jake says rolling his eyes once again.

Amir whines for a second before he relaxes his face and the second he does Jake slowly leans in and kisses Amir.

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