

But you and me are worth it all

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But you and me are worth it all

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Putting his hand to his chest, trying to calm down his laughter, Win looks towards View and asks, 'Did you need something View?'

Stopping in mid-sentence, View glances at Win, confused. 'Huh?'

'You were calling me earlier.'

'Oh, before you and your boyfriend started acting like toddlers on a sugar high? Yeah. I think something of yours was accidentally put in the back of the hallway closet. It is a small bag from London.' View bends over and picks up the bag in question, preparing to give it to Win.

Win's mind goes blank for a split second, trying to pinpoint what View could be referring to. The moment his brain latches onto the memory, he shouts instinctively, 'Put that back!'

Or where Win should really find a better hiding place.

Notes

This was originally started back during WinTeam week 2021 in October following one of the prompts. But it wasn't completed. And then I picked it back up during the recent Hemp Rope Festival and it was still not completed in time. But here it is, a few weeks late for the festival but ... oops?

It can be read as a standalone or with the previous two fics in the series.

Thanks to the lovely vintagedoxy who was wonderful and picked up my mistakes. This old brain isn't what it used to be. 😊

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

Savouring the sounds of his family and friends drifting from the main room, Win rests against the kitchen wall. He is in no hurry to return to the party and is enjoying a few moments to embrace the feeling of being home. Returning a week ago after completing his first term at graduate school, he had been spending most of his vacation together with Team. The time in London had been difficult. However, being back in Thailand is strange in a way. He couldn't say the ache in his heart had disappeared the moment he saw Team sitting on the bench in the airport, because it hadn't. It is still there, deep in his chest, though perhaps lessened.

Because he has to return to London.

He has to leave Team.

Again.

Shaking away these thoughts, he pushes himself off the wall and walks into the main room, offering Team a glass of water and a mince pie, a treat he brought back from England. A look of delight instantly appears on Team's face.

Win had packed three boxes in the bottom of his suitcase, folded into a London School of Economics hoodie in hopes of keeping them from being squished on the journey home. While Win was distracted, Team had discovered them and devoured two of the small pies before Win noticed and one more before Win caught up with him in the bathroom. In an effort to be the responsible one of the two, Win had hidden the remaining pies, allowing Team to indulge, at most, in one a day.

Watching Team enjoy the seasonal pie, Win gently touches his waist. Team turns his head slightly, smiling in between bites, and then tilts his head lower, a few crumbs making their way to the corner of his mouth. Win watches entranced as Team's tongue darts out in a failed attempt to catch the errant crumbs.

After a couple of attempts, and to Win's disappointment, Team gives up and wipes the back of his hand over his mouth and asks, 'Hia, why do they call it mince meat? It doesn't taste like meat at all.'

Win casually shrugs, bringing his thumb up to wipe a crumb Team missed, lingering on his bottom lip for a few moments.

'It's weird, huh? I asked the same question to the classmate who first shared these with me. He babbled something about how they used to have finely chopped meat in them but now they are mostly fruit and spices. I guess they didn't change the name.'

Frowning as he shoves the remaining bit of crust in his mouth, Team peeks at Win, his eyes brightening. 'I really like them. Can you bring back some more next time? Please, hia?'

To further emphasize his request, Team takes hold of Win's wrist and begs with the squeeze of his eyes and the scrunch of his nose, a move that rarely fails to wear down his boyfriend, usually ending in defeat for Win.

Win shakes his head, turning his body to wrap his free arm around Team's waist, and pulls him close, feeling a bit guilty he has to disappoint Team. He knew the question would probably be asked at some point but any remaining hope disappeared along with the mince pie Team finished a few minutes ago.

Carefully removing his hand from Team's grip, Win lifts it slowly to caress his boyfriend's cheek, smiling apologetically. 'Sorry, baby. My classmate told me they only sell mince pies and Christmas pudding during the Christmas season.'

Win squeezes his eyes shut, a pained expression forming as he immediately realises his mistake. Leaning his head down and pinching the bridge of his nose, he shakes his head, exasperated with himself. Releasing a puff of air through his nose, his shoulders slumping, he opens his eyes a fraction and is not surprised to see Team's face with a look akin to a young child who has been told Santa has come.

'Hia, did you bring back some Christmas pudding too? Is it back in the dorm? Or maybe in your room here?'

Team starts to turn, his intent clear. He isn't far from the staircase and Win knows that in his mind, Team is calculating the chances of him reaching his boyfriend's room before he can be stopped. Before Team can take more than a step, Win begins laughing, his hand forming a fist over his mouth, his other arm pressing into his stomach. Team halts when he hears the explosion of laughter from Win, his body turning around, a questioning look forming on his face.

Win is shaking his head, the laughter slowly dying and his hands coming up in defense. 'No, baby. I absolutely did *not* bring back any Christmas pudding.'

'But why not, hia? Does it taste bad?' Team's expression clearly shows his confusion.

Win is desperately thinking of a way to repair this mistake. While searching the aisles of the Tesco Local near campus for mince pies, he had noticed the Christmas puddings and had purchased a few along with the boxes of mince pies. Having put them aside with the other gifts for Team and his family, he hadn't given them much more thought.

That is until he went to a small party with some classmates before the end of the term. With Christmas music blaring in the background, someone had brought out a few Christmas puddings and cookies, adding to the festive atmosphere. Taking a bite of the Christmas pudding, Win had been pleasantly surprised with the flavours. He was able to taste the fruits and spices - and the alcohol.

No, he definitely did not bring the Christmas pudding back to Thailand.

Team is looking at his boyfriend expectantly, beginning to narrow his eyes in suspicion. Before he has a chance to say anything else, Win hears someone calling his name. Turning

around, perhaps a bit too rapidly, Win searches for the owner of the voice.

Team, managing to simultaneously lift his eyebrows and glare, whispers in Win's ear, 'Saved by your brother, but I don't forget about food, hia.'

Win lets out a puff of laughter and kisses Team gently on the cheek. Pulling back, he grabs Team's arms, shaking them lightly, and looks him squarely in the eye. 'Trust me baby. Christmas pudding isn't for you.'

Before Win can escape, Team wraps his arms around his waist, squeezing tightly, trapping Win's arms against his chest and preventing him from leaving. Testing Team's hold, Win wriggles a bit but cannot budge Team's arms from his waist. Win is happy to play along with the half-hearted struggle though, missing Team's hugs, even if they are feeling a bit more like a vice in the current situation. Neither Team nor Win is serious in their playing right now and the giggling has most of their friends and Win's family turning towards them, joining in the laughter.

Win is too late to realise they have managed to drift towards the arm of the couch, and as he loses his balance, tumbling backwards - alone - onto the couch, Team is unable to contain his laughter and delight as his boyfriend ends up with his back flat on the couch, legs dangling over the side.

In that moment, if anyone asked him if it was worth it, if the pain accompanying their time apart was worth it, Win wouldn't hesitate to answer 'yes'. There would never be any other answer. Not tomorrow, not the next day nor every single day for the next eighteen months. Each of those days would be unbelievably hard, as the last four months had shown them, but every term break he would spend with Team, filling up his heart with new memories and more of Team's love, and when he returned to England, those memories would sustain him until he could once again hold Team close.

Resting his head against the seat of the couch, his eyes closed, he let out a breathless laugh. It would always be 'yes'.

With his attention having been taken up by his playful struggle with Team, Win had forgotten View had been looking for him until he hears him laughing and recording video near Manaow and Pruk. Win turns on his side, lowering his legs and pushing himself into a sitting position on the couch.

Putting his hand to his chest, trying to calm down his laughter, Win looks towards View and asks, 'Did you need something View?'

Stopping in mid-sentence, View glances at Win, confused. 'Huh?'

'You were calling me earlier.'

'Oh, before you and your boyfriend started acting like toddlers on a sugar high? Yeah. I think something of yours was accidentally put in the back of the hallway closet. It is a small bag from London.' View bends over and picks up the bag in question, preparing to give it to Win.

Win's mind goes blank for a split second, trying to pinpoint what View could be referring to. The moment his brain latches onto the memory, he shouts instinctively, 'Put that back!'

Surprised at the tone of Win's voice, Team turns, his expression clearly indicating surprise. Win's focus goes to Team in time to notice the moment Team arrives at the conclusion that the bag was Win's and it contained another treat from London he had hidden away.

Struggling to get his feet fully under him, trapped between the coffee table and the couch, Win groans, realising that Team's mind, while correct in one aspect, was very wrong where it mattered.

View is clearly confused on what he should do. Before he even has a chance to make any sort of decision, Team has crossed the room and snatched the bag from his hands with the intent of discovering the surprise Win had brought back from London.

Win desperately moves towards Team, grabbing him by the waist and pulling him close, making every attempt to keep him from looking inside the bag.

The moment Team goes still, Win realises he is too late. When he lifts his head, he can see the question in Team's eyes. Before Team has a chance to speak, Win wraps his thin fingers around Team's wrist, pulling him towards the back door. Team, still wide-eyed and in a slight state of shock, allows himself to be dragged through the door and into the rear garden.

The night is cool, a whisper in the air from the light breeze through the small plumeria trees. As Win leads Team further into the garden, the lights from the house become fainter and the glow from the full moon illuminates the path. The crunch of the gravel under their feet breaks the silence as Win leads Team towards a stone bench near the small koi pond. This has been Win's favorite spot since he was young, his mother often finding him asleep on the grass having disappeared into the garden after dinner.

Just before they reach the bench, Team pulls his wrist out of Win's grip, using his other hand to instinctively rub away the feeling of tightness.

'Hia, what--'

'Can we sit down, please, baby?'

The tension is visible in the set of Win's shoulders and the way he is twisting his hands. Win notices Team tilting his head slightly, closing his mouth on any questions.

'Yeah, ok hia, sure.'

Team sits down on the bench and reaching towards Win, gently separates his hands. Carefully pulling Win down to sit next to him, Team threads his fingers through Win's, closing his hand, attempting to calm Win with his touch. Win smiles softly and sighs.

Win isn't quite sure what to do now. His first thought, having been surprised by View's discovery and Team's quick reaction, was to get the two of them out of the room and, more importantly, away from their friend's and family's discerning eyes and ears.

Team values privacy. He does not feel the need to share every moment of his life with others, even his close friends. While public displays of affection are still something he keeps to a minimum, he is no longer worried about outwardly expressing how he feels.

But this is not the same as experiencing a private moment in full view of other people. A moment where emotions may spill over and focus would be on them - on Team. At those times, he is fiercely private. Win is confident in this moment but he is unsure how Team would react were he to be in the spotlight.

Win tilts his head back, breathing through his nose and releasing a sigh, his shoulders slumping. Turning his head towards Team, the corner of his mouth lifts in exasperation.

‘You don’t make things easy, do you baby?’

Team laughs, a soft sound filled with his own bit of exasperation. ‘In my defense, you were just talking about some type of pudding. It was only natural--’

‘For you to think with your stomach?’

‘Hia! Ok, perhaps that is a fair point.’ Laughter once again begins spilling out of Team and within moments, it has spread to Win, filling the night with the joyful sounds of the boyfriends.

Win stops laughing and turns to rest his forehead against Team’s, steadying his mind for a few seconds before opening his eyes, nervousness keeping him from meeting Team’s gaze. Before he can let it sink in too deeply, he feels Team’s fingers tenderly touch his cheek, like a feather landing on the water.

‘Look at me hia, please?’

Lifting his gaze to Team, Win half-heartedly smiles, never able to refuse a request from Team.

‘Can I see it?’

Team’s voice is a bit shaky, giving Win back a little of the confidence he lost over the last few minutes. Win covers Team’s hand, still resting on his cheek. He lightly wraps Team’s hand in his own, lifting it to his lips for a tender kiss. Taking the bag from Team, he looks inside, and then looks back at Team.

‘It might just be a watch. Did you think of that?’

Win tries to look a bit hopeful, but fails. Lifting his eyebrows in mock disbelief, Team’s expression conveys exactly how far off the mark Win’s hope landed.

‘Hia. I know what a ring box looks like.’

‘Earrings?’ Win’s voice holds a distinct lack of hope, but there is a hint of something else. Something a bit shakier, less solid.

‘Hia. You yelled at View. For earrings?’ Team lifts his eyebrows, this time there is no hint of mocking.

Behind them, there is a faint rustling of a bird in the bushes. The moonlight offers Win enough light to see the soft smile from his boyfriend. He is stalling and he is not quite sure why. Nothing ever goes to plan with Team. Not that he actually had a plan...yet. But he wanted one and perhaps that is the reason for his hesitation.

Interrupting his thoughts, he hears a light intake of breath before he hears Team speak again.

‘Hia...can I see it. Please?’

Looking down at the bag, Win reaches in and pauses. He suddenly lifts his head, looking directly at Team, a nervous smirk on his face. With a lift of his eyebrow, he takes his hand out of the bag, revealing the contents that had him escaping to the garden with Team only fifteen minutes ago.

It is simple in its design, nothing more than a small, black, velvet box. Under other circumstances, and without the evasion from Win which denoted secrecy and importance, it could easily have been a pair of earrings, perhaps a new bar that had taken Win’s fancy in London.

Win is looking at the box.

Team is looking at Win.

‘I wanted...well, I wanted a whole special night, the works, everything for you. But I guess, in a way, this is us, huh?’ Win looks up at Team, his eyes quickly shifting back to the box in his hand.

‘We skipped a few steps and never really went back to the beginning. Our whole relationship has been just kind of doing what works at the time and makes us happy so, yeah, I guess, for us, this is perfect.’

Win starts to ramble, not sure where he is going with his words. Nothing between them has ever been what others would call normal and Win isn’t sure he would have wanted it any other way. Could he imagine it any other way? He doesn’t think so. Could this between them have started out with...what, a date?

At that thought, Win abruptly laughs.

‘Hia Win?’

‘Sorry, sorry.’

Team lays his hand over Win’s. ‘Open the box hia.’

No more hesitation. No more being scared. Or worried. Or any other emotion Win has felt since that night at camp over two years ago - since he began to feel so much and so deeply.

As Team removes his hand, Win opens the box.

The platinum rings are etched with curved lines and small circles, swirling like waves in a tide pool. Their beauty is in the uniqueness of the patterns, the randomness. Team reaches towards one, lightly running his finger over the design.

As Win begins to speak again, his voice a bit rushed, Team looks back up at Win.

‘I don’t know if we’ll ever be able to legally marry in Thailand. We could get married in England if you want. Or even America like Dean and Pharm plan to. We don’t even have to do anything legal...if that is what you want.’

Win is fidgeting, the hand holding the box squeezing tightly. His eyes shift back and forth, unable to focus for more than a few moments but also unable to look away from the man in front of him.

‘Then why the rings hia? I mean, why would you get us rings if you are fine without anything legal?’

‘When I was in London, I missed you so much. All I could do was miss you. Sometimes it would be so hard.’ At this, his voice gets a bit rough, a tightness forming. Taking a deep breath, he tries not to choke on his emotions and the words, fighting the urge to give in to the memory of his loneliness.

‘I just wanted...I just...I don’t know. I wanted a reminder, to be able to look at my hand, see the ring on my finger and know that you were wearing the same ring back in Thailand. The ring I gave you. It could mean one day getting married. Or it could just mean that we were wearing the same rings, together, even if we were apart for a time. But I would know that...just that...’

Win starts to ramble again. He knew that but he wasn’t sure he could get the words out, the ones that would clarify what the rings meant to him - what both of them wearing the same ring meant to him. How was he supposed to do that when he didn’t know what words to use, what to do, anything. He closed his eyes, frustration building with the effort to not mess this up.

He felt a touch on his cheek a split moment before he felt the soft press of lips on his own. Slowly opening his eyes, Win was shocked to see tears threatening to overflow in Team’s eyes.

Pulling away, Win hesitantly spoke. ‘Team? Baby, are you ok?’

‘Yeah, hia. I am fine. It’s just.’ Team lets out a forced breath. ‘I know, hia. I understand. And yes. If you are going to ask me, then yes.’ Sniffing slightly, Team smiles and Win falls in love again.

Win exhales the breath he has been holding. Damn, he is so lucky. Sometimes he wonders what he has done or could do to deserve Team, to deserve his love. But he knows deep in the

core of who he is, who Team has helped him to become, that even without the hemp rope and the silly story of fate, they are bound together with a knot that can't easily be untied.

‘So are you going to put a ring on my finger or what?’

Win glances at Team and then carefully, and with a burst of confidence, removes a ring from the box, slipping it on Team's finger. It is a little loose and they will have to get it resized, but Win can't stop smiling.

Apparently, neither can Team.

Lifting Team's hand, Win kisses the ring before raising his head and kissing Team softly, wanting to convey all the love and happiness he is feeling right now.

Pulling away, Team hesitantly takes the other ring from the box and places it on Win's finger.

‘No fair. Yours fits perfectly.’

‘Sorry baby. I promise, tomorrow we will go and get yours resized.’

‘We better. I don't want to lose it.’ Team closes his hand into a fist, keeping the ring safe on his finger.

Resting his forehead once again on Team's, Win takes a deep breath and slowly exhales. Relief washes over him. He wasn't worried, not exactly, but this was the most important thing he has ever done. He is still a bit jittery but he is overjoyed.

Win suddenly sits upright, turning his head towards Team, his eyes twinkling and his mouth opening in shock.

‘Wait. Team ... you said you knew what a ring box looks like. How do you--’

Team yelps and begins to squirm. He can't quite meet Win's eyes. He quickly sits up straight, hand stretched out towards Win.

‘Give me your phone,’ Team says without warning, his voice a bit too loud.

Confused, Win hands over his phone.

Team reaches for Win's hand, the one which now wears the ring, and puts their hands one over the other, rings twinkling in the moonlight, and takes a picture.

Perplexed, Win looks at Team. ‘What are you doing?’

Team responds, ‘Telling everyone goodbye.’

Win laughs as he wraps his arm over his boyfriend's shoulders, pushing off the bench and walking them towards the garden's outside entrance and Team's car.

Pharm's phone vibrates with an incoming message. On the other side of the room, he notices Manaow pulling her phone out of the pocket of her dress. He looks at the picture, confused.

‘That doesn’t look like the rings we--’

Pharm closes his mouth on the remaining words. Dean turns his head and raises his eyebrow at his boyfriend. Before he can respond, they hear Manaow from the other side of the room.

‘OH MY GOD!’

End Notes

I hope everyone enjoyed this little story. I now know what writers mean when they say the characters control the story. That damn black box was not my idea and Win snuck into the first story secretly. I hope where I went with this was okay though. I don't think I fought too much with Win over it.

I *may* add some bits to this series. I very much adore Team and Win. However, I have something (hopefully) very fun in the planning stages because, why not eh?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!