

## lost our grip while tryna go steady

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# lost our grip while tryna go steady

by [eunkay](#)

## Summary

No. Shut up, Minute. You shouldn't be falling for your friend who dressed in suits everyday to please the ladies. You only rode bikes together, perhaps sped down the highway and ran from the cops here and there. There was nothing else to it.

## Notes

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

“The stars are so pretty tonight.”

Minute grinned as Leo’s voice flooded his intercom, braking while his motorbike drew to a stop. “I know, right?”

He unmounted and flicked the stand down so the bike would lean comfortably. When he flipped his visor up, moonlight washed over his face as the crescent poked over the clearing clouds. Leo pulled the helmet off his face, shaking his hair out as he placed the object on the ground by his bike. Minute copied the action, being the amateur between them.

Cars drummed in the distance, speeding down the highway a few kilometres away from them. Leo had persuaded him to not turn back home and instead follow him to a spot he knew (Minute didn’t need that much persuasion – he’d blindly tag along with him any day).

“It’s a shame Clown couldn’t come today,” the albino huffed, ruffling his hair and kicking his foot out ahead of him.

The dark-haired one shrugged, unzipping his jacket and inhaled the scent of the forest surrounding them on his left. He waddled awkwardly behind Leo, trying to keep up while taking in as much of the scenery around them.

On his left was the narrow road they were speeding on, which continued around the hill past his sight. Tree branches stretched to reach for the cliffside, creating a rather creepy backdrop in the mildly cloudy night. The duo was hiking on the gravel footpath by the road, and on the right was the steep drop of the cliff that was guarded by a barrier of sandstone blocks.

“This is it,” Leo took a right onto a lookout deck that extended from the edge. He quickly assumed a spot on the very edge, dangling his feet dangerously off the timber.

“Yo, this is awesome!” Minute gawked in awe, running his hand over the grainy sandstone before joining Leo, the wooden planks creaking under them. “How did you find this?”

“Oh. One of my old biker friends showed me this,” the albino beamed, leaning back on his hands and relishing in the chilly breeze that brushed over his face.

Minute found himself captured in Leo’s peaceful look – his long eyelashes that hid those golden eyes, his fair skin that reflected the soft beams of the moonlight and perfectly placed moles that could’ve passed as freckles.

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Leo cracked open his eyes, lips curling into a playful smile. Minute’s head snapped away instantly, his face heating up and unfocused eyes jumping over the rocks that built the cliffside. Silence followed, broken by the whistling of the wind, vrooms from other bikers and speeding cars a mile away, and the creaking of the wood under them.

He prepared himself mentally for his trembling mouth and hammering heartbeat. “Have you shown this place to anyone else?”

The whooshing wind filled the gap between the response. Automatically, Minute’s brain jumped to the worst. Motorbikes on busy roads in their country often ended horribly. A bike as shrapnel, a biker in the hospital. It happened almost every other day. “Oh. Sorry if that was insensitive.”

Distantly, he wondered if Leo, Clown or he would ever end up like that.

Fiddling with the zipper of his jacket was a clear sign to Leo of Minute’s anxiety. The way his nimble fingers flew over the hem of the fabric to the zipper, running up and down the jagged edges, spurred something in his heart. Minute did say he played guitar...

“No, it’s fine. Nothing like that happened,” Leo laughed lightheartedly, sitting upright. “He doesn’t ride anymore due to an injury in another sport. Paralysed waist-down.”

“Holy shit that’s awful,” Minute’s jaw dropped.

“I know. At least he isn’t dead,” Leo’s eyes drifted over to him. Minute bit his lip, digging his nails in between the planks.

Half of him yearned to close the gap between them and kiss his friend dumb then and there. The other punched him in the gut, screeching in his ear that he should be grateful they were friends, and he shouldn’t want more. God, the way Leo’s eyes were searching his face and swimming in his eyes sent shivers down his body.

Much to his other half’s dismay, Minute pulled his eyes away from the angelic face and gazed at the stars. There weren’t many due to the fog and clouds, but Minute felt extra special to witness the few that sparkled through the diffusion. Scientifically, stars didn’t sparkle, but man did they twinkle and sparkle his eyes.

“Minute. Look at me.”

Minute totally didn’t jolt out of his little daydream then, going stiff and tense at Leo’s tone. When he didn’t respond immediately, Leo’s arm wound itself around Minute’s shoulder furthest from him, dragging him into the albino’s side. The dark-haired one choked, hands finding itself around Leo’s waist and holding on tightly.

“Bro, I had the biggest jumpscare just then,” Minute shuddered, wriggling to sit upright. A hand guided his head into the crook of Leo’s neck, warm against the nipping wind.

Minute breathed out into his skin, closing his eyes momentarily (Leo’s skin tingled at the contact of his warm breath, the albino tilting his head the other way to expose his neck more). The hand ran through his hair shakily, tugging on a few locks before the other hand moved from his back to help braid some of his hair.

“You have something to tell me?” The curl in his voice that would’ve been accompanied with a smug smirk (had Minute been able to see) repeated in his head moments after Leo went

silent.

“And...?” he placed a hand on the albino’s heartbeat, pretending not to feel the racing *badump badump*’s and the tremble that ran through Leo’s body. “What do you want me to say?”

*That I love you?* Minute’s grin burned into Leo’s skin, the boy yanking on a handful of dark hair to pull him back. They were now sitting opposite each other but still close enough to feel the warmth between them.

They were face to face now. *No more hiding, Minute*, Leo thought while squinting, trying to keep his composure through his lungs’ sudden dilemma and demand for more air.

Oh, this was so gay. Soooooo gay that Leo himself wanted to stand up and leave right then.

“If you’re not going to pluck up the courage, I’ll fucking say it,” Leo exhaled heavily, his hands falling from the hair they were holding to the collar of Minute’s jacket. He played with it for a split second, acutely aware of the hands that seared the skin on his waist. “Look Minute. Don’t pretend I haven’t seen your cowardly attempts to pretend you weren’t looking at me like I’m an otherworldly spirit. Also don’t back out on me now and say I was overthinking and being delusional. I can tell that you like me, Minute.”

“What do you make of it?” Minute forced his words to work despite the tingles spiking through his body and the blast-off his heart had a few seconds ago.”

Leo scoffed, a slight smile to his face. “What do you think? Would I still be here, like this –” one of his hands dropped from Minute’s neck to gesture at the closeness of the two in the secluded spot by the road– “if I didn’t like you?”

Minute tilted his head slightly before he made sense of the words, an electric shock running through him. His hand flew from Leo’s waist to the back of the boy’s head and pulled him in with enough force for their breaths to mingle.

Leo’s cold fingers dipped into the gap between Minute’s bare neck and his collar, making the boy gasp at the shock. He effectively made use of this moment to slot his lips in the gaps on Minute’s lips, palm bracing his head and guiding him through the kiss.

Immediately, they melted into the embrace, Minute’s arm hooking around Leo’s neck and tilting them backwards towards the ledge. The practiced and relaxed tugs of the lips above him and the hand running under his shirt induced a small sound from his mouth, Leo pulling away breathlessly to mock him for it.

“Hah,” Leo started in between breaths. Minute glared at him, grabbing his hand and placing it under his shirt. His eyes were wide and begging for the albino to keep going, which Leo complied and dove back in.

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Minute pulled back, sitting upright and casting a shadow on the figure below him. His snow hair was mused, ruffled into a small halo that reflected the moon's ethereal light. Leo gazed at him with dazed, blurry eyes and bruised lips, his shirt lifted up to expose his side (thanks to Minute).

The dark-haired boy took in the beauty of the moment – Leo, all uncomposed underneath him with his chest expanding to accommodate his frantic breathing. Minute shakily exhaled, about to pull down the bunched-up shirt before his eyes landed on the splatters of stitches that ripped through Leo's side. With wide eyes, he searched the albino's face for answers.

Leo threw an arm over his face, sweat running down his temple as he weakly huffed into his hand. "Take a guess."

"...Crap," Minute mumbled, running a thumb over the massive burns and scars that painted Leo's skin. He took note of the faded bruise and splotches of scarred tissue.

A thought popped up in his head, and strangely, he wasn't against it. Minute leaned down and brushed his lips over the line of stitches, pressing a kiss at the end of the seam. Leo seemed to respond, gasping suddenly, and weaving his hand into Minute's soot-black hair.

"W-what was that for? Get up-"

Minute chuckled and sat up, Leo's hand falling away. They stared into each other's eyes – Leo trying to form words on his tongue before groaning, going limp under Minute.

"You're so stupid, Minute," Leo frowned before sliding himself out from under Minute.

They regared in silence, mounting their bikes. Minute tailed Leo, who quickly gained speed down the highway so Minute thought it'd be a fun idea to try too. In the haze of the adrenaline and streetlights and car lights flying past them, Minute caught up to Leo and fist bumped him.

The sound of sirens commenced behind them. They shared a manic laugh, the rhythm of the concrete under their tires urging them on as Leo twisted his throttle and took off, tearing between the car lanes.

## End Notes

save me from writers block pls :33

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