

we find our way earnestly

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by [serilly](#)

Summary

In that moment, all Mariana can really think about is how much he wants to lean over and kiss the duck hybrid on the head, to hold him close and tell him that everything will work out in the end.

And really, he's not sure when he started feeling this way. The initial agreement was simple - Slime would date Quackity, but Mariana had no interest in doing the same. He wonders when that changed.

Notes

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

"Pajarito, come sit with me," Mariana calls from the couch.

Quackity glances up, face growing hot at the name. "What did you call me? Pajarito?" He laughs.

"Yes, yes!" Mariana says cheerfully. "Pajarito, ah, little birdie!"

Quackity snorts in amusement before walking over to the couch and sitting beside the man. "Okay dude, kind of gay, but sure, I guess."

Slime was out doing... Okay, god knows what he's doing, actually, because Quackity has no idea.

So here he is, stuck home alone with Mariana and his heart skipping in his chest as the taller man keeps glancing at him out of the corner of his eye.

Oddly, he feels comfortable here. Safe.

He yawns, and without noticing, leans over to rest against Mariana's shoulder, closing his eyes.

Mariana doesn't comment on this. Instead, he takes the opportunity to drape an arm over Quackity's shoulder.

Quackity happily welcomes the touch with a tired sigh.

In that moment, all Mariana can really think about is how much he wants to lean over and kiss the duck hybrid on the head, to hold him close and tell him that everything will work out in the end.

And really, he's not sure when he started feeling this way. The initial agreement was simple - Slime would date Quackity, but Mariana had no interest in doing the same. He wonders when that changed.

He shifts on the couch to a lying position, pulling Quackity on top of him so that his head rests on his chest. The shorter man chirps sleepily in appreciation, snuggling himself closer to Mariana.

"When did we change?" Mariana asks quietly. Okay, that wording's weird. He shakes his head as he tries to rephrase. "Like, when did we become... Like this?"

"Does it matter?" Quackity mumbles.

"I mean, no, not really..."

Quackity hums in agreement.

"Maybe we should rethink this arrangement," Mariana continues. "I don't know, just..."

"Quiero estar contigo," Quackity interrupts. "Me robaste mi corazón. Dumbass." He laughs with the last part, his voice growing soft as he continues speaking.

"Shush," Mariana rolls his eyes. "Let's talk to Slime when he gets home, sí? Okay?"

"Yes, okay," Quackity sighs happily. He stretches his wings with a yawn.

"Sleep." Mariana says softly, running his fingers through Quackity's hair. "You need it."

End Notes

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