

One More Game?

By Moonchild10

Submitted: December 18, 2005

Updated: December 18, 2005

BBxRae. (One-shot) Unable to sleep one night, Beast Boy discovers that he is not alone. Raven is also awake, and she has a rather embarrassing secret.

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1 - One More Game?

Disclaimer: I don't own Teen Titans, I tell you!

I just decided to write this randomly. A little BBRae WAFF for all my fellow `shippers! Hope you enjoy! This is written especially for BoomKat (AKA Booma-Chan, or I hope I remembered right). Love ya!

XXX

A loud thunderclap blasted through Beast Boy's deep reverie, startling him out of his dream. He sat up straight in bed, the startled feeling slowly draining away. He lay back down and squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, but he realized that sleep was impossible right now. He lay there for a few more minutes, trying to force the warm, content feeling back onto himself. It was no use. He needed some soymilk and a walk around before he could sleep. With a loud sigh, he climbed out of the warm cave of blankets and let his feet slide slowly to the cold floor. He gave a shiver, grabbing his shoes and pulling them on quickly before he exited the room.

The hallway was dark. Around every corner there seemed to be monsters waiting for him in the shadow. He moved quicker, passing closed doors and silent bedrooms before finally reaching the larger door that led into the living room. Breathing a sigh of relief, he pushed the button on the wall beside it and it opened with a whoosh. He stepped out into the living room. Soft noises met his ears, and he became aware of the eerie sensation that he was not alone. He calmed down when he realized that the noises were coming from the TV. He turned his gaze to the huge screen. A video game was on the screen, bright flashes of light and color assaulting his tired eyes. The strain of sleeplessness made his vision blurry, but he could still make out the shape of a head and shoulders coming up over the back of the sofa. The shoulders weren't broad enough to be Cyborg's. He gave a grin. Robin was certainly up late playing these. He'd probably decided to take a break from obsessing over Slade's identity. Maybe he'd be in the mood for a versus battle. He almost called out Robin's name, but then a mischievous grin came over his face.

Slipping across the room in the form of a cat to be extra quiet, Beast Boy advanced on his prey. Just behind the sofa, he morphed into his own shape once more and rose up to his feet, raising his arms over

his head. He gave a grand leap over the back of the couch onto the unsuspecting victim just as they turned around to look at him.

A shriek issued from the mouth of his target as the two of them collapsed sideways, lying in a tangle with Beast Boy on the top of the heap. He was laughing hysterically, tears almost running from his eyes at his own prank. He continued his giggles for a few moments before looking down at the person he had jumped on. "Got ya, Rob-" he began, but the words died in his throat. The person underneath him with the video game controller still clenched in their hands with fear (the controller was digging painfully into Beast Boy's chest) was most certainly not Robin. Beast Boy realized the significance of his mistake and gave a small squeak of terror, shooting backward off of her body.

"S-sorry, Raven!" he gasped, eyes wide with fear at what she was going to do to him. The Azarathian's eyes were still wide with shock as she slowly sat up, rubbing her head with one hand dazedly, the other hand still clutching the controller.

"Beast Boy, what are you doing up?" she asked, hand continuing its motion across her violet hair for a moment and then dropping onto the sofa with a soft `flump'.

"T-the thunder woke me up," he said, losing his nervousness when he realized that her eyes weren't glowing red. He paused, glancing at the controller in her hand. "What are *you* doing up?" he asked, eyebrows wagging up and down.

A soft `humph' came out of Raven's mouth and she rolled her eyes. "I was just...meditating," she lied through her teeth, trying to look him in the eye as she said it.

"Don't give me that, dude. It's kinda obvious what you were doing," Beast Boy said. He raised an eyebrow at the girl. "I didn't know you liked video games."

"I don't," Raven protested in vain.

"Come on, it's OK to admit it. It's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm a regular at video games, myself,"

Beast Boy said.

“I don't-”

“Nobody's listening,” Beast Boy said leaning his head closer to her, eyes narrowing. “Nobody but me. You can say it.”

Raven gave a loud, irritated sigh. “OK, I play video games at night sometimes. Is it a crime?”

“Not at all,” Beast Boy told her. “Only if ya want it to be.”

Raven rolled her eyes. Beast Boy gave her a smile.

“In the mood for two-player?” he asked, eyes darting to the spare controller lying a few feet away on another sofa cushion. Raven nodded slightly, deciding that he wasn't trying to attack her verbally.

“Sure,” he said softly. Beast Boy grabbed the controller happily.

For a few minutes, the two were transfixed by the game, drawn into the powerful world of the screen. It only took five minutes before Raven's score flashed high above Beast Boy's and a final combo power-up left him immobilized on the ground. Beast Boy rolled his eyes a bit before smiling. For once, he decided not to get competitive.

“Nice,” he said. Raven gave a small, bitter laugh and rolled her eyes at him. “No, seriously. You're really good,” he told her sincerely, watching her face. She turned a bit to acknowledge the compliment with a very slight smile.

“Thank you,” she said quietly. There was a slight pause. “You know, this is...nice,” she said. Beast Boy agreed with her. It was nice. The two of them neither arguing nor ignoring each other.

"Yeah, it is," he concurred. He gave her a grin, which she (somewhat) returned. There was another short pause. "Wow. *You*, into video games. I never would have guessed it." he dropped his controller and pulled his legs up onto the couch, turning to face her and sticking his legs out beside him, sitting in the same position as she was. "So, what else is there about you that I don't know?" he asked.

"Things," Raven responded in her normal closed tone. But they were on a roll here. Beast Boy decided not to let that be good enough tonight.

"Like what things?" he asked, tilting his head slightly at her. She watched him, slightly amused. "Like you really think I'm funny?"

"Oh, yes," Raven said, sarcastic with yet another roll of her violet eyes. But then, she spoke again, and all hints of sarcasm were gone from her voice. "Seriously. Like that. And also like...maybe I don't mind having you around so much. Maybe I actually even like you," she said, turning her eyes away from the changeling. He watched her in surprise. He was unable to tell if she had meant anything romantic by this. Probably not, he told himself. But his heart skipped a beat, anyway. Even if it hadn't meant anything, he still wasn't going to waste this opportunity.

"And maybe I like you too," he replied, moving a little closer to her. She looked back up at him, a perplexed look on her face.

"What?" she asked, almost startled.

"I really like you, Raven," Beast Boy informed her, trying not to let his voice shake too much. He looked straight into her eyes, and tried to tell her telepathically or with his eyes or with his heart or in any way he could that he was most certainly not talking about a friendly kind of like anymore.

"And I really like you, too," Raven replied shyly, returning his profound yet awkward stare. Somehow, she seemed to get his meaning, and he was guessing it was from his eyes. She offered him a slight smile, the corners of her mouth tugging up slightly for a moment. As pathetic an attempt as it was, Beast

Boy returned it nervously. The two could both sense something strange building here. A strong, romantic tension that turned the awkward feeling in the air as thick as tofu.

“Um...” Beast Boy muttered, hand rubbing the back of his head nervously. What was he supposed to do now? This certainly wasn't like the smooth, comfortable depictions of romantic situations that movies offered. It was even more awkward than his venture with Terra. Of course it was, he reminded himself, this was Raven. She was different. She was...something else all together. She was unlike anyone he had ever experienced, and it prompted him to think differently for a moment. Raven was special. She was different from Terra. Raven was completely and totally...extreme. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

Wondering if anything could possibly make the situation any more awkward, Beast Boy moved forward. Raven's eyes weren't on him at the moment. He wasn't sure if that made it better or worse. He dipped down slightly as he moved, eyes about level with Raven's neck, because he was terrified that moment of looking her in the eye. He slowly raised himself up to her eye level as he got closer. Raven seemed to realize he was there then and her eyes turned and locked with his for a moment, the tips of their noses almost brushing. They just sat there, motionless, eyes wide, gazes locked, breath heavier than necessary. It seemed as though neither of them was ever going to move. And then Beast Boy retreated, dropping his head back down and staring at her chin, crouching like a frightened puppy. A surge of disappointment at himself ran through his body.

Willing up his courage, telling himself to keep on going, he shot up and forward at the same time, his lips connecting with Raven's and cupping them gently. He just sat there ineptly for a moment, getting no response. He almost started to panic.

‘Oh great, what if I'm totally off-base here? What if she didn't mean it the same way I did? What if she doesn't like me? What if she's sitting here wondering why in the world I'm kissing her?’ he thought frantically. He was answered in a few seconds by Raven slowly and unsurely returning the pressure against her lips, kissing him nervously, hand moving aimlessly forward and gripping his elbow gently. Beast Boy felt relief flood every inch of his body. He gratefully kissed Raven more confidently, though keeping it innocent. His hands moved clumsily, first brushing against her face, finding her shoulders, and then finally coming to rest with one around her, resting on her back, and one on the back of her neck. Raven seemed unsure of what to do, too. He was a bit glad he wasn't in this alone. One of her hands found its way to his chest and the other to his shoulder, and she seemed content at knowing this was at least better than doing nothing with them.

This was unlike Beast Boy had imagined his first kiss. He had never foreseen it would be on a sofa at one in the morning with one of his best friends in his arms. But no matter what he had been expecting,

he was happy. Something about this felt right. It didn't feel like wild, passionate love, it didn't feel like a moment that would bind the two forever. But it did feel like happiness, contentment, and the beginning of something very, very special.

Neither of them wanted to be the one to end the awkward, beautiful first kiss. But air was a growing necessity, and somehow, breaths through the nose were no longer cutting it. Beast Boy kissed her harder for a moment before slowly ending it, letting their lips come apart in degrees gradually until they were no longer kissing instead of ending it all at once. The two of them stared at each other, faces still close together, from their odd positions in each other's arms for a moment. And then they broke apart suddenly, looking at anything but each other, both laughing nervously.

There was a pause in which they avoided each other's eyes relentlessly.

“Um...” Beast Boy said finally, slowly meeting her eyes again. “All of a sudden, I really don't feel like going back to bed anymore.”

Raven smiled slightly at him. “One more game?” she offered, eyes darting to the discarded controllers. Beast Boy picked up his for a moment, looked at it, and then dropped it and kissed Raven again, this time wrapping his arms around her properly. Raven responded quickly, wrapping him in a tight, warm embrace as they kissed briefly and then stopped. The awkward feeling slowly drained away. Raven rested her head nervously against Beast Boy's chest, and he reacted by lifting one hand and stroking her hair lightly. A small purr of contentment rose up in Raven's throat. The two were happy in their stillness for another few minutes.

“So, you really *do* think I'm funny,” Beast Boy said with a giggle.

“You wish,” Raven teased him, giving him a tight squeeze and nuzzling his chest gently as he gave the top of her head a soft, affectionate kiss.

“Yeah, sure,” he answered, hugging her tighter, his contentment growing and filling him until there was no room for anything else. Only happiness. And the thought that this was the beginning of something that might be awkward at times...but it was still going to be beautiful.

END