

The sun was painting the clouds a golden hue amidst the backdrop of a darkening blue sky as it slowly sank beneath the horizon. Chris had seated himself comfortably in the den while Cyfan busied himself with giving hugs and kisses of well wish to Cynthia and Shaiyla. The two women were off for a Valentine's day get-away leaving the boys at home and Cyfan had the first night planned at the least. As soon as the door closed he made his way to the back porch to light a fire in the grill there. Minutes later, and smelling of charcoal smoke, the chef walked into the den to take a seat next to the lounging male.

"Girls are finally gone for the weekend." Cyfan said after a moment of watching what was on the television

"Yeah, just you and me the next two nights." Chris pointed out, glancing over at him with a smirk.

Cyfan smiled and leaned over against his other mate, head resting on his upper arm. Before he could quite settle in and get comfortable he let out a sigh and pushed himself up off his mate. Once on his feet, he let his tale "accidentally" brush against Chris' chest and begin heading towards the deck.

"Hey! Where you goin'?" Chris called, readjusting himself on the couch

"To get some food cooked so we don't starve this weekend!" Cyfan retorted, grabbing the plate of steaks off the counter and carrying them out to the waiting grill.

Once they were sizzling on the grates and the lid shut, the chef plopped back onto the couch with a satisfied hum and nuzzled against his awaiting partner's chest.

"What ya cookin' tonight, Kitten?" Chris asked as he slipped a hand to the back of Cyfan's head and began to scratch softly

"Oooohh just some steaks and potatoes. Standard fare when we get to have the place to ourselves." he purred, leaning his head back into the scratches.

"Standard, but always welcome!" he chuckled, sliding his hand down his mate's back and hugging him against his chest before attempting to maneuver his wings over them as well.

"Don't close me up yet... I'm gonna be up and down till the meat's done." Cyfan groaned, stopping the wings with a lazy paw.

Before protest could be made he rolled up on his feet and continued this ritual of a few minutes of snugs between turning steak until the slabs of meat had been marked by the fire and heated through. The scent of the cooked steaks reached Chris before the door had even shut well and his nose twitched as it drew the rest of him up off the couch

“Alright, what ya season that with? It’s... different than usual.” He asked as he got to his feet, bouncing on his paws in eagerness as he made his way to the kitchen.

“Uhh... let’s see I added some g-gah!” Cyfan began before a sudden waist hug and kiss to the nape cut him off, “Hey! I was talking!” he complained, giving Chris a mock pout as he craned his head around in an attempt to spot the other male.

“Yeah yeah, What can I do to help?” he asked, giving the chef a squeeze around the middle before letting go to retrieve drinks from the fridge.

“Sit! Go get a seat and wait! I’ll have it in a moment,” The kitten instructed.

The chef soon had a selection of drinks on the counter, steaks on separate plates and garnished with a sprig of rosemary, and steaming, buttery potatoes on the side. Chris was soon slid closer to the table, and a plate set before him.

“What would you like to drink?” Cyfan asked as he took a frosty mug from the freezer.

“Uhhh... how bout some cider? We still have some right?” The canid asked after a brief survey of the meal set in front of him

A mug of cider was soon added to the spread and the chef plopped onto a seat next to his mate with a mug of his own. Before Chris could make comment about the meal or thank Cyfan for preparing it a wing draped around his shoulders and gave him a light squeeze.

“Thanks! If this taste half as good as it smells, then this weekend is starting on a good note” he said with a grin before picking up the silverware and digging in.

“Well I think that’s the case. After all I made sure to age these a while *and* marinade them overnight on top of the seasoning. As always cooked perfectly to medium rare” he explained quite proudly, as he cut into his own slab of meat, punctuating his statement with a quick bite.

Chris nodded approvingly and took a bite of the meat himself, savoring the smoky, sweet taste of the meat as it mingled with the salt and garlic of the seasonings.

“Mmm, I think it taste better than it smells!” he declared, taking another bite

“Thank you, thank you, it’s always nice to know my work was satisfactory” Cyfan replied, practically purring

Chris’ appetite began to take over as his stomach reminded him just how many hours it’d been since he last eaten. Likewise Cyfan had fallen into the contented silence that comes from living someone for long enough, where the others presence is far better than any small talk that could be made. The occasional talk of what to do after they finished eating arose and it was decided the couch would be their resting spot for the evening.

"What ya wanna watch, Kitten?" The canid asked after crumpling up his napkin on the plate and leaning back into the wing-hug with a contented sigh.

"Oh you pick. I don't care." he replied through the last few bites of potato.

"nah come on, pick! I usually end up picking the show." Chris complained, smiling and leaning up against his mate, batting his eyes in an attempt of cuteness.

"that's because you're the alpha after all" he teased, licking Chris' nose with his rough tongue.

"Fine, first action movie I come across then."

"That's fine by me. Go get it started! I'll be in there once the dishes are in the sink." Cyfan replied, giving him another squeeze with his wing before letting him go.

Chris stood up and stretched, patting his stuffed belly as he did, before lazily making his way to the couch. Once there he lay himself out on the cushions with a light "flump" and began scanning the channels for something interesting. The sounds of clanging dishes and running water rushed his search.

He'd nearly picked between two when a sudden weight was added to his back in the form of a cuddly chef trying to comfortably lay atop him with head on Chris' chest and arms around his waist.

"oof! Hey! Come on now warning next time!" he laughed, rolling onto his back and hugging the now purring cook.

"aww come on you love it" Cyfan teased back, kissing Chris' chest before nuzzling into the fur and turning his head to see the screen.

"Yeah you're lucky you're act so cute, Kitten." he countered, ruffling the snuggler's hair

This elicited a sudden squeak followed by a playful growl from the kitten chef as he tried to shake the hand free of his head. He'd tried to look sorta nice for the evening after all.

"Oh don't be like that It's fine" Chris defended with a laugh, hugging him close

"Yeah just turn on the movie before I try and get back at ya."

"Alright mister tough guy" the canid said with a chuckle, booping Cyfan's nose for good measure

Once the movie was going and they settled in a bit better, Cyfan never found it appealing enough to focus in on and was absentmindedly tracing swirls out on Chris' chest around his birthmark. Occasionally poking the muscled pillow to receive a jab in the ribs, boop on the nose, or other such attention from his mate, once even a kiss when he rose to retrieve

drinks. There was still the rest of the night ahead of them and no need to press for anything more just yet.

The alpha of the house had ceased paying attention to the film as soon as he felt his fur being shifted around, happily keeping up the act in favor of the snuggles and attention he was getting. Not to say he was using the movie as an excuse, but it was fun to snuggle under the guise of doing something else. Even though he hadn't found himself on the couch with Cyfan as much as he'd like recently he didn't see a reason to make a big deal out of it just for Valentine's day. He was however considering how he could convince him to cook for the four of them again like he had tonight.