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Butterfly

by i.n

“Karson don’t run off!” I shouted, he didn’t hear me, he was so hyper all the time. The coffee shop was lively and, smelt like, well coffee. Dorn put her fingers in each of my front jean pockets, tugging me a little closer while she watched him pushing people out of the way to look at the cakes.

“Not when Karson’s around..” I said glancing around the cafe

“I’m just inspecting your really.. well-made pockets” she engrossed, I smiled at the elderly couple passing by us.

“Besides, Karson already knows” she poked me with her nose

“know what?” Karson asked, eating cake holding a strangers hand, that stranger being an Angel.

“It’s been a while” Hide spoke unexpectedly, noticing I was a bit pre-occupied with Dorn,

“—it has — Karson where’d you steal that from?” I asked looking at the cake he was eating.

“I DIDN’T— he bought it for me” he argued, swaying his hand holding Hide’s firmly, I sighed like a dad.

“So is this your son?” Hide asked Dorn out of nowhere, as if we were married, despite my efforts and obvious discomfort trying to get her to let go.

“—*HIDE*” I scolded him before she could answer

“I’m kidding” taking it back “you kind of look like Han” squishing Karson’s cheek.

“He.. he’s my older sister’s” I informed him weakly, trying to stick to the conversation despite Dorn’s distractions. She has no spacial awareness.

“You’re so cute you know that?” Hide doted, kneeling to the little Han eating cake,

“but you said I look like *him*.. how could I be *cute*?” Karson killed me

“what?” I asked stunned, Hide laughed unable to disagree. If we really did look alike, he’d give me the same amount of attention. He continued being loving to the pip squeak, I interfered, tapping his shoulder with my phone, getting him to stop.

“Your number.. give it to me” I insisted, he glanced at my phone, taking it and putting his number in. Really, he would’ve never done that before.

As he stood up, he made eye contact with Dorn, it seemed he recognised her.

“.. Star fire?” he remembered vaguely, she looked at him then it came to her like an unsolved mystery.

“Goblin king?” it clicked, she was shocked by the resemblance

“—right from Halloween” he reminded her “the paint bucket still makes me laugh when I think about it” appreciating the comedic relief.

“You had so much patience” she praised him “I couldn’t handle it for one more second”

“were you there too?” he turned to ask me and I think I started sweating.

“—Oh he couldn’t make it, I did beg him” Dorn answered for me. She was really breaking down my strong man persona, I couldn’t really be discrete with how nervous I was. I think Hide noticed..

“You ended up helping me twice.. I should really thank you” he was really attentive. She glanced at me smiling.

“I’ll see you guys soon —bye Karson” kissing his forehead and Karson looked at him all sad.

Hide

“You didn’t even attend American high school..” Cheeraen questioned

“exactly.” Janey said, set on her goals “it’s the perfect cliché“

“you and Tren?” Roch reasoned, like genuinely though,

“what do you see in him?”

“you guys just don’t get him like I do” she justified, does anyone? she wanted to do a high school cheer routine at her birthday party. So here we were, in the middle of a high school, practicing. On the bright side, I imagined it was satire.

A little after everyone got tired, I took a walk around the building, schools made me nostalgic. I saw someone in the gymnasium, doing sit ups.

“Your forms kind of bad” I said aloud, which startled him.

“Fu— where’d you come from?” Han looked up

“why are you doing sit ups in an empty high school gym?” I asked, sitting on his feet, wrapping them between my crossed legs.

“I’m.. I- well I do community practice-“ he clarified, I pushed his chest mid-sentence, forcing him to lay down. He looked at me shocked.

“Do it while you talk” I said waiting for him to start

“for high schoolers..” he continued “and what did you say about my form?”

“it’s eh, not that good” I replied, he laughed in disbelief

“what— and you would know?” yes, yes I would.

“I’ve been going to the gym again” I said, as a matter of fact, and he stopped mid sit-up,

“you have?” he stared at me to see if I was telling the truth

“yeah, don’t get jealous now..” I smacked his leg to get him to continue

“me?” he scoffed “what threat are you to me?” he sat up, stopping again. I sighed.

“I mean you’re already slacking” I criticised “letting yourself get distracted, it’s not even been one set. Not to mention I ended you during our fight” pushing his chest again, but he didn’t budge, until I pushed him again.

“Ended?” he laughed at my wording “I let you punch me”

“you didn’t even see it coming” I corrected him “I’ve actually been meaning to apologise for giving you a concussion several times” I blabbered on.

“One punch from me and you couldn’t stand again” he finished, pushing me off his feet. I backed up laughing, I did not need a repeat.

“You were trying to kill me, that’s not very good sportsmanship” as I dodged his attempts to grab me.

“Hey I mean it, I’ve been going to the gym” I warned him, but he started wrestling me anyways. He tried to hold me down a few times but I always ended up pulling his leg. He couldn’t pin me down, I was too slippery. I caught him off guard a few times. We were going at it very seriously, rolling around the floor and everything. Suddenly, he grabbed my biceps and paused

“you really have been working out” he was pleasantly surprised

“I have” pushing his chest away, having the upper hand and almost being successful.

“You’re not bad” he enjoyed, happy I wasn’t just messing around. We were both getting out of breath, I tried getting away but he kept dragging me back.

“Seriously let me go” I huffed, but he wasn’t satisfied until he held me down, so I let him.

“Now don’t go and do that” he detested my letting him win, while holding both my wrists on the ground.

“Well maybe you should pick on someone your own size” I acted, like a true bullied individual. He got up because I stole his line. I caught his attention again by throwing a ball I found directly at his head. He turned around slowly looking at me.

We played basketball, luckily neither of us were close to basketball prodigies. I goofed around hyping up the empty bleachers when I made it through the hoop. I messed up his shots but he let me go unscathed. I died laughing at how bad he was, airing out my coat like I had just won a worldwide tournament. He laughed despite my constant questionable undertakings.

We sat on the roof of one of the buildings, it was dark out now, he was drinking water.

“You didn’t get one for me?” I scoffed, snatching his bottle “what a terrible guy” drinking it, he glanced at me. I passed the bottle back to him but he just kept looking at me.

“What?” I asked as he looked at the water dripping from my neck while I was nudging him to take the bottle.

“Sorry” he said suddenly

“it’s fine I wasn’t that thirsty”

“no, sorry for lying”

He didn’t say anything for a second.

“On Halloween, Dorn lied for me” he started “I was there, I didn’t know it was you.. that night”

“I.. saw what happened”

“don’t worry about it” I aired my shirt out “who were you dressed as anyways?” trying to change the topic, he huffed.

“It’s okay, I mean it” I told him again, but he looked agitated, not able to move on from it. He curled up into a ball.. such a big guy, it was kind of funny..

“then you dressed up as Sarah.. I was looking for Sarah that night” he mumbled sadly

“you were?”

“then Karson saw you on tv, he didn’t even realise it was you” all melancholy “the same Sarah, right in front of him..”

“he’s just a kid” I laughed lightly. It was like he wanted to say something but he couldn’t, he just sat sulkily with his face in his arms.

“If you can’t tell me now, tell me later” I consoled and he nodded, “so Dorn was star fire.. you must’ve been Nightwi-“ he hugged me. His hard exterior became soft for the first time.

“I’m sorry, Hide” he held tighter, I didn’t pull away until he was ready,

“I didn’t think you thought of me” I replied “sorry if I made you worry” feeling his arms moving to hug me closer.

“You’re like a butterfly” he described

“butterfly..?” I asked and he took his arms away from around me, looking into my eyes, matured.

“Pretty, ..harmless, not something that could hurt me” .. “but.. even the little things you do.. stay with me..” his expression became serious, “growing.. becoming uncontrollable — stronger than me..”

“you’re stronger than me, a butterfly” he smiled.

I scratched my head, maybe flustered,
“whatever you say man..” I got up holding my hand out, “minus the poetry, you’re not so bad”
he took my hand and I splashed him with the water bottle quickly trying to get off the roof. I
shouted from the coldness as he narrowly tried to get me back. As we walked off together I
blurted out “so, a girl has her hands in your pockets.. and the first thing you do is ask for a
random person’s number?”
“what? it’s fine, don’t people do that?” he debated
“no.. not with a girls hands in their pockets” I opposed and he scratched his head, I shook mine.
“What are you doing here anyways?” he wondered
“my friend Janey is having her birthday party here” I brought up, he gave me a weird look
“you should come after your community prac-tice.. if you.. dare” I invited, he rolled his eyes
smiling, surely happy I did.

2

Dorn

Han said he was busy today, community practice ..or something? he had that last week too.
“Dorn!!” one of the craziest girls I knew shouted out
“don’t you look cute?” I said hugging her, she really did
“you made it! we’re just starting” as she quickly climbed onto the stage.

Someone who looked almost identical to her stood beside her. Wait that’s a guy.

While I was expecting a corny routine, of course.. it was Janey, she makes everything all sparkly
and attractive. I swear whenever she came close to her boy twin.. wait a fucking minute — ain’t
that Angel?? he was so much more manly since the last time I saw him. His muscles.. were those
there before? Accompanied by a stronger waist apparent from the red jersey he was wearing. The
girls also wore really pretty traditional cheerleading uniforms, this smart hoe.. this wasn’t cheesy
at all.

Janey was always the prettiest girl in the room. She never let anyone upstage her, but — she
didn’t seem to have a problem here. I’d even say she endorsed it. I wonder what her boyfriend
had to say about this. I held in my cackle thinking about it.

The feeling of high school parties and summer turned the room into a time machine. I caught
myself eyeing him, laying on the floor lifting their hips, a face out of breath, hair moving like it
could dance on its own. It made my head spin.

I glanced around the room, everyone was having a great time, then I noticed Han looking up at
the stage. He seemed really happy, usually his smiles were light, but you could see his dimples. I
didn’t approach him. I just glanced back at the stage.

Hide hugged him as they greeted each other after. It was inaudible, but Han looked really shocked as he spoke with him. I think he asked about the hair, it was just as long as Janey's. Hide pulled her over, and now there was two, he looked overwhelmed by it. She turned Hide around, proud of her creation, letting Han have a feel of the extensions, Hide was really a good sport about it.

Han passed Janey the gift he got for her, man he didn't even know the girl. His nice guy demeanour gave me a field day. I think they might've teased him asking which one of them looked better. Janey posed holding Hide's shoulders, clearly teasing Han, but even Hide waited for an answer. He needed out real bad, he glanced over his shoulder and saw me. He waved but that was my cue to leave, that's when he came after me.

"Dorn, I didn't know you would be here" he followed me through the crowd

"well yeah, this isn't community practice" I responded

"Hide invited me, I ran into hi—"

"you don't need to explain Han" I said not really caring

"are you angry?" he asked kind of timidly

"do I look like someone who gets angry over a guy?" before I kept walking.

Han

I didn't catch up to her, Janey jogged over noticing.

"Did you say something to her?" she watched as Dorn left,

"do you know her?" I asked

"we're old friends, same ex" she answered

"same ex.. " I repeated

"yeah guys pass girls around, when in doubt, toss it around" she said briskly

"what does that mean?"

"when you can't decide on a girl, just drag her around, neither rejecting or confessing to her" she was totally giving me relationship advice, "the mixed signals keep her around, but guys *always* keep their options open. Girls are not a one in a million"

"so.. what about you?" she inquired

"..let's say she's.. keen on me.." I said a little ashamed

"she's got you like a dead mouse in a cat's mouth" she solemnly mourned me.

".. she has?" I was a little dumbfounded, she nodded closing her eyes.

"..but she's only been kind to me.." I tried to comprehend

"I see why Hide likes you, you're a little clueless" she laughed

"he doesn't like that about me.." I said solemnly deflated.

"Well then — you're in trouble" she put outright, "don't worry I'll talk to her" helping me with this entanglement.

"But crap.. where's my boyfriend.. I haven't seen him all night" she tried to figure out while looking around

"he must be here" I said looking around too, even though I didn't know him, suddenly I noticed some guy bothering Hide, immediately I walked over "Han?—"

"You danced so well~~" my god the guy was flirting

"I did huh?" Hide replied "hate to break it to you but J—"

“do you mind?” I said interrupting as I overheard their conversation
“do YOU mind? if you have a thing for my girlfriend you better make it clear now so I can fucking punch y-” the guy became aggressive
“—if I have a thi-?” I started
“it’s okay Han— I know him” Hide tried to explain
“you know this guy?” I said brashly
“wait Hide?” the guy had some sort of realisation
“yes HIDE” Hide repeated “Janey come get him” like it was a regular occurrence. The guy put his arm around Janey upon seeing her
“I swear you do it on purpose” he began being flirty with her now. “The whole time you danced I thought Hide was you” the guy construed, glancing at him and laughing, what a sentence.
“I was laughing because I thought he made a mistake.. but actually it was just you” he continued, Janey is so strong.
“I made a mistake??” she asked all worried, Hide rubbed his temples
“I’m complimenting you idiot” the guy looked at Hide again
“shut up.. are you dumb?” Hide remarked
“are you? every time I compliment you, you ignore me like I’m a bug” the guy got defensive
“yeah get away from her, you’re like cockroach” Hide answered back, actually pulling her away.

“she chose to date ME” the guy agitatedly tugged the collar of Hide’s jersey
“and who did you choose exactly?” Hide questioned him, he was silenced. Out of annoyance, he looked at Hide’s face properly for a moment then at his lips, letting him go abruptly and kissing Janey. We watched without consent like we had just been electrocuted. I put my hand over Hide’s eyes, cursing at the man who apparently loved her.

Dorn left, Janey was really upset. She hadn’t been texting me for a few days.
“What r u up to < ’-’ >” I sent her a text, staring at my phone, she didn’t read my older messages. Suddenly she read it. But that was it.
I’ve been having this idea recently. I usually met up and worked out with my friends. But we did moreee than just work out. This time I had a circus trick I wanted to show them.

I looked at one of my contacts ‘Angel’.
“~~ Hey :)” I texted
“Hide come here” a few seconds later he replied.
“Shut up” “you’re loud”
“this is the first time I text you and this is how you respond?” I answered, he didn’t even read it, so I called him.
“Wh.. Han...what?” his voice was all deep and raspy
“are you asleep?” I heard his breathing and then a little grumpy moan, “your voice is deeper” I said as my mouth curled into a smile, he exhaled. I could hear the sheets ruffling, I felt bad for waking him now.
“Come watch me practice” I demanded
“anything else?” he asked
“now” I said, still smiling.

Hide

I walked down the street with a pretty large bouquet of flowers, like not just a standard bouquet, it was huge. I passed by a few people, I mean it wasn't so strange since today was Sunday, and there was a flower market, kind of similar to the one back home.

"Hello Angel" I turned around, recognising who said it.

"Oh Dorn" I said out of the blue "is that my nickname or something?" curious

"I came up with it myself" she looked softer today "nice boots" she said looking at them. For some reason I wore these oversized boots paired with shorts even though it wasn't raining. In fact, it was a fine spring day.

"Thanks" I smiled looking up — just realising the guy stood beside her.

"Oh — hello" I moved the flowers out of the way,

"Angel was it?" he said, looking at me

"some may say, but it's just Hide"

"Hide" he echoed, I nodded slowly, we looked at each other for longer than permissible.

"This is Jasper" Dorn interrupted, I pulled my eyes away from him. He had these red dainty tattoos like nail scratches, they were shaped like church stained glass.

"He's Han's little friend" Dorn informed him, grinning

"little friend.." he repeated

"who could these flowers be for?" she asked, curious if I was a romantic

"my friends graduating tomorrow" I burst her balloon

"such a sweetie" she cooed anyways nudging Jasper,

"don't you think he'd be perfect?" she asked for his opinion.

"you'd be the perfect sacrifice" Jasper inclined "for our exorcism" my face dropped,

"you're a completely pure soul" he dug further, like actually looking into my soul,

"you're right" Dorn looked at him shocked.

"Me? I don't know about that" I became slightly embarrassed internally..

"I can tell, many have tried it, but they didn't get very far, did they?" Jasper described, it left me starstruck

".." he tilted his head a little not giving me a break.

Suddenly, amused, they began laughing out loud "it's not an actual exorcism, just a little game to scare Han" Dorn proclaimed.

"She always does these test of courage's with guys she's obsessed with" Jasper reassured me

"they never make it to the end though" Dorn sounded disappointed.

"And if they did?" I asked abruptly, Jasper just looked at me again, subtly smiling.

"You'll be our sacrifice right?" he asked, sealing my fate before answering my questions. I'm sure my face twitched a few times, trying to find the words. I suddenly blurted out,

"will.. you be there?"

"..if there's a pretty sacrifice" he responded, fate sealed. It was quiet but Dorn nudged him again and he laughed. He looked like he consumed peoples brains for pleasure.

"Han's a brave guy, I'm sure Dorn will have her way in the end" he entrusted.

"Isn't it a little cruel?"

"it'd be cruel if I asked Kelly"

“so who’d you ask?”
“it’ll be funny just wait” Han tried to keep them patient
“funny? you’re a secret bully”,
I walked into the little restaurant and Han spotted me.
“What’s with the flowers?” he said confused, like I had just destroyed any of my credibility. I set them down on the ground.
“Cheeraen’s graduation” I explained, before sitting beside him
“this is your guy? him?” his red haired friend asked. They were extremely unimpressed.
“Yeah shut up, what’s wrong with him?” Han fought,
“nothing—”
“aren’t you supposed to be practising or something?” I interrupted
“don’t worry, it’s a little more than practice” Han glanced at them grinning,
“This is Devon — and Glen” who had glasses, seems smart, why’s he friends with Han?
“and .. Ryul” Han finally said, he’s the red haired on.
“We have this thing where we choose someone to be our little tribute” Devon informed
“..” “....”
“so everyone takes turns and— ” he vaguely detailed
“turns?” I wondered
“just look at it as practice” Devon continued ambiguously.
“Hide’s good, despite how he looks—“ Han vouched for me, I passed him a smaller bouquet of flowers and he took it,
“.. flowers?” he looked at me and I shrugged, his friends were looking even more unimpressed.
“...Anyways.. I’ve fought him before, and—”
“what exactly are we doing..?” I interrupted again
“this’ll be a good time to learn self-defence’ Han tried to summarize for me, “if a guy is bugging you, hit him in the jaw and—”
“it’s also fun to fight someone weaker than us” Ryul smiled. It fell silent, Han rubbed his temples.

Devon grabbed my wrists “if I pin you down, you lose” as if I’d stop resisting, but I pushed him off with my knee, I tried to get up, but he sat on the floor, not letting it happen.
“no you don’t~ your weakness is the ground right? since you’re not so heavy” while he was busy talking, I elbowed him, using my entire weight on his body to keep him from moving. I made sure to hold his neck with my hand so he wouldn’t get any ideas. He didn’t bother trying anything.
“You got me” he agreed to his loss and I got up offering him my hand. Ryul glanced at Han
“you realise why he doesn’t fight right?” Han gave him a look before ignoring him.

“So naturally I have the upper hand just from size alone” Glen analysed, “it’s easier to grab you on the ground because it’s harder for you to get aw-” I tripped him, making him lose his footing, I quickly grabbed his wrist before he fell to the ground.

“That was quick” Devon poked fun at him

“and so.. it’d be easier if you took the fast route out.. “ Glen said startled as I held him.

“I don’t think that will work on me” Ryul hinted, getting up right after Glen finished, not waiting around.

“So you don’t really fight because..” Ryul inferred, Han sighed, I glanced at him, but Ryul kicked my knee while I was distracted. I habitually crouched and he pushed my shoulder as I tried getting up again, I placed my arm on the floor to stop me from falling again, and suddenly he stood over me.

He sat down literally on top of me and I almost fell down from the weight.

“Hold me up” he instructed, and I put both hands on the ground and pushed upwards, in a bridged position. He sat letting go carelessly.

“Hey, you’re pretty strong” he tested “how long can you stand it?” as I tripped up from my core muscles becoming fatigued “oh?”

“I fell down in a few seconds when he did that to me” Glen recalled the bad memory

“aren’t you done yet Ryul?” Devon badgered him

“quiet down” he ordered for silence.

“So, how do you deal with the ones that don’t give up so easy?” Ryul looked back down at me. I was really struggling to keep him up, he waited patiently, then noticed I touched his ankle and he looked unaware at my hand wrapping around it. As he was preoccupied observing the touch, I yanked his leg hard, making him hit the floor unexpectedly. That’s how I subdued him, pressing my knee against his neck.

He chuckled “Stand up” and I did slowly, my foot pressed against his neck, like he wanted me to fully commit to it. His hand wrapped around my calf,

“Ryul” Han warned him

“I’m out aren’t I?” he accepted, getting up still holding my ankle, making me hop on one leg

“I might’ve bruised him” Ryul pointed out and Han had a tired face, like a teacher looking after kids in a school playground.

“Why do you look so down, wasn’t this your idea?” I glanced at him as we walked back, each of us holding a bouquet.

“..” he didn’t answer

“was I that bad?” I contemplated

“no.. you were better ..than I expected” Han admitted

“yeah, so much so you didn’t end up fighting me” I pestered

“we already fought” he reasoned

“I was messing around then, that wasn’t even—” I tried to explain, but he kept shooting me down.

“I can’t fight you in front of those guys” he confessed

“why not?” I glared at him

“they would’ve thought I was being too easy on you”

“that’s not it”

“it is— I swear it“

“—alright let’s just say you’re an attractive fighter” he finally said,

“what?” I raised a brow and his phone started ringing.

“It’s Dorn, I should get this— don’t wait up for me” he quickly said,

“sure—” I waved him goodbye before continuing without him as he went to answer it.

“Where are you? a surprise? I’m not interested in any of your surprises” he spoke with her over the phone, looking at the bouquet in his hands then back at me walking down the street.

“Fine fine~”

“hey Dorn, I’ll call you back” he ended the phone call and suddenly went jogging after me. He took the large bouquet from my hands, carrying it instead.

“You owe me a fight” I muttered

“yeah yeah” he ignored my requests.

3

Han

“Are we going camping..?”

“you know me better than that, I don’t do sleep” Dorn replied

“then camping without sleep..?”

“do you camp in your bedroom?” she was armed with strange questions

“.. bed.. room?” I asked and she stood in front of me, fixated on my collar bone

“think of this as my bedroom, like a spider in its natural habitat” as she crawled her fingers up my stomach. “I don’t let just anyone in” she pulled me to keep going.

“Did you miss me?” she enamoured

“you never texted me back, I didn’t think you’d call” I doubted

“yeah you did never come after me” she joked

“you don’t need me” I stated, in a dangerous situation, she’s the danger.

“There’s a difference between a want and a need, you’ll find that out tonight” she foreshadowed, smiling deceptively.

“Our careful wanderers, we have delicacy in store for you — but there’s only one rule” the faceless man in a black cloak quietly warned us in the middle of the ruddy path.

“You must.. hold hands the entire journey” he intertwined his fingers together, “or you’ll be caught by the.. testament, no matter how tempting, you must stay together”.

I entangled my fingers with hers,

she ushered me to lead the way, “are you sure?” I asked “you’re always the one leading” I was surprised that she’d let me

“protect me” she pretended, as if she needed it, I shook my head smiling.

I knew there were people walking around in the forest, I could hear breathing, sometimes near us.

“I thought it was just going to be us” I glanced back at her

“it is just us”

“you have awfully a lot of people in your room” I said unsurprised

“aren’t you scared?” she checked up

“of what?”

Dorn

He really didn't care, throughout the path people attempted to jump-scare us, but failed to land anything. He just glanced at them, immovable. But then, he saw something in the woods that caught his attention, he even went slightly off the path to catch another glimpse.

"What is it?" I asked

"mind if we take a detour?"

He was so determined to stray off the path. It was dark and the plants were brittle and harsh, he pulled me without being careful, I was used to roughness, I just wondered what made him this way.

There was someone with a cloak ahead, and someone else uncloaked beside them. We watched them approach an opening. A circle of people each held a candle, there were branches and twigs ribboned in fixtures. I realised I had slits all over my legs, they started stinging and feeling feverish. The only uncloaked person stood in the middle, kneeling in the dirt on their bare knees. The man approached him, hands blackened, holding eye contact with the dove as he painted on the ground around him, creating a circular pentagram. The black paint of his fingers grazed the bare skin of the dove, the imprints of his hands imitated wings of an Angel on his back. The dove's face turned to be seen, half assembled feathers were over his eyes, assimilating into the image of delicacy.

Han's familiarity made him unsteady, something in him switched on. The cloaked man marked the dove's forehead, and others laid him on the dirt dominantly. His feathered face looked in our direction, but shadows flickered as the circle moved around them. With each flicker, the cloaked man drifted over his body.

In rhythm, the man rested his hand on the ground beside the dove's head. Maybe it was the illicit smile the man made looking down at him. Han let go of my hand.

My eyes widened as he did.

He pulled the man away and everyone stopped

"woah—" the man's hood fell off

"Han— wait" but he didn't

"I wasn't going to do anything" Jasper brushed black paint over his lips wryly.

"It's alri—" the dove said, but he wasn't listening, his hand separated the dove and the cultist, but he didn't stop.

"Han — " —Han- stop" Hide finally grabbed his arm "it's just a joke" he glanced back at Hide remembering that.

I stood watching from afar

"Dorn.." Jasper's eyes found me

"your legs.."

".. I should get some plasters" I said walking away and he got up to follow me.

Jasper cleaned the blood from my legs at the camp,
 “let me” Han asked quietly, Jasper got up shoving the cotton buds into his chest
 “you were supposed to be looking after her” before walking away.

He felt really guilty, he kneeled and held my ankle, touching softly on my legs.
 “I’m sorry Dorn, this is all my fault, I was so careless, and ..selfish”
 “you weren’t selfish” I glanced over at Hide, “you wanted to protect someone, and that person came before me”.

He noticed, “it’s.. not what you think .. I’ve watched people hurt him.. over and over again” he was being truthful, “I could never just stand and watch without doing anything anymore”
 “I want to.. be a better friend to him and more.. for you” he glanced up timidly at me. I felt my walls breaking.

He came closer to my face, kneeling still, holding my legs. I felt his body heat and my eyes widened. He looked into my eyes, then at my lips, my heart pounded. There was so much I wanted to say but he kissed me. My thoughts came to none, the amount of times I wanted to kiss his lips, but he never.. ever... I wanted him.. all of him, for so long.

Hide nudged jasper, both of them glancing in our direction, subtly smiling to each other, the plan wasn’t a fail after all.

Hide

A few weeks passed, I was thinking about a lot of stuff. We were all doing different things, Cheeraen graduated, Roch was doing lighting for musical theatre in different cities and Janey sought to live her life to the fullest. Being the youngest means when you’re still deciding what to do, everyone else already made up their minds. Being the youngest also means being picky. While everyone settles, you just feel like running.

“Truly vintage” I looked at the classic convertible parked by the curb,
 “riding across the country the old fashioned way, a few stops won’t hurt you” Jasper gave me an open invitation. I laughed flattered by his offer.
 “I would —but I’m going abroad” I said apologetically
 “y’know we really have Dorn to thank, she’s just a meddlesome girl in an exterior of a woman” he uncovered
 “meddlesome” I found it funny, they somehow don’t belong in the same sentence.
 “She *wanted* me to meet you” he inferred, we couldn’t stop chuckling.
 “So how was it being our prisoner?” he asked, taking me back to the night. My knees and arms were covered in dirt the entire night, a demonic archivist didn’t mind though, he indulged it.
 “You really didn’t mind the dirt?” I wondered
 “what dirt?”
 “all over me, I literally rolled around in it” I reminded him
 “it has great transfer properties” his cloak was indeed littered in my fingerprints, “since, I did the same to you” his lips curled into a smile, referring to the black wings I became a canvas for.

He took a picture out of his pocket, wallet sized.

“A sacrifice I would like to..” holding it with his lip as he opened the sun visor “..keep” slotting it in. It was a photo of me with the dove feathers around my eyes, then he turned back, “where am I gonna find a sacrifice like you?” he leaned on the car door, squinting from the sun. Humoured, “you have cool tattoos, all red” I finally complimented him, placing both my hands on the door beside him. He looked the other way, baffled.

“I guess it’s true not many people get that far with you?” he decoded, I stared at my knuckles.

“A butterfly?” he said out of nowhere

“what?”

“you thought it just now”

I breathed out “no, uh—it’s stupid”

“they land on flowers, and move onto the next one, there’s loads of pretty flowers, but a butterfly is a rare occurrence” — “abrupt, their stay, impermanent”.

He looked at me, disquieted,

“Han’s an idiot” as he watched my hair in the breeze, smile faded, before getting into the driver’s seat.

“London huh?”

“one way” I smiled faintly

“that’s not gonna last” he chuckled adjusting his sunglasses. He grabbed my hand, kissing it,

“adieu” he smiled, I waved as he drove off on this day of many new beginnings.

Everyone has their own journeys. Life is impermanent, flowers change with the season, but a butterfly’s lifetime is finite. My phone buzzed.

“You never text me”

“Karson misses you” I assumed Han was busy dealing with his enchantress so I didn’t want to disturb his centre of attention, having a woman like her in your life surely comes at a cost.

“Just Karson right?” I texted back “I know you’re busy :)”

“..” “shut up and come here”

I peeked my head through the door “where’s Dorn?”

“not here” he smiled walking into the living room,

“so how are things going with her?” as I snooped around

“she’s like a vampire, she disappears at night and takes all my energy with her”

“sucks it right out of you” I mumbled, stumbling across a cute bedroom.

“This is Karson’s” he appeared behind me “he stays over sometimes when he argues with my sister”

“speaking of which where is he?” I bugged him “gimme that” snatching his phone out his pocket.

“He’s the one that misses me and you tricked me into coming—”

“what are you doing?” he gazed at me as I scrolled through his phone

“I’m gonna— is that my number?” I looked closer “why is my name Angel?” before pulling a face.

“Do you really want me to answer?” he leaned his head on the door frame. My brows contorted before swiftly going to— “hey don’t change it-“ he tried to pull it out of my hands.

“alr- ALRIGHT” I glared at him as I walked inside the room waiting for Karson to pick up.

“Oh Karson”

“Hide? where are you??” Karson asked ecstatically “why haven’t you been talking to Han, I missed you”

“I know— he was bu-”

“Dorn doesn’t buy me cake, instead she gives me dead bugs, she says bad kids get rotten teeth” Karson grumbled, I looked at Han speechless.

“They.. don’t really get along” he tried to excuse and I smacked his shoulder “OW he’s really naughty, why are you hitting *me*”

“he’s not naughty” I argued

“SHE’S EVIL” through the phone.

“You can’t talk, you only behave around Hide” Han complained, he really held grudges with a nine year old. I sat on the bed ignoring him.

“My mum told Han even the dogs are scared of her” Karson reported

“is she some sort of witch..?” I mumbled scratching my head. Han sat beside me, placing his head on my shoulder looking into the phone

“are you scared of her?” he glanced at me.

“I feel like I’m in danger just being here” I shrugged him off,

“watch out Hide! she might come back” he tried to warn me through the phone.

“Scared of what? I’m right here” Han said grabbing me

“one sec Karson” I lowered the phone, fighting Han using whispers.

“Get off” I nudged him with my elbow

“what are you guys doing?”

“nothing—“ I said and Han picked up the phone

“Karson, Hide’s in danger!”

“why??”

“you might never see him again-!” before he hung up abruptly. I looked at him silently, we stared at each other blankly, just as he was about to embrace me again, I interrupted.

“Nope” shrugging his arms off again

“I need this, give me a hug I need this” he tried to grasp me, I slid out tumbling to the floor accidentally pulling him along.

“Actually~~ I owe you a fight” he happily grappled me

“I thought you forgot by now” I half wished

“course not, I couldn’t pass up the offer” he grinned, oh man. I pushed him against the side of the bed but he easily flipped it the other way around.

“Magic” he whispered sarcastically “you’re trying right?” provoking me, but I patiently placed my arm on the bed.

“I’m stuck” I watched him blankly, he moved back after realising how he was holding me on his lap

“thanks” I said with a fake smile.

I laid on the floor stretching “what kind of wrestling was that?” my legs were still loosely around his body, “man fighting you tires me out” my eyes were half open, he looked down at me observantly.

“See, how can I fight you in front of anyone?” he made complicated
“it’s not my fault you’re not serious” I remarked, my knee touched his arm lightly, “what was it you said before? attractive fighter or something ..?” I recalled “what were you even saying” he chuckled, “it’s true”
“what now..”
“your strength is you soften your opponent” he noted “also let’s just say when you’re fighting, no one’s really focused on just the fighting alone” sparing me the details. I closed my eyes, trying to tune him out.

Han

As he closed his eyes, I admired him. I didn’t think it would all come back to me like this.

“I wanted to talk to you”
“me too actually” he also said
“really?” I asked, he didn’t open his eyes
“you first though” he urged me.

“Back at the rooftop, I couldn’t tell you.. some stuff”
“I remember, the butterfly poetry” it lingered on his lips, his hands rested on top of his stomach as he played with his thumbs.
“C’mere a moment” I asked him
“I’m right here” not getting up.
“Look at me” I pulled him up, “look and don’t blink for about 10 seconds” he sighed
“why do we need to do this..?” but he did.
Blank with nothing going through his head, merely staring at me, but to me well, he’s never looked at me for this long without saying anything.
“My eyes are stinging” he covered them, I immediately pulled his hand off, stroking his lower lid with my thumb, his eyes glazed over with water.
“Don’t blink” I said quietly staring into his ocean. The water spilled over his lashes, following my words. I remembered the rhinestones, sparking like tears. I wiped it off with my thumb before it trickled.

“Why’d you do that?” he rubbed his other eye and his hair fell over my finger. I didn’t realise they were tangled through his hair, I moved my hand running my fingers through it gently. He seemed so relaxed, laying back down again.
“No reason” I answered,
“it’s been too long for you to not be honest” he alluded.
“.. You had rhinestones in your eyes” .. “I couldn’t see you.. to tell you.. you were beautiful” he glanced at me a moment, “that’s what you wanted to say?” looking at the ceiling laughing gently to himself.
“That was months ago, you still think about that?” he chuckled again, “you must really love Jennifer Connolly”
“of course not” I nudged him. “I’m talking about you, I liked you”,
“I’m enjoying this, what else?” he dug further
“what else?” I asked

“what else did you like and you didn’t tell me?” he closed his eyes smiling like it was a beautiful day.

“Well I could only ever see you through magazines”

“wait.. I regret asking” he grabbed my hand to make me stop,

“what? you don’t like it?” I pulled him up like a toy

“that’s not—” I interrupted him, making a gun to his chest, he paused looking at it “stop —don’t embarrass me” as he held my fingers.

“I have something to say too” he started

“mhm go on..” I waited

“I’m going abroad soon”

“you are?” I replied, not really paying attention to what he was saying. I just moved closer to his face, lingering near him.

“I thought maybe for a change of scenery” I didn’t faze him at all, he just kept talking. “I haven’t been back for a while and I’m not really sure what I’m supposed to be doing” his head turned the other way, and I followed.

“You’re young, you don’t have to know” I reassured him, he looked into my eyes with no expression, as my hand rested on the floor beside him. I was unreasonably close to him.

“So I tho-”

“you know Dorn thinks I don’t drink, but actually it’s because of you” I interrupted his sentence. He seemed startled.

“Right.. we never actually..” he looked down at the ground “talked about it” ..

“I shouldn’t have made assumptions about you” he apologised, I’ll live “and the thing with the drink—” I leaned in quickly, only leaving a few inches between our lips, with no doubt about what I was going to do, or wanted to do.

He froze, stunned but it didn’t show on his face. His body started moving away slowly, I followed, with desire to fill the gap he kept maintaining. His brows furrowed a little, confused, but not jumping to any conclusions.

His back reached the wall with his legs between mine, being burnt by him left a sensation.. I attempted to light the match.

“I should..” he spoke before it caught fire “..get going” he got up with his back against the wall.

“Tell—“ he paused “tell Dorn I said hello” before grabbing his jacket “I’ll text you”, he hasn’t the first clue about texting.

4

Hide

I was out picking up some things before I started packing. The weather was really warm, I was wearing a baseball cap, it was getting kind of hot, maybe I could just take it off...

As I was adjusting it, only taking it off for a moment, someone passed by, recognising me.

“Oh my..” they spoke, covering their mouth in shock, “it’s been a long time, I’m not sure if you remember me, I did an interview with you at the quarterly”

“ah..” I shook her hand since she offered it.

“You look..!” she noticed my obvious change “different” critically, “but really— no one has seen you in so long, we wer-“

“I really should get going” I awkwardly lowered my cap, thanking her and leaving.

My face was getting warm. I hate when that happens. I kept holding the tip of my hat looking down, I needed out of this city. I waited to cross the street, without warning a motorbike stopped in front of me. The other pedestrians went around the biker disrupted, as the person took off their helmet.

“What’s with the cap?” she lifted it from my head, my hair dishevelled from the action. I fixed it subconsciously, she leant back on the bike, keeping the hat from me.

“Why’s your face all red?” rhetorical “I heard you’re leaving town” she put outright,

“Han doesn’t know”

“I thought he told you..” I said confused,

“he said you didn’t come over, so whatever you told him, went through one ear and out the other” she informed me, sarcastically ..now why would he go and say that.

“How do you—” I was about to ask

“his cologne smelt a little different” Dorn said impatiently, it was silent a moment, “it was mixed with yours”.

Her eyes were sharp, dark with hostility. She grabbed my neck, smelling it.

“White musk.. I had to see for myself. His usual smell.. became sweetened”

“we were just figh—” I tried to explain

“tell me, honestly” she particularly left the question open.

“Nothing’s changed” I took my hat back “no one can change anything about him, except you” I reminded her, before leaving.

“I’m talking to you” she grabbed my wrist as I walked away. I was a little shocked, she was strict, pulling me back and my brows furrowed slightly with concern. We stared at each other, it’s like she looked at my face and noticed something, her eyes widened, becoming upset.

“He lied to me, I’m his girlfriend” — “who are you to him, if you come abov—”

“Dorn, calm down” I said collectedly, it was quiet now. “I know you love him” I looked at her seriously, “trust him” before letting go of her hand and crossing the street.

I looked a little dragged, exasperated even, sitting watching from the side of the stadium. Karson was sat on my lap, I rubbed my temples, so much for texting him first..

“Did you really have to invite me too Karson?”

“yes?! you’re leaving soon and Han keeps asking me to come and support him” — “I only came because he said you’d come” he was really excited, Han smiled at us from the middle of the stadium. I waved back strained.

“And Dorn would bully me the whole time if you left me with her” he continued, as we watched her pick fights with Han’s opponent. His coach didn’t have to do anything during the breaks. She was Han’s biggest motivation and had a thing for licking the blood off his face.

“Eughh” Karson made a wildly disgusted face.

Karson and I wore matching clothes today representing Han's team. Karson had a little cap worn backwards and a blue racer shirt paired with a ridiculously large belt that looked similar to a heavy weight one. It was pretty sizeable on both of us, covering the entire hip. I had my cap on the correct way, trying to hide my face as best I could. I might die soon from the heat.

A familiar face came and sat beside us, "oh, I think I know you" I said
"I think I know you too" she turned to look at me,
"we met when you got lost at the park right Karson?" I nudged him
"and the evil man tried to hold both of us hostage" he remembered
"riight" I agreed, he wasn't wrong.
"Oh, that's right—I also saw you on a cover with Han" she had a sharp memory, "I used to work at the gym he practises at"
"I'm surprised he never talks about you" I pointed out, shocked
"he never mentioned you to me either" we both scratched our heads.

"You must be good at sports if you worked there" I asked, interested in her
"maybe in the past, I quit" I looked at her surprised "what about you?" she inquired
"well, it's funny I also quit my job, I'm going back to visit home"
"really? I planned to do that too" she replied, shocked by our similar plans.
"is there any reason you're going back too?" I discussed
"actually— when I first moved here a few years ago, I used to think I was great at sports, I was the best in my hometown, so I'd teach classes to the kids at the gym here" she explained "I quit because I thought I could never be as good as Han was".
"He was just better, it's obvious.. I realised, if I couldn't achieve my dreams, I could still help kids get on the right track, so I'm going back to become a teacher" she smiled sweetly.

We were very similar in some ways, she quit her dreams because she felt she wasn't good enough, and I quit my job because it made me feel less than others. There was a common denominator.

"I'm glad you found something you enjoy doing, being a teacher is a really important job" I was impressed by her goals.

"For some time I hated myself" she chuckled "I worked regular jobs, giving up on trying and constantly looking at others, unable to see how special I was" her words unexpectedly made me feel better.

"Plus teaching is one thing I'm better than Han at"

"he's really only good at fighting, it's pretty underwhelming" Karson retorted, becoming his hater.

"Shhh" I whispered trying to not laugh.

"I heard you had an actual fight with him" she whispered amused,

"he needed it" I said bluntly

"I bet he did" she scoffed to stop her laughter.

"It's crazy how he and Dorn have never fought before" she pointed out as we watched them,

"you're right.." I observed too, their chemistry, beyond our understanding.

Dorn jogged over at that moment "Ladies, Karson, you hungry?"

"I don't want your bugs" he yelled grabbing my shirt,

“let’s go to the cafeteria, quick before Han comes”

“WHY DID YOU LICK HIS BLOOD?” pure terror in his voice

“because I’m a vampire” she grappled him and he screamed as she picked him up.

Kelly got up “I’ll make sure she doesn’t traumatise him” unwillingly. I sighed in relief, exhausted from the atmosphere of the stadium and how hot it was. There was an intermission between the rounds, so I got up planning to run to the changing room and splash cold water on my face. The hat was making my head all superheated. As I walked over there, I lifted my hat only slightly and some journalists seemed keen on identifying me.

“Oh excuse me! you’re Hide aren’t you?” I looked behind me, tortured. Fuck.. Han jogged over happily “yo” cutely “wanna—”

“would you mind giving us an interview?” the journalist called over from the banister separating the sections.

“How amazing— oh Hide would you mind—” she signalled me to take off the hat. I took it off helplessly, fixing my hair, Han moved strands out of the way for me. My anxiety was kicking in, “Han, what an amazing first round, and of course— please tell us about your friendship, you’ve remained friends after months of not being seen together”

“I think we’ve gotten to know eachother better— although he’s pretty hard to get out sometimes, despite my efforts..” he looked at me, holding me accountable while smiling, the dipshit.

“And Hide, people are talking, it’s obvious you gained some weight— could you tell us-”

“hold on” Han stopped her, “I’m sorry” he pulled the mic towards him, away from me.

“I don’t think that’s anyone’s business, whoever is saying things like that, please look at yourself in the mirror first” he was slightly infuriated, pushing the mic away harshly and pulled me to follow him. The interviewer grit her teeth looking into the camera slightly frightened.

“I can’t believe you said that” I said as we walked through the stadium,

“I can’t believe they opened their mouths like that to you— you of all people” he peevd.

As a man, I wasn’t used to anyone commenting on my body. It might’ve hurt me if I didn’t know any better — but I never found myself paying attention to my body much.

“Are you hot?” he turned around

“kind of” as I moved the strands of hair on my forehead, trying to air out the humidity. He pushed the hair off of my forehead and put my cap on my head backwards.

“Wait for me in the changing room, there’s air con there” his smile was caring,

“but I’ll miss your fight”

“it’s probably better that way, I know you can’t stomach much.. violence” he pulled my ear a little “and I just happened to be annoyed” he admitted, I shook my head removing his hand before leaving.

I sat on a table right in front of the air con unit. I could finally breathe, it was so stuffy in the stadium. The racer shirt I was wearing was tight so no air could get up through it. I wondered if the tournament finished, I think it had been about 2 hours. I felt a warm aura behind me and I leaned back a little, identifying it was a body.

“Are you going to share?” the body questioned, but I didn’t bother moving and kept leaning back.

“Who won?” I asked, but he pulled me to stand, the answer being obvious,

“you’re leaving town” Han lingered behind me
“yeah, if you were paying attention” I said blankly
“you’re in the way” he watched
“I am” and I didn’t plan on moving, my body was right in front of the air con unit on the table. He made me bend over the table and I looked at him, the air finally hit his bare torso. He placed his hand on the table beside me, leaning closer, over me.
“Han” I said, able to feel his lower body.
“My birthday’s tomorrow” his hands slowly went to hold my hips
“it is..?” I asked
“it is.. but you didn’t know” he muttered quietly
“I’m sorry— I mean it-“ I straightened up a little but suddenly I felt him push against me suggestively on purpose. The air from my lungs expelled like when he punched my stomach. He moved firmly gripping me, I looked at the table, shocked from the way I was being touched.
“Since you’re leaving.. is it okay?” he whispered to me.

My legs parted further as he pulled me to stand properly, pushing me narrowly against the table.
“What ar-.. Han—” but he exhaled, the sensation of our bodies meeting blurred his intent to stop.
“Look at me” his eyes were hazy and half-open, turning me around. He must’ve been thinking about it for a while. I could see it in his eyes, it wasn’t even a question anymore.
“You’ll give me what I want for my birthday right?” his tone was plain, I was frozen, genuinely baffled that he would even— without waiting, he lifted one of my legs with his hand, not breaking eye contact with me. Was he insane? he held onto the back of my knee, making me sit on the edge of the table. My heart almost shattered when he lingered so close to my face, literally grazing me. The tension built up like a house on fire. He fought it though, being careful not to move too quickly.
“Han, please..” I really couldn’t talk to him when he was acting like this. He didn’t stop moving, pressing himself between my thighs, our clothes were the only barrier between us, I gasped quickly unable to talk him out of it.

My thoughts floated to how.. big.. he... I could never, he gazed at me, drifting into a smile, as if knowing what I was thinking. My voice became unsteady, unable to stifle the sound of it. It felt like being hit by a truck. I prayed his gaze meant nothing, it was fond, longing, as if I was the only man on this earth that he wanted to do this with.
“I want to kiss you” his nose grazed my cheek
“—no” I held onto his abdomen to make him stay still for a second, “don’t do this to her-” but he had no restraint.
“Don’t..” I forcibly pulled away after a few seconds, resting my head on his chest. I was enflamed with guilt, the house was burning.

“You’re so careful” he whispered into my ear, one of his hands felt my waist, “all worried about Dorn..” his lips were indelicate.
“Where is she?” I whispered, able to hear his heartbeat
“relax.. she left with Karson, she told me to stay, and see you” I pulled away
“she *what*?”

“I love you, so I’m telling you to just go and say what you need to say” Dorn told him “I know how you feel and it’s not easy, there’s no other way but to just spill your guts. He’s leaving soon so there won’t be another time, I don’t care what you do—”

“does that mean you’re-..” Han asked nervously.

“You fucking softie, I love you no matter what” she left, finding it absurd.

“Happy?” he bit his lip, waiting until I was satisfied

“she said that?” I was in disbelief, her level of emotional maturity and love for this man.. was truly unbecoming.

“I should’ve settled things with you before kissing her” he looked into my eyes, speaking only the truth. “I didn’t have enough time to, she was.. demanding” his eyes slowly moved to my body, appeasing his mind.

“I’ve never been attracted to a man, I don’t know much about it..” he chuckled softly, amused by the situation.

My breathing hitched when his hips kept going. My hands accidentally touched his stomach, I moved them quickly— pausing, and noticing how his body was glistening in sweat. He controlled his power to be gentle, he noticed me staring and indulged the attention.

“What are you looking at .. Angel.?” he can’t be serious.. I deterred my gaze.

“I.. I can’t talk to you when you’re..—” I was out of breath, and he paused suddenly, allowing me to look down at.. I couldn’t help but stare.

“I-it’s..- ” I think I was twitching a little

“hm..?” his nose grazed mine

“rock.. hard” he forced it out of me, I swear maybe some tears formed in my eyes.

“.. Because of you” he gladly tortured me. “Are you crying?” he stared at the water glazing over my eyes, and his thumb stroked my eyelid.

“You know how much I like your.. diamonds” he watched my face try to hide any satisfaction he was giving me. My hands twitched, trying to push him away, but his voice revealed just how much frustration I was causing him.

He kept staring.. tickling and prodding me.. every time I tried to speak, he jolted harshly, clearly playing with me “.. there’s your voice” he was satisfied when I became noisy — forcefully I held his torso in attempt to hinder him.

“Han.. slow down” I asked, he grinned, realising I was going to let him.. finish.

...

“Knock it off” I interrupted him as he came closer to my face, looking at my lips as he laid beside me.

“But you didn’t—” he felt unjust

“worry about yourself” I said pointing at his little mess, he chuckled embarrassed,

“let’s shower” I finished, his chance over.

Not long passed, Han’s 22nd birthday and then the day of my flight came. It was an afternoon just as the sun was making its way down, Karson came running looking for me. I noticed Dorn and hugged her immediately.

“Angel.. baby Angel” she sang quietly
“you’re so stupid” I said upset, speech muffled. I pulled away and she pat my head, I noticed Karson,
“hey why’re you crying?” I asked surprised “come here” hugging him.
“Don’t grow up too quickly, alright?” as I held his face, he nodded. I stood up hugging Han lastly. He pecked my neck as I pulled away. I waved them goodbye, finally.

“Karson get back here!” Dorn yelled as he ran off to follow me. She sighed, they both watched.
“Did you guys..?” she asked aloud, still watching me,
“no—” Han chuckled softly “we just kissed a few times”.

Han fell in love with me when I was in states I never wanted to show anyone. The beauty he loved so, was just me pinned against a table, kept still, for everyone to enjoy but me. That isn’t beauty, it’s the death of it. When a butterfly dies, its worry is not in its loss of wings or inability to attract others. Butterflies yearn to spread their beauty, birthing a new butterfly on each flower they land on.

But, humans are selfish, instinctively, keeping things for themselves. When given something fragile in their hands, in the act of care— crush the butterfly in their palms. Out of lust or jealousy, adulterate rather than preserve what is beautiful, forgetting that something small — also has the ability to perpetuate the largest forms of motion.