Blue Belle
by The_Forgotten_Nobody

Summary

Connor paints Evan's nails.

Notes

I don't even know where this came from. I was actually in the middle of trying to plan something different when the words just vomited from my fingertips.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Evan was trying to concentrate on his homework, really, he was, but for some reason, Connor painting his nails on the bed beside him was extremely distracting. Evan had seen him do it a million times so he couldn’t understand why today he just couldn’t stop peeking over. Maybe it was the fact that Connor always looked so good in it, no matter what colour he chose (even the mustard yellow Zoe had made him put on after losing a dare had looked nice). Maybe it was the fact his nails, all chipped and bitten down, looked so ugly in comparison, especially when they held hands. Maybe he just wanted to try out something his boyfriend loved doing, even though a lot of people didn’t get it.

“You okay there Ev?”

Evan startled, nearly knocking his book to the ground. Almost guiltily, he looked over at Connor who was staring back with a mixture of amusement and concern. By this point he was used to Evan
getting lost in his thoughts.

“Uh, yeah. Yeah. Fine.” Evan scratched the back of his head nervously and even now, with Connor still looking at him, his eyes were drawn down to those long fingers delicately painted a dark plum.

“You sure?” Connor asked and when Evan took a little too long to reply, he followed Evan’s gaze down to his hands. “What is it, you don’t like the colour?”

“No!” Evan quickly shook his head; maybe a bit too quickly as his vision swam for a second. “I just…I-

Evan didn’t know why it was so hard to ask. Connor wouldn’t judge him. Connor loved him. But then, Evan couldn’t help but think he’d look bad in it. That the nice colours wouldn’t suit his pudgy, gross fingers and it wasn’t like he looked good in much anyway. It’s why he stuck to his polo shirt and khaki’s. What if they looked so bad that Connor laughed at him? Or what if he didn’t even bother to start because he knew and it was stupid of Evan to even consider? What if Connor’s dad came back and saw and then decided that Evan couldn’t come over anymore? What if-

“Breathe Ev, c’mon. Follow me. In…out…that’s it. You got it.”

Feeling one of Connor’s hands loosely grip the back of his bent neck and the other gently stroking his arm, Evan followed his instructions, trying to fight back the panic that had struck so suddenly. It took a couple of minutes but eventually Connor helped guide his breathing back to normal and the weight that had sat heavy against Evan’s chest lightened. Feeling more in control, he gave Connor a shaky smile that his boyfriend returned.

“You know I wouldn’t be mad if you’d said no, right?” Connor asked, almost anxiously and Evan hated himself for making Connor think it’d been his fault and not just his dumb brain blowing everything out of proportion. Since getting together, Connor had been dealing with his anger much better and though he still snapped occasionally, still struggled to control his temper he wasn’t as convinced that the world was out to get him. And Evan was so, so proud of him.

“I-I know.” He had to tell Connor now. He couldn’t let his anxiety hold him back as it usually did. “And I do- I do really like it. Actually I, um, do you think you could paint mine?” His teeth instantly caught his lip and he chewed it worriedly, looking at a spot on the wall just beside Connor. At least, he was until Connor drew his head back towards him. His own lips were drawn up into a bright, excited smile.

“Sure I can,” he said. “What colour do you want? Let me show you what I’ve got.” Almost like he’d suddenly downed a can of red bull, Connor jumped off the bed and dove into the draw that held his nail polish. He dug them out and chucked them on the bed, a handful at a time. Though they were mostly dark colours, as Evan expected, Connor had been branching out lately and so there were a few lighter ones hidden amongst the crowd. Evan scanned them attentively except…none of them seemed right. But he didn’t want to upset Connor when he’d been so excited so he could just-

“Nah, nothing here’s right. Hold on, I’ll get Zoe’s.”

Evan tried to tell him that wasn’t necessary but before he could, Connor flew out the room, pounding on Zoe’s door until she opened it.

“I need some nail polish,” Evan heard Connor ask.

“What’s the magic word?” Zoe crooned in response and Evan could picture Connor rolling his eyes.
“Please.”

“Much better.”

Then there was the sound of shuffling, of Zoe asking why he wanted it since his were already painted but thankfully, Connor didn’t answer. Evan liked Zoe but until he knew how they looked, he wanted as few people knowing as possible. Connor then returned, his hands full of tiny colourful bottles. He dumped them on the bed with his own stash and Evan took a closer look. Though there were a few dark colours like Connor’s, over-all they were much brighter and lighter. He made sure to inspect each one but his eyes kept going back to one shade in particular. A light pastel blue that was called ‘blue belle’. It was no secret that Evan’s favourite colour was blue and the longer he stared at the bottle, the more certain he was that this was what he wanted.

“I think that’d look great on you,” Connor said encouragingly, and Evan nodded, passing the bottle over to Connor. The other boy brushed the remainder of the bottles to the side and manoeuvred Even so he was sat cross-legged in front of him.

“Uh, just remember I’ve not painted anyone else’s nails so it might look a bit shit but I’m gonna try my best and-”

Evan put his hand over Connor’s, giving his own smile of encouragement.

“I’m sure you’ll do fine,” he said, squeezing the hand he had briefly before releasing it and holding out his hands, fingers spread wide. Connor let out a soft laugh.

“You don’t need to do that, just try to keep it elevated when I’ve done them, okay?” Connor took one of Evan’s hands in his own however, instead of starting straight away; he ducked forward and pressed a light kiss against Evan’s lips. The two of them blushing pink, Connor got to work.

Even though he jolted when the first strip got brushed on and he found it hard to keep his fingers still, Connor’s excitement was infectious and he quickly found himself enjoying the transformation. Not only that, but Evan also got to witness Connor’s concentration face. His gaze was fixed on Evan’s nails, his brow furrowed and he had the inside of one cheek bitten. It made Evan feel all soft and mushy inside at how seriously Connor was taking this, how desperately he wanted to do a good job.

Eventually, the first hand was done and apart from a couple of smudges on his fingers that Evan couldn’t care less about, he thought it looked brilliant. Though his nails were still ridiculously short, the polish didn’t make the fact he bit them so obvious and maybe, seeing how pretty they looked now, he wouldn’t be so tempted anymore.

“You like it?” Connor checked and Evan grinned.

“I love it,” he replied and Connor grinned back, taking Evan’s other hand in his and doing the same. Before long, he had ten nice baby blue nails.

“So that’s why you wanted my nail polish,” came a voice from the doorframe and Evan nearly ruined Connor’s hard work with how violently he startled. Thankfully, he remembered at the last second and threw his hands back up in the air before they hit the bedsheets.

“Ever heard of knocking?” Connor glared and Zoe glared back before her expression turned guilty.

“Sorry Evan, I didn’t mean to scare you” she apologised. “I just kinda felt like painting my own as well. Yours look really nice by the way. The colour suits you.”
She sounded genuine and even if she hadn’t been… Evan wasn’t sure he would have cared. Much, at least.

“Thanks Zoe,” Evan replied, wiggling his fingers a little. It would take a while to get used to seeing them.

“Now do you wanna get out or…,”

Zoe huffed. “I’m going I’m going. I’ll just take all these back.” She grabbed her own collection and with one final smile for Evan, she hooked her ankle round the door to shut it behind her. Connor sighed and rolled his eyes but his mood brightened again at the sight of Evan’s happiness.

Mindful of his still drying nails, Evan took Connor’s hands and interlaced their fingers, enjoying the starker than usual contrast between them.

“Thanks Connor,” Evan said gratefully.

“No problem Ev, I’m glad you like ’em.” Connor replied. “Honestly I, uh, didn’t think you’d ever wanna to try it yourself.”

Evan shrugged. He knew a lot of the kids at school made fun of Connor for his nails but he really didn’t get why, especially not now. Not when they both looked so pretty. And Evan knew Connor said it didn’t bother him but… well, maybe Evan himself would feel a little better about it now.

“Want me to stay for dinner so we can see your dad’s reaction?” Evan offered and Connor’s eyes lit up.

“Oh my god I love you.”

End Notes

Fun fact: I am currently wearing the same shade as Evan.

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