Should've
by alezander

Summary

So there are moments when one should keep one's mouth shut if one is not prepared to talk. This is one of those times.

Notes

I wanted to write about how people tend to try out things that the person they like likes, how it's easier to be bold when sharing a moment in darkness, and how desire alone isn't always rewarded with the realization of a wish.

See the end of the work for more notes

I lowered my eyes and found the sky staring back at me. Harsh, stark and muddled. Just like him. Unknowingly he has made me happy so many times, yet he's crushed my heart a lot more. I remember it, the day I should've kept my mouth shut. The day I should've passed it off with a smile, like I usually do. But I didn't, and this searing in my chest is my punishment.

"I hope they grow up well. They're all beautiful."

"I'm gonna be the best cat daddy in the universe, watch me." He was saying, his face nearly splitting with the excited smile he wore. "Let's name them together, alright?" Then he turned to me and I thought I was going to melt right there where I sat next to him. He was so dazzling, so amazing.
"Sure, but I'd like to see their eyes first. Inspiration for these things are important." I tried returning the gaze he gave me but I couldn't, his eyes were too much. I turned to the newborns instead, lightly petting one on the head with my fingers.

"What's up with that? Inspiration, you say. I didn't know you were such a romantic, you." He nudged his elbow against mine and laughed, turning my insides to mush. "I was surprised you wanted to meet them since you're into dogs more."

"I've been interested in cats lately." I watched his long fingers cradle a kitten, wondering what would happen if I slipped mine between them and never let go. "Because you like them."

"Yeah? You like them because of me?"

_Shit._

I dared look at him and saw that he was staring at me again. _He was so close..._ My breath audibly hitched and I thought about taking a step back to put some distance between us but I was rooted to the spot. The orange filter of sunset washed over his face and made him even more divine. Panicked, I searched for anything to say but my head was one uncooperative blank. So instead I replied honestly. "Yes."

And for a moment I thought I saw his pupils dilate.

"Hm." He hummed thoughtfully, his attention now back to the cats. He was silent for a while before speaking again. "So did you start bowling too because of me?"

_He is being so unfair._

"Yes."

"And smoking?"

"Yes."

I heard him exhale heavily. It had grown darker and I could only make out his figure when he returned the kittens to their mother and tucked the box to shelter. He stood up, towering over me. Even without seeing his face, I knew he was looking at me.

"Do you like me or something?"

_I do._

I bit my lip, I couldn't answer anymore. Grasping my jeans, I waited for him to say anything else. But he only stood there for a full minute, before apologizing and walking away from me forever.

"Hana dear, please remove your furry bottom from my laptop. I need to work now." I pleaded the snobby thing. Hana only scratched an ear, stretched and went back to sleep. Defeated, I stroked her fur lovingly. Sometimes I imagine what it would've been like if I didn't say anything. We'd still be best friends, do our silly things together. We could've raised Hana and the others together.
I wonder what expression he wore that day, when the sun went down and protected him from me. I dream about it so often, but all I see is his dazzling smile before I wake up.

I really should've...

End Notes

Written for YaoiOtaku's monthly BL Writers' Contest for the month of November with the theme "When the sun goes down". This entry was written while listening to Billie Eilish's idontwannabeyouanymore. Looking back, the lyrics of the song doesn't really match up to the story but I think the hint of bittersweetness in the song helped me write, so all's good.

The title "Should've" implies regret, a feeling which I think is familiar to everyone, and is one that makes people think of the other possibilities, the what-ifs that could've taken place if a different action was made. If only I did this, if only I didn't say that. And once you start thinking that way, it never stops, which is why I thought it was fitting to end with a "...", as much as I usually steer away from ending stories like that.

So what do you think? Have you ever been dragged into an unplanned confession before?

Have a nice day!

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