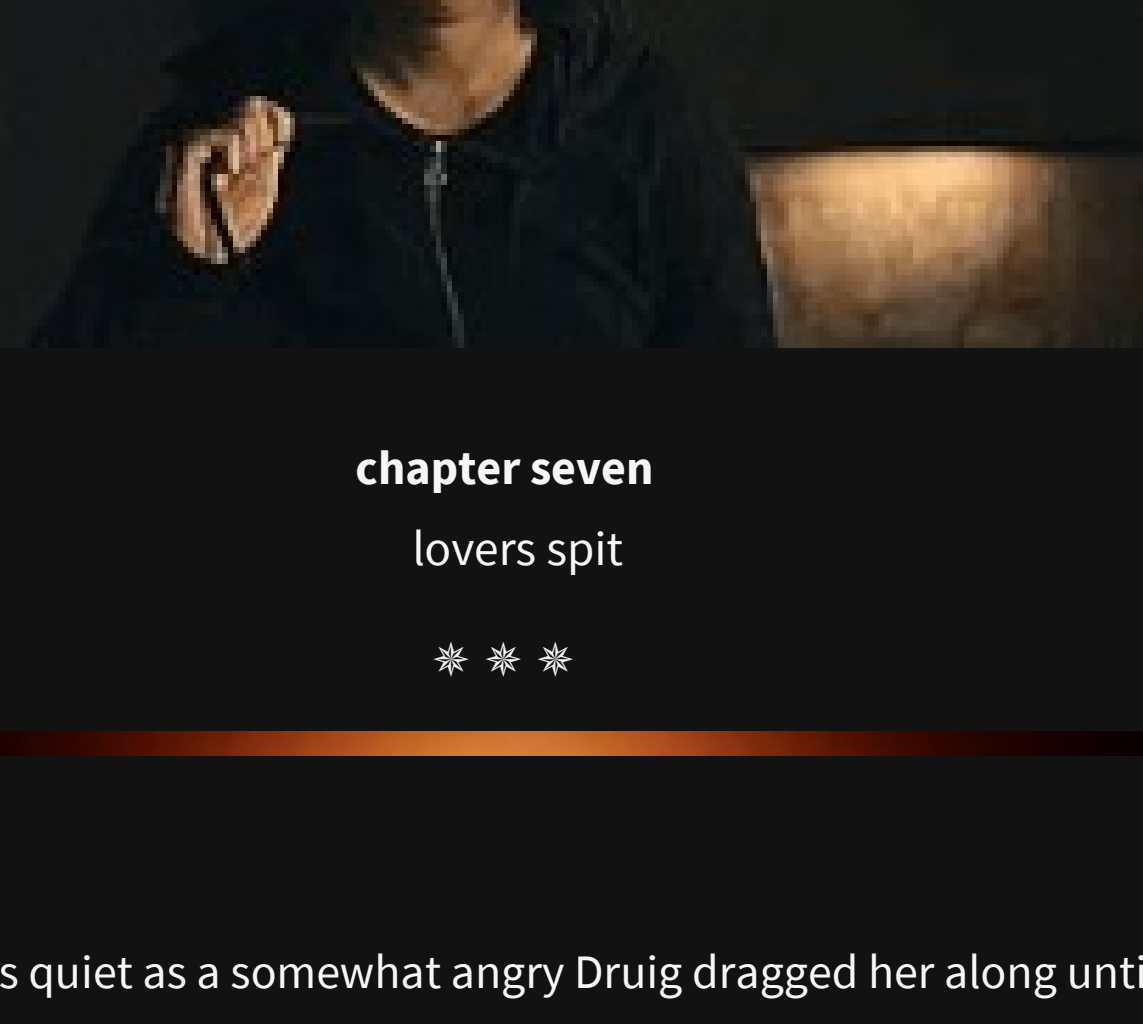


007 lovers spit



chapter seven lovers spit

* * *

Arden was quiet as a somewhat angry Druig dragged her along until they got to a secluded place. She hoped that he wouldn't take her to Ajak.

You see, it wasn't that Arden didn't like being in tip top shape, it was just that she felt guilty for always going to Ajak after she gets a stupid injury. Whether that be trying to climb a tree and getting her arm scraped from a branch or getting bit by a child she provoked.

She was quite embarrassed after that one.

So since then, she just allowed her injuries to heal on their own. Only on the extremely bad ones would she go to Ajak, but she has yet to encounter one.

She looked to the angry boy again, not knowing exactly why he was angry. His grip on her non-injured hand got tighter and tighter and she had to refrain from changing it into a blade to try and escape. She didn't want to hurt him.

"Druig," she quietly spoke, slowing down.

"What?" he asked, but his voice was softer than expected which took her by surprise.

"Are you mad?" she asked, not knowing why she was asking anyway.

"No," he sighed. "Just upset I didn't notice you bleeding earlier."

"Oh," she replied, letting him carry on taking her to wherever he had in mind. "Wait... why are you upset?"

"Are you serious?" he deadpanned, stopping in his tracks. "If someone you care deeply about is seriously hurt of course you would be a little upset."

"Actually I would just laugh at them," she said before shrugging, trying to ignore how her heart practically felt like it was going to explode. "But everyone is different."

He shook his head and motioned her to sit down against the wall, which she did, and began pouring water on her hand to wash off all the blood.

"Where did you get that water?" she asked, not having seen him hold it at all.

"Brought it with us," he spoke.

"Oh, I didn't see it."

When her cut was as clean as it could be, he stood up, telling her to not move until he came back. As she watched him walk away she wanted nothing to move. To walk next to him as he went wherever he was going. But yet she waited. 1 minute into 5, 5 into 10, and at the 17th minute he finally came back.

She didn't know how she survived sitting in one place that long. She looked at the weird bandage in his hand and watched as he crouched down and began wrapping her hand with it.

She felt sick in her stomach as she watched him wrap it neatly and carefully. She didn't know why.

"Did you know Ikaris likes Sersi," Druig said, attempting to make conversation. "Ajak told me when I went to go ask for this thing."

Arden gasped dramatically making Druig immediately start chuckling. The sight of his smile made Arden's chest and stomach feel even worse.

"No," she breathed out.

"Yes," he replied, copying her tone.

"No," she smiled. "Why did Ajak tell you?"

"Well, I was asking her something and they just came up," he shrugged. "Who would've thought."

"We obviously didn't," she laughed making him look at her in adoration. "That's honestly very cool though, that he likes her."

When he leaned his head onto hers after finishing up, her breathing stopped and her heart beat faster. Unbeknownst to her, his body did the same.

"It really is," he whispered.

* * *

Arden let out a small 'woah' when her foot got caught on a branch making her stumble to the ground.

"Ow," she groaned, taking deep breaths and moving to lay on her back.

"Arden?" Ikaris asked, leaning over so his head was in her line of sight. "Are you alright?"

"Ha! I've been looking all over for you!" she rushed, beginning to stand up. She let out a groan before falling back onto the ground making Ikaris let out a laugh.

"Are you alright?" he asked again, chuckling and holding out his hand for her to grab.

"Yeah yeah," she brushed off, allowing him to pull her up before quickly taking her hand out of his. "I'm fine."

She looked down at her scraped and bloody knees and frowned, not noticing Ikaris looking down at the same time.

"He justified me and now he has to fix me again," she groaned to herself.

She looked back up at Ikaris only to find him still frowning at her scraped knees.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Ikaris," she snapped with her hand before pointing at her face. "Look at me."

"What," he blinked in surprise, not quite sure what was going on.

"I need to ask you something," she sighed.

He gave her a look, as if to urge her to continue, but she just stared at him making him switch his weight from one foot to the other awkwardly. They both stared at each other, waiting for the other to say something but neither of them did. Until Ikaris became fed up with the awkwardness.

"What did you need to ask me?" he spoke, kicking a rock only for him to miss it completely.

"I need you to be completely honest with me," she spoke, trying to ignore how badly he missed that rock. "Like completely honest."

"Depends on how honest you want me to be," he muttered. "I mean like- it depends on what you ask me."

"How did you know you liked Sersi?" she asked, catching him by surprise. "Like in the uh- kissy kissy way."

"How did you know I liked Sersi?" he asked dumbfounded.

"Druig told me," she shrugged. "Said Ajak told him when he went to go get wrap for my hand."

She demonstrated her hand to show a white wrap wrapped around it neatly, stopping any blood that continued oozing out.

"She told him?" he asked in disbelief.

"That's what he said. He said that he went to go ask Ajak a couple of things and you guys just came up somehow," she told him. "But anyway answer the question."

"Why do you wanna know?" he asked, a teasing smile tugging at his lips.

"Just answer the question please," she sighed, becoming impatient.

He slightly nodded before taking a breath. He looked around while he thought making Arden just get more and more impatient the longer he took.

"I just noticed her?" he spoke, opening his mouth to continue speaking but Arden cut him off.

"Wow you have such a way with words," she spoke, her voice monotone. "That was so romantic and definitely helped me out so so much."

"Can you give me a second?" he grumbled. "I don't remember when I knew I liked her, but what I do know is that once I noticed, I wanted to spend every second doing whatever she liked."

Arden hummed in acknowledgement as she thought. He couldn't possibly like her that way could he? Spending every moment together even if it was just sitting against a wall, away from everyone, sharing a plate of food could possibly be something just friends do. But she didn't want it to be just friends.

"Is there anything else?" she asked hesitantly.

"I think, I would do anything just to keep her happy. No pain, no tears, no heartbreak. Like keeping her in a little bubble, safe from everything," he told her. "And it'd hurt me to see her hurt."

"Why? Trying to figure out if you like them?" he continued.

"Of course I like him, otherwise I wouldn't spend so much time with him. It's the like likepart I'm worried about- wait a minute," she spoke, narrowing her eyes.

"Ah so there is someone," he teased. "I didn't even say a name and you already went on a mini rant."

"You're so mean to me," she huffed.

"Come on it was a joke!"

"No."

"Arden," Ikaris spoke.

"What?"

"Who is it?" he asked.

"I was with Druig, like usual," she muttered. "But he made me feel... weird this time."

"Druig," Ikaris spoke to himself before shaking his head as if to rid of his thoughts. "Well, explain."

Arden furrowed her eyebrow in question, wondering why he didn't seem upset like the last time she brought him up.

"He made me feel like my chest was gonna collapse and my lungs were gonna give out," she rushed. "It was like I was going to die."

"That's good," Ikaris grinned. "Means you like like him."

"How is that good if I was going to die- wait what," she spoke. "I don't like like him."

"Why'd you react that way then? You wouldn't feel like dying if it was just a simple friendship."

"Ikaris I could stab you right now," Arden threatened.

"What why-" he gasped, taking a cautious step back at her random words.

"I don't know I just feel like it," she told him.

* * *

"You know," Arden huffed, finally catching sight of Druig sitting against the wall, a plate of food on his lap. "I don't want to like you."

"Oh," he said, watching Arden sit down next to him and take something off his plate.

"But you make me feel weird," she continued, cutting him off. "And I like being around you."

"Okay," he muttered in a way to tell her to continue. But she never did.

She brought her legs close to her chest and rested her head on her knees, turning to look at Druig making him smile. She smiled back before straightening her back and nudging his shoulder with her head.

"I don't even know what I'm saying," she sighed, leaning her head back against the wall.

"That's okay," he assured, making a move to pat her thigh comfortingly. "I don't know what you're saying either."

She looked down at his hand on her thigh before looking into his eyes. The two sat there in silence before breaking out into a fit of laughs. Their eyes closed, grins grew bigger, and their laughs echoed in the room they were in.

They didn't know why they were laughing, nothing was really that funny anyway. Yet as their laughter ceased, they turned to face each other again.

Druig's eyes flickered down to her lips before she leaned forward and rested her forehead against his.

They both closed their eyes, their hearts hammering in their chests and their lungs closing as if their breath would scare off the other.

"Can I kiss you?" he whispered, his heart speaking in her too loudly. His brain that told him everything he said would scare her away.

"What?" she whispered back, a bit in shock from his words.

"Can I kiss you," he repeated, less confident that the last time he spoke those exact words for his brain began to get louder and louder. "You don't have to say yes."

But she didn't care what more he had to say, she put a hand against his cheek and connected her lips with his.

It was the only reasonable thing to do in that moment, her brain told her.

authors note:—————
i was kinda idiot i wanted them to kiss or not are you guys mad
i

just had a whole plan but when i was planning it out i realized the movie is way shorter than i thought so its not much slow burn as i wanted it to be :(but its okay cuz i have a new plan

but watch me rewrite this cuz i always hate what i write ☹️

also i was trying to write but every time i think of Barry i just feel weird and i wanted it to stop ☹️ so sorry this took a while :/

also lmk if there's like a gap or something weird idk

