

"You know, I still can't believe you made me fall for you twice."

Will blinks as his mind traces him back to the past, back to dateless rendezvous submerged in deep purples and blacks and blues, back to memorizing the back of Alexis's head, back to horror and confusion striking Alexis's face as Will's silhouette follows a flash of bright green.

"Oh," Will replies eloquently.

Alexis chortles, expression morphing into something mischievous as he saunters into Will's lap, relishing in the way the taller's eyes widen and his mouth part ever so slightly, face flushing a bright red.

"I really can't believe it. You're such a moron. How did I fall for you?" His russet-brown eyes are twinkling, and his smile is blinding.

He grasps the cloth hugging Will's shoulder, and as Alexis leans in tantalizingly slow Will swears he can see the stars dreaming and the solar systems entangling. Alexis squeezes his eyes shut and their lips collide clumsily, and as their crescents slot together Will can feel his heart lurch in his chest.

Will finds his hands traveling from Alexis's ink-black locks down to his abdomen, palms fitting snug against his waist. He slips his fingers under the crevice of Alexis's sweater, cold fingertips meeting impossibly warm skin. It sends electric shocks down Will's arm and down his back, and Alexis's breath hitches in surprise.

Will freezes, visage creased with worry, and instantaneously pulls away as if he's been burnt. Or rather, as if he's burnt Alexis.

"Oh my god I'm so sorry, are you okay, I-I don't know what I was thinking, I—"

"My fucking *god*, Will," Alexis mutters, breathless, as he buries his face in the crook of Will's neck. "You're a goddamn idiot." He snaked his arms over Will's shoulders, fiddling with the loose strands of hair that tickled his nape. "Put your hands back where they were."

A fuzzy heat overtakes Will's face as he nods, hesitantly placing his hands back where they had left an intangible imprint on tan skin, eliciting a sigh of contentment from the shorter.

"You've always sucked at kissing, you know that?"

Will pulls back to face the boy, hands still burning on Alexis's waist, and throws a pout his way.

"Well, *that's* not a very nice thing to say."

A snort graces Will's red ears, and Alexis leans down to press a tender kiss to a mess of bronze curls.

"I think I've always liked it that way, though." He smiles into the crown of Will's head. "Knocks you down a peg. Rich supermodel boys like you ought to be humbled."

Will hums into Alexis's torso and taps the fingers resting on the other's waist to a steady rhythm. He matches it with the quiet thudding of his chest, as Alexis gently cards his fingers through his hair.

"Well, if this is how you'll humble me then I implore you to do it more often," Will responds cheekily, reveling in the way Alexis's chest heaves up and down as he laughs, then allows himself to drown in the euphony of breathy giggles and the stuttering of his heart.