

The Anemone Blooms For You

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The Anemone Blooms For You

by [hail_briar](#)

Summary

The important thing was making sure Martin was happy, if that meant taking the form of Jonathan Sims then that's what he'll do.

Based on A Love Story of a Certain Bakeneko

Notes

My first ever fanfic. I love reading them, I just can't write but this was the fandom that really got me making content so apologies for the ~~deception~~ them being out of character and general writing weirdness.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hunger wasn't anything new to him nor was the pain that came with it. Letting out a pitiful whine that went unheard under the sound of the downpour and the rushing wind, he staggered on his way towards his usual hideaway. It wasn't much but it was still shelter amongst the elements or when others tried to attack him. He had been managing everything just fine.

Now the only thing that was hindering him from resting in relative safety was a man. Eyes widened in recognition of the constant fog curling around him, not that the man knew of this, no one ever seems to notice things like that.

The man was holding a torch in his hand, looking for something between the crates, concern etched onto his soft features. He was sure he had something better to do, like going home for instance. He couldn't imagine that the man enjoyed getting wet.

The man sighed, giving up on his search before spotting him, shoulders slumping with relief. "Oh, there you are," the man said before kneeling down to his level, offering a hand out. "You shouldn't stay out here. Why don't you stay with me for a bit?" Staring at the offered hand and then at the face of the rain-soaked man whose eyes were soft and pleading beneath rain splattered glasses.

He kept staring as the rain pounded even harder. It took everything he had to keep his focus and not collapse from utter exhaustion. It would be a really bad idea to go with this stranger but the sincerity in his gaze made him pause. Something niggled in the back of his mind, something familiar before he finally remembered. It was the man who offered him food and rambled about the most random things which he repaid with his silent companionship. He slowly walked forward and kept eye contact, bumping his head against the offered hand, making the man smile.

"Great, I hope you don't mind me just..." The man made an attempt to pick him up. He didn't fight against it, knowing he'd be safe, he curled up against the meager warmth he provided. "Right, that's... alright. Sorry for the bumpy ride, just a few blocks and we'll be set." The man murmured as he walked, trying not to jostle him too much. He closed his eyes, the movement and warmth was enough to make him drift off into sleep as the exhaustion finally caught up to him.

Waking up to anger was always unpleasant. Straining his ears, he could hear hushed voices in the other room getting progressively louder.

"Jon, please, I couldn't just leave him-"

"Of course you couldn't have." An exasperated sigh. "I'm leaving, Martin. When I come back that cat better be gone."

He caught sight of the other man, a scowl on his face as he left the house with the door slamming shut behind him.

The man - Martin, he now had a name for him - appeared in the room, sighing loudly and running a hand down his face. At least he was dry now and he'd also changed into a comfy sweater. It looked nice on him. Martin looked back to find him awake, a small smile gracing his features as he headed back into the room he just came from. He returned with a small bowl of food, placed it in front of him and took a seat next to him.

"Sorry about that. It's kind of my fault really but I couldn't help it. I always see you out there and when the downpour started I got worried."

Martin, he decided, apologizes far too much and blames himself when he shouldn't. Not everyone was as kind as him, no one would have even cared about what would have happened to him but this one did. He's given him food, food that right now he hadn't even realized he'd already finished. Not that you could blame him, this was the first meal he'd had since... he couldn't even remember.

He looked up at Martin who was watching him with fond eyes. The tendrils of fog had thickened and clung onto him even more now. One passed by him and he shivered at how cold it was. A deep sense of loneliness washed over him for just a moment and he wondered how Martin could stand it. It felt terrible and probably felt even worse to Martin, with it encompassing his very being. Unless he was just so used to it that he didn't even notice it anymore. That was worse, in his opinion, he shouldn't have to feel like that all the time.

"Oh, are you cold?" Martin misunderstood, but he couldn't exactly tell him that. "I tried my best to get you dry. Hold on while I try to find something to heat you up with." He stood up to do just that, mumbling while he searched. "Another towel? Or maybe the blanket would be better."

While Martin did that, he let his eyes roam around the home although calling it that wouldn't be accurate. It was a sparse area with nothing to suggest that it was lived in. It was too tidy, too dull, everything was where it should be. There was no personality. It didn't suit Martin at all. He should be somewhere warm and cozy... somewhere *happy*.

He heard the door creak open, announcing the arrival of the other man - Jon, he thought his name was. That wasn't good, he needed to leave before he got Martin into even more trouble. Looking around, he found that all the windows were closed. There was no escape so he did the next best thing, he hid.

He didn't need to try hard to listen for approaching footsteps. Jon might have still been a slightly bit angry, calling out Martin's name. He heard Martin follow in after him.

"So you can do something right." He heard Jon mutter, thinking that it wasn't loud enough for Martin to hear. "Clean this up, I'll be in the room."

"Alright." Martin sounded so resigned. He didn't deserve the way Jon treated him. Once he heard footsteps retreating, he tentatively poked his head out of his hiding spot and saw Martin, eyes a bit glazed over as he cleaned up the food bowl and the bedding he used. He did not like that at all and crept forward to where Martin could see him.

“Oh, you’re still here,” whispered Martin, stopping what he was doing to sit on the floor. “He isn’t always like this, I swear. I think it’s stress from his job. He does have a lot on his plate, being head of the department and all,” he chuckled but it was weak. Even he didn’t believe what he was saying. He crawled on his lap, hoping his own warmth was enough to provide comfort to him as well. “I’m sorry I have to let you go. I wanted you to stay until you got better but...” he gestured towards the general direction of Jon and then sighed. He snuck a look up at Martin when he felt the first of the tears drop. “I’m so sorry.” They stayed there for a bit, Martin holding onto him as he cried.

Once Martin’s tears had finally subsided, he looked at him and said, “It’s not like you can understand me but thank you.” He wiped his face and looked around, giving him a cheeky grin. “You know, you could stay for a bit, just until the rain stops. No one has to know.” Martin whispered conspiratorially and even gave him a wink.

Oh how he wanted that very much, but he couldn’t. He didn’t want to create more trouble for Martin so he shook his head and stared back with the blindest look he could portray on his face. Martin’s hands came up to his face, trying to stifle his laughter. “Alright I’ll open a window for you then, since you want to be like that.” Martin got up to do just that, his smile not leaving his face as he gave him one last glance before leaving the room.

That’s how Martin should always look, he decided as he watched Martin leave. He’d do anything to keep that smile on his face. This was a promise he made to himself as he trudged through the pouring rain.

He kept coming back, careful that they didn’t spot him. Even if they did, he made sure only Martin would be able to see him. As much as he enjoyed watching Martin make excuses, it sometimes made things worse between him and Jon so he tried to be as unobtrusive as possible. Although he couldn’t help the feeling in his chest when Martin was successful in his deception. It was fun watching Jon be paranoid for a bit.

Which leads on to his next point, the problem that was Jonathan Sims. He watched as he made his snide comments and his pointed derision. It only served to invite more of the fog into Martin’s life. What had Martin even seen in that man? Why did he continue to stay? He could do so much better.

Maybe he really was as stressed as Martin had claimed and he just wasn’t getting the full picture. In his observations, Martin tried so hard and Jon’s continued dismissal of him wasn’t gaining him any favors. Although there was that one instance, he thought he saw actual concern on Jon’s face for a moment before he had written it off as a fluke. Martin had cut himself on a broken piece of glass that fell out of his hands when he had tripped and tried to clean it up. He thought he’d finally see the side of Jon that Martin was so enamoured with, something that showed that he cared despite his prickly exterior but no, the ensuing conversation afterwards proved otherwise.

That was enough watching, he needed to do something and quick.

Hunting was never one of his strengths but at least he knew some of the basics. Sometimes he chose to be patient, savoring the stench of fear and waiting in anticipation when his claws could finally meet their mark, watching his victims' faces when they realize what awaits them.

There was the one time he'd gone ravenous, a full blown massacre that helped stave off the hunger, yet left him with the guilt of what he'd done. He did his best to make sure that never happened again.

This time however, he thought he might make it fun, to prolong his enjoyment as he played with his prey for a while. So when Jonathan Sims walked right past one of his little alcoves, well let's just say there's a reason people warn you not to walk around alone at night.

He felt very proud of himself as he watched Martin receive news of his missing person. He made sure not a trace could be found and was very thorough in how he handled that situation.

He tilted his head to the side, noticing the drop in temperature and how the glass in front of him fogged up. Something was wrong. Shouldn't Martin be happy that something that was causing him pain was gone? He strained his ears, listening for any sign of movement inside anything to indicate how Martin was feeling. What he heard were tiny sniffles that turned into heart-wrenching sobs coupled with hiccups and coughs. He didn't know how long he stayed there, hearing Martin's suffering and not being able to do anything, wondering if he made a mistake.

He needed to fix this.

'This is a bad idea.' He thought as he stared into the reflective surface, hating the form he now wore but if this was what it would take to make Martin smile again then it didn't matter how he felt. There were grey streaks in his hair that were almost akin to the pattern of his other form and his eyes were a shade of green that he hoped wasn't that noticeable or different from usual. He knew the other had green eyes as well.

There was a full moon out tonight, a witness to what he had done and will continue to do as he made his way towards the house. Even from this distance he could see the fog seeping through the cracks of the door and windows. Raising a hand, he softly knocked on the door. After a while, he was sure the first set of knocks were too quiet to be heard so he knocked a bit louder this time.

The door was hesitantly opened a crack before it was suddenly thrown open, allowing the cold fog to billow out and make him cling tighter to the cloak he had wrapped around his small form. There Martin stood, eyes wide and red-rimmed as he blinked rapidly at him.

Not knowing how Martin would have reacted to his presence, he tentatively reached out a hand and placed it on his shoulder. What he didn't expect was for strong arms to surround him and pull him in closer. A wet patch was forming on his shoulder but he chose to ignore it, electing to hug Martin back just as tightly.

“Hi...” Jon or the being currently masquerading as Jon said when they finally pulled away.

“Hi...?” Martin spluttered as he wiped his eyes. “How are you here? You were missing and I... I thought you were dead, Jon.” Martin continued, voice hoarse and breaking but there was something else coloring his tone, some other emotion he couldn’t place.

“I - Martin?” Playing dumb and confused clearly did not help in this situation as he watched Martin’s face fall. Thinking quickly, he rushed to rectify it, looking past Martin and into the interior of the house. Martin seemed to understand, nodding his head as he stepped aside to let him in, closing the door behind them.

“You mind telling me what’s going on then?” Martin asked as he took a seat on the couch, looking pointedly at Jon until he got the hint and took a seat beside him.

“I’m not so sure myself.” Jon responded with a lie, he knew exactly what he was doing. “I can only remember bits and pieces but there is one where I distinctly remember you... or something that might be related to you and in that memory, I made a promise to myself... I promised that I would always come back to you... that you will never be alone anymore.” He lifted his gaze from his lap and saw tears welling up in Martin’s eyes.

Panicking, he fluttered around Martin, not knowing where to place his hands. This must’ve been amusing to Martin, who laughed through the tears streaming down his face. Jon’s hands stilled and dropped to his sides as he gazed at Martin fondly. His laughter really did sound better than his sobs, the fog that was around him also seemed to withdraw and fade. Jon reached out a hand to cup Martin’s face as he calmed down, brushing the last traces of tears away from his cheeks. They stared at each other for a moment, gazes soft and adoring before Jon gently pulled Martin in for another embrace.

Jon was glad Martin couldn’t see his face. This was the cruelest thing he had ever done to Martin. Keeping up the illusion instead of letting the man properly mourn. Giving him a taste of what love was supposed to be like before he had it ripped away from him. What was Jon going to do when he inevitably finds out? He hated keeping secrets and was even worse at lying about it. Martin was a clever man, he’d figure it out quickly enough but he’ll cross that bridge when he gets to it. For now, he had this. Making sure Martin was happy was his top priority.

Martin pulled out a box he had hidden away in the back of some closet. It was full of polaroids and knick-knacks of all things. There were only a few of them, given the relative smallness of the box. Jon watched as delight and sentimentality washed over Martin’s features as he told the tales connected to each one of them. Was he hoping for something to get through to Jon? For him to *remember*? He didn’t know why he was trying so hard, why Martin wanted to bring back the Jon from before, the one he thought he knew. He was treating him so much better now wasn’t he? He looked at Martin who was still lost in his memories. Maybe he should ask him.

“Martin,” Jon interrupted him in the middle of his spiel.

“Yeah?” Martin blinked, apparently not having realized that Jon wasn’t paying him attention. Jon winced, he may have looked like the man but he did not want to act like him.

“Why are you doing this?” Jon’s arm brushed against Martin’s as he gestured towards the table where objects were all laid out and then at Martin himself who was holding a photo in his hand.

Martin sighed and put the photo down. “I’m trying to help you Jon.”

“Why?” Jon ran his fingers through his hair. Martin just gave him a solemn look, waiting for him to continue. “You can’t tell me you missed the old me. The one that treated you so terribly.”

“Jon-”

“No, Martin. I may have remembered brief glimpses of the memory but it still hurt.” Jon curled up on the couch, not wanting Martin to see him. “How could you stand that? Why would you want that back. Why would you want me?” He whispered the last part to himself.

“Because it’s you Jon,” Martin muttered softly as he reached out to help untangle Jon’s hands from his hair. “And I don’t think you’d appreciate not knowing.” Martin turned over his hand to interlace it with Jon’s while the other moved to cup Jon’s face, he wanted to see him. The gentle touch prompted Jon to lean in and close his eyes, his lips barely brushing against Martin’s warm palm.

“Should we continue?” Jon asked, opening his eyes. He really didn’t want to and he couldn’t press the issue any further without making Martin suspicious of him.

“I think that’s enough for today.” Martin sighed as he cleaned up, picking up one of the photos, he smiled before putting it back into the box. Jon tried to help him of course but in the process made Martin drop the stack of papers he was holding, scattering them on the floor. Martin froze for a bit, staring wide eyed at Jon before he heard him frantically apologize and try to pick them up. Martin couldn’t help it, he laughed and soon after Jon joined in as well.

For a moment they could both pretend that everything was fine.

Having long hair was a hassle. Another strand fell into Jon’s face as he leaned down to examine one of the books on the lower shelf. The books were quite obscure. None of them were similar to each other with titles long faded. Some even looked to be from second hand bookshops. He could tell which one’s were Martin’s though. They were the poetry collections and the notebooks on the top shelf since he was the only one who could easily reach them.

Letting out another annoyed huff as the strand he kept brushing away returned with a vengeance, this time getting into his mouth. He spat it out, scowling when he heard an amused chuckle behind him. He turned towards Martin, staring at him with a look of absolute betrayal on his face along with a hand clenched against his chest. He was quite good at putting on acts.

Martin laughed a bit more, holding up something in his hand. "Come here. I'll help you tie it up." Jon didn't see any problem with that and went to sit in front of him.

The gentle tugs as Martin tried to gently untangle the knots in his hair was oddly relaxing. He let out a contented sigh and closed his eyes, leaning into Martin's hands as he continued his ministrations.

"Do you want me to braid it for you?" Martin asked. Jon just let out a hum of approval, still lost in the sensation of fingers raking across his scalp. Deft fingers separated and intertwined strands of his hair, making it much more presentable and most importantly, it didn't get in the way anymore. Jon couldn't hide his disappointment when Martin finished, letting out a whine as Martin tied it off with one of the elastics he always had on his wrists. So that's what they were for, Jon had wondered.

"Thank you," Jon said, tilting his head up to look at Martin who was smiling down at him with a hint of something wistful in his gaze.

Of course not everything was going according to plan. Martin came home one day, reeking of loneliness and fog as he made his way inside. He didn't even bother with his usual greeting, just said he was tired and headed straight for the bedroom.

Now Jon being who he was, didn't know what to do but he just could let things slide. The air felt chilly as he marched up to the bedroom door with a freshly brewed cup of tea in his hand. He knew he didn't make the best tea, not that anything could compare to Martin's but he had to try. He knocked before slowly peeking his head through the door and saw Martin on the bed, staring up into the ceiling with a faraway look in his eyes.

Jon cleared his throat, "Tea?" Martin stayed silent and turned away from him, curling up under the covers. Jon frowned, stepped into the room and placed the tea on the bedside table and joined him on the bed. "Martin-"

"Please, Jon," Martin whispered as he curled up tighter. "Not right now."

That was fine. There was enough space on the bed where they couldn't accidentally touch one another but Jon wanted to close that distance, to hold Martin in his arms and whisper soft reassuring words in his ears. But that wasn't what Martin wanted right now and he respected that. Staying at the very edge of the bed, he laid his hand between them in the middle of the expanse, afraid to cross some sort of boundary. It might be a while but it was fine, Martin could take as long as he wants, he could wait.

There was nothing to disrupt the silence except for their quiet breathing. He felt the weight on the other side of the bed shift and then the tentative brush of Martin's hand against his. He turned his hand over, allowing Martin to do what he pleased, which was apparently linking their pinkies together.

A small smile crept on Jon's face at the small gesture before it morphed into something uncertain. He didn't know what Martin was asking for but this wasn't just a childish gesture for him, this was an unspoken promise that he hoped he could keep.

Jon waited for Martin to speak but nothing else came. He let out a small hum, trying to prompt Martin but he still made no sound, opting to move closer to him. They stayed close enough that the fog that surrounded Martin caused goosebumps to appear on his skin. He could bear the sudden pang of loneliness. It was something he managed just fine on his own before, but that didn't mean he had to like it. But right now he could do something about it.

Turning to look at Martin, he hesitantly raised a hand, carefully telegraphing his movements so Martin knew what he was doing and that he had the choice to move away. He didn't and gave a tiny nod in approval. Jon slowly placed his arm around Martin, pulling him in even closer in an attempt to seek warmth and to keep the fog at bay.

For a moment he thought it might have worked.

There's beauty in the mundane. In the warmth of comfort served. In the laughter shared in between times of peace. In the gentle movements, trying to find harmony in each step.

There's also beauty in the imperfections. Of making mistakes. Of figuring things out, together. Of knowing when to approach and when to back away.

Jon tried to navigate his life with Martin, to learn all the little details. How he disliked oolong, how he liked the rain, how his smile would turn forlorn when he thought Jon wasn't looking.

Martin was always the one doing nice things, fussing and trying to take care of him. Like he was afraid that if he didn't he would be unnoticed, forgotten... *useless*.

Well now it was Jon's turn to take care of him. He had to show him that it didn't matter, that he was happy just being with him. It was made difficult due to the fact that it was the complete opposite of how the original Jon treated him but still.

The food was still simmering on the stove when he heard the click of the lock and then Martin's footsteps enter their home.

"Martin," Jon yelped in surprise, rushing to greet him at the front door and barring further entry. "You're home early. Too early, in fact, why don't you go back outside." A poor attempt, he knew but it was already out of his mouth, no taking it back now.

"Is everything all right?" Martin asked, eyeing Jon suspiciously.

"Yes, most definitely." Jon said smiling, hands clasped behind his back.

"Really?" Martin questioned, nose scrunching up. "Then why do I smell something burning."

It took a moment for the smell to reach Jon's nose before he realized. "The food!" Jon rushed back towards the kitchen and turned the stove off, trying to see if the meal could still be salvageable. Martin walked in to see the problem and Jon stared up at him, holding the pan of lightly burned food. "I'm sorry Martin. I just wanted to surprise you."

"Well that's one way of doing it." Martin tried to joke but then saw how genuinely sorry Jon was and decided to change tactics. "Hey now it's fine. We can still fix it, here." Martin said gently and reached for the pan. He did something that made it better while Jon tried to help, handing Martin what he needed. And... done, it was now more edible.

"At least let me clean up." Jon said, waving Martin off in his attempts to clear the table after their meal. He took the dishes and placed them in the sink. "I just want to be able to do something for you for a change..." Jon mumbled to himself before he felt something splash on the side of his face. It wasn't much, just a few drips which he tried to wipe away with his shoulder sleeve.

No use. He leveled a glare at Martin who was now beside him. The innocent smile on his face was betrayed by the gleam of mischief in his eyes and his fingers that were now dripping with water. "What?" He had the gall to ask as he flicked more water in his face.

"Ah, Martin, come on now," Jon tried to keep his face irritated but the smile tugging at his lips was messing with the illusion. He tried batting away Martin's arms but he kept flicking water at him, getting it everywhere. He felt laughter bubbling up within him as he splashed Martin in retribution. Martin joined him in his joy, the dishes all but forgotten as they continued their little merry war.

Jon made a misstep, slipping on one of the wet patches on the floor. Closing his eyes, he braced himself for the impact that never came. Instead he felt arms wrap around his middle and reached out to grab at Martin in an effort to steady himself. Opening his eyes he found that Martin and him were engaged in some sort of parody of a dip.

He should probably stop staring and stand up. Martin must be getting tired but he really was beautiful. Being this close allowed him an attempt to count the numerous freckles he had, dotted like the stars in the night sky and preserved across his skin. He wondered if he could find the constellations in them.

Looking up he found Martin observing him as well, deep in contemplation until they made eye contact and once again fell into peals of laughter.

"Thanks Jon," Martin said when he finally calmed down enough. "I really needed that. It's just... I'm not used to having someone else take care of me so..." He shrugged and gave Jon a small smile.

"That's why I wanted to." Jon said, stepping closer to him. "You just keep on giving, uncaring of what happens to you. You deserve to be selfish once in a while." He had a hand on Martin's arm, leading him out of the kitchen. "Which is why I'll be doing all the cleaning while you rest." Jon gave him a cheeky smile before closing the kitchen door on him.

Martin stood there spluttering, "What? No, I made that mess, it's only fair that I clean it up."

"Sorry Martin, there's a door in the way. Could you repeat that?" Jon teased, making his way to the sink and avoiding the still slippery spots on the floor. There was no Martin to catch him this time. "I'm cleaning this up, go rest and I'll be there momentarily." He heard Martin sigh and his footsteps recede. Good, now back to work.

When he came to the bedroom, Martin was fast asleep on the bed. He must've been tired and their shenanigans must have contributed to that as well. Jon smiled as he brushed a stray lock of hair from his face and tucked him in. He looked so peaceful like this and Jon didn't want to disturb him so he left for a bit. Just a little nightly stroll, he heard the weather was perfect for it.

Jon was staring out of the open window and towards the dark expanse of sky, admiring the full moon. He never really was the type to sleep, why waste time doing nothing when you could be productive instead?

Martin had different ideas and was constantly trying to goad him into sleep, citing that it wasn't healthy. If that didn't work, he'd say the bed was warmer with him in it, or he'd just give him puppy eyes until he gave in. Jon smiled at the thought, looking back toward where Martin was, softly snoring away with his head under the covers.

Martin had kept trying to get Jon to recall things after the first attempt. It pained him that he had to keep lying. The more excuses he made, the more Martin would withdraw into himself. "It'll come back eventually." Jon had tried to reassure and Martin just nodded, excused himself and left the room. Jon didn't need to be supernatural to know that he was crying. The small cracks have spread too much, releasing a stream of emotions and feelings he had hid behind smiles and soft spoken words.

Jon was the cause of his problems. If he had just left things alone, maybe then Martin would have had a better chance at moving on instead of clinging to a false memory. Jon should just tell Martin, let him see through the glamour and into the monster hidden beneath, but he's just so afraid. Would he think him a liar? A murderer? Both were true and yet it still sent a pang of pain through him when he thought of what may come after.

"Jon?"

Martin's voice, rough and groggy from sleep, startled him out of his musings. He saw Martin sit up and stare at him from the corner of his eye. He didn't think he could see much given that he didn't have his glasses on. "What're you doing up, come back to bed." Martin said, patting the space beside him. The invitation was tempting, but he couldn't. Martin deserved someone who could stay.

"I can't." Jon hoped Martin was still tired enough to not notice how his voice cracked.

"Alright." Martin nodded then fumbled his way over to him with the blanket draped over his shoulders. "Wouldn't want you getting cold." He joined Jon on the window sill, opening up his blanket. Jon stared before pressing against him, letting Martin wrap it around the both of them. He couldn't handle this man, something precious that he had found, no, that found him despite all the odds and decided that he might be worth it.

Tears streamed down his face as Martin pulled him in closer. No one spoke for a while, content to just have this, looking out into the sky full of stars, as warm arms wrapped around each other in an embrace. Jon leaned against Martin's chest as he gently carded his fingers

through Jon's windswept locks. The words were whispered, softly spoken as to not shatter the fragile moment, carried by uncaring winds of the cold dark night.

"I'm sorry."

"It's alright."

He knew it wasn't.

Another sleepless night, this time Martin had the great idea of taking a bit of a stroll outside. A strange request but Jon indulged it nonetheless. Martin had been acting fidgety, casting sidelong glances at him all day but now as they strolled through the streets hand in hand, he seemed oddly composed, staring resolutely ahead.

"Hey, did you know," Martin started quietly. He always had fun facts to share but this still seemed odd, nevertheless Jon couldn't wait to learn what this one was.

"Your eyes are different from his."

He took that back, he didn't want to learn about this anymore. Jon tried to let go of Martin's hand but his grip held firm. He looked up and stared at Martin wide-eyed. So this was what he had been eating at him all day but Martin just stared back steadily, gaze warm and full of devotion and love that he was unworthy of. Jon turned his head and looked away.

"But it's alright... I never really cared much about that."

He heard Martin whisper. It wasn't alright, he should've cared. Jon just ruined everything didn't he, it didn't matter what it was.

He felt Martin's hand against his face, brushing away the tears with his thumb, he didn't even notice. He wanted to lean against the warmth of his palm, to close his eyes and pretend it wasn't real, that when he opened them up again they'll be back home in bed and this was just a nightmare born from his guilt.

"Please don't leave me alone anymore." Martin choked out, tears welling in his eyes and spilling unbidden down his face as he tightly embraced Jon's trembling form. Jon shook his head, he *knew* and now he couldn't keep his promise, not anymore.

He had no time to form a proper reply, losing the ability to do so as he felt his guise start to fade, felt his form shifting, shrinking in Martin's arms. Deciding to do what he should've done long ago, he leapt out of Martin's arms and ran away.

"Thank you." He heard Martin's voice call out one last thing to him, *a farewell*. He was a monster and yet Martin had thanked him, why? He should have hated him. It's what made the most sense. He slowed his pace since he wasn't being pursued, Martin probably knew he wouldn't be able to catch him so he let him go.

It was for the best.

(Oh, the lies he kept telling himself)

End Notes

Thanks for reading this self-indulgent thing. Feedback is appreciated and if anyone wants to message me I'm also on tumblr: [hail-briar](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!