

Two Years Gone

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44022901) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44022901>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Young Royals (TV 2021)
Relationship:	Simon Eriksson/Wilhelm
Characters:	Simon Eriksson , Wilhelm (Young Royals) , Kristina (Young Royals) , Ludvig (Young Royals) , Felice Ehrencrona , Sara Eriksson , Ayub (Young Royals) , Rosh (Young Royals) , Linda (Young Royals) , Marcus (Young Royals) , Original Characters , Jan-Olof (Young Royals)
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Implied Sexual Content , Good Friend Felice Ehrencrona , Hurt/Comfort , Hurt No Comfort , Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con , Implied/Referenced Self-Harm , Fake Character Death , Marriage Proposal
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-02 Completed: 2023-02-02 Words: 21,346 Chapters: 15/15

Two Years Gone

by [AltaVifa](#)

Summary

It has been two years. Two years since the crown prince of Sweden was gone missing. Two years since the Royal couple were left childless. And two years since a boy, only known for his sex tape with a prince look alike, moved in a small city in Sweden with his blonde boyfriend.

Notes

Hello! This is my first fanfic in AO3 and English is not my first language, so excuse any mistakes. I'll try my best not to make any, but just in case :)

Wilhelm realises that he will never be free. Not really. So he needs to decide. Either the crown prince gets married to a noble woman to produce heirs...
Or the crown prince dies. And Wilhelm lives with Simon.

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

Chapter 1

I don't like to lie. And I'm not a bad person. That's two things you need to remember before hearing my story.

My story...was never mine to begin with. It was always someone else's. Crown Prince Wilhelm's to be exact.

Crown Prince Wilhelm's dreams, Crown Prince Wilhelm's life, Crown Prince Wilhelm's conversations. And my body. Plain, Wilhelm's body.

TWO YEARS AGO, September 3rd

"Wilhelm?" His mother shook his hand. "Do you hear me?"

"Huh? Yes..." He removed his hand from touching hers. "Yes."

The queen ignored his movement. "Good. So as I was saying, tomorrow, we have invited some of your father's friends here. After the celebration ends of course. So around six, six thirty maybe."

Why does my parents' conversation about my father's birthday matters? I'll tell you right now.

"I agree. It's plenty of time for photos and... For Wilhelm to meet some of them."

"Oh, but don't worry. Only the important ones..." Kristina tried to smile. "Like... The Hemmings, for example. Or the Larssons."

"The Hemmings look like a nice idea." Ludvig spoke before cutting his steak in half.

"Yes, indeed. And they have a daughter in your age. When did she turn eighteen Ludvig?" Wilhelm closed his eyes the moment he heard the word daughter. He knew. He knew that eventually they would return to this conversation.

"A month ago. Don't you remember? We were invited."

"Oh, right." Kristina wiped her mouth. "You are just five months older than her. It would be good to...show her around."

This conversation mattered to me the most. Because a good crown prince would immediately agree. But Wilhelm would raise his voice and call them out on their hypocrisy.

"And from what I remember she is very pretty. Isn't she the brunette girl with the wild curls?" Highlighted the words brunette and curls. "That was on Paul's son's baptism?"

"Yes. That's her."

"Oh, she is so pretty. And so well behaved."

"And from what I heard, her parents are already looking at suitors."

Wilhelm let down his cutlery with a sound. "What is this conversation exactly?"

"Just a conversation." Kristina raised her shoulders. "I don't see a problem in talking."

"Can I...not come tomorrow?"

"You cannot be serious!" The woman scoffed. "What's wrong with Laura?"

"Nothing is wrong with Laura! Also there's nothing wrong with any of the girls you mention *accidentally* in front of me for the last couple of months."

"Wilhelm! Mind your tongue." Ludvig said strictly.

"Stop blaming us Wilhelm. You are not an infant. You are the crown prince. And one day you will take the throne. So stop blaming us for everything. I told you clearly, what you had with...with that boy, these relationships aren't meant to last. Don't make the same mistakes."

And while my mom was talking, I swore two things. One, to compromise, let the crown prince take control and do them that one favor.

"I know mom." Wilhelm said, almost defeated. "I'm sorry. I'm just...tired. There's nothing wrong with Laura. I will show her around tomorrow."

"Good." His mother nodded.

"That's how a prince should act."

The blonde didn't say anything, just stood up, defeated. "Now, if you excuse me. Felice is waiting for me."

And two, to drown the crown prince. Drown him till Wilhelm can breathe. The only thing I hadn't figured was how.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Say hello to Simon!

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

I don't want people to see me as a saint. As I said, I do not like to lie. I have done many mistakes, some of them in order to undo my previous ones. But my most grave mistake?

Not standing up to what I believed when I still had Erik to support me. Maybe many things would have been avoided if I did. Maybe not... But I was always willing to try and make everyone happy. Another mistake of mine. Maybe I was wrong to take you two years back. Because if you weren't with me three years back, you wouldn't understand my motives.

THREE YEARS AGO, December 23rd

It was Wilhelm's last year in school, a day before Christmas vacations to be exact. And Wilhelm had returned home earlier than expected.

He climbed up the stairs and made his way to his mother's office. And his first thought was, why did no one alert his parents he was home?

When he finally reached the closed, locked door, he understood why.

"-kind of things! Kristina, please..."

"No, Ludvig." Their voices could be heard on the empty hallway. "Sharon was supposed to be the reporter to support us. We would give her all the fresh news in exchange for privacy and support. What is this exactly, huh?" The sound of a paper getting torn was heard. "How ungrateful can she be? She wants an interview from-"

"Lower your tone please!"

"From that boy!" Wilhelm immediately knew that boy was Simon. His parents never referred to him as Simon, as if the curse would return. "It has been two years since the scandal. We did everything we could to keep them apart! And now she wants to do what? Wake Wilhelm up again?"

"We will just tell her no."

"Not only that. She will stop covering us. We will find another interviewer." Now the squeaking sound of her chair. And then a sigh. "This whole story is still making me sick."

"I know, Krissy. I know."

"We can't have Wilhelm rebel again. It took us so long to make him what the country needs."

What does the country needs? A good crown prince. No. A fucking great crown prince who will turn into a fucking great king. Then, he will marry a fucking beautiful and rich wife that he'll fuck until they have done fucking great kids. And he will train these fucking great kids until they are fucking great adults. And then, when in reality he has just fucked them up, he will fucking die. Or leave the fucking throne to them. And then everyone will compare them to one another, making them struggle to create better expectations because their history is that of a big fuck.

Dramatic much? Not at all.

So behind all the glitter and golden titles, that's what the country needs. Generations of people getting exploited, without having a say in it, a large, dazzling family zoo.

Some people, including my mother, likes to think we are like actors. Playing our part and that's it. I prefer to call us monkeys. Because one, the actors choose their career and make their life as they want it and two, the monkeys are trained and showed until a new monkey comes. And then the old monkey... maybe dies, maybe gets thrown away, who cares? So my mother can call herself an actress, I'll call myself a monkey.

"You need to relax. Wilhelm will be back in a while. If he sees you like this-

"Oh, the only thing that makes me have hope is that in a few months Wilhelm will be far and away from Hillerska."

"But also he will be an adult."

"So what?... What's important is to keep him down until he marries. After that, it will become easier. Even take Simon out of the way if that's what it takes."

"Do you think he will accept it?"

"Oh, please. He let the boy go. Don't you think he won't change his mind about marriage too?" A long pause. "The moment Wilhelm gets the throne and a girl by his side, that's the moment he can't do anything. He will play our game as we all did. And when he is done, he will be free to...do whatever he likes."

"And if... He doesn't?"

"...Then we will make him look...unable to take his own decisions. Hire a doctor, deem Wilhelm sick and then he has to do as we say for as long as he is under our wing... But that's only if the original plan doesn't work out. Last thing I want is having to hide all that."

Ludvig gulped. "I have some friends that have daughters around his age. I might start making some phone calls."

"You better do... And try to find daughters worthy of a crown prince, please."

What makes a great crown prince? More or less what makes a great son. But replace the word family or parents with the word country.

A good son must always respect his parents.

A good crown prince his country.

A good son must choose his family over everything.

A good crown prince his country. But family comes close enough second.

Don't get me started on love.

A good son must choose someone to love that his family will also love.

A good crown prince has to choose someone their whole country will love.

And that makes us come down to many restrictions.

No tattoos, no piercings, no criminal record, no history of violence, no anti-monarchist, no empty bank account, no attitude, not disabled, not sick of any sickness, not overweight or underweight, not from a broken home, not an immigrant, not someone of the same sex... The list continues.

Basically someone who was born yesterday or lived their whole life in a tower so they didn't have time to make mistakes.

TWO YEARS AGO, September 3rd

"Hey..." Felice said softly the moment Wilhelm stepped into her cottage. She noticed his guards talking to her guards outside. "Took you long enough."

"Don't start..." He took off his coat the moment Felice closed the door. "How are you?"

"Good. Your parents invited my parents to your dad's birthday tomorrow, do you know?"

"I assumed so. They invited everyone." Wilhelm sighed. "You know. If my mother starts her questions..."

"I tell her that we just play board games. The two of us. And you talk to me about girls, like she wants."

Wilhelm smiled.

"If you need anything, you know where to find it. I'll be watching a movie with Sara downstairs." Felice took a bowl filled with popcorn before climbing down the stairs. And Wilhelm followed the well known path to the guest room.

What he didn't expect is to find it empty, with the balcony door open. And a brunette admiring the view, having his back on Wilhelm.

"Admiring the view?"

He didn't even look startled. He just smiled as he turned back and approached him.

"I thought you wouldn't come."

"We had planned this two weeks now. Of course I would come." He passed his hands around his waist. "You are cold."

"I am fine." Simon said but Wilhelm had already enveloped him inside his coat.

"Better?" He tried to warm his cold hands by kissing his knuckles and rubbing them against his.

"So better." Simon smiled. "How was your day?"

"I will start complaining and I don't want that. Tell me yours."

"Okay..." His smile grew bigger. "I got accepted into music academy!"

"Oh my!" Wilhelm swooped him off his feet as he kissed him on the air. Simon giggled. "Congrats, mitt hjärta." He kissed him once more before letting him down again. "What does your heart desire? Next time I'll see you, I'm getting you a present."

"I don't want a present. I have you here."

Wilhelm's smile dropped. "Wait... Isn't the university on...another city?"

"Yes...but I can pass classes online. I figured renting a house would be expensive. It would be easier to stay here. Have you with me."

To be honest I loved Simon. I loved him unconditionally, unexpectedly, raw. And the fact that he had made mistakes made me love him more. So much that I could lie to my parents to be with him.

"What if we both go there?" Wilhelm's mind was wandering around without an aim.

"I don't think Sweden would be grateful I'm kidnapping their prince. For four whole years." Simon buried his face on his neck.

"I wish you could though."

"Hm...and what about crown prince Wilhelm?"

"We don't need him. We could...dump him along the way?"

Simon laughed. "Make it seem like an accident? Throw him in a river?"

Throw him in the river. A small, bright thought flashed through my eyes. As if it was so easy to drown someone that shared your body. But until that thought was something more, I let it sink.

"Let's go inside." Simon got off his warm hug. "Last thing I want is to get you sick."

That was all it took for my mind to go back on him. As he started undressing in front of me slowly, I closed the curtains. I would kick even my prince self out if I could. That view was for Wille's eyes only. As I scooped him on my arms, I wondered what it would take for us to be this happy always. And not just for the next couple hours.

"I can't believe I overslept!" Simon started getting dressed again, leaving Wilhelm behind him on the bed. When the blonde stretched his arm, he started drawing patterns on Simon's bare back bone. "Don't just look at me! It's almost nine!"

"I love you when you are like that."

"Well, if your parents appeared suddenly here, they wouldn't love me the same." Simon wore his pants. "You said you'd be back home at eight. What if they start getting suspicious?"

"Simon, nothing will happen. I promise." He stood up the moment Simon left the bed. "Can you tell me what's bothering you?"

Simon lowered his eyes. "They want you to meet other people right? Potential...wives?"

"Felice told you, right?" Wilhelm asked gently. Simon nodded. "That's what I didn't want to mention earlier."

"I know." Simon said, defeated. "It was just a matter of time. I don't know why I'm getting upset..."

"Simon-"

"I mean, you told me your parents were talking to you about girls all the time. Obviously it's time for you to meet some."

"Simon..." He held his hands. "Every time that I try to make myself happy, my parents sabotage it. They prefer to make the prince happy instead of me. I think you know that."

"So you will let it happen?"

"No."

I didn't have a plan yet. I just wanted us to be happy.

"I will kill the prince."

Simon looked puzzled.

"Would you run away with me? If that's what it took?"

Simon was ready to laugh. Until he saw Wilhelm's very serious expression. "You are not serious!"

"I am!"

"You are crazy!"

"Maybe I am."

"You can't run away! People will come after us!"

"Not if the prince is dead!" Wilhelm got their conjoined hands on his chest. "I swear. I won't let anything happen to us. But you and I both know that my parents won't ever let us be

happy together. Nor let me leave. Not without consequences."

Simon looked like he was thinking about it. And then someone knocked on the door.
"Wilhelm? It's almost nine. The guards are knocking downstairs." Sara's voice echoed.

Simon made their foreheads touch.

"Go now."

"You didn't tell me I'm crazy again..."

"Wille..."

"Alright, I'm leaving." He let go and went towards the door.

"Our plan has to be good in order to be believable." He heard Simon's voice.

"Give me till next week. Okay?"

Wilhelm left the room. But not without going back and kissing him hard one last time.

Chapter End Notes

And say goodbye to Simon. For now.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Wilhelm goes on with his plan. And that's just the beginning...

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

Over the next few days, my mind worked like crazy. Not only I had to trick my parents. I had to trick everyone.

I will once again remind you that I didn't do it out of spite. Or for revenge. I tricked because if not, I would be tricked very soon. By no others than my parents, who were very insistent on me, meeting a woman. Then I would go on a date with her, probably hire someone with a camera, expose us and then long story short, crown prince Wilhelm is married. I lived with them long enough. And I stayed silent long enough so I knew all their tricks. But they didn't know mine.

After days of erasing plans on my mind's chalkboard, I came up with a quite simple one. A simple plan of ten steps. And I would give myself two months to fulfill.

STEP ONE. Find people you trust and won't raise suspicions. That was harder than it sounded. I have to admit I was used to trusting the wrong people. Also, apart from Felice, I didn't have any friends that knew and would fight against the queen for me. Simon's family of course doesn't count, although they had to learn the plan as well.

They might be helpful along the way.

Not surprisingly, Sara, Rosh and Ayub were the ones that took the least convincing. Linda had her doubts. And maybe we would have them too, if we didn't rush things so much.

TWO YEARS AGO, September 15th

"No, that's a no..."

"Mom..."

"Simon, are you even listening to yourself right now?" Linda stood up from the couch on Felice's place. On the one side, Ayub, Rosh, Felice and Sara were standing silently. Wilhelm was sitting next to Simon, looking at their feet. "And you... You think it's a good idea?"

"Yes mom." Sara said and turned to Simon. "Also, Marcus is trying to reach you, Simon. He didn't tell me why, he just said he missed you-"

"That's for another time." Linda stopped her. "I can't believe I'm the only one that finds this-"

"Linda, I...I know you don't like it. And trust me, we wouldn't ask for that if there was another way."

"Wilhelm, this is dangerous. And illegal! And you and Simon will be in the middle of the storm when it breaks..."

"Mom-"

"If something happens, I'll take the fall." The prince squeezed Simon's fingers as if to stop him from talking, but also encourage him. "I won't let anything happen to Simon. And of course, you all never knew anything."

Linda looked at everyone, defeated.

"The queen will make him marry mom! And take the throne. And then it's over!" Simon started tearing up. "I won't see him ever again."

"Simon..." Wilhelm brought him closer. "Calm down, okay? We will figure something out..."

Linda sighed before kneeling in front of her son. "I will help you. NOT because I agree with this. But because I can't think of anything else."
Simon buried his face on her shoulder.

"But I need to know the full plan first."

That was easy.

STEP TWO. Buy a place to live. Not just a place. A place that will be far away from the palace, so news will spread lastly there. But also not far from music academy. That was also trickier than we thought. So Simon, Ayub and Rosh had to go check every house available by motorcycle. The price of the house didn't matter for now. Simon wouldn't be the one to pay for it. I would be.

STEP THREE. The dead people can't pay. So prince Wilhelm can't pay as well. My bank account would, to my great dissatisfaction, stay to my parent's hands. But that didn't mean I couldn't pay with money no one will see missing. Like the ones we had around the house. Every time I was going to Felice's place, I had a small amount hidden on me. An amount that sadly couldn't afford everything.

Which leads us to STEP FOUR.

TWO YEARS AGO, September 30th

"Your majesty..." One of the floor guards knocked and then entered her office. "There is...someone downstairs who wishes to speak with you."

Wilhelm pretended not to care from where he was sitting across his mother. Instead, he continued reading his Christmas speech.

"Someone? Who? You all know the protocol about commoners asking to see us."

"It's not just a commoner it's..." A small pause. "Mr. Eriksson."

Kristina sighed, eyes probably pinned to her son. "Denied."

"He is making quite some noise downstairs..."

"Then call the police! Even better..."

That's when I come in.

"Mom...For him to come all that way two years after the scandal... It means something, doesn't it?" He turned to the guard. "Let him in."

"Wilhelm, I don't know what you are hoping for..."

"What are you scared will happen? That I will see him and burn the place down? You told me yourself that he has moved on and so have I."

Kristina considered it for a second. And then nodded yes at the guard.

A little while later, Simon walked in with Ludvig by his side.

"The uhm...this young man said that you are waiting for him, Kristina."

"Well, technically, he showed up here. And I cannot wait to find out why." Kristina sat on her chair with Wilhelm on her one side and Ludvig on the other. Simon sat across them.

"I wouldn't ever come, your majesty." The title seemed like a mock. "But I have to say that you treated me quite unfair two years back. And I got too little for something too big. I mean, photographers and reporters are still after me."

That was a lie. But how would they know?

"Oh, you cannot be serious. This was done two years ago." Wilhelm spoke.

"But the public still cares about it, Wille." He smirked. "What? From all the lies you were forced to say you forgot that you were actually the one in the video?"

"My name is Wilhelm! You better remember it or-"

"Or what?"

I have to admit Simon was a better actor than me. If I didn't know better, I would think he actually hated me.

"I didn't come here so we could fight. But I don't want my family and I surrounded by reporters anymore."

"What can we do for that? We can't help you."

I played clueless. I knew my parents could and would help him.

"Fine...so I'll just call that lovely lady I saw the other day, what's her name? Oh, Sharon.."

The parents both raised their heads.

"What's your price?"

"Mom, are we seriously-"

"Stop, Wilhelm, please..." She turned to Simon. "Tell me a number. And we buy your silence. Right here, right now."

"I don't have a number."

"Everything has a number."

And Simon told them a number. A number that would get us a house and furnishings and would cover us up for the first months.

"Only that?" Kristina signed a cheque. "Ludvig, would you please take the young man to Minu? She will give him to sign something."

Simon stood up. "Goodbye." He said before leaving the office with Ludvig. Kristina opened one of her cabinets and took a box of pills out.

"Did you see the audacity?" She sank back while her son offered her some water.

"Mom, calm down."

"Did you see the hate on his eyes? This boy...never loved you, Wilhelm."

"Mom...easy... It's all in the past."

"I wish we could kill him two years back... Not that it's late now."

Something inside of me was set off. But I didn't speak.

"Now he will leave us alone. He will sign and that's it..." The woman agreed as Wilhelm was ready to leave. "See? And you were anxious about me seeing him again... He hates me."

"It's not what HE does. Do YOU hate him?"

"What question is that? I thought he loved me, but instead, he was just too easy to buy. I need someone strong by my side."

Kristina was shaken enough but she smiled. "I can call Laura. Let her come over."

"No, not her please...Why don't you let me pick one?"

"I...I thought you liked Laura." With the brunette, wild curls...

"Maybe for a relationship... But I want my kids to look like me." Wilhelm raised his shoulders.

"Alright, my son. We will find the perfect one together, alright?" Kristina gave him a true smile. Her eyes were sparkling with hope. Heck, she would offer Simon double the money if that's what it took for her son to meet someone new.

And Wilhelm just got out of the office, sighing with relief.

Because they had just passed step four.

Chapter End Notes

Hoped you liked this chapter. I was actually not really confident about this one...
Comments are always welcome! ☺

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

The plan goes on. And Wilhelm goes on a date. Sort of.

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

STEP FIVE.

That was the one who would take the most time and effort. That's where the crown prince comes in. And to choose a date...well, it takes time.

On the next two weeks, I went on more galas than I could count. And kissed the hands of so many daughters. But I wasn't looking at their beauty, I had the most beautiful one by my side already.

I was looking at their houses. Cottages, to be exact. And one thing that rich people do...is talk about their wealth. So it was easy enough.

I was so happy to find one. And one that was even more perfect than I thought.

Penelope Svensson. Daughter of Ralph Svensson.

TWO YEARS AGO, October 23rd

"I think that you are enjoying our company a little bit too much, don't you think, Wilhelm? Two weeks in a row we are invited." Ralph sat back on one of the couches inside the palace. The blonde gave him a drink.

"My husband, the jokester." Mrs. Frida Svensson laughed next to the queen before receiving a cup as well. "Thank you darling."

"It's nothing. But I enjoy your company, that's true. And coming from someone who, let's be honest between us, is forced to meet a lot of unwanted people, is telling something."

Ralph laughed. "We enjoy your company too, son. And my daughter too."

The daughter in question, blushed, but maintained eye contact. The first thing that Wilhelm noticed on Penelope was this. That she always wanted to appear strong. Powerful. Wanted. In front of other nobles, she was snobbish. In front of the Swedish monarchy...that's another story. And if the girl immediately changed the way she dressed (and intended to change way, way more) from the moment she met the queen, well... That's another story as well.

"The feeling is mutual. And consider this invitation my thank you for having me yesterday for dinner on your summerhouse."

"Summerhouse? No, darling, that's a winter house." Frida corrected him, politely.

"Oh, sorry..."

"No need. This house was a present for our daughter's eighteenth birthday. Just to see how much we have spoiled her." Ralph joked.

"Dad!" Penelope muttered under her breath, keeping her posture up.

"It's alright. A nice present I'll admit." Wilhelm smiled at her.

"And now that's wintertime, it's even prettier. It started snowing already." Frida agreed.

"That's why I chose the house." Penelope came closer to Wilhelm. "It's really dreamy."

"You see, my daughter is kind of a hopeless romantic." Her mother blew a kiss at her.

"That's nice. I could say I am one myself. So things like... Walks inside the forest? Swimming in the river?"

"Oh no no, I hate swimming... I usually take the boat when I'm there."

"Yes. And always with supervision." Ralph hit Ludvig on the shoulder. "I have to admit, I didn't think the house there was a good idea... The river is not that calm..."

And ends up to the Baltic Sea. I did my research.

"And we don't go to the forest on the other side. It has vicious animals!"

"Dad...you're scaring Wilhelm..." Penelope joked and rubbed the prince's arm affectionately.

"No, the opposite..." Wilhelm tried to get her off him gently, his smile never leaving him. "I'd love to go again. How about we go?"

Kristina was eyeing him. He was being great straightforward for a prince. In cases like that, you expect the others to invite you.

The Svensson parents only looked each other for one second and nodded. "Alright, we can expect you next weekend, if you are not busy..."

"I meant with...your daughter. Not that I don't enjoy your company, but I'd like to meet her properly. Learn things she likes."

The couple looked at each other. The girl seemed happy enough to go.

"We...would prefer if we were there as well."

Prince or not, they wanted to protect their daughter, and I get that. Plus, it was another great part of my plan.

"What if we bring some friends along? Like... Felice Ehrencrona?"

"You know Felice?" Frida smiled immediately, the tension from denying something to the prince leaving her bit by bit.

"Of course. And I assume you know her too?"

"Oh, of course... She is a great child, isn't she, Ralph?"

"Yes...but-"

"Dad... Please?" Penelope begged. If her father would ruin her shot with Wilhelm, she would never forgive him.

Ralph sighed. "I guess if you are the three of you... You can go."

Penelope stood up excited to kiss her father, while Wilhelm let out a breath. It was worth it, he reminded himself.

"I will come by with Felice to pick up your daughter."

The father nodded, half heartedly, as he stood up. "You better protect her with your life, son." And gave his hand to Wilhelm.

But she wouldn't protect me with hers.

Chapter End Notes

Hoped you liked it! Comments with your thoughts are always welcome!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

TWO YEARS AGO, November 1st

For once more I feel the need to say that I don't like to lie. And I wouldn't even have second thoughts if I were alone on this. But I wasn't. So everything had to be correctly.

When Felice, Penelope and I reached the winter house, it had stopped snowing. The weather forecast said it would start again soon, but it was better that way.

STEP SIX.

Play games, until it gets darker. And then Felice gets a call from an unknown number. The person on the other line speaks, then Felice says okay and hangs the phone.

"Who was it?"

"Oh, just a friend of mine." She moved her pawn. "Have I told you one friend of mine is moving away?"

Please translate the words. Friend of mine=Simon.

"No, you didn't. All by themselves?"

"Oh yes. They just settled in. All is well."

Penelope was just focusing on the game, not caring about their conversation.

"Didn't you tell me that two other friends of yours are gonna stay with him?"

Two other friends=Rosh and Ayub.

"Well, they would. But they forgot something, so they went back. They called me from somewhere near their house."

Something they forgot= Me.

Somewhere near the house= The forest on the other side of the river.

"Well, they have two whole hours till it gets dark." Penelope was clueless. "And I can't figure why they don't send a servant to take it. No need to go back."

"I agree." Felice's eyes wouldn't leave Wilhelm.

Penelope moved her pawn and landed on the last step.

"I won! Again!" She screamed. "Are you ready for another round?"

"No please, it seems like it's your lucky day today." Wilhelm joked. "We can do something else."

"Like what? Watch TV?"

"I was thinking... How about..." Wilhelm looked like he was considering it.

STEP SEVEN. An innocent suggestion.

"How about a small boat ride? On the river?"

Penelope seemed hesitant. "It's cold."

"We can wear our coats and gloves. Come on... I used to be on the rowing team at school. Let me show you." He asked for her hand. Penelope took it before standing up.

"I'm gonna bring my coat!" The girl smirked seductively.

"Wille...are you sure?"

"Oh, come on Felice! It will be fun!" Penelope ran up the stairs, leaving them alone.

Felice hugged him one last time.

"What's that?"

"A hug." She muttered inside his chest. "Tell me you are sure..."

"There is no other way, Felice. So yes, I'm sure."

"Good bye then." They broke apart.

"You will come to visit us after we are settled..."

"I was talking to the crown prince." Felice smiled. Then a person jumping happily was heard.

"Here I am!"

"Okay..." Felice let her phone on the table. "I am sorry Wilhelm. Not that I don't trust you with a boat, but I can't have my phone wet."

Wilhelm pretended to be betrayed, but Penelope just giggled and did the same.

And that was STEP EIGHT. Keep all electronic devices as away as possible. Buy time for my escape before all the forest gets demolished, metaphorically, on the search of their prince.

The trio got out of the house, walked till they reached the river. The first thing that Wilhelm realized was that no one had seen them. The front entrance was far, and no agent was around. So far so good.

Wilhelm made an effort to locate the car inside the forest, but he obviously wouldn't see it. The forest was big enough and the car had to be next to the road. The only thing he hoped was to find it quickly.

"Wilhelm? Are you okay?" Penelope touched his arm.

"Yes...after you." He helped her in the boat before doing the same with Felice.

For the next hour or so, they were rowing. Wilhelm was the only one who brought his phone with him, so the girls had the time to take enough photos on the snowed scenery. When it got darker though, it got colder. And snow started falling again.

"It's amazing how the river hasn't frozen yet." Wilhelm noticed. The girls, sitting across him, just moved closer to each other for warmth.

"Maybe we have to go back inside."

"But we are having a great time! Just for a little while." Penelope took another selfie before giving the phone back to Wilhelm.

"My hands are getting cold..." Felice shivered.

"You can have my gloves. Here..." Wilhelm got his gloves out of his hands and gave her the pair.

"Wow... Your majesty, are these designed just for you?" Felice joked and Penelope laughed along. "Look at the details."

"Okay, I'm taking them back." Wilhelm moved, making the boat move dangerously as well.

"No, no!" Felice grabbed the gloves playfully, laughing along.

And this is STEP NINE. A shock. Something unexpected.

"Guys, you're gonna-"

The one glove slipped from Felice's hands and ended up on the water and then under the boat, traveling with the flow.

"Oh my..." All of them stayed still.

"It's alright. Just help me find it." Wilhelm pretended to look at the one side of the boat as Penelope was looking at the other.

"I can't see it!" The girl even put her hand on the water.

All it took was one small gaze at Felice and then they both threw their bodies on Penelope's

side of the boat.

The small boat turned upside down, making the three of them fall on the frozen waters. Penelope was the first to scream.

And even if Wilhelm was still underwater, could hear that scream.

The boy stayed underwater for a few seconds, just to make sure the prince would be dead. But when he felt like the river flow was too strong, he resurfaced. Luckily, the girls were reaching the one shore without looking back, Penelope still clung to Felice because she wasn't a good swimmer. Until they reached the one shore, Wilhelm had already gotten out and went towards the closest shore. The forest one.

Felice barely turned her head to see him disappearing inside the woods before she helped Penelope get out first.

"Where is Wilhelm?" Penelope coughed.

"I thought he was beside us!" Felice pretended to look for him. "Wille! Wille!"

"We have to call someone!"

"But Wille is-!"

"Felice the water is cold!" Penelope cursed.

"Damn it! Help!!"

The two girls supported each other to go inside the house, Penelope still screaming for help.

And many meters away, Wilhelm shivered, covered in snow already. If he made all that way and didn't find the car-

"Wilhelm?" A strong hand on his shoulder made him almost die from shock. Ayub was standing next to him with a torch on his hand. "You're cold dude!"

"I know..." The snow was falling already, covering their footsteps. "Where is the car?"

"Not far. Rosh is waiting for us." Ayub led the way.

STEP TEN. Leave. Get in the car and leave. Take even the longest route if needed to avoid cameras. And luckily, there were no cameras at these roads. Go back to Simon, soaking wet. That's another kind of redemption for me. I walked into the water as two, now I felt lighter. As if I'm only carrying Wilhelm.

When I got to the backseat of the car, Rosh immediately started it. It seemed better not to call anyone. If things went south, noone else would fall.

Ayub put on some music, stopping Wilhelm's thoughts.

"Are you completely careless?" Rosh hit him on the arm from the driver's seat.

"I can close it if it bothers you."

"Turn the volume up, please." Wilhelm smirked as he tried to regain his warm temperature.

"Today we celebrate."

It was a two hour ride, and luckily, the snow was doing a good job in hiding their footsteps. Wilhelm was listening to every song on the radio, holding his breath every time the song was changing. He was afraid of the news of his disappearance spreading, although it was impossible. First they would scan the area. Then, around the first morning hours, they would inform the public. If they refrained from getting out of their house for a few days, then-

"We are here." The car stopped. Wilhelm didn't even know which house was theirs. Simon had picked it by himself.

"The house is on the other side of the road." Rosh got out of the car. "Follow me."

Our house was perfect. Humanely even. But the moment Simon opened the door and pulled me inside, that's when I felt at home.

"Oh my god..." He kissed him softly on the frozen lips. "You are frozen."

"I'm fine. I swear."

"I have prepared a bath upstairs. Second door." Wilhelm left his hug unwillingly before turning to Rosh. "Thank you."

"Goodnight." The girl waved before leaving.

And Simon closed the door.

And the plan was done. Just the first part.

Chapter End Notes

Say goodbye to the crown prince!

Comment your thoughts if you like! 😊

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Some light ☆☆smut☆☆

If you feel uncomfortable, please skip. After you see these lines ____ it's over 😊

Take care of yourselves first!

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

TWO YEARS AGO, November 1st (two and a half hours gone)

When Wilhelm was done bathing, he checked around the house. It had two floors, a kitchen and a living room downstairs and a bathroom and a bedroom upstairs. He followed the beautiful smell all the way to the kitchen. Simon had served them a salad and pasta with cheese and was cooking something inside the pot.

"Chicken soup?" His hands encircled his waist from behind.

"Hmm... I figured that something warm would be better for your throat. We can't risk you getting sick." Simon stretched with a pained expression.

"You already did enough. You fixed this whole place by yourself." Wilhelm kissed his neck.

"Now you are exaggerating. I didn't even finish-oh..." He stopped when Wilhelm started massaging his shoulders. "I didn't finish unpacking."

"We will do it together... How about we eat the pasta now? And leave the soup for lunch tomorrow?"

Simon nodded before turning off the stove and putting the pot in the fridge. Minutes after Wilhelm sat on the kitchen table, Simon joined him. And intertwined their fingers.

"Are you okay?" Wilhelm asked, before starting to eat the pasta.

"Yes. You?"

To be honest I was so so okay. So okay that I could live like that forever. Not that I intended to, though. After Simon was done with his studies, we would move elsewhere. I would work anywhere that I wouldn't need an I.D. Not that making a fake one was hard. The piece of me that was terrified about that plan, died with the prince on November the first. And a new person was born.

When they were done eating, Wilhelm took Simon's hand and followed him up on their bedroom. It was a king sized bed with many boxes laying around. It wasn't hard to guess that the bed was the only thing Simon fixed for now.

"I didn't have time to fix the rest." Simon laid back on the bed. "I said that I had time, but the next thing I remembered I saw you in my door."

"It's okay. You did so much already." Wilhelm turned him around gently and sat on his lower back. "Let me calm you down." His hands started massaging the knots on his shoulders, then lower and lower and then back on his shoulders, slowly, with care. Wilhelm repeated the procedure for quite a while. "Your body is stressed. Is pressured."

Simon fought really hard so sounds of pleasure wouldn't escape his lips. Instead he buried his face on the mattress.
And that gave Wilhelm a new idea.

"Do you trust me? I want to try something."

"I'm here with you. Don't you think I trust you more than enough?"

Wilhelm moved his hands towards the line of the trousers. And slowly lowered them down with his underwear.

"What do you want to oh-" The brunette bit his lips the first time he felt the blonde's mouth tracing patterns from his lower back, all the way down to his thighs.

"How is it?" Wilhelm stopped only for a second.

"D- don't st-stop..." Simon gripped the covers on his hands, as if that would stop his voice.

And Wilhelm didn't stop. That went on for a while if you asked him.

"Wille, I'm..." The blonde raised his face. It wasn't hard to tell he was shaking. "Stop, stop."

"Didn't you like it?" Wilhelm stopped and tried to reach his eyes.

"I'm gonna come." He muttered under his breath.

"Fuck...really?" Wilhelm got off him. "Okay... I can bring the-"

Simon laid on his back. "...If that's okay with you... I'd like us to...try and do it...properly."

He was silenced by a kiss on the lips. "Of course it is okay. It's more than okay."

And that was the moment that everything felt perfect. My first time in my own house and my first proper time with my boyfriend. I would treat Simon perfectly, gently. I had promised myself that.

The preparation was short, Simon claimed he was relaxed enough. But moments after Wilhelm started getting in, he grabbed his shoulders to stop.

"Ow ow...wait, wait..."

"What?" Wilhelm stayed perfectly still as he kissed his temple.

"It hurts."

"Okay, okay... I'm pulling out."

"Don't... I can handle." Simon breathed in and out a few times, but his grip didn't relax. "Let's go again, okay?"

Wilhelm had barely moved when Simon muffled his cry again.

"Simon, babe, if it's not enjoyable for both of us, there is no point..."

"I knew it was gonna hurt, Wille."

"I'm pulling out."

"Don't!"

But he did. And gathered him on his arms, motioning them to lay back down.

"Are you okay now?" Wilhelm asked after quite a while, still stroking his hair back.

"Yes."

"We don't have to do it again if it hurts. We don't have to do it never."

Simon sighed but smiled. "I just wanted to feel how it felt... To feel you...there."

"I know... I just don't want to hurt you again. Not after... Everything."

"It's alright. I forgive you this time." Simon smiled before kissing him on the lips.

"Maybe we should try it differently."

Simon nodded before leaning back to look at him. "Like...right now?"

They both looked at each other before bursting out laughing. Why were they stressed? They had each other. Even if some mistakes would be done along their way, it would still be theirs.

"Let me... If we..." Wilhelm made him sit on his lap. "If we do it like this, maybe it will be easier."

"Really?"

"I don't know. I'm pretty sure I read it somewhere."

"You read a book about sex?" Simon laughed. "You came prepared..."

"Well, I..." Wilhelm blushed. "When we first started dating I figured...we will come to... that moment one day... I just wanted it to feel...good."

Simon stroked back his hair. "How am I so lucky? Thank you."

"Don't... Not for the fucking minimum." Wilhelm held his waist as he brought him closer. "You're gonna tell me if it hurts?"

Simon nodded yes before beginning.

Just for the record, we managed to do it eventually. Not that my pure happiness would seize if we hadn't. I could live just by looking at Simon, just by having him smile to me or laugh at my jokes. The fact that I could touch just made it better. But only for a few hours.

TWO YEARS AGO, November 1st (five hours gone)

Wilhelm got inside their bedroom after brushing his teeth. Simon claimed that he would follow him inside the bathroom in a while to wash up, but he didn't.

"I thought you said you would bathe." Wilhelm was ready to change into his pyjamas when he noticed Simon crying, curled on the edge of the bed.

"Hey,hey... What's wrong?"

His mind went on someone finding them, but he let go of that thought. They wouldn't be alone if they did.

Simon was looking at the floor. "It... It hurts."

"What hurts?" Wilhelm was slow to understand. But when he lowered down on his level, it wasn't hard to guess. "Oh..." He pressed a slow kiss on his forehead.

"I wanted to call my mom but we said no weird phone calls for the first hours and I was worried and-"

"Simon... Did you hurt before?"

The brunette nodded no. "I forgot to bring painkillers... What kind of house doesn't have two or three tablets at least?"

"Simon... We left in a hurry. It's not your fault."

There were two options here. One, to tell him the feeling will pass and fall asleep. Two, to do something so he can stop hurting. So there was only one option. Because there was no way I was gonna lay next to Simon if he was hurting.

Wilhelm put his shirt back on. "Get dressed."

"What? Why?"

"You said there was a small clinic nearby. I'm taking you there."

"No. I just need a pain-"

"I know! But we don't have one! So we will go there." He gave him his jacket. "I will wear a disguise okay? My beanie and... Maybe a wig and glasses. Call a taxi."

I had the part of the wig and the beanie planned just in case I needed to go outside. I wouldn't imagine needing them so soon but I wore them anyway. I was William for anyone asking. Simon's foreign, strange boyfriend. He doesn't speak a lot, he only understands German and English. Not that the taxi driver paid any attention to me. The radio was shut. I couldn't tell if people had found out about the disappearance of their prince. Same with the clinic. Simon followed the doctor inside a room while I stayed alone in the hallway. Many offices far, two nurses were listening to the radio and chatting, their loud voices, covering all the other noises. Until Simon walked out.

"All is well. I gave him a painkiller. There is no need for concern. As I explained to your boyfriend, it's completely normal especially during the first time. But of course you always need to be careful and considerate." The doctor was scanning Wilhelm with his eyes.

"Doctor, my...ehm...my boyfriend is foreign. I will explain to him later."

"Dear listeners, we are stopping our programs to inform something concerning the Royal fam-" The radio sounded before it was stopped.

"God, I hate their guts!" The one nurse commented.

"Switch the channel. It can't be important."

Little did they know Wilhelm and Simon were holding their breaths as the doctor's eyes were on them. Wilhelm was trying to smile as the doctor looked him in the eyes...

"Oh, I'm sorry. Very well then. Good night from me."

That was the closest on getting caught we got that day. We got back on another taxi, unfortunately with a driver that already knew the news and couldn't stop speaking. Thankfully, Simon handled it very well. Not that the driver would scan his customers. He didn't expect to see the prince on his taxi that night. He just saw William. Plain William. When we returned home that night, we fell asleep so close to each other that people would need to peel us off in the morning. And while the whole country was shocked by the disappearance of their prince, we went to bed calmer than ever. Simon fell asleep almost immediately. The painkiller made him sleepy, that's what he claimed. But I

stayed awake, watching him sleep and keeping my breath low. From the next day, I was wanted. I was searched. And then I would be mourned. One part of me felt guilty. The people did nothing wrong. But I also did nothing wrong. And Simon did nothing wrong. My parents told me to grow up and face my problems and that's what I did. But little they knew, Simon wasn't a burden, wasn't a problem, wasn't something heavy that I had to dump. But the crown was.

Chapter End Notes

I hoped you liked this chapter! I was actually not really confident about this one either.

Your comments are always welcome!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Wilhelm and Simon live peacefully:)

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

The shock passed as I said. And then made way for the mourning.

How can you mourn for someone you never knew? How can you mourn properly if you never knew me? And no, not even the hardcore monarchist fans knew me. They knew my persona, a stage name. They knew prince Wilhelm. Whose favorite color was blue, who wrote poetry, was a big fan of literature and volunteer work, his favorite book was Moby Dick, his favorite music was instrumental music, loved playing tennis and football and watching opera and ballet.

I played my role so good, I even managed to convince my parents that these are my habits that for my fourteenth birthday, I got all of the players in Real Madrid to wish me a happy birthday and give me a signed shirt. When we visited Australia we went on Sydney's Opera House and when a fan saw me, they begged me to sign their Moby Dick copy. As if I am the writer.

The only person that I never managed to convince about my fake personality...was sleeping next to me at the moment. And for that I was blessed.

Simon knew. He knew that my favorite color is red, but blue comes closely second. He knew that I liked reading but I could never write something good by myself, mostly because I would be afraid of being judged. He knew that instrumental music makes me either anxious or sleepy. He knew that I could only tolerate opera if he would sing in it, he knew that I hated football since the day a ball struck me in the face in second grade, he knew that I only watched ballet because I had to. And he knew that I hadn't even read Moby Dick.

TODAY, October 30th

Wilhelm woke up to the sound of the birds chirping outside their balcony. As he stretched his hands, he noticed the brunette sleeping peacefully on his side. And laced his hands around his bare waist.

"Hmm..." Simon nuzzled his head on his pillow as Wilhelm's lips found his neck. "Five more minutes..."

The blonde was too busy admiring the love mark on his neck, but smiled anyway.

"Take your time mitt hjärta. It's Sunday." He whispered on his ear but Simon was fast asleep again. And Wilhelm got on with his day the same way he did when he woke up before Simon.

By making breakfast.

He opened the TV on the living room and turned the volume up so he could hear from the kitchen. He didn't mind the noises anymore, he had learned how to make breakfast by heart. Until he realized what day it was.

"We have here with us Mikael Paulson, member of the Royal Court and personal friend with the Royal Family. Mr. Paulson, welcome."

Wilhelm froze on his place, the remote still in hand.

"Thank you for the invitation."

"So, as a reminder for our viewers, in two days, marks two years since crown prince Wilhelm disappeared on the Svensson's cottage, after an accident on the nearby river. And the question that has been bothering fans from all around the world... Is the police still looking? And if yes, for how long will the research continue?"

"That's a nice question. Truth be told, the police is in fact still searching. And we hope that we will soon have positive results."

"Do you think that something was done wrong? In the investigation."

"Not exactly wrong... But the weather wasn't in favor of us the first days. We wasted the important first hours because it was not easy enough to research with the snow falling. And after the palace was contacted, it was already dark enough."

"What are...the most possible scenarios right now? About the Crown Prince's whereabouts."

"Well, if the prince was able to contact someone, he would already have. So for once more we are calling the people of Sweden. If you know anything, if you have seen anything suspicious, even something small or insignificant, call the authorities."

"Of course, of course... Do you think the prince could be somewhere out there by himself?"

"Crown prince Wilhelm was...perfectly happy with his life, I assure you as one of the closest people to the family. This is not a conspiracy theory. But even if he were, there is no way he could have gone far at foot. The temperature was dropping and the scenario we studied the most is the river flow making it unable for him to reach the shore. We found his phone not far from there. That gave us a hint to where to search exactly."

Two hands hugged him from behind slowly, tension leaving Wilhelm in pieces.

"If... I am sorry for saying this, I know that people will be saddened to hear that even as a possibility, but what if the prince is not found?"

"If in three years after the disappearance the prince is not found, the Royal couple is thinking of closing the case. The throne goes to the next successor, as always."

Wilhelm sighed. One more year.

"As for the queen and the prince consort, they are thinking of the possibility of burying an empty casket."

Then Wilhelm felt a kiss on his shoulder.

"How is the Royal couple right now? Are they positive?"

"They try to be. After the first tragedy of the late prince Erik, they are trying on focusing on all the bright scenarios about prince Wilhelm being found."

"Thank you. Now, the news of the prince disappearing has saddened, not only Sweden, but people from all over the world, even now, two years later."

"Indeed, now for once more we have to say-"

The blonde closed the TV before turning around. He was ready to complain, but then he noticed the brunette was only having a white sheet hanging around his waist.

"Staring much?"

"You caught me." Wilhelm couldn't even raise his eyes. "How did you sleep?"

"First of all... I didn't. Secondly, you tired me up yesterday."

"Can't help it. In two days it's our anniversary."

"And we started celebrating early enough this year." Simon tried to make him smile, and thankfully it worked.

"Go get dressed!" Wilhelm tried to lift the sheet, only exposing one of his hip bones, slightly bruised. "Oh... Did I..."

"Yes you barbarian! You mauled me!" Simon grinned before kissing him. Wilhelm escaped his hold to kneel in front of him. And placed a slow kiss, first on the one hip bone and then to the other.

"Why was this so hot all of a sudden?"

Wilhelm smirked. "Good to know." And Simon laughed. God, he could survive by hearing his laugh alone.

"Have you been making breakfast? I'm starving..."

"Sort of. Why don't you go get dressed while I fix something?"

"Don't you like the view?"

"I can't...I can't focus with that view!" Wilhelm blushed before Simon started climbing up the stairs again.

"Hey...Will you go to Bjärstad today?" Wilhelm yelled.

"Yes. But I'll be back till noon. I have class tomorrow."

"Say hello to Linda and Sara from me."

"I will."

They ate breakfast together and while Simon was getting ready to leave, Wilhelm cleaned the dishes. He would fix the mess he made in the kitchen and then he would run some errands for their neighbor, Sofia. Sofia was a lovely elder living nearby. And because she was incapable of mowing the lawn or taking care of her garden, Wilhelm would do it for her. She was mostly blind, she didn't ask many questions, her kids visited her only at night time when Wilhelm had already left and she would give him very good money.

When Simon would be back, maybe they could watch a movie, Wilhelm thought when he was left alone.

When Simon reached his old home, he knew that something was...off.

First, his mom wasn't standing nearby, ready to jump on his hug the moment he would get inside. There were no noises of Sara, Rosh, Ayub or even Felice. Instead...

"Over here mi amor!" Linda's voice was heard from the living room.

"Hey... How are y-" Simon stopped the moment he entered.

"Simon! Hey!" Marcus, that was sitting on the couch, sipped his tea. "Oh oh... Something tells me you were not that happy to see me."

"No, it's...it's just... I wasn't expecting you. How are you Marcus?" Simon pushed up a smile.

"It was a last minute decision." Sara explained. "I met with Marcus, I had to leave, he told me how he missed you and... Here we are."

"Well, Simon is a celebrity now. Studying music and stuff. He can't be seen talking to commoners." He joked.

"No... I was just super busy with everything... Studies, working..." Simon sat across him.

"I used to come by every week. Ask for you... How is the new town?"

"Well, it's nice... Not as nice as here though. But everyone there is so kind. How about-"

"So kind, huh?" Marcus smirked. "Had any interesting meet ups?"

"No..."

"Oh, come on... A guy like you all alone in a foreign town... You didn't meet anyone special?"

Simon wanted to switch the subject so bad. But instead he just helped himself with some tea and cookies.

"Like who? It's not as if I'm out part-"

"Well, how about the prince?"

Simon stopped before sipping. Honestly he was glad he didn't drop it there and then. Linda laughed, awkwardly.

"The prince is missing, Marcus. For two years now."

"I heard he might be dead." Sara added. "But they don't want to sadden the public."

Marcus didn't say anything. Just continued staring deep inside Simon's eyes. It's like Sara's and Linda's thoughts didn't matter. Only Simon's response.

"I hope he's fine. Wherever he is... But I still don't want to see him after everything."

Marcus smiled. "Of course... Silly of me... So, have you settled well?"

"Yes, finally. What about you-"

"I was very curious to see your new home to be honest. I always knew you had a great style."

"Thank you. But it's quite far..."

"Oh, I don't mind. Why don't you give me your number? Arrange a date?" Marcus smiled.

When Simon came back home that night, he was furious. Not only he had unwillingly given Marcus his phone number, but he had to deny his invitations every time he would want to hang out.

"Hey... You're back early." Wilhelm closed the TV when Simon crashed next to him on the couch. He stroked back his curls.

"What is it?"

"Marcus was back home."

"I thought things were fine."

"I don't mind him. But he acted...weird."

"Weird? How?" Wilhelm turned fully to him.

"He asked if I had settled well-"

"-that's not weird-"

"If I was alone... If I had seen you..."

"What was that? A joke?"

"If I date anyone at the moment."

"Was he hitting on you?" Simon put his head on his lap as Wilhelm stroked his waist lovingly. "Didn't your mom interfere?"

"I tried to avoid his questions. But it wasn't easy... And had to give my phone number."

"You didn't tell him our address, right? Then it's fine... Don't worry."

"It just... creeped me out, you know..."

"Hey... He can't do anything without your permission, okay?...And if you want to avoid him, we will call your sister not to bring him home when you are there. Okay?"

Simon nodded. "I wish I could tell him the truth so he could leave me alone. But I don't trust him that much."

Wilhelm moved his hand on the inside of his shirt. "What would you tell him darling?" He asked playfully.

"That we...fouled everyone that the prince is dead because...I wanted to keep him for myself. And he likes it." Simon grinned.

"Scandalous, I'd say."

Simon sat up and passed his one leg over Wilhelm's lap so he could sit. "Hmm... Can't wait to tell you what other scandalous things we do."

"What do you do, älskling?" He smirked when the brunette passed his hands around his neck. "Does he...call you your royal highness, uh?" He helped him get his shirt off before their lips were back on each other. "Do you..." He started unfasten the brunette's belt as the later was unbuttoning Wilhelm's shirt. "...Do you wear a crown while he fucks you?" Simon bit his lips when the blonde's hand brought him closer from behind.

And then the phone rang.

"Fuck..." Simon stopped kissing him so he could see who's calling.

"Who is it?" Wilhelm nibbled his ear, half distracted.

"That's exactly what I didn't want to happen..." He showed him Marcus' name on his phone screen. And declined the call.

"Do you want me to pick it up? I can use my crown prince voice."

"Hilarious." The brunette threw the phone next to them.

"Why don't we start over, huh?"

Simon nodded before he was back at it. And the phone rang again.

"Oh, come on..." He was ready to decline the call again when Wilhelm grabbed the phone from his hands and muted it.

"There."

"Great... Now what if someone important calls me?"

"Well, if someone important calls you, you can put it back on normal mode. In two hours from now, Marcus will probably stop calling."

"Two hours from now?" Simon raised his eyebrow. "Where will I be in the meantime?"

"Tied up...to our bed." Wilhelm smirked.

"Oh really? Who said that I'm letting you take control so easily?"

"No one. But I'm willing to fight for it." He lifted them both up from the couch as Simon giggled at the sudden attack of kisses on his face.

Somewhere not that far, inside a car, someone smirked. And dialed a number.

Chapter End Notes

Let me correct what I said at the beginning...

Wilhelm and Simon live peacefully FOR NOW.

Muahahaha

Jkjk

Liked it? Comment if you like. 🥰

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I apologize beforehand for this.

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

Simon woke up to an empty bed next day. As he stretched and moved to check his phone, he made sure to check Wilhelm's bedside table. The latter always left notes when he was not sleepy and decided to walk or he had to go somewhere quick, as if not to worry him.

No note. No nothing.

"Wille?" He yelled. It was already eleven thirty. Wouldn't Wilhelm wake him up?
"Fuck..." He muttered while he got dressed.

Searching the rest of the house and finding no cue of him was not better. Wilhelm never ever had forgotten to left a note. And tomorrow marked two years. And yesterday Marcus was asking questions...

That's when the door opened and Wilhelm got inside, interrupting his thoughts.

"Hey älskling... Good morning."

"Where were you?"

Wilhelm paused for a while when he saw Simon's furious gaze before taking off his jacket, his wig and his glasses.

"Sofia fell and couldn't get up. I left her with the kids next door to wait for an ambulance."

"You are kidding, right?"

"What's wrong? Why are you angry all of a sudden?"

"What's wrong is that you have to be careful, Wille! If something happens-"

"-I've been helping Sofia for two years now."

"I'm not saying anything about her, it's-"

"-what would you do if you were me? You would leave her like that?"

Simon exhaled. "It's lovely you care for others and everything, but-"

"But what?"

The brunette spotted the remote on the arm of the couch and grabbed it before pointing at the TV.

"Don't..." Wilhelm muttered.

"Don't what? You know what we are both thinking right? It's the anniversary of your disappearance tomorrow. Your face is everywhere these days." Simon let the remote down.

"Crown Prince's face is everywhere these days. Not William's."

"You share the same face, Wilhelm! Just because we got rid of him, doesn't mean that it's over!"

That fight was a mistake. The second mistake in two years. What made me feel better was that we couldn't avoid its outcome no matter what. It wasn't our fault.

"The one moment you want me to get out more and the other you are scared? Does this has to do with Marcus' questions?"

Simon paused. "Wh...what?"

"Don't what me. I know you. You are thinking about it."

Simon sighed. "I don't want to speak anymore."

"Have you given him our address and you're afraid to tell me?"

He faked laughed. "Do you think so little of me? That I would flirt with someone else and then come home to...to fuck you?"

Wilhelm's expression softened. "No, I'm sorry. That was wrong. I'm-" He tried to approach him.

"Fuck off." Simon sat down on a chair, looking away.

"...Okay... I'm...gonna get on our porch to see if the ambulance is here, okay?"

I don't remember if he responded. Weird how I could remember conversations over two years old but not what happened a few days back. I don't remember even wearing my disguise as I walked out of the door...

Simon wiped a tear threatening to spill when the front door closed behind Wille. It wasn't right. That fight was unnecessary, and it wasn't right.

"Wille?" Simon said loudly before making his way to the door in a rush and opening it wide.
"Wille-"

He was forced to stop because Wilhelm was frozen in front of their doorstep, facing the other way around.

"Wille..." Simon saw two people pointing a gun to the blonde's head and gasped loudly. In their yard, two cars were parked. Looking like the ones Simon used to see on the TV, carrying Wilhelm-

Correction. The Crown Prince.

"Simon..." Wilhelm raised his hands, voice shaky. "Go inside, love."

I don't know what part of me thought they would spare Simon. But I was willing to try. Try and accuse myself even of holding him against his will if that meant he would be saved. But it was late.

There was no salvation.

Simon hugged him from behind, securing his hands to his waist tightly. And hid his tears behind Wille's back.

"You have three seconds to untangle. One... Two..."

Wilhelm just laced his one hand with Simon's. If that was their last hug, he would hug back, even like that.

The two men only needed a nod between them before grabbing one boy each. The next thing Simon remembers was watching two more men take Wilhelm away, others getting inside the house with a dog, while he was getting cuffed against the wall.

"It's not his fault!" Wilhelm yelled. "I did it all! I did!" Before he got shoved into one car.

"We got him, your majesty." Another man said. "...Yes we are positive."

"Try not to make noise. We don't want everyone around to understand."

The dog was barking. Three men got inside their house, already creating a mess wherever they stood. Funny thought, Simon was upset for a moment when thinking they had to clean the mess afterwards...

There was no afterwards. Simon wished there was.

"Simon Eriksson..." A guy noted something down. "Would you like to know the reason you are arrested for, or will you spare us from doing so?"

"Simon! I love you!" Wilhelm's voice sounded briefly before the one car drove away.

The brunette, still shoved, chest against the wall, didn't speak. Instead he just nodded no.

"That's what I thought. Take him."

Chapter End Notes

claps hands together And just like that domestic life is over...

(I need to stop hurting my favorite characters)

P.S. Commenting would mean a lot ☺

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

This one is a heavy chapter. I tried making two small chapters into one.

Also, trigger warning for S.A./ rape. If you are uncomfortable reading heavy subjects like that, skip (after the _)

Take care of yourselves first!

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

That was how easily my life changed again. And William was gone as easily as the crown prince. It was the first time I cried in a while. And all my personas cried with me, comforting me silently.

The moment I stepped into my old home, everything felt fake, everything felt awful. I didn't know where Simon was, or what the procedure would be, but I made a note to all Wilhelms. I would see him again, I would get out of there and I would see him again.

"Your majesty..." One of the men uncuffed Wilhelm while the other went inside the Queen's office. "He is here."

"Bring him in." The blonde felt the push inside the office before he could protest. He didn't raise his head when he entered. But he could feel his parents' eyes on him.

"Has anyone saw you?"

"We were discreet. The house was also far enough from the others. And if the crown prince hadn't...uhm...get out in a hurry, we wouldn't point with the guns in the first place."

"Great. Leave the file here, please." The man left something on the desk before leaving the three of them alone.

Kristina sighed. "Won't you even look at us?"

Wilhelm didn't speak. Only nodded no.

"At least he is feeling ashamed... Some kind of remorse." His father commented and the blonde laughed.

"No, no... I'm not seeing you because I can still tell myself this is all a nightmare. And the moment I will raise my face..." He finally looked at them. "...I will know the truth."

Kristina slammed her hand on the table before approaching him.

"YOU have the NERVE to talk back after you tricked us all into thinking you were dead for two years?"

"Don't be so happy to see me, mother. Think that now that I'm here, I can continue my engagements till next time I can leave." Wilhelm didn't know where he found that confidence from. But his life was back to hell, Simon was gone and he was furious.

"Penelope is now married. She wouldn't wait for you to come around again..." Kristina started walking back and forth slowly. "But don't worry, since you like defying us, we have a plan b. A plan you can't just defy-"

"You will make me look ill?" Both of them turned to see him, shock clear on their faces. "I heard you when you were discussing it. You would pay a doctor, I would think something was wrong, I would be stripped out of every freedom behind closed doors, while I continue being your puppet outside-!"

Kristina slapped him on the face to stop him. He didn't even flinch. Even the woman seemed to regret it.

"I was told a good mother should never strike her children..."

"Don't worry... I wouldn't think you are a good mother anyway, Kristina."

The woman was dumbfounded. "How did you just call me?"

"Kristina. What, have you changed your name in these two years?"

"I am the queen before a mother, and a woman and I demand respect for my title!" She screamed.

"You don't demand respect, you earn it. And you lost it the day you wanted to deem your son sick and kill an underage boy just because he messed with us!"

"Wilhelm, mind your-"

"Careful..." Kristina said. "I might as well do it now. Because this..." She pointed at the report on her desk. "Is personal."

"Don't you dare harm Simon... That's all I'll say."

"You are far from asking for favors, Wilhelm. Now everything, will be done exactly how we want them."

"How? You will say to the press that your son came back by himself? Good luck explaining everything to a country that thinks I'm dead, because for sure as hell won't help you!"

Kristina exhaled. "We have already thought of what we'll say. We will say that you were kidnapped. That you are luckily healthy and when you are done resting, you will be back on your duties."

"There's no fucking way I'm gonna go along with this lie!"

"I didn't ask you. I asked you in everything before that and they all turned to hell. And if you think about it, it's not a lie. That Eriksson family is responsible for this! Wait to see what will happen to everyone participating..."

"Hey... This is between us. You will leave-"

"I can't believe I thought that...thug was sincere when he came here... And we just gave him money to spend with you!"

"Don't you fucking call him like that!"

"Don't you raise your voice to me for a..." She stopped. That conversation wasn't so royal like enough.

"Say it. Say what you wanted to say."

"...for a whore-"

"Let's all calm down for a second!" Ludvig pulled Kristina away. "Son, whether you like it or not, you are royalty. You can't just do things like that! It's not just us you have to answer to. It's the whole country. People love you. You can't just let them down-"

"What about me then? How come I have to be worried my whole life not to disappoint anyone and then end up miserable myself?"

Kristina scoffed. "Do you realize how many would kill to be in your shoes?"

"Very well then... Bring THEM here. Cause I'm going back." Wilhelm turned around to leave.

"You are not actually thinking that you'll leave again, right? The whole palace is full of bodyguards. Unless you have thought that far into the plan and convinced the Erikssons to come work here incognito and help you escape."

Wilhelm buried his nails on his palms.

"Wilhelm... No one wants to harm you. No one wants to betray you. The Sherlock Holmes things you are having inside your mind isn't normal."

"Your father is right. The only people who wanted to harm you were the Erikssons-" Wilhelm turned to them, ready to snap. "Listen to me... They took you from your home, the boy promised you... God knows what... They came with a plan and forced you to live among commoners as if you were a normal boy... Can't you see they wanted to humiliate you? To laugh at you? They could never see you as one of them. Because you didn't belong among them."

Wilhelm turned his gaze to the floor.

"Good thing that boy informed us the moment he found out."

The blonde looked at his mother. "Come again?"

"A boy called the police and told us where you two were."

"Of course... His bank account would get full, why wouldn't he?"

"He didn't ask for money, surprisingly."

Wilhelm seemed puzzled. Then what was the point? Good deeds?

"He just asked not to mention Simon's name anywhere. Nor put him to jail. That troubled me, but maybe it's better that way. If you were seen together on the news again, the rumors about the tape would continue. Now we won't refer to anyone. We will just say that-"

"What's the boy's name?"

"Why would you like to know?"

"Just tell me!" He shouted.

"If you want something, you have to ask for it nicely. Have you forgotten your-"

"What's his fucking name?"

"It's Marcus." Ludvig confessed. "And after three hours that took you to come here... The boy is probably heading back home now. Police questioned him and he is free to-"

"So you just let Simon on a stranger's hands? What if he is dangerous?"

Kristina scoffed. "Oh, come on. Not the whole world is against you and him, Wilhelm. And with the history that boy has... I bet he was a lover of his."

"I can't believe you..."

Marcus gave them away. No matter what he had in mind, it couldn't be good.

"I want to speak to Simon."

"You are probably joking... There is no phone connection at the moment in your room or anywhere at the palace."

Wilhelm groaned.

"And you are in no place asking for things. You won't speak to that boy. Never again."

The blonde breathed in and out a few times to calm down. But he couldn't. He fucking couldn't.

"Escort the crown prince to his room, please." Kristina said to a bodyguard that came inside.

"If anything... If anything happens to Simon while I'm away... You're dead to me." Wilhelm escaped from the bodyguard's grip and headed out. He knew where his room was.

"Here... You'll feel better." Marcus gave Simon a cup of tea.

"I don't think so...but thank you Marcus." He pushed a smile before drinking a bit. "Thank you for bringing me over."

Marcus sat next to him on the couch. "It's nothing. I told you, you were not fine, it would be better to calm down before getting home to your mom. You don't want to upset her."

Simon nodded.

"Are you better now? What you just went through was tough."

"No...I'm not...but it's... I don't know why I thought this would go on forever. It was quite obvious one day they would find him..."

"Hey...what's important is that you are alright. They let you go."

"They let me because they don't want to cause another scandal. Not because they don't want to punish me."

"Still... It was an impulsive decision to do that. Wilhelm...is a prince. He can't just run away. And get your life in danger... Didn't he think of you at all?"

"It wasn't just his decision, Marcus..."

Marcus approached him so he was inches away from his face.

"If you were mine, I would never let that happen."

Simon got a few inches back before Marcus tried closing the distance.

"Marcus, I..." His head was spinning like crazy suddenly. "where's the bathroom?"

The boy smirked. "First door down the hallway."

Simon was away before he heard the whole sentence. Only the moment he got inside the bathroom he sighed.

He could say his mom called and he had to go home. Let Marcus down slowly.

One way or another, he had to leave. And his focus getting lesser wasn't helping.

When his hands stopped touching the sink, his whole body fell on the floor, just like that.

He felt the coldness of the tiles, then he could swear he was back on their house, with

Wilhelm. Then Marcus approaching him and kneeling down next to him on the bathroom.

Then he was on the Christmas table with his mom and Sara. But Marcus? Wasn't he right there?

"Did you like the tea, Simon?" He heard a voice, but it didn't belong to his mom. Nor Sara.

He could swear no one was around. That he was hallucinating. But again, he could swear everyone was around. Wasn't he on their home? No, they arrested Wilhelm. Was he on Marcus' place? Yeah, that would make sense. But why was Marcus so...close? So...

Suddenly, he felt a pain spear through him, a sensation he hadn't felt before. Or maybe he had, but not so harsh like that. He wished he could turn his head from laying on the floor, but he didn't have the strength.

"Just sleep Simon." He was feeling like he couldn't breathe, like all his insides were opened forcefully. In a terrible, twisted way, it could also remind him of...

"Wille..." He muttered before passing out completely. "It hurts."

But for sure Wilhelm wasn't there.

Chapter End Notes

Today's chapter as I said before was heavy, now you probably understand why. It gets worse before it gets better, but it will get better, I promise.

Commenting would mean a lot  thank you for your support.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Wilhelm calls Simon to say goodbye. But learns something else...

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

Wilhelm didn't come out of his room until night came. When the palace was emptier, he found the chance to tiptoe around, as if he would find a weak spot. To his dissatisfaction, guards were multiplied outside, and a lot more people were wandering around, considering the hour.

"Going somewhere?" His mom startled him when she opened the door of her office. "Come... Let's talk."

Not that he wanted to, but it wasn't as he had find an escape.

"Take a seat. I am surprised you are awake. I thought you'd be tired."

"On the other hand, I am not surprised you are. Doesn't guilt stick to the conscience?" Wilhelm sat on a chair next to the desk.

Kristina scoffed. "No... I don't have a reason to feel guilty at all. But anger also sticks." She opened the file the guy had left before.

"Linda Vasquez. 45 years old, divorced,two kids. Currently working as a nurse at a nursing home in Bjärstad." She got out a paper with Linda's photo attached.

"...Sara Eriksson. 21 years old. Studying sociology in Stockholm University and currently living with her mother while babysitting for a neighbor." She took a deep breath after taking out Sara's papers.

"I think you know the next by heart." She got out Simon's papers. "Simon Eriksson. 20 years old. Studying Music and apparently, also causes scandals on his free time."

Wilhelm only glared at her.

"Who's next? Ayub Lindgren. 21 years old. Lives with his mother in Bjärstad, who works in a restaurant. He helps her sometimes. And... Rosh Berglund. 20 years old. Lives with her girlfriend. Her parents own the one and only dry cleaner store in Bjärstad."

"Are you done?"

"Depends... Did anyone else help you run away? It will be better to say it now than later."

Wilhelm just smiled. "Don't make it harder. As you said, you're already angry."

"As I said...I am angry. You know why?" She spat out. "Because in these files, I see a nurse, her two kids and two neighbors, equally young, from a poor, pathetic neighborhood. I don't see trained agents, commandos or international conspiracies. And somehow, they managed to vanish you for two years without being found." Kristina was moving in circles around her office. "But... First things first. Everyone will get what they deserve now."

"This is between us. If you do anything to Simon..."

"I haven't. Not yet at least. For now, he is fine."

"I want to call him."

"You can't be serious... We already told you-"

"And I already told you I want to call him. If I spend all my life locked up in here, at least I want him to know."

Kristina sighed. "I don't know what you've found in him in the first place..." She pushed the phone towards him. "You have ten minutes."

"I want an hour."

"Twenty minutes."

"At least half an hour..." Wilhelm knew better than to push her more. When she nodded, he started dialing Simon's number. It beeped. Then it beeped a few times more...

"Hello?" A woman, probably Linda answered.

"Linda? It's Wille."

"Wilhelm? Oh, thank God... We were so worried... Where are you darling? We tried to reach you, but your phone-"

"I'm fine, all fine... Where's Simon?"

A pause. Then a sniff.

"Wille... Simon is...inside his room..."

"Okay... Can you give him to me? I need to-"

He was cut off by Linda full sobbing.

"Linda? Wha-what's-" His voice turned more concerning.

"Simon left the station with Marcus and... went to his place... And he-uhm..."

Wilhelm was trying his best to understand. Even Kristina seemed curious although she couldn't hear the whole conversation.

"...He drugged him, Wille." She started sobbing. "He drugged my son..."

The blonde kept hearing Linda breathing unevenly. He didn't know if she would go on.

"We just got back from the police. They arrested him-"

"What happened Linda?"

"He...he assaulted him, Wille... Simon passed out and...he did-"

Wilhelm left the phone down just to slam his fist on the table. He wanted to scream, but most likely his mother would take the phone away so instead, he grabbed two pieces of his hair, not so gently, and started pulling.

I loved Simon. I loved him more than everything. If he wanted to move on after I was stuck in the palace, I would let him. I would be happy as long as he was happy. I would be happy as long as he had someone to make him laugh, make him smile, give him small little gifts on surprising times or take a day off to watch a movie with him. Remember his birthday, take him on dates, cook every once in awhile, kiss him softly or take him to bed. But always with boundaries. Always what he wants, if he wants. Not that. Not the pain. Not the unwanted.

"Linda...how is he now? Is he conscious?" He asked calmer.

"We took him to the hospital for an examination. Then we...brought a doctor home to give him an injection to sleep. But I don't think he has slept yet. The doctor just left."

"Okay...Can you give him to me?"

"Wille-"

"Please... Just this... I need to know."

Linda probably started walking cause she didn't say anything. After so many steps, Wille heard a whisper.

"He is a little dazed but I'll leave the phone by his side, okay?"

"Okay..." He waited for a few seconds. "Simon? Can you hear me?"

"Wille?" He heard a hoarse voice.

The blonde smiled. "Hey..."

"Hey..."

He heard the door closing, so he assumed Linda left.

"Wille, I am sorry-"

"It's not your fault. Nothing is your fault." He buried his nails on his palms. "How are you? Do you hurt anywhere?"

A sniff. "A doctor injected me with something."

"It was for your own good, mitt hjärta."

"I hate needles..."

"I know darling. I know."

"I wanted you to hold my hand but mom said you went home."

"I... I didn't want to. I wanted to be there to hold your hand as well."

"If I speak to your momma? She has to let you come, right?"

Wilhelm just tried to explain on the nicest way possible that he was stuck. Probably until forever. But Simon was indeed dazed and making it worse, wouldn't help.

"I don't think so, darling."

"Oh..." Simon said, surprised.

He spent some time quiet, so much Wilhelm thought he fell asleep.

"I want to go back. In our home."

"I want the same Simon. But for now, let your mom take care of you, okay?"

"Okay." He said, defeated. "Can you at least stay on the phone until I fall asleep?"

Wilhelm hummed. "Of course. Close your eyes... And think of whatever makes you the happiest..."

"You."

Wilhelm held back his laugh. Simon would never, absolutely never say that out loud. "Okay then. Think of me. And I'll think of you."

"I make you happy?"

"The happiest, darling. The happiest."

They stayed on the phone for what felt like centuries. Probably even Kristina wondered why her son chose to spend so important time on the phone keeping quiet. But she didn't say anything. He still had a few minutes left.

"Wilhelm? Are you still there?" He was startled by Linda's voice.

"Yeah. I'm here. Is Simon asleep?"

"Yes. Pour thing, he forgot to end the phone call. He was keeping you waiting."

"No, no... I wanted him to stay. How is he right now?"

"He... Is feverish. But he's having the biggest smile on his face right now." Her voice softened.

Suddenly, Kristina coughed, as if to remind him the minutes were ending.

"He has a recipe on his phone for chicken soup. He found it himself and used to fix it when we were sick... He really liked it."

"Wilhelm, time's over." The queen approached her son.

"Linda, I really have to go, okay? Take care."

"Alright, honey. Good bye."

Wilhelm raised his eyes to meet Kristina's, while still talking on the phone. With a gaze that screamed hate, he opened his mouth.

"I'll see you soon." He said.

The queen grabbed the phone, furious. "Don't even think about other favors. That's the last one."

I wasn't thinking of favors. That was indeed my last one. I was thinking of a plan. Because if I would see Simon again, it wouldn't be a favor. It would be forever.

"And stop messing your hands!" She screamed at Wille who was just now opening his palms again.

The image was ugly, not fitted for a crown prince.

But again, the crown prince was dead and I was fifty shades of fucked up. So that image was the only real thing in that office.

Chapter End Notes

We already know what happened the last time Wilhelm made a plan. Will this plan work?

Feel free to comment ☺

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

You know what they say, when all doors are closed, a window opens (or something like that anyway)

Also t.w. self harm. Stay safe and skip if it makes you uncomfortable. I can write a chapter summary at the chapter notes in the end so you can read it there.

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

For the next two days, Wille felt helpless.

Not only he wasn't allowed to take a car, he wasn't even allowed to leave the palace walls. All kinds of electronic devices were gone from his room, all the dangerous stuff (including things as belts, ties or pen ink) were moved away and he had literally stayed with just his bed and office. Even the staff were avoiding him as if he had the plague.

On the first hours, Wilhelm didn't really think he would stay like that forever. They would soften up and allow him to go out. And when they would, he would go to Felice. But after the first hours passed, every ounce of hope was leaving him. He had to think of something fast. Because if he hadn't, the council would do something first.

He had thought about the prime minister. His parents would make him meet him in two days to discuss, as much as the public knew, about his new responsibilities, but in reality, they just wanted to know more about Wilhelm's case. So he wasn't a friend. He wouldn't help.

And Wille dismissed the plan.

"Are you done with the carpet?" He heard two maids chatting from a room down the hallway. He was really keeping track of every conversation done in secret, as if two random maids would know his fate better than him.

"All done. And this weekend I got the days off."

"Oh, great! Where will you spend them? At your mother's?"

"No, I'll go to my sister. I don't see her much. Not since she married her husband and moved to that place..." She said with disgust.

"Hm... Remind me the place?"

"Bjärstad."

Something inside Wilhelm snapped. Was he hallucinating?

"Tsch... What an excuse of a neighborhood..."

"Let me tell you, I'd never go there. I had fourteen years to see her. But since our mom got sick, she makes me go every once in a while to help her with the store."

"Poor you..."

"At least she will help me clean my uniforms. I had a coffee accident and the stain won't leave."

"Well, look at the bright side. You get something in return."

"Yeah... It just bothers me, you know... My sister is always asking for money and complaining about her life. And I thought that keeping the one and only dry cleaner in the area would be a success..."

When had he heard that one before?

Her parents own the one and only dry cleaner in Bjärstad.

Rosh...

Wilhelm almost fell off his bed and torn a page from his notebook. He hadn't figured what to write exactly, only that he was okay and that he was thinking of something. Hell, a maid knew Rosh and Wille wouldn't find a solution? No fucking way.

Wilhelm was shaking like a leaf. This coincidence felt surreal, as if something or someone wanted him to get out. He didn't have a plan, not a safe one, at least. But he was running out of time. He folded the paper gently, wrote *Rosh* outside and kissed it for luck.

"Maybe people over there don't wash." The maids were still talking.

"Well, certainly they don't have money for dry cleaning. She should have opened a bakery. It would have been better."

"Have you checked the pockets? I once forgot my shopping list in there and got washed."

"I have."

It's now or never, Wille thought as he opened his bedroom door with the paper in his pocket, slightly stumbling.

"Your Royal Highness, is there something wrong?"

"I don't feel so good." He fell on his knees on the just washed carpet.

"Oh my God... I am calling help, stay with him!" Rosh's aunt left the two of them in a hurry.

Wilhelm spotted the dirty jacket hanging. If he could throw the note in there...

"I feel like I'm gonna throw up."

The maid twisted her face. She couldn't move the crown prince or start yelling, but this was an expensive rug that she had spent the day cleaning.

"I'll...bring you a basket, your highness." She stuttered before leaving as well.

Wilhelm endured happily the questions the doctor asked later, even though his plan was still at the start. He wouldn't know if the letter reached Rosh, if it was washed with the clothes or if it would end up on his parents' hands. But that was a start.

When Rosh came home that night, she found an opened piece of paper with her name on it on her night table. And her mom, staring at the floor with a blank expression.

"We need to talk, Rosh."

TWO DAYS LATER

While Wilhelm enjoyed silence a little bit too much sometimes, he really wished someone could come and make noise into the palace.

Because he spent two whole days not speaking to anyone or even coming down to eat, he had all the time he needed to retreat. Or to think of something better.

"Wilhelm?" His mother startled him when she walked inside his room, stopping him from biting his nails. "The hairdresser is here. We have to fix that mess. You have the prime minister to meet."

She coughed gently. "Come on in, Lars."

The man brought his suitcase in, from where Wille could see millions of brushes, scissors and shaving machines. He let it down next to the blonde on full display.

"Good morning crown prince." The man smiled.

"Do you think it can be fixed? He has to look presentable."

Lars turned his back on Wilhelm to speak with the queen.

His hair was fine. Maybe they had two years to be groomed by a professional, but they weren't bad at all.

"Nothing I can't fix. What I'm thinking is, maybe it would be better to cut the-"

"Ehm, excuse me..." Wilhelm spoke. "I have to go to the bathroom."

"You can do that after Lars is done."

"I can't." Wilhelm pleaded. Kristina sighed.

"Alright. It will only take a minute, Lars."

"Oh, take your time. I will prepare my equipment."

The prince had barely closed the door when he heard Lars' voice.

"That's strange... I thought I left my razor here..."

Wilhelm curled up against the wall and lifted his sleeves up. The razor was hidden underneath.

He barely had time to choke a sob when he sank his body on the bathtub, filled with water since the morning.

Simon wouldn't want this. He definitely wouldn't want this. But Simon would want Wille to be happy. And free. And there was no other way.

Please, just don't let me die.

The water had turned into a warm shade of crimson when his mother knocked the door.

"Wilhelm? Are you done? We don't have the whole day..."

The prince's eyelids were getting heavier as the knocks became persistent.

"Wilhelm, open the door!"

...

"I will count to three!"

...

"One, two..."

...

"Wille, if you think that staying in there will get you out of this appointment-"

He heard the door opening. Then nothing.

I have already told you that I am no saint. Maybe I should have explained my plan better to help you understand my motives. Or at least...just let you read my letter.

Rosh,

It's me, Wilhelm. I hope this letter has reached you. Honestly, I am stuck. You don't have to say that to Simon. Just tell him that I'll do whatever I have to so I can see him again.

In two days, I will do something stupid. That will either imprison me or set me free. What I want from you is to call a number I will write on the other side of the paper. It belongs to a reporter. She is famous but on bad terms with my family. Show her that letter. Make sure the letter sees the public eye. How will the public know it's actually me? Well, if that letter is indeed written by the crown prince, then the latter won't go on the meeting with the prime minister in two days, but in the hospital because of an injury he inflicted himself.

And make sure they know that I, crown prince Wilhelm, am held against my

will at the palace.

Goodbye.

And somewhere far away, Simon woke up breathing heavily.

"Simon! What happened mi amor?" Linda came rushing inside and cupped his face.

"Mom, I...I had a feeling..."

"All will pass, Simme, all will pass. You are safe, darling. You are home."

"Wille...did he- did he call again?"

Linda's face darkened. And then pushed up a smile.

"Go back to sleep baby. Okay?" She placed a kiss on his temple before helping him lay back down. "And Wille will be next to you before you know it."

Simon wasn't in the right state of mind.

Not to find out that Rosh had called Linda and told her about Wille's letter.

Not to find out that Wille had already executed the plan.

Not to find out that the crown prince was in the hospital and every gossip article was writing something about suicide.

Chapter End Notes

Hoped you liked the chapter. I told you it gets bad before it gets better but we'll get there, I promise ☺

CHAPTER SUMMARY

Wilhelm is alone at the palace (guarded 24/7) and can't think of any plan that will alert the public he is held hostage. Fortunately, a maid turns out to be Rosh's aunt who dislikes Rosh (and probably ignores her existence). He writes a letter, saying that he is held against his will and just to confirm that this is indeed the crown prince, he reveals he won't show up to the meeting with the prime minister, but will be in hospital instead with injuries he caused himself. He executes his plan.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS (Again t.w)

Why self inflicted you might ask?

Because everyone can see them afterwards. If it was something like stomachache, the palace would deny it was Wilhelm who wrote that letter. But now it's oddly specific and they have proof (his hands.)

Is Wilhelm depressed? Does he have the need to self harm?

No, and no. He just wanted to let everyone see he wasn't alright (but would probably reach that point if he didn't have Simon and he was forced to stay all alone).

(I really really really need to stop hurting my favorite characters)

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the updates at random times. Got caught up with uni and exams. Hope you're still reading cause better things are coming.

In this fic. Not in my uni :')

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

The first thing Wille felt when he woke up was pain. And a terrible discomfort.

Looking up, he saw his parents whispering to each other not far from his bed. And his hands, covered in bandages till the elbow, tied up to the bed.

"Wilhelm?" His father asked. "You scared us..."

"Why did you do that, Wille?" Kristina approached his bed, a bit strictly. "I know that maybe now you feel bad, but whatever we did, we did it for your own-"

"I wanted to leave. My whole life I wanted to leave and you never listened!"

"Not your whole life! Since you met...that boy." Wilhelm sighed before Kristina tried to cup his cheek. "And I've been telling you, you can be a prince. To dine with people who have done something right in their lives, to offer your children a palace to grow up to. And if...you still like boys-"

"Simon." He raised his face, chin up. "I love Simon."

"Alright... Then you keep your throne and keep him too."

Wilhelm turned to see his father, not believing his ears.

"R-really?"

"Son... You won't be the first king to hide something from the people. You become king, you marry a girl, anyone you like, have kids. And in the meantime, you can be with him every night or whenever you please..."

The blonde sighed. He really thought they would understand. "He is not a sex toy. And he's not something I'm ashamed of."

"So you think that the solution to that is killing yourself? Or making us feel guilt and let you go to your merry way? Because the only thing you managed was to convince the hospital staff that you need to be under a conservatorship!"

Wilhelm wanted to ask a dumb question. "Have you told it to the people?"

He knew the answer was no. What they would say? We didn't let our son date a boy and made him miserable ending in him faking his death only to be returned against his will two years later? That sounded like a bad written movie. Simon would laugh with that. God, he had missed his smile.

"Of course not...They know that you are not so well and had to be hospitalized."

"Open the TV then." Wilhelm almost demanded.

Ludvig only sighed but didn't press further. Only grabbed the remote, despite Kristina's eyes telling him not to obey.

Every channel's news were the same. Wishing Wilhelm to get well soon. So much that the blonde started to wonder if the letter ever reached Rosh...

"We have here with us, Sharon Mungberg with what she appears to describe as... Top secret information about the crown prince and his hospitalization. Sharon used to work very closely with the Royal Family. Welcome, Sharon."

"Change the channel."

"No! Keep it!" Wilhelm stood up better. The people in the panel were talking and he needed to hear.

"If I hadn't told you this, my conscience wouldn't let me rest. Prince Wilhelm in reality, is trying to show to us that he's held against his will."

Wille smiled while Kristina yelled.

"She doesn't have proof! We will sue her so bad, she won't have money even for-"

"Hush, Kristina!" Ludvig increased the volume.

"With all due respect ma'am, what proof do you have for that? Because if it's just assumptions-"

"The previous day, a letter reached me, you can see it right here..." She showed it to the camera. "That said that the prince was not alright and would prove to me that it was not a scam by not showing up to the appointment with the prime minister. And instead, would be in the hospital with self inflicted injuries."

The panel gasped all together. Same with Ludvig and Kristina.

"It has the date of two days back. And was signed by no other than prince Wilhelm himself."

Kristina turned back to her son, teary eyed.

"What did you do? H-how?"

All the phones in the room started ringing. Jan-Olof came inside the room with a phone on his hand, only to be kicked out again by Ludvig, demanding a moment alone.

"That...Sharon destroyed our lives. And you... How could you do that?"

Wilhelm smiled sadly. "We had the exact same conversation few years back. Do you remember? But then it was me asking. Me, calling you to ask how could you-"

"-Shut up!"

"-ever betray-"

"-You ruined it all-!"

"-your OWN CHILD?" Wilhelm was yelling by now.

"You did that for revenge? That's it?" Ludvig approached his wife.

"No... I did that so I could breathe."

"Oh not the same nonsense again..."

Jan-Olof walked in again, impatient.

"Jan-Olof, I said-"

"Kristina, it's the minister..." He said. "It's important."

When his father closed the TV and his mother picked up the phone, the room was silenced. Like there was a defeat coming.

But when his mother looked at him with a broken expression he knew that the defeat was not his.

Chapter End Notes

Also a huge thank you to everyone that keep on commenting or even reading. This is my first work here and my anxiety isn't helping. ☹️

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

The prime minister has decided Wilhelm's fate. What will it be?

Also hello Simon! I don't know about you but I really missed him. 😊

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

I was holding my breath till the moment I got released the very same afternoon. The car ride to the palace was discreet, even though the roads were flooded with fans demanding to know the truth about their prince. I didn't bother to ask what they would tell to the people. How they would cover this up. I stayed silent as if the decision about my fate could change at any moment.

I caught myself wondering if Simon had learned about it. If he had heard the news, or if Rosh informed him along with Linda. Would he be scared? Sad, maybe? I kind of wished he hadn't learned it yet. I would tell him when the time would be right. IF I could.

It was the same afternoon, just one hour later, that Simon walked in the kitchen and heard Sara's voice.

"...to tell him."

"Not yet. When he is better."

"Mom, he will stay in medications for some weeks."

It wasn't hard to realize they were talking about him. The only thing he hadn't figured was the topic.

"Wille would like him to know." Rosh added.

Wille...

Simon rushed in, startling everyone. For some unknown reason Felice was also there.

"How are you Simon?" She smiled.

"Mi Amor you need something?" Linda would escort him back to his room but Simon just took a step back.

"What would Wille want me to know?"

Everyone looked at each other.

"Simon, maybe it's better to lay down. The doctor said not to get pressured-"

"Mom! I am not high! I heard you! You were talking about it!" He pushed his hair back. "Can you for once not keep secrets from me? I'm about to lose it! I can't live like that anymore!"

Linda breathed out. "Wille contacted Rosh in a letter."

"Wh-when?"

"I got it on my hands a day ago. But he sent it two days back. Apparently my aunt Maria, you remember her?" A nod. "The one who hates my guts...she got transferred to the palace and brought it with her without knowing it."

"Where's the letter? Is Wille okay?"

Everyone were silent.

"Tell me! Rosh, please... Has he thought of a plan?"

Rosh and Linda locked eyes for a second. Then Linda nodded.

"Read it." She gave him a copy of the letter.

Simon's eyes were widening more, sentence after sentence. His hands were trembling by the end of it.

"What did he do?"

"Simon..."

"WHAT DID HE DO?" He screamed.

"He tried to kill himself." Sara confessed. "He is at the hospital right now. The reporter-"

Simon broke down, not caring for the eyes looking at him. His own hands encircled his waist as he tried to muffle his sobs.

"No...no..."

"Simon..." Felice stepped forward but decided against it. He needed time to accept it even if Wille wasn't dead.

"Cariño, what can I do for you?" His mother stroked his back. "To make you feel better..."

"Take me to the palace."

"Simon-"

"I need to know he's okay." He demanded. "You know what? It's...I'll go myself."

As Simon walked out of the kitchen and towards the exit, everyone came rushing behind him. But when he opened the front door, nothing could prepare him for what he saw. What they all saw.

ONE HOUR AGO

The first thing I did when I returned to the palace was to pack my stuff. Mostly my notes and my most liked clothes. I didn't forget Erik's frog, nor the hoodie I had borrowed from Simon when we first started dating. My mom was looking at me the whole time from the doorway, staying silent. I was surprised she could still look at me after that. But maybe she did cause she couldn't tell if she would see me again.

"You don't need to rush. We can't force you to stay here any longer. Since your home disgusts you so..."

Wilhelm stopped for a moment. He would not yell. Not now. "I know that I was not the heir you wanted...Not the strongest in the game. But I didn't ask for anything else. Just for support."

"By supporting you, means that we say goodbye to everything the protocol has for us!"

"And you'd rather say goodbye to your son."

"Being a part of the Royal Family means playing your role!"

"You mean staying silent. Covering things up." Wilhelm closed his last suitcase. He wouldn't start yelling again. His cuts were itching.

Kristina eyed him. "What does he have that is superior to everything this life offers you?"

Wilhelm could talk for hours.

He could tell her about how beautiful Simon looks when he first wakes up. He could tell her about how full of love and adoration he talks about things he finds interesting. He could tell her about his voice, singing at random times, or while doing the chores. He could tell her about how beautiful he looks during the whole day no matter what he wears (or does not). He could tell her about his smile especially when Wille is responsible for it. He could tell her about the way he fell for Wille, not the crown prince. He could tell her about how much he loved him, every part of him. Even the parts he doesn't like, he loves them, cause it's Simon. He could tell her.

He could. He really could.
But he didn't want to.

"Say his name and I'll tell you."

The woman stayed silent.

"That's what I thought. Even if you don't want to say it out loud..." He approached the door with his things. "Simon won. At your twisted game of power and thrones, Simon won." And walked out of the room, ready to ask Malin for a last ride.

"Where to, sir?"

ONE HOUR LATER

Outside the Eriksson's house, Wilhelm, in the flesh, was carrying two suitcases out of the car and towards the house when Simon opened the door, followed by the others. When he saw them all, he stopped on his feet. And dropped the suitcases down with a loud thud before rushing to Simon.

"Oh my..." Simon fell on his hug with force. He smelled too much like hospital for his liking and less than Wille, but it was okay. He was here. He didn't understand how, but he was here.

The blonde barely raised his face to smile at the people behind them and whisper a thank you before burying his face on the crook of Simon's neck. Simon did the same. And they stayed like that. Unwilling to let go.

Probably Ayub helped getting the suitcases out of the car and into the home because later it drove away. But the couple were still there.

"What did you do?...We would find another way..."

Wilhelm untangled them just to look at his eyes.

"If I never saw you again, I would do that for real this time. And if that's what it took for my freedom, then I'm willing to carry a scar." He stroked back his hair. "How are *YOU*, mitt hjärta?"

Simon smiled sadly. "Broken. But now that you're here, slightly less."

"Can I kiss you?"

Simon didn't respond. Instead he grabbed him by the collar to share a kiss. It was messy, more desperate than passionate, but it was theirs.

"You're not leaving again, are you?" Simon murmured inside his hug, long after they broke the kiss.

"Never again, mitt hjärta." Wilhelm started tearing up. Luckily, everyone else had gone inside to give them some space. "Never again."

Chapter End Notes

Petition for Wilhelm to start calling Simon mitt hjärta in season three.

Your comments really make my day! Thank you so much! Hugs! ❤️🤗💙

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

That's NOT the last chapter. The next one will be. Couldn't leave my kids without some comfort 😞

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

After at least half hour full of hugs, crying and some more hugs, Felice was the first one to go home. Then Ayub and Rosh did the same. But not before receiving all a bone crushing hug from Wilhelm.

They knew. They knew he was grateful for them.

When they were left alone, Linda brought two dishes with the help of Sara on their small living room since the two boys were busy still holding each other.

"Does that hurt?" Simon stroked Wilhelm's bandaged hand with his fingers.

"No. I can barely feel you." He reassured him. When the girls were back inside, Wilhelm turned to him again. "Simon-"

"I know you want to...learn what happened... But I... I don't know what to say, honestly."

"Say whatever you want to say. Whatever. I will hear it all. Anytime you feel ready."

Simon didn't respond for a moment. He looked towards the hallway only to find it empty.

"I think I want to tell you."

Wilhelm offered him a warm smile and squeezed his hands comfortingly.

"I got out of the station...surprisingly fast... I was...not well, obviously. I didn't want to call my mom until I had calmed down. Mar- Marcus...claimed he was just passing by and offered me a ride. And... My stupid brain said yes."

Now Wille was the one to return the stroking.

"I went to his place. Everything was...okay, I guess. Until he...made me feel uncomfortable and I went to the bathroom. Then I... Passed out right there."

Simon brought his body closer to Wille's. Like an instinct, Wilhelm did the same.

"I can't remember anything else apart from his voice and-and...a pain I hadn't felt before." His voice came out shaky.

"If you can't...go on, take your time. I'm here. I'll listen."

"I won't be able to say it again if I stop..." He sniffled. "When I woke up it was dark and... I was alone and... That's when I realized..."

Wilhelm almost placed Simon's legs on top of his lap as he brought their foreheads together. He didn't know what to say, if there was anything to say at all. But honestly, he was glad Simon trusted him enough with this.

"I don't know why I'm so...so stupid. Why I always trust the wrong people. Why I'm so hard to love."

Wilhelm raised his eyes. "Do you... Do you know why I fell in love with you? Because you are special. Unique. You take care of everyone and always try to do your best." He nuzzled his nose against his. "You are not hard to love, darling. Me and Linda and Sara and Ayub and Rosh and Felice love you effortlessly. Other people are just bad at loving."

Simon returned the nuzzle back as he leaned on his shoulder. He took a steady breath.

"That's all."

"Yeah?"

"I mean, I went to the hospital afterwards with my mom and filled a report. The doctors were...nice, for as long as I was awake. Then we brought a doctor over and put me to sleep. I still take some medicine, mostly to sleep."

Wilhelm hummed and kissed his forehead.

"And then you called. I can't remember anything but... I really needed it. So thank you."

Wilhelm smiled softly.

"I hope you know you can also tell me." Simon settled better on his arms. "Whatever you want, when and if you want."

Wilhelm breathed in and out.

"I was...scared, Simon." He confessed. "So, so scared. I was holding my breath for the moment a psychologist would come inside, examine me and tell me... That I'm sick. That I had to stay on my parents hands for now... I didn't want that to happen. And I didn't want to...to die. I mean, I used to want...but not anymore. I just wanted to come back to you. To be free."

"I know...but it was dangerous, baby. If something happened-"

"I didn't go that deep. The cuts were not that deep. But they were enough to need tending."

"You would tell me if...you ever felt like that? Like you can't take it anymore?"

Wilhelm nodded. "We said no more secrets. I would tell you. I trust you."

Simon kissed him on the nose. "I have to...to say that I want you to trust me. I don't want you to...treat me any different. I want us to return back to how we were."

"Älskling... Of course we will return to how we were. And we will be better. We will be better than before. Cause now we are free. Okay?"

Simon smiled. "Okay."

Linda came in before they managed to kiss.

"Did you two eat?"

"Yeah, a little. We would wait for you and Sara-"

"Oh, we ate in the kitchen. Thought it would be better to leave you alone to talk." She sat across them. "You will stay, right?"

"Whatever Simon wants."

"I... I'd like us to stay for...a week or two." He hesitated. "And then we can go back."

"Good. I thought the same. So I can help you take your medicine every night... And, Wilhelm, I can help you change your bandages if you want, honey."

"Oh, great, yeah... Thank you Linda."

"Actually mom...if Wille wants, I'd like to know how to change the bandages. So it would be easier."

Wilhelm just smiled in return.

"Good, let me bring my first aid kit, okay? And I-"

"And I would like to know the dose for Simon. If that's okay." Wilhelm intertwined their fingers, kissing the knuckles.

Linda smiled. "Okay. Good. Be right back."

When Simon went to the bathroom after he took the medicine, Linda had all the time needed to go sit next to Wilhelm.

"Linda, before everything I want to thank-"

The woman grabbed him on her arms before he ended his saying.

"I am the one to say thank you. Thank you for making my son smile again, darling."

Wilhelm smiled. "That's my aim. To never see him sad again." He grabbed her hands. "Linda, your son...is the most important thing to me. The diamonds in my crown. I know I have hurt him. I have caused...so many problems on all your lives-"

"Wilhelm, my son wants you. And if I knew you were dangerous, or bad for him, I wouldn't have consented on your plan two years ago. Yes, I had second thoughts. But now all I see is a very capable boy who loves him so, so much." She squeezed his hands. "Proof of that is your hands, darling."

Wilhelm looked down, smiling. "I'd like to love him properly from now on. Without hiding. Buy a house, decorate it how we like, even marry him one day or have kids... I don't know if he wants that, we haven't discussed it-"

"Honey... I think you two will do everything you dream now that you're free." Her gaze darkened. "You are, right? I mean, no more questioning or troubles with the palace?"

Wilhelm sighed. "They got me to sign something that stated that I won't be interviewed. And they let me go with a full bank account to go with it. Probably they will call to do the same with the rest of you. But that's it."

"And that's all?"

That was only the part that concerned them. Otherwise, over the next days the media would flood with articles saying that after his kidnap, the crown prince decides to abdicate so he can live a more peaceful life. That the letter Wilhelm wrote was fake and that he has health problems, hence the hospital.

"And that's all... I asked them to give us some time to contact a lawyer and for Simon to get better-"

"About that... I know I can trust you on that... He has decided to go on a psychologist. To talk and...maybe feel better. Trust people again. So I'd like to beg you...not to pressure him on anything right now, or feel disappointed if he has trouble trusting again. It's not your fault."

"Nor his... And I'll never forgive myself-"

"-it's not your fault-"

"-I wanna kill him, Linda. I wish I was crown prince again just so I could kill him-"

"-Don't speak like that, darling..." She whispered. "I wish that boy never crossed paths with my Simon. But I will keep that hate to myself until the trial. I don't want Simon to feel-"

They were disturbed by a loud thud that startled them both.

Sara was asleep. So that meant...

They both rushed to the bathroom where they found the door locked.

"Simon? Simon, honey?" Linda knocked on the door. When there was no response, Wilhelm tried opening it. Nothing. The key was on the other side.

"Simon? Can you hear us?"

A small groan was heard on the other side.

"M-mom?"

"It's me, mi amor... Me and Wille... Are you alright?"

"I-I fell... I can't feel my legs to stand..." Simon curled up better on the cold floor. On his right hand, he was holding the key firmly.

"It's alright honey, all is well... Is the key behind the door?"

"No... My hand-"

"Okay, remove your hand so we can open-"

"Linda, I don't think he means..." Wilhelm got closer to the door. "Simon, love, are you holding the key?"

A hum was heard.

"Wille, I have a spare key on the second cabinet. Bring it please."

"No! Don't..." Simon begged from inside. "Don't come in!"

"Simon there's no way we're leaving you on-"

"Wille...It's not your fault baby... It's just that this scene is...oddly familiar for him..."

Simon was scared. But so was Wille.

The blonde exhaled. "Simon... I'm here,okay? It's me, your Wille. We won't come inside if you don't want us to. Just say the word,and you'll be back on your bed. Alright? I promise."

"My Wille..." Simon smiled, half crying. Why couldn't he just open up?

"Yes, your Wille. And your Wille can stay right outside till you feel ready. Don't try to stand up, just say-"

He heard an item sliding under the door. A metallic key was laying in front of Wilhelm's legs.

"Oh my God..." The prince shoved it inside the lock and turned it once. Linda was simply waiting for the door to open.

The pair rushed inside to find Simon laying on the floor, just in front of the door, as they were expecting. Wilhelm lifted the upper part of his body while Linda kneeled next to them to check his head after the fall.

"All seems well here..." Linda left out a sigh as Wille kissed the line of his hair.

"I'm picking him up..."

"Careful..."

Wille immediately secured his hands on his back and under his thighs so he could stand up better. With the help of Linda making way in front, the road to Simon's room was really easy.

Linda said good night and left the moment Simon was tucked in the bed. Wilhelm stayed by his side for a very long second to stroke his curls back. Simon was watching him with teary eyes.

"Did I keep my promise?"

Simon nodded as Wilhelm moved over to turn on his bedside light to feed the fish. Wilhelm didn't even think about who on earth brought the tank back from their place. He felt the brunette's eyes on him.

"I don't think Olle, Oski and Felle like me as much as they like you." Wilhelm joked. He didn't think Simon would respond.

"Well, they have to. Cause one day we will be married and they will see you every day..."

Wilhelm stopped all his movements. Probably Simon was under the influence, it didn't have to mean anything...

"And we will buy a new, nice place and paint it on our favorite colors..." His voice was getting slower. "It can have a large living room with a TV-oh, and our bed will be huge."

Wilhelm smiled. He didn't know how he could feel so anxious about having a ten year plan as prince but so ecstatic when Simon was mumbling about a hypothetical marriage and a new house.

"My Wille?"

"Yes?" He turned to see him.

"Can you stay?" He pleaded.

Last thing Wilhelm wanted was having Simon regret it in the morning and closing back on himself.

"I... I am quite a hugger when I sleep."

Simon laughed. "I've been sleeping with you for five years now, high school included. Don't you think I noticed?"

"I get...clingy."

"Again, I've been sleeping with you for five years now. I have noticed and I don't mind." He smiled. "Please..."

Wille got his pyjamas on in a matter of seconds. He passed his hands around Simon's waist from behind and brought him closer on him. Simon intertwined their hands on his stomach.

"Good night my Wille."

"Good night my Simon."

Chapter End Notes

Since we are slowly reaching the end, what other stories would you like to see? I'd love to continue writing and it would mean the world responding with what you'd like to see next. Bigger works or oneshots? Maybe crossovers? Other fandoms or ships? Maybe a work with oneshots requests from you?

Feel free to comment anything you like. 😊😊

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

The last chapter. Something sweet and comforting.

Please read the notes below afterwards. Thank you. ☺

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

The next morning, Simon woke up to the light coming inside his room from the blinds and Wilhelm's open lips on his neck. He turned around to see the blonde sleeping peacefully, still holding on to him.

Simon continued looking at him. Why was he afraid of Wille, his sweet Wille in the first place? Wilhelm never hurt him. Not when it was his choice to make. He kept watching him sleep until he noticed the prince scratching his hands together, a discomfort clear on his face.

"Wille...baby, your hands..."

Wilhelm just nuzzled closer but didn't wake.

"Wille!"

"Hmm..."

"You are hurting your hands..." Simon tried to stop them from repeating the motion.

"Sorry..." The blonde mumbled, half asleep. "I feel itchy."

Simon rubbed soothing circles above the fabric. "You don't have to be sorry. Just be careful. I don't want you hurt."

Wilhelm smiled. "I'm the one who should be taking care of you..."

"Who said that?" Simon set himself free from the hug.

"I did this to myself...It was a choice... What happened to you was-"

"Wille, we didn't ask for this... We got hurt, yes. But this was not our choice. Our choice was to return to the other, and we did that..."

Wilhelm smiled. "It's a nice choice."

Simon returned the smile. "It is."

As they nuzzled their foreheads together, the blonde sighed. "Do we really have to get out of bed?"

"Well...no one's forcing us..." Simon exhaled. "...It was nice. Sleeping next to someone I love again."

"I didn't know if...you wanted that. You were slightly dazed yesterday but I couldn't leave you-"

"I remember everything I said." He reassured him. "And I got scared, yes. But everything I do with you...just seems...correct, you know? Like I can never stop trusting you."

"And I want you to keep feeling like that." The blonde buried his face on Simon's neck.

"Simon?" The brunette thought he was asleep when he spoke again.

"Hm?"

"You remember everything you said? Like... everything?"

Simon smirked. "You have to be more specific, mi amor..."

"Well you spoke about...getting a house..." The prince balanced on his elbows next to Simon.

"Wille, we've been living together for two years. It's not that big of a secret."

"And..." Wille blushed. "Getting married?"

"Well, it would be rather scandalous, don't you think?" Simon said with a fake voice.

"It would be..."

"But then again we drowned the crown prince."

"Yeah, we did." Wilhelm kissed him on the nose. "So...next Tuesday, maybe?"

Simon laughed. "I promised to watch a movie on Tuesday with the guys."

"And you preferred movie nights from getting married? Oh, the audacity!" Wilhelm said, dramatically.

"Well, technically, this wasn't a proposal..."

"Do you want me to get you a shiny ring? I'll find the most beautiful one in all Sweden."

"I don't need a ring... I just need to answer the question..."

"Okay... My Simon, my best friend, my soulmate-"

"Yes, okay! I say yes-"

"Let me finish, for God's sake!" Wilhelm laughed. "Where was I? My Simon... Would you marry me? Live with me in a house somewhere, have movie nights with your friends and me every Tuesday, have me cooking for you at least...half days a week, have sex with me...we don't need to know when or where on that..." Simon giggled. "And... Let me love you forever?"

"Are you done?"

"Yes, I am-"

Simon grabbed him by the shoulders to bring him on him as he continued the attack of kisses on his face.

"Of course I'll marry you!" The brunette wiped a tear from his face. "I love you so so much."

"I love you too... But I'll buy you a ring."

Simon smiled. "I can't fight on that?"

"Nope. Best thing you can do is be with me while we pick them."

Simon sighed. "Now I really have to get out of bed."

"Yeah, of course we have to tell Linda..."

"I was thinking that I'm getting hungry...but that works too."

Wilhelm pretended to be offended. "Hey!"

When Simon tried to stand up, Wilhelm caught him by the waist to bring him back down.

"Wille!"

"It's my turn to cook. So sit back down and wait for your food, your Royal Highness." He kissed his shoulder before throwing a shirt laying around on his head and getting out of the room. "Good morning Olle, Oski, Felle."

His footsteps were barely heard when voices of his mother, Sara and maybe Felice? Simon, couldn't tell, flooded the house.

"Oh my God!!"

"Congratulations!"

"Congrats you guys!!"

"I have a brother in law!"

"Come over here, mi amor!"

Simon smiled as he sat back on his bed. His mind wandered back on their first night together on this very room. And how that boy, that prince, was now ready to become his husband. How that boy, that prince gave away his titles JUST to be free to be his husband.

Still smiling bright as he stood up, he wore a jacket before getting ready to be embraced by his family. His real family.

And his Wille. Not the crown prince. His Wille.

Always his Wille.

Chapter End Notes

So... If you have read that far, a huge thank you! It means a lot. I didn't really know what to expect when I published the first chapter, so thank you for inspiring me to continue writing.

I will return with more works, not just in this fandom but also in my other fandoms. Meanwhile you can check an oneshot I wrote here.

https://archiveofourown.org/works/44688868?view_adult=true

Also **!IMPORTANT!**

If you'd like me to write anything particular, please go ahead and comment your ideas.



Till next time 

End Notes

I hoped you liked it so far!
Comments are always welcome!

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