

Every Word is For You AKA The Book Affair

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Every Word is For You AKA The Book Affair

by [SamMac85](#)

Summary

Wille and Simon are both authors at Oski Publishing. After a one time hook up things are awkward but attending a work event, BookFest will lead to more awkwardness and the need to talk about their past and see if they could have any future.

Notes

Wille sat beside Simon on the train. He had his headphones in and was sleeping, or maybe pretending to, Wille thought. Simon was beautiful, Wille could not deny that but he was annoying as fuck.

Everyone loved him at the publishing house. All Wille heard about everyday was about how amazing a writer Simon was, how great his book sales were, how good he was with children, how kind he was to strangers, how stunningly attractive he was and even whispered comments about he was probably an amazing kisser.

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

Boys on a Train

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Wille knew he was an amazing kisser, and a mind-blowing lover in fact. At a drunken work event two years ago Wille had just been introduced to Simon Erikson, the newest up and coming novelist, with Oski Publishing, just like he had been a few years previously. Initially Wille thought all those things everyone thinks about Simon. He seemed intelligent, sweet and sexy and he even seemed like he was genuinely interested in Wille.

Wille quickly realised he was not that interested in him, well as nothing more than a hook-up.

And Wille could not help but think back to that long weekend they had spent together, as they both travelled to the same event they had hooked up at two years ago.

Wille would not undo that weekend. He had never felt as loved as he did by Simon that weekend. They laughed, kissed and had amazing sex, as well as deep and meaningful conversations about life and career goals. Wille had opened up to Simon, which was something he did not actually do very often and it was like he was under a spell.

But as soon as they were back in Stockholm Simon gave him the cold shoulder, and Wille could not understand why and immediately his wounded ego took a massive disliking to the golden boy at Oski House.

Well if Wille was honest, Simon had not really given him the cold shoulder. Simon just went to suddenly acting like they were ordinary colleagues, fellow authors from the same publishing house. It seem to Wille as if to Simon it was almost as if they had not spent the weekend together.

Simon was polite and friendly to Wille, but nothing like he had been that weekend. Wille was surprised by how much that hurt him. Felice, his best friend tried to get him to look at it from Simon's perspective, and also to remember it was only a weekend. Wille tried to explain how much it meant to him to Felice, how connected he had felt to Simon, but she reminded him it was only 48 hours, you cannot fall in love with someone that quickly.

Wille had avoided Simon as much as he could for over a year, even refusing to attend last year's BookFest, even though it was a massive event for all authors in Sweden. He had said he was over the Simon incident but he did not want to be back at the same event and act like nothing had happened, so he made sure he was travelling at the time of BookFest last year and was unable to attend.

Wille had agreed to go this year's event as he was asked to give a keynote speech, which was an honour and so he did not have much choice and it was also always an event he enjoyed and was important for networking and promotion connections.

Now sitting on the train beside Simon, Wille had, for the most part, well at least he thought he had, put that weekend with Simon behind him and was cordial and even friendly with Simon. He could not help his petty hurt heart at times, flitting from either making snide remarks in his head about Simon to wishing things would have went differently and imaging them as a powerhouse couple of the writing industry.

Felice was the only one who got to hear his inner thoughts about Simon out loud and always laughingly remarked that he was too dramatic to be in love in real life anyway and his creative insults, (Simon's curls making him look like an evil possessed sheep) to his sonnets of yearning (how Simon's curls were like magical healing silk that only angels possessed), should be kept for his novels.

Wille was now moving on from Simon being annoying to wondering if he had thought about their tryst at the last time they attended this event together. Wille also wondered if he ever had any other secret hook-up's, as Simon had been single since he met him and wondered why at this as well.

Suddenly Wille's breathe caught in his chest as Simon turned around and his head fell against Wille's arm and Simon's arm wrapped around Wille's waist.

Fuck, should I wake him or will he maybe just turn back in a minute. This could be so awkward Wille thought, but could not deny it felt cosy. He gently moved his arm in the hopes of waking or moving Simon, but the only result was Simon cuddling in to him even more, and squeezing his side making Wille silently giggle at how tickly it was.

Wille decided to close his eyes and try and sleep too. Simon's warmth against him calmed his mind and he knew there was no point in trying to wake Simon again.

About an hour later Wille woke up to find, Simon's head no longer on his chest but with his own arm wrapped across Simon's, and his fingers laced over his. He smiled to himself as he took in the scene and as he woke a little more and turned his head to Simon, he was greeted with a smile, and "Sleep well"

"mmm..oh fuck...sorry..sorry Simon" Wille panickily blurted out, pulling his arm away.

Simon only laughed, "Don't worry Wille, I am only teasing... I woke up on top of you first anyway"

Wille just nodded and mumbled "Sorry again" as he thought about how to calm his racing mind.

Simon as if sensing his anxiety, or maybe just to break the tension, let Wille know they would be arriving at the station in 10 minutes.

Things only started to seem even odder to Wille then.

Wille and Simon sat next to each other on the shuttle. There were other authors they knew, but Simon walked on the shuttle bus and suddenly stopped and stood back and smiled at Wille, as he offered him a seat,

“Here ok for us?”

“Yeah, great, thanks Simon”

Wille tried not to let his imagination run away with him, damn this place he thought he has to shake this feeling that Simon wants him or likes him as anything more than a colleague and fellow writer. Simon is kind and nice and sweet to everyone....remember that Wille he repeated to himself, as they travelled to the hotel.

“So Felice is going to this weekend isn’t she?” Simon asked cheerily to Wille

“Yeah, she hasn’t been in a few years but said she could not refuse to go when it was a four day event with excursions and spa treatments and new activities” Wille explained

“I know, it is great isn’t it. I am looking forward to this so much...anything in particular you are hoping to try or take part in? I am hoping to try as much I can and I cannot wait to hear you speak as well Wille.” Simon said gently.

“Mm I hope it lives up to your expectations, it’ll just be me rambling on about my career, so nothing to exciting”

“Now Wille, you are so modest. You will be amazing....all your accomplishments and so young I can only aspire to be like you” Simon replied as he snudged him with his shoulder, and continued but Wille could interrupt “What else are you hoping to do this trip?”

Wille thought for a moment...in his mind the first thought he had was to answer this question with a casual... ‘You Simon’ which he soundly scolded himself for, but smiling at the thought of his imagined reactions of Simon if he said that.

One of two scenarios played out in Wille’s imagination -Simon gasping, shocked, and standing up and walking away from him on the bus and never speaking to him again or Simon gasping, shocked, and grabbing him and kissing him deeply and saying ‘Let get a room together’

He needed to definitely get out of his own head this weekend and politely replied

“I like the look of the wilderness hike and definitely the hot tub at some point too”

“I was thinking the exact same, bit of nature and then a lot of relaxation” Simon laughed. And his laugh was beautiful. His entire face lit up and he radiated warmth, and Wille could not help but smile back at and nod in agreement.

Simon and Wille soon arrived at the hotel, gathered their bags and headed in to the foyer, where a screaming Felice came bouncing over to them.

“Isn’t this beautiful. I cannot wait I have signed up to everything that involves me lying down, getting pampered or drinking” Felice raved as she first hugged Simon and then turned to Wille and hugged him even more.

“So how was your journey, you two travel together?”

“I’ll let you to catch up, Wille I will get up checked in and sign you for a few things...that ok?”

“yeah, great, thanks...nothing ridiculous but definitely the hike”

“And the cocktail class...and the karaoke” Felice chimed in

Wille nodded in agreement, at Simon, as he smiled and headed towards the Foyer.

“SOOOOOO, What is going on here, you two seem very couple...reliving days gone by are we?” Felice teased

“Hardly Felice (I wish – he secretly thought) We are Oski’s reps so we were booked to travel together, and you know Simon, always helpful, kind and thinking of others, hence the checking us in – it is the same details on the our rooms as well, so just convenient”

“Mmm hmm...we will see, and I bet you thought you wish when I asked you that” she said laughing as she dragged Wille to a quiet area with chairs and a beautiful view.

“Oh fuck off Felice, and maybe.... I am over that...over him....mostly. He is still hot and so lovely but it is what it is and it is done.” He smiled sadly

Wille and Felice were chatting away about everything and nothing when Simon approached them, looking a little worried,

“What’s up?”

“There is a problem with the booking Lars made for our rooms”

“What sort of problem Simon?” Wille wearily asked

“They only booked one room, a queen bed room, so the bed is big and we can share...and because of the event they have no other rooms so I guess we are sharing a room this weekend”

Felice started howling with laughter, as she put her hand on Wille’s arm to steady herself from falling off her chair, as Simon finished

“but, on the plus side I got us booked in for lots of activities, including the hiking, cocktail making and karaoke night”.

Views and Karaoke

Chapter Summary

Wille and Simon have to share a room and have a fun night of karaoke.

Wille took in Simon, standing in front of him, with a half-smile, looking at him with such hope that booking some activities for them would change the awkwardness of the situation they were in. His eyebrow raised and looking so cutely at Wille, that this would make up for the accommodation mix up. And who was Wille kidding, it worked a treat on him.

“Let’s see the room then – I am sure we can make do for a few days” Wille smiled back at Simon

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy

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

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“Let’s see the room then – I am sure we can make do for a few days” Wille smiled back at Simon

“They said if anyone leaves early or if they have any rooms that become available they will let us know straight away.... They were really sorry about it and I could not get mad at the girl at reception she seemed to genuinely sorry...and she is going to send us a few treats as compensation and I told her not to be worrying and to update us if anything became available” Simon nervously rambled on.

Simon really is too sweet and nice Wille thought to himself, as he got up from the chair he was sitting in and he had no doubt Simon probably apologised for needing the two rooms in the first place.

“I would let either of you share with me but Rosh is joining me later tonight” Felice chimed in with a wink “And I cannot stand in the way of a hook up” she continued, giggling, as Wille

turned bright red and wished the ground would swallow him up because, as much as he loved Felice dearly, she was very blunt, and the double entendre was clear to everyone.

Wille risked a quick glance at Simon, whose cheeks seemed to have a little pink tinge to them too, as Simon said,

“Sure we will head anyway and get settled if that is ok with you Wille?”

“Yeah, lets”

“Oh yes lets...I think I actually need a lie down before tonight’s karaoke anyway...the champagne at this altitude is going straight to my head” Felice joined in, standing up and hooking her arm in Wille’s as they all headed for the lift.

They headed up to their rooms, Felice chattering away to Simon about what duets they could sing tonight and Simon talking as excitedly back at her.

“This is me” Felice chimed and she leaned in and gave both boys a kiss on the cheek, and got out on the second floor “Text me when you are heading for dinner before karaoke... There are no talks or seminars tonight... it is meant to be a get to know you and start to relax kinda night so be ready to party” And off she sauntered, half dancing down the hallway towards her room.

The lift doors closed and Wille and Simon were left alone. It suddenly hit Wille that this was the first time they were alone together in two years, probably in fact since the last time they were alone together was in this very lift together. He felt himself heat at the thoughts of that weekend and with the thoughts of passion they shared, he was sure Simon would hear his thudding heart and read his mind, remembering the heated and blissful nights they spent together.

Pull yourself together Wille, he chastised himself. You can do this. There is no electric currant in this elevator, it is just you feeling those sparks and tension. Simon was young and having fun and you have done that... he reminded himself.

Wille kept his eyes firmly on the floor, because looking up he would see Simon a thousand times in the mirrored reflections of them together, and at this moment in time as he tried to calm his racing mind and heart he did not need an image of them adding to his thoughts. He could hear Simon talking to him, and realised he had not been listening and Simon was asking him a question,

“Do you want to do it together, do you think it is a good idea, it could be fun?” Wille heard Simon say

Wille panicked and agreed immediately, not wanting to seem like a boss/grumpy killjoy type figure by saying no, and because Fuck it, he was away on what was meant to be a fun weekend and he really wanted to let loose and have pleasure. Damn Felice’s infectious joy he thought, and not knowing what he was agreeing to he replied,

“I am up for it if you are?” Hoping he had not agree to anything too bad, and trying to stop his mind running away with the thought of what he would like to do together with Simon. He also realised it would not matter what Simon asked him, because simply that he still was for him, Wille would probably agree.

“That is great Wille, I cannot wait” Simon beamed at him, touching Wille’s arm and causing his heart rate to spike again, “I was thinking ‘You’re the One That’s I Want’ from Grease or else Sonny and Cher’s ‘I Got You Babe’

Fuck, not karaoke, how did he not see that coming, he was just talking about songs with Felice, how would he not be asking Wille about it and being the mature one in this dynamic and making small talk instead of thinking of all the ways Simon moaned his name two years ago. This was what he deserved for letting his mind wander and all Wille could add to their conversation, as they got out of the elevator on the fifth and top floor was, “I am not the greatest singer though so be prepared and you can pick whatever you like for the song – I will be terrible anyway” smiling shyly at Simon as they made their way to their room.

Simon continued on chatting to Wille, so friendly and excitable and Wille felt bad about all the times he had thought and said mean things about him. He knew it was out of hurt, and the fact that he really did wish something more could have come out of their previous weekend together. But Felice was right – he was young and having fun and neither of them owed the other anything. And in fairness to Simon, they did not discuss getting together when they got back to Stockholm. Wille remembers that clearly. He wanted to ask Simon if he wanted to get dinner and could have his personal phone number but shyness got the better of him and he figured if Simon really liked him he would ask for his number or a date. Looking back now Wille could see, even as the older of the two men, he was definitely the more immature and he had to let it go. Simon was a great guy and could be a really good friend and Wille decided he was going to be more open and honest with Simon.

Simon opened the door and stepped back to let Wille enter the room first and the first thing he noticed was the view, something about it made him feel so connected to this place, almost like he had come home and his heart and head felt such peace and love, it was a surreal moment for Wille and it was like the view affected him on some other spiritual level he could not even understand himself. They could see for miles over the lake towards the mountains and it was one of the best views Wille had ever seen. This was certainly a nicer room than the ones he had previously stayed in at this hotel thought to himself as he heard the door close and Simon walk closer up behind him.

“Wow, That is spectacular. Wille, it is like exactly like the view you described in ‘Rise of the Nordic Sun’ when Karl tells Peter he loves him before he heads off to battle. The way the mountain is reflecting in the lake and the colours are how I always imagined that scene in my head” Simon said with such reverence to Wille, and Wille could not help but turn and stare open mouthed between Simon and the view, because he was exactly right, it was exactly how he imagined it too and that is why he felt such a connection to the view. How did Simon see that before he did.

“I I ...I am a little speechless but thank you Simon, I see it too. I am not going to lie I am a little overwhelmed here” Wille stammered

Suddenly he felt Simon step in front of him with open arms, waiting for permission and Wille nodded as Simon closed the gap and wrapped Wille in a hug that felt so powerful and comforting that Wille hugged him back as his eyes roamed over the view and he felt that if he died right now he would die happy. The fact he wrote the book before he ever visited here and had never seen the view and to see an image in real life you have only ever imagined was potent, but the most beautiful and overwhelming part of it all was Simon visualised exactly what he had written, in such a specific way that he instantly recognised it, even before Wille did. Wille knew then he was so utterly fucked.

Wille had never really stopped liking Simon, he was kind and pretty and sexy, even if he tried to deny it. This stirred something in Wille's soul. It was almost a thought he was scared to think but to Wille in that moment he felt like his and Simon's minds and souls were connected in such a way that Simon was the only man Wille could ever be with.

Wille was in love with Simon's entire being and essence and now he had to spend the next four days in the same bed and company. This was wonderful in one way because Wille knew he was going to feel bereft the next time he would have to part from Simon and he could and would enjoy his company but Wille realised deep down, as sweet and kind as Simon would be to him, he would never feel the same way about him.

Simon and Wille's embrace ended and Simon said he was going to have a shower and freshen up for dinner. Simon of course ever the gentleman offered Wille to shower first but Wille said he still needed a minute, and he did for many reasons.

Wille lay on the bed, glancing at the view and then around the room. It was not a massive room but the view made the room feel bigger. Wille did some mindfulness to try and steady and collect himself and had finished and was just taking out his phone to scroll when Simon walked out of the en suite with a towel hanging dangerously low around his hips, and his hair still damp caused little droplets of water to trickle down his toned body. Wille tried not to stare but Simon was beautiful.

"Sorry Wille, you can go ahead now lost track of time" Simon said so casually not caring that he was half naked in the room with Wille, but Wille supposed he had seen him naked before and maybe Simon was one of those people that are very comfortable with their bodies and being naked, so trying not to gawp Wille jumped up from the bed and past Simon and into the bathroom.

Wille showered and headed in to the room to get dressed, he noticed Simon sitting in the chair by the table at the window, still in his towel just staring out at the view and contentedly smiling to himself. He turned to Wille and paused as if he was going to say something important, but he then seemed to change his mind, and a flash of something seemed to pass over his face, as he croakily said, "We would need to get dressed I suppose".

Wille wanted to ask him what he was going to say and what was he thinking but followed Simon's lead and got dressed. He wondered if Simon wanted to talk about their history so

Wille decided he would try and talk to Simon at some point over this trip and apologise for his being distant with him since their tryst two years ago, because he knew in his heart, he felt it that Simon wanted to bring it up in that moment. Or maybe it was Wille's guilty conscious making him think this but either way he knew he needed to talk to Simon about it.

Eventually the two were dressed and ready for dinner. Wille had texted Felice and they headed to her room to go to dinner together.

Dinner was wonderful, the food delicious and drinks flowed as they all laughed and joked. Talking about fellow authors and new books and Simon stopped suddenly and went

“Omg Felice, how could we forget to tell you, aw Wille we should have made her come up to our room before it got dark.... we have to show you our view tomorrow. It is Wille's book in real life. I mean I walked in and it was like I was standing in ‘Rise of the Nordic Sun’. I mean it is exactly how I picture the scene in my head...and Wille if it is ever gets made into a tv show or film, you have to make sure they film it here....”

Simon continued to passionately rave about every detail of the view, ever the writer, in his vivid descriptions and smiling at Felice as he gently kept touching Wille's arm, looking Wille to agree. Wille's mind raced with the affection in these touches, and Simon's passion about his favourite piece of his own work, and especially his use of “our room” and “we” when talking about himself and Wille as if they were a couple.

Dinner eventually moved to the karaoke room and Simon and Felice were beyond excited. Wille was decidedly not so enthusiastic, but a few drinks and his friends infectious company meant he was really enjoying the night. Rosh eventually made it and joined them. Felice and Simon singing two duets, Felice and Rosh singing and Felice and Simon doing solos, and Wille was hoping he might have escaped having to duet when Simon grabbed his hand, and said it was their turn. SO pushed and goaded by Rosh and Felice, Wille and Simon sang ‘You're the One That I want’.

Wille starting with the lines,

*I got chills, they're multiplying
And I'm losing control
'Cause the power you're supplying
It's electrifying*

And thinking they could not be more accurate. Simon joined in for the Sandie parts and danced up along Wille reignited the chills and electricity, Wille thought.

Simon then sang,

*If you're filled with affection
You're too shy to convey
Better take my direction
Feel your way*

As Simon sang he put his hand on Wille's chest and looked him right in the eyes, and as he sang he dragged his hand down Wille's chest and pulled him flush against his body and if it was not for the roaring of the crowd somewhere in his distance, for a moment Wille felt like it was just the two of them in the room. Wille felt like reaching down and taking Simon's face in his hands and kissing him.

All too soon, Simon turned away from Wille as they moved to the course of the song and he turned round and walked back towards Wille, like in the film and Wille was so aroused by Simon it took all his will power not to drop their mics and carry Simon up to their room to bed.

The song ended and Simon took Wille's hand again, which was not needed but Wille loved, as they made their way back to their table.

Felice and Rosh screamed at how good they were, and Simon gently nudged him and whispered in to his ear,

"You are actually quite good you know"

Wille blushed and Felice suddenly shouted over the noise to them, "Bed now I think"

The two boys looking over at Felice and Rosh, and if Wille was not mistaken, Simon was looking exceptionally flushed, and started to laugh as he realised Felice meant her and Rosh.

"You want to go to bed Wille" Simon winked and laughed, and he took Wille's hand as the four of them headed to their rooms, giggling at each other and pretending to try and be quite.

Alone in the lift Simon turned to Wille and said "I know we have both had a drink, but I am not drunk drunk, but I need you to know, I never regretted anything that happened between us"

Simon took Wille by the hand, and Wille's mind raced.... He wanted this, he wanted Simon so badly but both of them knew they had too much to drink, and Wille could not bear hooking up with Simon, only for him to regret it in the morning.

They entered the room and as Wille turned to Simon to speak, Simon placed a finger over his lips, as if to shush him.

"I know what you are going to say and are thinking, at least I hope I do or I am going to look like such an idiot, but I want you to know I think they same thing, so we will talk tomorrow."

Simon stripped off his clothes to his boxers, letting his clothes fall to the floor where he stood and climbed in to the bed, reaching his hand for Wille to follow, and he did.

He fell asleep next to Simon, arms and legs intertwined.

The sun rising through the window caused Wille to slowly wake up and he found Simon sitting up looking a pale,

“Wille I am feeling a little sick....how much did I drink... I do not remember a thing after dinner.”

Wille’s heart sunk but he realised that he was so glad nothing had happened because he would want Simon to remember and not regret anything they would have together.

So Wille got up and went and got a cold cloth for Simon’s head, some tablets and a glass of water and one of orange juice from the mini bar, closed the curtains and got Simon to lie down and try and get some rest as it was still early. As Wille gently caressed Simon’s arm, coaxing him back to sleep Simon whispered “Thank you Wille”

And Wille sadly smiled as he knew he would always want to look after Simon, and maybe it was just not meant to be.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos Welcome

Cocktails and Communication

Chapter Summary

Plenty of talking and communication and more drunkenness

“Couple of things Wille, do not be worrying, I woke up in the same predicament...pardon the pun, we all do, it is natural and I am not offended, and if I was the cause of it at any other stage, I would definitely not be offended. Secondly, I am a smuggler...I probably should have warned you about that before I got you to share with me. I like you close and I like when you hold me... even with the alcohol and sickness I have never woke up so content and rested.”

Chapter Notes

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

Somewhere Wille had dosed back over to sleep with Simon in his arms. He woke up with Simon still close to him, his back against Wille's bare chest, and Wille's holding him around his waist, but awake and scrolling on his phone.

“How are you feeling now Simon?” Wille asked

Simon set his phone on the bed slightly turned his head back towards Wille,

“Better than I deserve and a lot better than I did earlier this morning. Thank you Wille for looking after me – Felice was right about drinking at this altitude... I normally do not get that drunk...well most of the time” and he smiled at Wille

“How did you sleep?”

“Really good too, I don't normally sleep this late...what time is it?” Wille queried with a yawn

“It is almost 9am, so we haven't missed breakfast or anything else.”

Wille looked at Simon and his heart soared at how content he felt, holding him in his arms like this, and he suddenly realised he was holding him in his arms like this and panicked that he might be crossing a line with Simon, especially when he became aware of his morning arousal against Simon.

Wille suddenly bolted himself upright in the bed, almost throwing Simon off him, his face redder than it had ever been in his life.

“Oh I am sorry Simon” Wille nervously mumbled

Simon just laughed and joined Wille sitting up on the bed, still staying close to him but turning his body towards Wille so he could look in him in the eyes. Wille swallowed at the intensity of it all as Simon started to say,

“Couple of things Wille, do not be worrying, I woke up in the same predicament...pardon the pun, we all do, it is natural and I am not offended, and if I was the cause of it at any other stage, I would definitely not be offended. Secondly, I am a snuggler....I probably should have warned you about that before I got you to share with me. I like you close and I like when you hold me... even with the alcohol and sickness I have never woke up so content and rested.”

Simon stopped and studied Wille's face, he smiled at him, and a flash of nervousness flashed across his eyes, and he took a breath as if to steady himself for what was to come next, and this action made Wille feel like his heart had stopped,

“Thirdly Wille” he said so softly “I know we have history, sort of history, well you know, you were there. We had what we had and it was what it was” Simon sighed in an almost sadness that confused Wille

“I have never regretted it and sometimes I wish I had been brave... I mean... I mean...” Simon struggled breaking eye contact and looking down as his own hands nervously.

“Well it was two years ago now and I am not sure if you even really think about it or remember it but it but to me it was so special Wille” He reached for Wille's hand and looked at his to ask if this was okay , and Wille took squeezed back, letting Simon know it was okay.

“Fuck as a man of words I am struggling to get out what I want to say to you, even though I have thought about it for the last two years....look I am sorry for how things were afterwards. I know you had recently broken up with someone and I did not want to pressure you in to anything and I also did not want to be know as someone who fucked their way to success – sorry I know that sounds crass but that's what people would have thought of me and no one would have took me or my writing seriously...if we were seen hooking up”

Simon looked sheepishly at Wille, his face full of sadness, which Wille was sure mirrored his own.

“That is a lot to unpack Simon...and to be honest I owe you an apology because I know I was a dick to you afterwards. I was hurt you did not seem to care about something I thought seemed like it had potential..”

“it was special to me Wille, it really fucking was” Wille raised his other hand to stop Simon

“Let me get this out Simon....I was hurt and I am hurt you think people would not see your talent for what it is worth. Your talent Simon is phenomenal, no one would have thought that”

Simon raised his eyebrow at Wille,

“Okay, some people may have thought that but it would not have mattered, I would not and have never ever thought that but I guess I can see where you were coming from. I am sorry because no matter what happened and what didn’t happen I think we could have been really good friends, even if nothing else....It was just bad communication and bad timing combined”

“I definitely agree with that – can we maybe start over then?”

“Try being friends or?” Wille questioned but not really sure where they stood.

Simon turned Wille’s face gently towards him and smiled the sweetest smile,

“Let’s start with friends and see how we go?”

Wille smiled back at Simon. He would take friendship with Simon, he would take anything because he felt such an insane connection to this beautiful man in front of him, that he knew they were always going to be bound in some way he could not explain and he could only hope Simon maybe felt something like that too with the ‘see how we go’.

“So Friends then?”

“Friends”

Simon and Wille sat in the bed, smiling like idiots when the door was suddenly knocked, causing them both to jump a little and the tension that was building to dissolve.

Wille jumped up and went to the door to find room service with all the breakfast items they could imagine, and a rose with a note of further apologies from the staff for the mix up.

The two men sat at the table by the window with the amazing view, enjoying a lazy breakfast and talk. Wille was thinking it reminded him of their time together before, when Simon, blurted out,

“I feel like we have gone back in time to two years ago, but with a better room, and better view but no sexual satisfaction.”

Wille laughed at him, it was almost as if he had read his mind.

“And I blame you for that... had you not been so drunk last night you could have had your way with me” Wille teased him back “And I am glad I satisfied you all those years ago” winking at him for good measure.

Simon stared for a moment open mouthed with a piece of croissant frozen mid air on the way to his mouth, but he collected himself quickly as cheekily replied,

“Well, I think I was satisfied anyway, difficult to remember being so long ago...I will have to make sure I don’t miss any opportunities in future to fact check that... for research purposes, of course”

“Fuck you” was all Wille could reply with a smile on his face.

A little while later, showered and dressed the two men had met Felice and Rosh for a talk and seminar on personal writing within the world of fiction.

“What did you mean earlier by fact checking for research purposes?” Wille whispered to Simon,

“Still thinking about it are you?”

“Simon”

“I may have something I have written a novella based on our encounter that year.... Don’t panic I do not name you – it is set fictionally obviously but I may have taken some inspiration from that weekend. It is not for publication though. I like to write to work out my feelings on some things and it is how I can do it.”

Wille looked at Simon in surprise. He did not know how to feel about this and he could not lit that he was intrigued.

“Simon” Wille whispered again

“Sssh Wille...trying to educate myself here”

“Fine but I am not letting this go” Wille whispered back

The talks ended and all four went to lunch and then headed to the spa for some relaxation and treatments.

Wille and Felice had opted for back massages and Rosh and Simon headed for facials.

“Sooo what happened last night” Felice asked as soon as they were alone

“Nothing Felice... he was too drunk but we did talk and clear the air about everything that had happened”

“Well something has definitely shifted between you, you can feel it between you....me and Rosh were sure you must have slept together thought”

“I wish” Wille laughed, “No we are going to be friends and see where it goes, and honestly Felice I am happy with that, as much as I would love to have more. Simon is great and we really get on and there is something about him. I cannot believe I wasted two years ignoring him”

“And don’t forget the bad mouthing too”

“Felice, come on.... We are moving forward with our relationship and being mature”

“Ok Wille, noted I will not tell Simon you thought his body was too toned to be sexy and I also will not tell Simon you thought his body was so sexy you wanted to lick, kiss and mark up every inch of his skin....got it”

“I have to stop telling you my every thought Felice, especially about Simon” Wille laughed.

Wille and Felice went to join Rosh and Simon in the jacuzzi and Wille could not help but stare at Simon’s body as he reached out to get them cool drinks. Felice, kicking Wille in the water, laughingly whispered to Wille,

“So I am to tell those thoughts or not?”

“What thoughts?” Rosh replied loudly

“Nothing, nothing at all” Wille blushed as Simon sat back down next to him

“Oh I am intrigued” Simon added

Felice doubled over laughing, “I cannot Wille will kill me”

“Yes I will Felice so sshh, so Simon can I read your writing we talked about?”

“Oh do not change the subject Wille?”

“Oh come on we have to know now” Rosh pleaded “Come on baby” she cooed at Felice and Wille knew he should drown himself now

“I am sorry Wille, but it is too funny and you have cleared the air and I am sure Simon will not take offence”

“I want to die right now, someone please just drown me now”

“Shhh Wille, stop being dramatic” Felice added before mortifying him

“Well, we all know the backstory of you too and to say Wille can get a bit petty would be an understatement”

“Felice I hate you”

“So anyway Wille would often come up with quite creative insults.... And don’t worry compliments as well for Simon”

“Oh my god Wille I have to know what these are?” Simon excitedly added as he touched Wille’s arm in a comforting manner

“Don’t worry Wille...I am the bigger man and I forgive you already....spill Felice”

“I will give you one example only of a complement and insult – he did usually pair them up - sorry Wille, I will not use the one I promised not to tell today”

“Oh so good of you” Wille replied sarcastically but with no malice in his tone, he was resigned to his fate. He could only hope Felice did not pick anything too bad.

“Well Wille liked to talk about Simon’s curls, and he would say how either Simon’s curls made him look like an evil possessed sheep but his complement to this was his sonnets of

yearning to touch them again and how Simon's curls were like magical healing silk that only angels possessed".

Wille hid his head in his hands as the rest of them exploded with laughter.

Their laughter continued for an age it seemed to Wille, and suddenly Simon scooted closer to Wille and gently whispered in his ear, "Sometimes I think my curls are possessed and the complement is very sweet Wille" and with that he got up and headed to the changing rooms, shouting that he would see the girls later for dinner.

"I cannot believe you told him that Felice"

"Oh he took it in good fun – he is the sweetest guy you know" Rosh said.

"Oh I know" Wille mumbled to no one in particular with an unmistakeable yearning in his tone.

Rosh and Felice sharing a knowing glance between them and started laughing again at Wille or some other unknown joke.

Wille entered his and Simon's room, slightly less mortified than he had been but still feeling a little foolish. He was greeted with the site of Simon sitting at the desk, stunning view behind him and he looked to be deep in concentration, writing away with his earbuds in. Wille smiled at the sight and it warmed his heart and he passingly thought it would be a beautiful image to come home to on a regular basis.

Simon suddenly looked up, while removing his earbuds and smiled at Wille, who was just staring at him with a goofy smile, and they both greeted each other with Hi's.

"If you want me to come back later so you have peace to work that is no problem?" Wille queried

"No no, stay I am writing here but I don't mind you staying at all"

"I might actually join you and write a little too"

"That would be nice" Simon beamed at him.

"Do you want anything when I am up – tea, coffee, water?"

"Coffee would be amazing actually, still suffering a little after last night – milk and two sugars please" Simon asked with a smile

Wille busied himself with getting his laptop out and making them drinks. They sat and wrote for the next couple of hours in companionable silence, each steeling secret glances from the other, and finding themselves getting a lot done.

Simon closed his laptop and carefully looked at Wille with mischief in his eyes.

“So what other insults did you have about me....please tell me the other one you asked Felice to say nothing about....oh come on Wille, I was always so polite and kind to you....probably looking like a simp, might I add, amuse me...tell me”

“When I can read what you wrote about me I will tell you what I said” Wille rallied back with a smirk, knowing Simon was not about to hand over his most intimate thoughts on Wille and their tryst, fictionalised or not.

“hmmph” Simon pouted

“That cute pout will not work on me.... That is your deal...take it or leave it?”

“You think my pout is cute?” Simon said sweetly leaning towards Wille and pouting even more and giving him puppy eyes until Wille laughed

“Not going to work – I have been embarrassed enough today” Wille giggled back at Simon hoping he would not see how weak he was and how close he was to telling him every secret he ever had.

“Okay I will let it go....for now” Simon started “As I am definitely not going to hand over, what essentially is my diary.”

“See now I am more intrigued to read it” Wille teased

“So this cocktail making is soon – do you just want to get room service dinner and eat here, just us?”

“Nice side step on your diary Mr Erikson and yeah actually that would be lovely....I will just text Felice and let her know to go on without us”

Simon ordered for them and then they both had showers and sat in robes waiting on the food,

“I hate to keep bring this up but this is such déjà vu” Simon giggled

And he was right, their second night at Bookfest they did not even leave the room, sitting in bathrobes waiting on food, after a day in bed together.

Wille giggled back. “What are the chances of us having to share a room after that the last time...but it was a great weekend”

They both smiled shyly at each other, each getting lost in memories of moments past.

The food then arrived and they ate and moved on to talking about the hotel and other places they had both stayed. Finished with their food, they got dressed, moving about each other as if they were an old married couple, perfectly in sync.

“So Wille, you have to drink some of my cocktails at this tonight otherwise you will be carrying me to bed tonight.... And I will stop your dirty mind right there.”

“Here I said nothing, and you cannot read my mind... I hope” Wille joked back

“I will help you out you lightweight... you better hope I do not get too drunk because you will never be able to carry me back to our room”

“Excuse me I lift weights” Simon retorted in jest

Wille just raised his eyebrows, and opened the door for Simon as they headed down to the cocktail making class.

They spent the next two hours making cocktails, Simon only having the odd sip and Wille drinking the rest. Wille was able to handle the alcohol, Rosh and Felice were ready to be carried to bed by the time the class was over. Between laughing and drinking they all headed back to their rooms. Wille realised he may be slightly tipsy when they were making sure Felice and Rosh got back to their room ok.

The girls got the boys to come in for a night gap and Wille suddenly suggested they needed to dance and he grabbed Simon and started moving up around him, as Simon laughed and Rosh shouted about how bad a dancer he was.

“I am a good dancer, aren’t I Simon?” Wille whined at Rosh

“Wille is a wonderful dancer Rosh” Simon replied, with Felice adding she thought he was a good dancer as well.

“Simon is the best dancer of us all though...aren’t you – did you see him last night at karaoke he was so sexy I thought I was going to pass out” Wille continued, inhibitions long gone.

“Oh my god I had forgot about my dancing...Wille I am so sorry, I practically pole danced with you at one point I think – you should have let me forget that” Simon rambled

Felice and Rosh reassuring him he was sexy and not to worry, before suddenly telling each other they were sexy too.

“Come Wille, that is our cue to leave...goodnight Felice and Rosh” Simon called taking Wille by the hand, “Time to get you to bed”.

“Is that a promise?” Wille exaggeratedly winked at Simon

“You are ridiculous Wille” Simon told Wille as he guided him out of the lift to their floor.

Simon put his arm around Wille’s waist and guided him to their room, and when he opened the door and got Wille inside, he added

“Home sweet Home now Wille”

“You are sweet you know Simon, and I may be a little drunk tonight and that makes me say”

“Don’t be sad Wille, I was drunk last night...it is only fair it is your turn tonight”

“But Simon if I was not so drunk you might have danced with me” Wille whispered to Simon.

Simon looked up at Wille with the cutest of smiles. He handed a open bottle of water to Wille,

“Drink that first and I will dance with you then.”

“Really.... To music?”

“Yeah to music... what song do you want to dance to?” Simon asked Wille, smiling all the while at his sweetest of requests, and curious what song he would pick.

Wille took a long drink of the water and tilted his head as he thought for a moment,

“Do you have ‘Almost Heaven’ by Isak Danielson?”

Simon smiled, verging on tears– he knew the song well, it reminded him of Wille, as he had listened it to a lot with the man in front of him on his mind, and now this was the song he picked. Simon got the song up on his playlist in an instant,

“Come here then” Simon said as he took Wille by the waist and pulled him in to him. Wille wrapped his arms around Wille and there in the lamplight they swayed to the song. Wille felt like he was in heaven as Simon quietly sang along to the lyrics,

*I'm making a room for you
Will you keep your eyes on me now?
Lover, lean on me
Love, I can lift you higher
Oh, I can lift you higher, oh*

And it was almost heaven

As the song ended, Simon reached up and lightly kissed Wille on the cheek and the two looked in each others eyes. Wille was not sure, and wished he was not as drunk, but he was sure he felt the burning love and desire of his own reflected in Simon’s eyes.

Simon looked away and walked towards the bed, pulling back the sheets on Wille’s side.

“Come on, do you need help with anything?”

“I am not sure” Wille said still in a trance from their dance. He shook his head “I am good, just going to brush my teeth first”

Simon followed him and they stood brushing their teeth together, like idiots beside each other smiling. Music still playing on Simon’s phone from the bedroom.

Wille headed in to bed as Simon waited a minute to give Wille some privacy. Wille took a steadying breath and stripped off and climbed in to bed before Simon followed in to the room in his boxers, bring some paracetamol and water to put on Wille’s bedside table.

“Just in case you need them, and wake me if you need me in the night ok?”

“Ok” Wille replied smiling at Simon. “Thank you – you are a good looker after-er you know”

Simon smiled back at Wille and kissed him on the forehead, making Wille giggle.

“You are a good person to look after” Simon replied smiling.

Simon then climbed in to bed behind Wille, spooning him and gently caressing his arm as Wille’s breathing evened out, as the music continued to play from Simon’s phone, the last song both of them hearing that night was ‘Flaws’ by Calum Scott.

Chapter End Notes

I spent far too long picking songs for the tiny mention, but wanted them to fit their dynamic and feeling perfectly so give the songs a listen.

Hope you enjoyed :)

Lakes and Thunder

Chapter Summary

Wille and Simon open up about their feeling and what happened two years ago

Neither of them said anything for the longest moment. They just looked at each other, Simon's hand still on Wille's chest moved slightly so it was resting over his heart. Wille knew he would feel his racing heart but in that moment he did not care, he wanted Simon to know the affect him saying his own words back at him had. Wille slowly moved his hand up to Simon's cheek and Simon leaned in to the touch, "Wille" he breathed, barely a whisper, the longing clear in his voice. "Please kis....."

Chapter Notes

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

Wille woke up with Simon's arm wrapped tightly around his waist. He could feel his gentle breathing hitting the small of his neck. There was early morning sun peaking through the sheer curtains and Wille could not help but smile to himself and feel such contentment in this moment with Simon and wished it would last forever.

Wille lay there enjoying Simon's embrace and eventually he felt Simon squeeze him even tighter, and then run his hand up to his chest to his neck and then gliding his fingertips along his jaw before a moan escaped his lips, and Wille realised he must still be dreaming and wondered if he should wake him up. Simon's fingertips then gently moved slightly down again and came to rest on Wille's shoulder/collarbone area. Wille let out a breath he did not realise he was holding.

Another few minutes passed by and Wille could feel Simon's hand start to twitch and eventually his hand stretched out and a stretching moan came from behind Wille as Simon started to wake up.

"Good Morning Wille" Simon purred sounded so relaxed and still a little sleepy and it the way he asked me Wille giggle.

"I am good" Wille replied with a smile Simon could not see but knew he would here in his voice, then as Simon's hand went back to Wille's waist and hugged him close again Wille replied

"You sound well rested?"

"I swear to god Wille, I am taking you home with me because I have the best sleeps when I am in the bed beside you. I am normally 4 or 5 hours max if I sleep at all but every time I have shared a bed with you, I always feel so well rested."

Wille smiled thinking about how he would like to go home with Simon to his bed too and was about to speak when Simon replied,

“It must be the gentle lull of your snoring I think”

“I do not snore” Wille protested suddenly turning around to face Simon, and found Simon very close to his face and smiling his devilish grin at him, and at Wille’s expression he burst in to giggles.

“You are so easy” Simon said between laughing at Wille and gently pushing his bare chest with his hand but letting it rest on Wille’s chest afterwards.

“You sleep very soundly Wille, don’t worry I have not heard you snore yet, although we have shared a bed in this hotel for a total of four nights now and I have heard you mumble in your sleep on half those nights, which is interesting”

Wille raised an eyebrow at Simon, not knowing whether to take the bait or not but with Simon’s close proximity in the bed and his hand in his chest Wille needed any distraction to stop himself wanting to close the distance and kiss the beautiful man in their bed.

“Any chance you will tell me what I said?”

“Because I am such a sweet guy, I will” Simon said looking between Wille’s eyes and lips, which only served to make Wille’s heart race speed up and he involuntarily licked his lips as his own gaze drifted between Simon’s lips and beautiful brown eyes, that he knew he could get lost in for hours.

The energy between them was intense at this point and Simon whispered,

“I won’t say when you said what, but you have asked for more coffee, you have also asked for more wine and for cheese, you have said be careful of the frogs and you have also said this is my pet frog called Gustav and some incoherent mumbles naturally, and you asked to be kissed and you asked to be” Simon took a minute and looking Wille straight in the eyes “....fucked hard”

Neither of them said anything for the longest moment. They just looked at each other, Simon’s hand still on Wille’s chest moved slightly so it was resting over his heart. Wille knew he would feel his racing heart but in that moment he did not care, he wanted Simon to know the affect him saying his own words back at him had. Wille slowly moved his hand up to Simon’s cheek and Simon leaned in to the touch, “Wille” he breathed, barely a whisper, the longing clear in his voice. “Please kis.....”

“Wille you drunk, you left your card key in our room, so we thought we would wake you and see how you are feeling and see this view....” The door to the room burst open with a very loud and enthusiastic Felice, not really realising what she had disturbed and a very hung over looking Rosh, wearing sun glasses only groaned,

“See they are still in bed why cannot I be in bed too?”

Wille and Simon looked at each other and smiled... “I wish you were still in your bed too” Wille moaned back. Making Simon laugh but he pulled himself to sit up in the bed as Rosh threw herself on to the bottom of the bed and Felice walked to the window, pulling back the sheer curtains to reveal the stunning view.

Wille looked at the view and Felice said, “I guess it is kind of like the book, I always imagined the lake smaller than that one and the mountains bigger though, but I can see how it would remind you”

Wille looked at Simon, who suddenly got out of the bed and walked over and recited by heart the description of the glistening lake, the colouring of the sky against the mountain, and asked Felice how she could not see it.

Wille’s heart was bursting with love for Simon as he knew that passage so well and Simon could see the exact vision he had created and could see in the view but Felice’s varied. Felice reminded Simon about the readers right to interrupt scenes in their imagination, and why adaptations to tv and film would never be as special as the reader initial interpretations on a personal level and ended their debate with,

“You two either clearly share the same one brain cell or you are soulmates with one shared vision” and stuck out her tongue to Simon. He smiled back at her and rolled his eyes. Wille watched Simon sit down in the chair by the window, as Felice sat in the other, and Simon turned to look at Wille with such adoration and just muttered, “It is definitely one of the two” and winked at Wille, as he beamed his full smile at him. Wille could feel himself blushing but was thankfully saved by the door knocking,

“Do they have to knock so loud – who do you have coming to your room at this time of the morning anyway” Rosh asked as she got up and answered the door. Another trolley of endless breakfast was rolled in to the room, ‘with complements for the room mix up’. Rosh and Felice stayed and had breakfast and they discussed plans for the day. They were all heading to a couple of talks and seminars on the Peer Editing and Promo Tours and Social Media.

Rosh and Felice had decided to forego the afternoon activities of a hike but Wille and Simon were ready to head out after an interesting day so far. Wille was feeling a mixture of excitement at getting some time alone with Simon after this morning but he was also a little nervous, in case he had mis read the signals and chemistry between them. T

The guide gave them all maps, and explained route and do’s and don’t’s, as Simon whispered, “You will have to keep me right, I haven’t really hiked much”

“I thought you said like hiking?” Wille wondered back to there conversation on the first day of the conference.

“You said you wanted to do it and I said I liked the sound of it.... Now I am being told to be careful about falling and getting lost I am a little nervous” Simon admitted looking genuinely petrified

“I will look after you Simon” Wille said as he carefully stroked Simon’s arm, which lessened Simon’s frown and made him smile a little smile, which made Wille burst with happiness. He realised he definitely liked making Simon smile and easing his fears.

“Besides, it is back to my turn now I think anyway” Wille joked and Simon visibly relaxed a little more, making Wille feel like he was floating with bliss.

The guide sent them all off on their way with a little pre made picnic and they could wander or hike at their own leisure and pace.

Wille asked Simon did he have any particular path he wanted to take, “Can you get us close to the lake, and we can eat there if that is not a difficult walk.”

Wille looked at the map and figured their route out. “No problem at all Simon, and it is only about 45min walk and not too rough a terrain either – a good beginner route”

“Thanks Wille, I hope I am not spoiling your hike”

“You are definitely not but if you want to make it up to me you could let me read a bit of your diary/story that I feature in – I think I would be an excellent person to Peer Edit if for you”

The two started on their journey and Simon replied,

“I was sitting in that seminar and I watched you smiling to yourself and I knew, I just knew you would use it as an excuse to read my work” Simon laughed “Well you are not reading it now so come on lead the way Bear Grylls”

“Ok ok” Wille acquiesced with a smile, “I just had to I could not resist”.

The two walked and talked until they came to a little shelter cabin just before the lake. The conversation flowed and Wille found Simon’s exchanges both interesting and intelligent and he relished how Simon challenged his ideas to understand the reasons for his thoughts and work processed. Once they got to the lake, they sat on a stone area that had been moulded, or maybe it naturally like that, was a little snug bench.

Simon smiled at the view, “It really is stunning. I know I am fanboying Wille but that scene you wrote with Karl and Peter, I can see them so clearly here, even this seat is like the one they sat on in the story.”

“Is that why you wanted to see here?” Wille asked shyly,

“Yeah – You cannot use this against me but Wille that scene changed my brain. If I am over sharing shut me up ok....but when I read that it was the first book I read that showed me a main character that was not straight, and they were not a joke in the story or a side line. They were the main hero and they were just as romantic and strong and brave and it made me feelseen.”

Wille looked at Simon in complete awe. He had been told the story broke boundaries and was praised for having queer characters but to be told such a personal response from someone he was pretty much falling in love with was overwhelming.

Simon suddenly looked very nervous and shy as he continued,

“I think that was partly the reason you know that I never looked for your number or asked you on a date after our weekend together. I am going to sound like such an ass but at this point I need to get it out. I knew you were there that weekend. And Wille when I say I was a fan, I really was addicted to that book. I went through a stage where I read that book every day. It gave me hope and it inspired me to show my writing to people. That I could be queer and successful like you were.

I knew you would be at the Bookfest and when we were introduced and we hit it off, and you were everything and more, and so was that weekend. I had told you I was a fan of your work but I never told you how much of a fan because, yeah... famous people and their fans do not really have relationships and I was conflicted with myself too.

You were not Karl but you created him, and I idolised him and imagined myself as Peter being kissed by Karl, when I was younger. I did not want to scare you off by telling you this because I know it sounds crazy...fuck I still sound crazy.”

Wille just listened, as Simon took a breath and continued,

“I was so overwhelmed by the connection I felt to you that I wanted to bare my soul to you but knew that I would have scared you off with that – I would be if someone said that to me. But I cannot deny that your writing and ‘Rise of the Nordic Sun’ did change my life. And then to add to my conflict as a new author coming up behind you as well, already being compared to you – that in itself was crazy. Well I already told you I did not want that to be what people said about me, dating you or attaching myself to you for clout, I wanted to make it on my own.

My final confession on why I did not make move for more and possibly that biggest reason. I knew you had dated and recently broke up and I did not want to be a rebound and I also needed to ask if it was him or another ex that was the basis for Peter – that love was so powerful, I imagined whoever he was based on was always going to be in your heart and I was young and jealous and did not want to compete with that, especially because when I read that book, in my mind I seen myself as Peter.

So Wille there is my long rambling confession of why I did not make a move after that weekend and you do not have to tell me the basis for Peter but I wantedI needed you to know all this before anything else might happen with us. I hope you still want to at the very least be my friend still, even if I am a passionate fan?” Simon concluded with a half-smile, looking at Wille expectantly, with a nervousness clear in his demeanour as he fiddled with the sleeves of his jumper.

Wille knows this was a lot for Simon to share and he reaches over and takes one of Simon’s hands, and laces his own finger through it. Simon just watches their hands as Wille starts,

“That is a lot of information and Simon thank you for sharing that all with me. I like you Simon, a lot and have done since that weekend.” Simon looks at him and smiles sadly,

“I sense a but coming?” Simon asks

“A temporary but maybe... I am an over thinker so I need to over think this out if you get me.”

Simon nods at Wille, Wille continues

“We will always be friends, no matter what happens Simon. You are amazing and I think we have a unique and rare bond... there really is something I cannot describe that draws me to you, but that is a lot of information and to say I am overwhelmed is an understatement.

I wanted to ask for your personal number and a date too but I was too shy – which in retrospect is the stupidest thing ever and was very immature of me.

With regards to Peter – he was not based on my ex at the time – and I may have been slightly on the rebound that weekend with you but it was so much more than that when I actually got to know you and be with you, I cannot deny you healed something in me, because I realised what we had in two days was so much more than I had in three years with my ex.

Thank you for saying about being seen Simon. You do not know how much that means to me. And the reason it means so much is because it is coming from you. You need to know that” Wille lifted their intertwined hands and kissed Simon’s hand.

“Have you ever heard Van Gogh say ‘I dream my painting and then I paint my dream.’”

Simon looked at Wille, with confusion and curiosity, as he said he had

Wille then continued, “I dreamt that book and wrote it. I dreamt of Karl and Peter, not just one dream but probably hundreds of dreams...their love being so beautiful and pure. And no matter the trails they had to endure, not one of those trails was because it was a queer love they had. I dreamt of being seen too Simon, and Peter was the man of my dreams”

Both Wille and Simon had silent tears run down their cheeks as they took in the others words.

Wille adding to Simon, “I just need to process this and get through this weekend and we can talk more then about an us – is that ok?” Wille seen the disappointment in Simon’s eyes as Simon said he understood and felt the pain in his own heart. As much as he liked Simon, and maybe even was starting to fall in love with him, he knew Simon was right about people’s opinions on any relationship they would have and he more importantly had to process Simon’s feelings, if he likes him for himself as Wille or if maybe Simon only likes him as the author of his favourite book, and that would not be Simon’s fault but Wille was not sure how he felt about that. And there was no point in ruining what could be an incredible friendship because they rushed in to a romantic relationship that would fail, because one thing Wille was sure of was that he wanted Simon always in his life.

“I do understand Wille, that is why I would rather you knew everything and we at least had a friendship than we started dating and you found out I was a crazy fan” Simon laughed.

“We really must share a single brain cell because I was just thinking the same thing” Wille told Simon, and he took his hand from Simon’s and opened his arms to hug Simon to throw himself against Wille and hugged him with pure affection and friendship.

“Or we are really soulmates” Wille replied, and as the words left his mouth there was a massive crash of thunder and the skies opened and there was a torrential down pouring of rain.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed :)

Not beta read - but will go back over it in the next few days <3

Raindrops and Kisses

Chapter Summary

Wille and Simon have confess their feelings

Simon eyes widened and his smile beamed, as he gently opened the cover and read the hand written inscription,

‘I dreamt of you every night we were apart and I held you and gave you comfort every night in those dreams to keep you safe so you could come back to me and we could start to live our life together all over again’

Simon, you told me you dreamt of me when we were apart and I thought of these words of Peter’s he spoke to Karl when they were reunited in my story. I think I may have dreamt you in to being when I wrote this story and I hope you want to try and write our happy ever after together.

Chapter Notes

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

“Fuck Fuck Fuck....run” Simon shouted dragging Wille by the hand behind them towards the little shelter cabin.

Wille looked at Simon, pulled his hand to stop him for a second and laughed, “I don’t think you can get any wetter at this stage you know, you should just appreciate the power of nature for a minute.”

Simon looked at him grumpily for a second and then he took a minute and took in the view of the lake and mountains that held so much power to him and he laughed, and then looked up at the sky and the entire view all around them, and he was grinning with such happiness Wille could not help staring at him. The way the rain rolled down his hair and face to his perfect jaw, Wille was breathless looking at his beauty and his happiness that radiated from him.

Wille realised all he wanted to do was be with Simon, and to take a chance on whatever this was that was between them. Because Wille knew it was so much more than a hook up from two years ago. There was something that pulled him to this beautiful man in front of him and he knew in that moment that no matter his thought process over everything else, one thing was for sure he was going to trust Simon and give it a go with him if it was something Simon wanted to do.

“Alright lets get in out of the rain before we catch a chill” Wille said to Simon as they ran them up to the shelter. It was a small wooden cabin with little windows and a wooden bench

inside and a little fire place. Once inside Wille and Simon looked at each other, breathless and started to laugh again.

“Now that is one way to break the sexual tension of a hug” Simon teased Wille

“I was thinking the universe was telling me that maybe we are soulmates” Wille replied earnestly

“It was a little bit Jane Eyre esque – you don’t have any spouses locked in any attics do you?” Simon said nervously, not because he thought Wille had a secret spouse but the implication of his words, of their destiny to be together.

Wille pretended to ponder this as the rain dripped down him and Simon pushed his shoulder and laughed. The laugh soon died on his lips as soon as he made contact with Wille. It was as if lightening hit Wille’s heart and entire body, even through the layers of clothes. He needed more.

The two stood looking at each other, standing close and Wille did not want to fight it anymore, or question or logic anything...all his could think was SimonSimonSimon. He stepped a little closer to Simon, pushing back his wet curls from his head, and as Simon closed his eyes at the contact and a slight deeply low moan escaped his lips. Simon eye’s opened and looked at Wille with pure lust and he whispered “Kiss me please Wille”

This was everything Wille needed and wanted to hear in that moment. His hand now at the nape of Simon’s neck and his thumb tracing the side of his neck, he walked them back to the wall beside the fire place, so Simon was flush to the wall and he pressed his body as close as possible to Simon’s. He could feel Simon pulse racing beneath his thumb and he caressed his pulse with his thumb before he leaned down and licked where his thumb had been before he kissed where he felt Simon’s pulse. Simon’s breath stopped for a few seconds, and then Wille kissed another kiss on Simon’s neck, and made his way agonising slowly along Simons neck kissing and licked, and drawing more moans from Simon, who was so sensitive to his touch. Simon held Wille tight, his hands reaching under Wille’s wet clothes to get to his back and touch his skin. As soon as Simon made contact with Wille’s skin, and it was only his lower back it was Wille’s breath that hitched. Wille’s slow kisses, where he licked his way along Simon’s neck stopped and Wille pulled back for a second and then leaned in to meet Simon’s lips, who eagerly met his in the space between and kissed him back with such urgency and passion that Wille lost himself in the moment.

It was as the only thing that had changed since two years ago was the intensity. Wille was sure Simon felt it too. Wille had never felt this type of instant passion with such fire and yet such tenderness. It was amazing and Wille never wanted it to end. He could feel his passion growing and his hunger and need for more of Simon than kissing his lips and neck. Wille pulled back and looked at Simon. He was radiating beautiful with his flushed cheeks and swollen kissed lips.

“You are so beautiful inside and out” Wille told Simon, who only blushed more. “I am not sure of much at the minute” Wille smiled at Simon, whispering as if to keep this moment sacred.

“But I really wish we were not soaked and not a 45 minute walk from our hotel room because I want you so much right now” Wille continued to whisper, resting his forehead against Simon’s.

Wille could feel Simon’s grin, as Simon let his hands roam to Wille’s ass and pulled him into his own arousal, “I know what you mean”

“Simon” Wille moaned at the contact, Simon continuing to grind into him with intent.

“I thought you wanted to get lost in nature Wille?” Simon whispered suggestively to Wille, the implication clear.

“I was trying to be romantic..... and here you are like a hornyschool boy, when I thought you were allsweetness and politeness?” Wille choked out breathlessly

“Fuck Simon”

“Yes please Wille, I will wait but if you are up for it so I am i...I just need you now. I have been fantasising and dreaming about you for the last two years and right now I just need you.....but only if you are comfortable” Simon breathed out

Wille chuckled lightly, as the mixture of horniness and sweetness from Simon. He needed Simon too and he did not want to wait either. So he started to pull back and took off his coat and reached for the backpack he had thrown to the side and pulled out the picnic blanket and made a make shift bed on the ground. Simon watched him with a sexy smile as Wille then went over to the fireplace, and in the box beside it found kindling and matches and quickly lit a small fire.

“This very erotic” Simon said as he leisurely walked towards Wille, “Very very sexy” and as he reached Wille he took Wille’s face in his hands to kissed him. The kiss was wet and dirty and Wille broke the kiss and said “Let’s get you out of these wet clothes”.

Simon giggled and raised his eyebrow at Wille, who replied with an easy smile, “Two reasons Simon....ONE, I do not want you getting sick from standing in wet clothes” Simons smile softened as Wille uttered the words and reached the hem of Simon’s jumper, pulling it over his head, along with his t-shirt, which he hung on the bench to dry them out a bit.

“And Two,” Wille then whispered as he stood in front of Simon again, and as he ran his hand down Simon’s toned and tanned chest, and as he reached the button of Simon’s trousers, he looked in Simon’s eyes, who nodded giving permission, as Wille gradually unbutton the trousers and peeled them off Simon, who then stepped out of them. Wille leaned into Simon’s ear and whispered, “I want you and I do not think I can wait any longer” and he kissed Simon just below his ear and then kissed him deeply on the lips, as he pulled Simon closer, letting his hand reach Simons erection, through his boxers, and they both moaned at the contact.

“Too many clothes” Simon whispered to Wille between kisses. Wille quickly undressed to his boxers, before putting another log on the fire and taking Simon’s hand and guiding him to lie down with him on the picnic blanket.

They spent the next couple of hours re exploring each other's bodies again, and worshipping each other with such tender care and veneration. As they lay there, both sated and content, they watched the sun beginning to set out the window.

"I know you still have some things to figure out Wille, but whatever you decide I want you to know I want to be with you, if it is something you thing would like to happen. I want to give us a go and see where it goes, and what stopped me two years ago, you now know everything and I honestly do not give a fuck what other people think anymore, well I probably do but not enough to stand in the way of my own happiness" Simon carefully said to Wille, as Wille held him closely caressing his back.

Wille smiled at Simon and kissed his forehead, and then said to Simon,

"Give me you phone"

"What?"

"Can I have your phone for a second?"

"Ok" Simon answer confused as he reached up to the bench to get it form his trousers. He unlocked the phone and handed it to Wille, "What are you doing?" Simon confusingly asked Wille, when Wille took a selfie of himself on Simon's phone, "One second" Wille replied as he reached for his own phone and pulled Simon closer to him again and said " Smile" as he took a selfie of them together. Simon laughed and Wille took another photo of them together with Simon laughing and one more of himself kissing Simon on the cheek.

Simon looked expectantly at him as he lifted Simon's phone again and handed it to Simon, with the sweetest smile, and a look of nervousness. Simon looked at the phone, It was open on his contacts with Wille added with a picture contact, as Wille said "send me a message if you want me to have your number?"

Simon laughed and looked at his phone again, typed something and immediately Wille's face broke in to a grin with the beep of a message notification,

"Kiss me x "

"Also send me those photos of us together 😊"

Wille pulled Simon in for another unhurried kiss, that still caused his heart to flutter.

"Come on I need to get us back to the hotel before the sunsets" Wille said and then kissed Simon again, both of them smiling in to the kiss.

The two made there way back to the hotel, talking and laughing and touching each other as much as possible, even though they were also holding hands. As they walked through the foyer, the receptionist appraoached them and not noticing them holding hands, called "Mr Erikson...I have great news we have a free room for whichever of you would like to move rooms, I can arrange a porter to help?"

The two looked at each other and laughed, Wille, smiling as Simon, tried to shush him and compose himself to answer the receptionist looking confusedly at them,

“I think we will be ok sharing for one more night at the stage. But thank you for everything” he beamed at her. She suddenly noticed their intertwined hands and smiled,

“I see... well how about as an added compensation for the mix up we gift you the room for an extra night after the convention is over as the hotel will be practically empty then and dinner in our restaurant on the house”

“That is not...”

“I insist” she replied to Simon “You are one of my favourite authors, and I also love a love story so I would only be too happy to add to both”

“We are leaving the best review and tip after this trip” Wille smiled as they headed back to their room.

Wille insisted Simon have a hot bath to warm him and he of course joined him. They walked in to the bar for dinner that night and Felice and Rosh excitedly said, “About time” at them both, as they shyly exchanged a smile.

The rest of the Bookfest was a great success and Wille’s keynote speech was raved about by everyone.

Simon and Wille were back in their room the next day after everyone of the conference had left. They had spent the morning in bed together and were both sitting at the window table working away, when Wille timidly said to Simon, “I have something for you”

Simon eagerly sat forward waiting as Wille took something from his bag.

“I am guessing it’s a book” Simon teased Wille, making him smile.

Wille watched as Simon unwrapped the book, it was one of three draft editions of his first book, ‘Rise of the Nordic Sun’, one of Simon’s favourite books Wille had come to learn this week. Wille held his breath as Simon eyes widened and his smile beamed, as he gently opened the cover and read the hand written inscription,

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Simon, you told me you dreamt of me when we were apart and I thought of these words of Peter’s he spoke to Karl when they were reunited in my story. I think I may have dreamt you in to being when I wrote this story and I hope you want to try and write our happy ever after together.

Simon had a couple of tears falling down his cheeks when he closed the cover, he kissed the book and set it on the table and walked to Wille, Simon shyly took Wille’s face in his hands and kissed him with the purest love Wille had ever felt.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this story :)

I may also have started on a very short sequel to this story too...I will link them when I'm posting 😊

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the start of my new AU - comments, feedback and kudos are life so let me know what you think.

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