

**things have changed (when i'm wishing they would have stayed the same)**

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# **things have changed (when i'm wishing they would have stayed the same)**

by [starrystoryteller](#)

## Summary

If there was one thing in his life that Simon was sure of, it was Wilhelm. This is why the fact that he can't seem to read his best friend's mind is slowly killing him.

## Notes

I know I just posted my first fic a bit ago but I started writing this and it took over me, so yeah! I hope you enjoy this angsty simon centered one shot

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

If there was one thing in his life that Simon was sure of, it was Wilhelm. This is why the fact that he can't seem to read his best friend's mind is slowly killing him.

The two boys had an admittedly rocky start, Simon being less than willing to start a conversation with the supposed 'party prince'. You can imagine his surprise when the first actual conversation he had with the boy consisted of the prince stuttering over his words as he tries to tell Simon he liked what he said in class (*said thing he expressed in class being a clearly pointed jab at his family*).

The prince seemed to be insistent when it came to befriending Simon. Always being the one to start conversations over lunch, sitting next to him during workies, and running beside him during rowing practice. At some point Simon found himself looking forward to seeing the boy's dopey grin and floppy hair that could never fucking stay in place.

When he could finally admit to himself that Wilhelm, the fucking *prince of Sweden*, was his friend, it all built up from then. Now that he allowed himself to bond with Wilhelm, the two became inseparable. By the time their first year came to a close they had been through everything together.

A few months into their first year Wilhelm lost his brother, and Simon was there to support him through the grieving process, being his support as his parents failed to be there for him, instead, focusing more on the future of the crown. He had realized Wilhelm was his best friend when he had felt the genuine fear of losing him.

After Erik's death, his parents pushed him to step into his role as Crown Prince immediately, hardly giving their son time to process the loss of his own brother, the only support system he had. There was a point when they had threatened to pull Wilhelm out of school, feeling as if he wasn't stepping into his new role appropriately.

When Wilhelm had come to him, panicking at the idea of living back at the palace, no longer having Erik to help with their parents' apathy, he had felt his own panic build at the idea of losing his best friend.

That's the moment it hit him, Wilhelm was his best friend. Wilhelm was his best friend and he couldn't bear to lose him.

The two somehow managed to convince his parents into staying at Hilerska, reminding them that Erik went here and claimed it helped him grow into his role as Crown Prince and that it could have the same effect on Wilhelm.

Wilhelm was there as Micke showed up back in Simon's life, picking up the pieces of the damage that was the raging storm of Micke. Simon opened up to Wilhelm about his history with his father, his questions about why he had agreed to the man returning into his life again, and his anger at himself for still caring. Wilhelm was there for him through it all.

It's no surprise that Simon soon developed feelings for his friend, how could he not when it was Wilhelm he was falling for? He understands that he can never do anything about it

though, knowing that confessing could cost him one of the most important people in his life.

Which is why the distance Wilhelm has been putting between them has been so hard to handle. He's tried asking Wilhelm if something is going on, something to explain why everything feels so different with the boy suddenly. Wilhelm just assures him he's fine, *they're* fine, but it doesn't feel like they're fine.

"Hey," Simon starts, foot shoving at Wilhelms shoe, pulling the boy out of his unfocused stare. "You want to stop working and maybe watch a movie instead?"

They had been in Wilhelm's room studying for quite some time now, a soft instrumental Spotify playlist playing in the background as they worked each on their own. Simon had taken over Wilhelms bed, the other boy seated at his desk. He could tell Wilhelm hadn't been focused all day, staring off into space and unusually quiet.

"Hm," the boy finally responds to Simon's previous question. "Yeah, that would be nice."

"Okay."

Simon pushes aside his books, Wilhelm joining him on the twin-sized mattress as they set up the laptop to rest halfway on each of their thighs, Netflix pulled up. Wilhelm suggests watching *New Girl* in place of a movie, picking up where the two last left off. Simon can feel himself getting tired as they're on their second episode, his eyes feeling droopy.

His head lulls to the side, falling on Wilhelm's shoulder, which isn't out of the ordinary for the pair of friends, Wilhelm being a naturally tactile person. He suddenly feels more awake as Wilhelm tenses at the contact, although he tries to hide it, Simon still notices. He pulls back, searching Wilhelm's eyes.

"Are you okay?"

Wilhelm hums, clearing his throat and pausing the episode, looking anywhere but at Simon, holding eye contact just briefly before promptly breaking it. "Yeah, just tired. Long day, you know?"

Simon nods along, feeling a little like he just got punched in the gut. Wilhelm is hiding something from him and he doesn't know what, but he hates the fact that Wilhelm once used to tell him everything and now he's acting like he can't tell Simon anything. At the tightness building in his throat, feeling like he's on the verge of tears, he hurries to pack up his belongings, mumbling something about how he should probably get home anyway.

When he gets home he avoids his mom's concerned gaze he states that he's gonna turn in early, claiming he's tired. This isn't a lie, he *is* tired, the confusing state of his and Wilhelm's friendship exhausting him.

He stays up all night thinking about the last few weeks, wondering if there's something he's missed, some sort of sign that he's about to lose his best friend. His mind draws a blank, landing on the idea that it must have been something he did.

Wilhelm's odd behavior has continued to be present throughout the week, and it's starting to affect his own mood. He feels like he's lost a limb, the lack of presence of his best friend in his life is like this wound that keeps getting bigger and bigger as time goes by. Ayub and Rosh can tell something is up, finally deciding to just ask him when he has no response to Ayub killing him in the game they're playing.

"I don't know guys," he says, a sigh leaving his lips as he opens up the list of his options, effectively putting a pause on the game. "Wilhelms been so distant lately and I'm worried. He's not telling me what's going on and I- Do you think he knows?"

"What? Your feelings for him?" He hums in agreement at Rosh's question, the worry creeping up on him late at night as he thinks over his interactions with Wilhelm that day.

"Yeah, during lunch today he could barely even look at me. Do you think he knows and is weirded out, did I seriously let this stupid crush ruin our friendship?"

"I doubt it man," Ayub chips in, doing little to ease Simon's panic. "If he hasn't figured it out by now I doubt he ever will."

"Thanks, Ayub, that really helps." He deadpans, knowing his friend is only trying to help but he's too far gone now to hear the intention in his friends' words.

"You know what you need Simme?" Rosh cuts in, and he can tell just from her voice that whatever she's about to say is not gonna be good. "A rebound, to get your mind off Wilhelm."

He immediately rejects the idea, his friends trying to tell him this could be good for him. He knows they're probably a little bit right, but it doesn't feel fair, to anyone involved. He logs off a little after that, feeling like he just needs some time with his thoughts.

Of course, his dreams are filled with brown eyes, freckles, and floppy hair.

-

He was waiting for Sara at the stables when he first saw him ( *usually he would still be hanging out with Wilhelm in his room at this point* ), he came up and introduced himself, saying how he thinks they went to the same preschool when they were younger.

Simon has no memory of going to school with this kid, but he recognizes the name of his mom, the woman who sometimes shows up to have coffee with his mamà. Marcus eventually leaves with Simon's Instagram in his recently followed.

As soon as he's gone his phone chimes with a new notification from the app, Marcus sending a basic *Hey* :) . He thinks back to Rosh and Ayub last night, urging him to find someone to take his mind off Wilhelm. Perhaps, they're right.

Maybe if he had someone else in his life, a boyfriend, his feelings for Wille would eventually go away. If his feelings for his best friend weren't there anymore maybe then they could go back to how they once were. He misses his best friend most of all, and he'll do anything to try to fix what he destroyed.

So the next day, that Saturday morning he pulls up his text thread with Marcus, still having yet to reply to the others boys' text.

*Hey*

*U busy??*

*No, you want to hang out?*

*Sure*

*Can we hang at urs?*

*Yeah, here's the address*

So Simon pulls on his jacket and beanie, making his way to the address Marcus sent over, hoping to just get his mind off his best friend. It works for a while, Marcus is nice enough, and he seems to like Simon ( *maybe a bit more than Simon can return*) and for a while, it keeps his mind away from Wilhelm.

That's of course until Wilhelm finds out. A part of him did want Wille to find out, just so maybe he could feel the same loss that Simon felt when Wilhelm pulled away from him, but really he just wanted things to be okay between them again.

Wille must have been going on one of his solo runs. He started this ritual sometime last year, realizing it helped clear his mind, and taking up the practice whenever his mind was spinning.

Simon was just saying goodbye to Marcus, the older boy leaving him with an awkward goodbye kiss, Simon resisting the urge to wipe his mouth after the action. He wouldn't even say they're dating necessarily, they're seeing each other, but it feels very one-sided. Simon has tried to get himself to fall for Marcus, and he hates the fact that he can't. Marcus is easy, Marcus isn't his best friend and the one thing that he can't lose, Marcus isn't the Crown Prince of the country.

So when he pulls away and sees Wille standing there, frozen in place, an expression on his face that Simon is having a hard time reading, he feels like he just made everything worse. Wille quickly turns around and starts to leave, Simon mumbling something about how he needs to check in with his friend to Marcus and running after Wille.

He has to jog slightly to catch up with the fast pace Wille is setting for himself, the taller boy ignoring when Simon calls his name. He eventually gets close enough to grab at Wilhelm's elbow and pull on it to turn Wilhelm to face him.

"Hey, what's wrong?"

Wille just shakes his head, breath coming out in pants, cheeks flushed, hair disheveled ( *Simon seriously has to force himself to focus on the conversation, this being the first time in a week he's seen Wille this up close, the memories of his face don't do justice to the real life version of his beauty*).

"Nothing."

"Bullshit," Simon spits out, the anger at his best friend's sudden flip in his mood taking over. "You have been avoiding me for weeks, and barely talking to me. I thought we were best friends, what the fuck happened? Please, just talk to me. You can talk to me, whatever it is."

"I don't think I can."

Simon's anger falters at that, feeling a wave of hurt wash over him. Wilhelm used to be able to tell him anything, once upon a time saying that Simon was the only person he could talk to, and Simon felt the same. He hates the fact that he fell for this boy because it could never go anywhere, and could only lead to heartbreak, and he was right. He's losing his best friend and there's nothing he could do to stop it.

"I didn't know you had a boyfriend."

"When would I have told you? While you were pushing me away?"

His words seem to cut through to Wilhelm, the boy squeezing his eyes shut and hand reaching to rub at his sternum, a clear tell sign he's panicking. "I know."

"What?"

"I've been a bad friend." Wille continues, and Simon's not going to disagree with him, so he waits. He'll give Wille all the time he needs to say what's been on his mind. "Just, I miss you and I have no right to say that because it's my fault for pushing you away. I started getting in my own head, feeling like I was going to ruin our friendship if I was to- I know you deserve better but I'm selfish and couldn't bear the thought of losing you. In the end, I lost you anyway."

By the time he's done talking, there are tears free falling in waves out of his eyes, the sun gleaming off of the teary path, making it seem like Wilhelm is glowing from the inside out.

Simon can feel his own waterline start to gather moisture, all the emotions that have been building up the last few weeks rising to the surface, nearly threatening to pour over.

"You haven't lost me," Simon responds, gaining the full weight of Wille's gaze, his heart breaking at the disbelief in his friend's eyes. "You'll never lose me-"

"You don't know that."

"I do Wille, I do. Just... you have to talk to me about these things, keeping it in is just gonna do more harm, if you don't tell me about these thoughts I can't tell you how wrong you are. *Snälla*, I just want my best friend back."

*Even if that's all we'll ever be, I'll take it.*

"I want that too." Simon nods, hand reaching out to squeeze Wille's shoulder in a familiar comforting gesture. Wille instantly relaxes under his touch, eyes closing momentarily as he takes a shaky breath in. "Can I have a hug?"

"Of course." He pulls the boy in, arms twisting around his frame to hold him securely to himself. Wilhelm instantly melts into the embrace, breaths fanning across Simon's throat to where he pressed his face into the shorter boy's neck, unknowingly setting a thousand butterflies to flight in Simon.

After that conversation, things finally feel more normal between the two boys. Simon went back to loving the prince from afar, silently killing himself inside but willing to do it a thousand times if it meant having Wille in any capacity. Sometimes he can pretend, even if it's only harming him more in the end, it's comforting at the moment.

When Wille falls asleep on his shoulder during movie nights, he lets himself close his eyes, loving the experience of later waking up in the arms of the boy he loves. Wille will ask him to text him when he gets home and he can sometimes imagine Wille would be the boyfriend to ask for those sorts of things, to make sure the one he loves is safe.

He knows it's not fair for Marcus, he tried to fall for the boy and he couldn't, he knows it's not fair to lead him on like this when his heart lies in the hands of another. This whole situation has only helped him realize one thing, he could never love another like he loves Wille. He knows they're young but he feels it still, Wille is *it* for him.

He knows that he was made to love Wille, in any way the boy will have him. If soulmates were a thing, he knows Wille would be his, their souls made from the same thread, tying them together time and time again. Which is why he knows what he needs to do.

*Hey, I think we should talk*

*Are you still at the stables??*



*Yeah*

*I'll wait for you <3*

He wakes Wille up, letting the still sleepy boy know he's gonna go home and that he'll see him tomorrow. Wille just nods along, his face still smushed into his pillow, hair becoming flat on one side, eyes all bleary from sleep. Simon can't help but smile at the sight, *adorable*.

"Goodnight Simme."

"Night Wille," he responds, the other boy already having fallen asleep again. He grabs his backpack and jacket, exits the dorm, and makes his way to the stables, knowing that he's doing the right thing. Sometimes doing the right thing is the hard thing to do though.

He walks up and sees Marcus leaning against the tractor, phone in hand but as soon as he spots Simon he puts it away, a smile starting to form. Simon's stomach turns at the sight knowing that the smile is going to turn down into a frown in a few minutes. When he reaches Marcus the boy pulls him in for a kiss, and Simon goes rigid, reminding him again of why he's doing this. He can't force himself to love someone, love shouldn't be like this. He knows he and Marcus both deserve better.

"Hey."

"Hey," Marcus replies, hand grasping at Simon's, the touch feeling like a huge weight in his hand, not bringing any of the comfort the older boy probably thinks it's providing. "What did you want to talk about?"

"I don't think this is working anymore Marcus."

Marcus seems confused as if he hadn't expected this to happen at all, despite the many signs that should have been clear to see. Simon never initiates physical contact between them, they've never put any label on what they were, and Simon is obviously in love with someone else.

"What do you mean?"

Simon has to hold back a laugh at the question, knowing that now is not the time to find humor in this situation. It just feels like it should have been obvious by now, it should have been obvious from when Simon tried to explain that he's not ready for anything serious, and Marcus took that as he's not ready for anything physical.

Marcus explained to him that they can go as slow as Simon wants, even mentioning that Simon probably doesn't have a good idea of what a healthy relationship is due to his dad. Simon felt like a little kid again, being told he was not old enough to understand yet, when he's older he'll know. But he knew then and he knows now.

He was so in shock at the fact that Marcus even mentioned his dad, instantly feeling small and vulnerable as flashes of his childhood showed up in his rearview, and Marcus took that

opportunity to pull him in for a hug. The hug felt suffocating, Marcus holding on too tight and being too big for when he already felt so little.

Now he knows that he *needs* to do this, he can't keep doing whatever they're doing with Marcus, it's selfish of him to keep Marcus going just because he's scared that he'll never have anyone else to want him. "I don't think we should continue whatever it is we're doing. I'm really not in the headspace for a relationship, and I don't see the point of continuing with no future. It's not fair to either of us."

"Are you breaking up with me?"

"We weren't ever really dating." The words leave his lips before his brain can process the thought, although that is what he feels, he's not sure if that was the best thing to say at the moment. "I'm sorry Marcus."

"There's someone else."

"What?" He's trying to do this without hurting Marcus and he doesn't understand why the boy keeps pushing, it's just going to cause more hurt in the end.

"It's Wilhelm, isn't it?" Simon doesn't respond and Marcus takes that as his cue to continue talking. "He left you Simon. You're from two totally different worlds, he's a prince and you're a kid from Bjärstad in a fancy school. Nothing could ever happen between you two and you know that, why are so willing to destroy this beautiful thing we have for someone you could never have?"

Simon can feel the tears building in his eyes, becoming glassy as each of Marcus's words feel like daggers in his throat, the older boy pointing out all of Simon's doubts. He wanted to do this nicely, try to prevent anyone from getting hurt and now it feels like his heart is in his stomach and his eyes are burning with the effort now to cry in front of the older teen.

"I'm sorry Marcus, but it's not fair to either of us. We're done."

"Simon-"

"No," he cuts in, his voice sounding far more controlled than his mind feels. "It's over, there's nothing you can say to change that, so please just leave it."

He heard Marcus calling after him but he was already walking away, his feet carrying him as far away from the boy as he can get, the cold chill of the night freezing any tears that happened to escape his eyes. He feels exhausted by the time he gets on the bus, feeling like that break-up, or whatever it was, was far more draining than it needed to be.

He pulls out his phone and texts the group chat with Ayub and Rosh, even though it was their idea in the first place for him to get a rebound, he knows they'll support him no matter what. He could really use the support of his best friends right now.

*Broke up with Marcus*

**Ayub**

*aw shit u ok man??*

*u need us to come over?*

*Nah I'm okay*

*He was just refusing to accept the breakup and said some pretty messed up things to try to get  
me to stay*

*He even mentioned Wille*

**Ayub**

*dude wtf*

*???*

**Rosh**

*what an asshole oh my god*

*what did he say??*

*Just started talking about how me and wille could never work because he's a prince and I'm  
well*

*Me*

*Then said I shouldn't ruin this "beautiful thing" we have because I could never have Wille*

*Just told me what I already know*

*But it still hurts ya know?*

**Rosh**

*do you need me to kill him?*

*I will, I'm serious*

***Ayub***

*i'll help*

*no one hurts our Simme like that*

*can't believe he said all that shit*

***Rosh***

*the biggest asshole award goes to ...*

*No it's fine guys*

*Thanks tho*

*I appreciate it*

***Rosh***

*of course Simme*

*we're always here for you*

*sorry that he was a major douche*

***Ayub***

*yeah we love you bro*

*if you need anything let us know and we'll be right there*

*I know*

*I love you guys too*

*thanks*

***Rosh***

*you know I do too*

*even if I have a hard time saying it*

*I know*

***Ayub***

*we know*

***Rosh***

*ok ok stop the cheese fest*

*get some rest simon*

*we're here if you need us*

He smiles at the text thread, already feeling better after talking to his friends, knowing that they'll always have each other. It's been like that since kindergarten, the three of them against the world. He would kill for them and he knows they would do the same for him.

When he gets home he goes straight to the kitchen falling into his mamà's arms, needing the comfort that only a hug from his mom can bring. Her scent is familiar and warm, her embrace steady and strong, her words caring and understanding. He sighs as he pulls away, his mom holding him for as long as he needed, letting him be the first to pull away.

He doesn't really want to talk about Marcus right now so he starts asking about dinner, asking if there's any way he can help. His mom explains she's chopping up some vegetables but he can start setting up the table, they're just waiting on Sara.

He and his mom make easy conversation, not feeling the need to fill the silence that comes within the gaps in their conversation, just comfortable with existing in each other's space.

He feels so thankful for his mamà at this moment, knowing how hard she fought to keep her kids safe, despite the pain it caused herself.

"I love you Mamà, in case I don't say it enough."

His mom gives him a worried look but doesn't push, knowing Simon will come to her when he's ready. "I love you too cariño."

Sometime later in the night Sara comes and finds him, barging into his room and plopping herself down onto his bed, Simon scooting to the side to make room for his sister. "What's wrong?"

He sighs at her question, growing a little tired of people asking him what's wrong. He shrugs, both of the siblings adjusting their position to face each other, a ritual they started as kids, always running to each other when they needed someone to talk to.

"I stopped things with Marcus." His sister nods at his words, not seeming all that surprised ( *he's glad he's not the only one who thought it was obviously not going anywhere* ).

"Okay, but that's not what's wrong."

"You're right, it's not." His sister knows of his feelings for Wille, of course, she does. He can never keep secrets from his sister, even when he tries she knows him too well, and they tell each other everything, it feels weird to keep things from her.

She first questioned him about his relationship with Wille when the boy first came over to the house, and he confessed everything, pulling at his hair as he groaned about not only falling for the Crown Prince of the country but also his best friend, his *very straight* best friend.

Sara insists that he's not alone in his feelings, saying that the way he looks at Wille is the way Wille looks back at him. He doesn't let himself even entertain that idea, knowing that if he thought too much about it whenever he was with the boy he would start overthinking every interaction, which would just put a drift between the two boys.

"It's Wilhelm," He prepares himself for some teasing remark, but instead his sister stays quiet, waiting for him to continue. "He had been distancing himself from me for a while and when I confronted him about it he explained he started overthinking and feeling like *he* wasn't good enough for *me* , which is such bullshit. Things have gone to normal I guess, it still feels like he's keeping his distance, or hiding something.

"I used to know him better than myself sometimes and now it feels like it's so hard to read him, but he won't talk to me! He says he feels like he *can't* talk to me. I just don't know what to do and I'm scared, I can't lose him. Maybe we don't know each other as we did before."

At some point when he was talking Sara grabbed his hand, now squeezing it in a sign of comfort as he finishes his venting, his eyes glassy and a tired sigh escaping his lips. He just feels so hopeless and he hates it.

"I think you should talk to Wilhelm."

"I've tried-"

"Simon," Sara cuts him off, her eyes serious as she stares into his, mouth turned down into a frown. "Have you told Wilhelm how you've been feeling or have you just been asking him what he's feeling?"

He stares at his sister, hating the fact that sometimes she knows him too well because of course she's correct. He's been pushing Wilhelm to just talk to him when he hasn't given anything back, and he realizes his own overthinking is probably causing even more distance between the two of them. They're both a part of this and they both have to work to fix this.

"Stop being right all the time, it's annoying."

His sister laughs at that, pulling him into her chest as he groans in retaliation, a huge smile plastered on his face despite his protests of his sister's affection. He pulls back, their giggles settling as they stare back at one another. "Thank you."

So that next Monday he takes his sister's advice, texting Wilhelm to ask if he wants to do workies in his room instead of the library today, figuring he might want some privacy when starting this conversation.

He and Wilhelm have been working side by side for almost an hour, though you can hardly call it working as Simon struggles to appear casual, rereading the same page about four different times, none of it processing.

"You want to take a break?"

He nods gratefully at Wilhelm's question, closing his book forcefully, glad to stop staring at the same page, the words started blending together about ten minutes ago. "We can go on a walk by the lake."

He doesn't know what brought about the idea, maybe knowing that if all else fails and this conversation goes horribly he's right by the bus stop, he can choose to leave if it gets too much to handle.

"Sure."

The two bundles up inside their coats, the sky already darkening as they make their way outside and onto the familiar path that leads to the frequently visited lake. It's quiet between them as they walk, it's not uncomfortable though, which is nice considering how off things have felt between them the past few weeks.

Simon lets himself enjoy this moment, bask in the peace and comfort that comes from the boy beside him, scared this might be the last time he gets to feel this. They sit side by side on a log facing the lake, the wood a little unsteady as they settle their weight.

Simon is glad that Wilhelm somehow convinced his mom to pull back on the bodyguards this year, agreeing they can stay on campus, they just can't follow him everywhere. It had been hard but worth it, Wilhelm finally getting a small piece of his privacy back. Simon doesn't

know if he could start the conversation if there were the two bodyguards a few feet away from them, trying to give them the illusion of privacy as if they couldn't hear everything they were saying.

"I'm scared of losing you too."

Wille turns to Simon at the boys' words, confusion written all over his features, which is fair enough considering his words seem to come out of nowhere ( *despite bouncing around in his brain for weeks now* ) . Simon looks back out at the lake, letting the soft water lapping against itself calm his racing heart.

"I feel like you've been pulling away, and I know what you said but I still feel like you're hiding something from me." He finally turns to look at Wilhelm, his body shifting so he can fully face the boy. "We used to tell everything to each other, *know* everything about each other, but something's changed, we've changed. Maybe we just don't know each other as we did before."

When he looks up and meets Wilhelm's gaze he feels his breath catch in his throat at the look of pain written all over the boy's face. A single tear runs down Wilhelm's cheek, the boy reaching out to harshly wipe it away before Simon gets the chance to.

"You've been hiding things from me too," Wilhelm spits out, voice small despite the emotion in his tone. "You didn't even tell me you were dating Marcus."

Simon startles at the mention of Marcus and their brief relationship, not understanding why Wilhelm is bringing that up now, he thought they already moved past this. "Marcus doesn't matter."

"He's your boyfriend, he should matter!"

"He's not though!"

Both of their voices have raised by now, the teens struggling to keep their emotions in check, finally letting themselves feel them in full, their words being driven solely by their force of them.

"What?"

Simon sighs, tired of talking about Marcus at this moment when really they should be talking about them and the state of their friendship, why they can't seem to just be honest with each other, why things can't go back to how they once were.

"We broke up."

He watches as Wilhelm's eyes flit across his face, seeming to search for something, for what, Simon does not know. "When?"

"Why does this matter so much to you? We were barely dating, and I only started seeing him to get over- To distract myself. It meant nothing, can we please just leave it?"



"No."

" *Snälla*, Wille, I'm tired of talking about this-

"I can't leave it because it should have been me!" Wilhelm blurts out, his eyes shut tight, appearing as if he wasn't expecting himself to say his own words. When he finally opens his eyes and looks back up at Simon, the curly-headed boy is taken aback by the emotion within the eyes boring into him. Gone is the doubt and fear that was previously clouding Wilhelms vision, instead, replaced by certainty and passion.

"It should have been me holding your hand. It should have been me to make you blush. It should have been my lips kissing yours. It should have been me to call you mine. I can't do any of that though because the thought of losing you is worse than the thought of never having you as I want. I'll take you, however, you want me, I'm yours, Simon. I've always been yours."

Simon stares back at Wilhelm, frozen in place at the words leaving the boy's lips. It feels like this is one of his dreams and he has to stop himself before he actually does something stupid like pinch himself, but he can't believe this is fully happening. He knows he's been quiet for too long, especially as Wilhelm begins to look increasingly desperate, his eyes becoming huge as he can't seem to believe he just did that himself.

"Please say something."

The panic in Wille's voice is finally what kicks Simon into gear, refusing to let the boy he loves sit there and think he doesn't love him back, wanting nothing more than for Wille to feel just how much Simon loves him.

He rushes forward and closes the distance between them, for the first time knowing what Wille's lips feel like against his own, no longer having to imagine the sensation, he *knows*. Wilhelm is quick to respond, fingers reaching up to grab at Simon's hair, palm warm against the cool of Simon's cheek. He melts into the feeling, falling deeper into the kiss, a soft sigh escaping him (*one he chooses to feel embarrassed about later, too wrapped up in the feeling of finally being able to have Wille like this*).

He goes to pull back from the kiss, wanting to make sure that this is really what Wilhelm wants, needing to look into the boys' eyes and search the depths of his soul for any hesitation or doubt. He knows that if he allows himself this, it's not something he could go back from, he needs to know that if he falls into the depths of Wille, the boy will be there to catch him.

As he pulls back Wille follows his lips seemingly on instinct, Simon smiling softly at the action, glad to know Wilhelm is just as eager for this as he is. He needs to know how far Wilhelm is willing to fall though, knowing that when they're down it's going to be hard to get back up.

He searches and searches for any of the doubt or hesitation he was preparing himself to find in Wille's gaze, taken aback by the look of pure devotion he finds instead. Wilhelm takes a second to open his eyes, slowly returning back to the moment, eyes dark and hooded, filled with an equal mix of desire yet care.

Wilhelm looks right back at him, fully at the mercy of Simon, letting the boy choose what he wants, letting him take the lead. Wilhelm is handing him his heart on a silver platter, trusting that Simon won't let it fall and break, the pieces far too fragile to survive a shatter like that. In return, Simon is trusting Wille to be there to catch him when he falls, walking off the ledge with no safety net to be there to catch him.

Finding what he needs he leans back into Wilhelm, the boy meeting him halfway, both able to feel the grin of the other on their lips. Wilhelm's hands slip deeper into Simon's curls, needing something to ground him as he feels like he can float away from the lightness he feels in his body. Simon in turn grabs at any part of Wille he can reach, hands sliding from his shoulders down to his waist, clutching at the fabric of his shirt.

He goes to push off Wille's jacket, hands wanting more to touch, feeling like it's never enough. He's quickly reminded of the fact that they're sitting outside in front of a lake in the middle of winter when Wille's skin instantly covers in goosebumps at the feeling of the cold air hitting his now bare skin.

The two pull back from the kiss, taking longer than necessary as they can't seem to stop themselves from pressing their lips back together for the briefest of kisses, not yet ready to fully disconnect.

"I think we should go inside," Wille whispers into the space between them, his forehead resting against Simon's, eyes still closed as his hand runs through silky curls, reaching the warmth at the back of Simon's neck.

Simon nods, Wilhelm moving with the movement as they refuse to break their point of contact. They eventually each open their eyes, in turn finding the other already looking back at them. He pulls Wille's jacket back to its original place on his shoulder, helping to straighten out the collar, standing above Wille as the taller boy stays seated, hand rubbing absentminded circles into Simon's hips.

When Simon deems the prince suitable enough, looking entirely a little too wrecked ( *Simon finds the tiniest bit of pride in the fact that he's the one responsible for Wille looking like that*).

They walk back to campus hand in hand, sneaking in through the window, not wanting to be bothered to make an appearance during dinner. The two would much rather spend that time alone, wrapped around one another as they breathe in time with the other.

He can feel sleep tugging at his eyelids, threatening to pull him under despite his persistence to stay awake, not wanting this moment to end. Scared that he'll wake up and find it was all a dream.

"Go to sleep, Simme, stop fighting it."

Wilhelm isn't helping his fight against his own tiredness, hands carding through his curls in a soothing fashion, pushing Simon closer to slipping into his body's desire to rest. When Wilhelm presses his lips against his temple he can't help but let his eyes fall shut at the feeling, melting even more into the boy curled around him, as if it was even possible.

"Don't want this to end." He mumbles, burrowing further into the warmth of Wilhelms heat, his words slurring together slightly in his tired state.

"Shh, it's okay." *A kiss to his curls.* "You can rest my love." *A kiss against his eyelids.* "I'll be here when you wake up." *A kiss to the bridge of his nose.* "I'll always be right here."

"I love you, Wille."

He can hear the smile in Wille's voice when he responds "and I love you back just the same."

## End Notes

Let me know your thoughts!

Also I may have started writing a multi chapter wilmon fic that I'll be uploading soon, so keep your eyes peeled!

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