

dead for all to see

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by [intenciate](#)

Summary

“You look beautiful like this.”

Notes

in between writing my big serious aus i like one shots about queer dead people
fanfic blog: buckyham-palace.tumblr.com

Kieren looked across the grass at Simon. They were both laid down in Kieren's back garden, trying to relax after the stress of the fete and the funeral. While the villagers of Roarton were more accepting of PDS sufferers, there was still a lot of bigotry, and sometimes they just needed to lie back and try and forget that the world outside them existed.

Simon's eyes were closed, but Kieren knew he wasn't asleep. He turned towards Simon, curling up on his side as he watched the other's face. In the light of the setting sun, Simon's face glowed. To Kieren he looked like an angel. Simon's eyelids flickered open, and he turned his head to look at Kieren.

"Hey," he said, his Irish accent prominent and his voice gravelly from disuse.

"Hey yourself," Kieren said, smiling slightly.

Neither of them were wearing coverup or contacts, preferring to be wholly themselves when alone like this. Kieren had pretty much stopped wearing coverup after the day of the fete, finally feeling comfortable with looking at himself in the mirror. They stared at each other, unashamed. Simon turned onto his side too, tucking his left arm underneath him and cupping Kieren's cheek with his right hand.

"You look beautiful like this."

Kieren looked down, smiling shyly, and Simon knew that if they could blush, he would be. Simon leaned in slowly, bumping their foreheads together gently as Kieren peered up at him through his eyelashes. They tipped their heads up together, kissing softly on the grass. They were chaste, barely exchanging brushes of lips as they inched slightly closer. Kieren pulled back first, eyelashes fanned over his cheeks. Simon couldn't help but stare at the way the long evening shadows played across his face, and the hand cupping his cheek moved to his neck.

When they were together like this, Simon finally felt at home. Not like how he felt at the ULA, where he felt accepted, at long last. He felt like he could spend the rest of his eternal life here, with this beautiful boy. As long as they could be together, he felt like he could be happy. Even with the loss of Amy hitting them hard, they had each other. They could move past the hurt together.

A gentle breeze ruffled Kieren's hair, and he opened his eyes. The corner of his lips quirked upwards, despite the sadness still lingering in his expression. It would take too long for that sadness to fade, and Simon was prepared to help him through anything. He had given up his faith for this boy, taken a bullet for him - even though it didn't hurt him - and he would gladly do all of it again. As long as it gave them the chance to be together.

Simon stole another kiss, resting his forehead against Kieren's as he closed his eyes again. He felt Kieren's hand rest on his waist underneath his shirt. The points of contact between them burned his skin, despite them both being permanently cold to the touch. They seared into his soul, anchoring him to the moment, keeping him firmly in his skin.

He often felt like he was going to drift away when Kieren wasn't with him. Spending time like this kept the broken pieces of him together for long enough to keep living. As close to living as he could get, at least. Spending time like this kept him whole, which was what Kieren needed.

Simon would do anything to keep them together.

The sun slowly set, cooling the air around them. They didn't notice, too lost in each other to care about the fact that they couldn't feel the chill.

"We should head in soon," Kieren murmured into the stillness. Simon hummed his agreement, and neither of them moved, too content to burst the bubble around them.

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