

The World Through Your Eyes

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1794772) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1794772>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	In the Flesh (TV)
Relationship:	Simon Monroe/Kieren Walker
Characters:	Simon Monroe , Kieren Walker
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-16 Words: 692 Chapters: 1/1

The World Through Your Eyes

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Simon's seen the paintings hung up around the house, of course, but he hadn't paid much mind to them. He only even realised- distantly, distractedly- that Kieren might be an artist when he saw the sketch of Amy at the funeral. He never connected it with the pieces framed and placed lovingly on every wall of the Walker's home.

It's the first time Simon's ever actually been in Kieren's room, and it's a revelation. Simon's seen the paintings hung up around the house, of course, but he hadn't paid much mind to them. He only even realized- distantly, distractedly- that Kieren might be an artist when he saw the sketch of Amy at the funeral. He never connected it with the pieces framed and placed lovingly on every wall of the Walker's home.

In his defense, when he is in this house it's all Simon can do not to hyperfocus on the Walker's every movement, anticipating some social faux pas of his ending in disaster. Staring at the walls wasn't really in his usual itinerary.

Still, he feels like an idiot when the first words out of his mouth once he's taken a few steps in is a shocked "You- you did *all* of these?"

"Erm- yes?" Kieren steps in behind him, at a glance looking equal parts confused at Simon's statement and nervous about his opinion on them. "And some- others. Sketchbooks and stuff, I've got a- closet full."

Simon turns to look directly at Kieren. "All the ones up in the house, those are- you are very talented, Kieren."

"Oh, well." Keiren tries to brush it off, head ducking and turning to the side. "I'm- I'm alright, I s'pose. Thank-you."

"You shouldn't undersell yourself." Simon's been told his starring can be kind of intense, that it makes people uncomfortable. He takes his eyes off of the other boy to scan the art lining the walls again. He certainly isn't exaggerating. "These are very-"

He stops. There, a sketch tacked up on the wall to his left, is that-?

Keiren's eyes glance up at Simon's pause, and follow the direction Simon's are pointing. "What is i- oh. Oh, erm. That."

Which is basically a confirmation. "May I?" Simon is already taking a step toward it.

"If you want. Gary- Gary got ahold of it, is why it's all crumpled. Sorry."

Simon's pace picks up and he is pressing a bent corner back to the corkboard to get a more clear view of a sketch of himself. Like getting a sneak peek at how Kieren himself views him. He is bittersweetly grateful that he never managed to inspire Kieren to damage the picture himself. "Don't be, it's- I'm honored."

"I, well- I draw pretty much anyone I'm thinking about, really." Simon hears Kieren sit on the bed behind him. The corner of Simon's lips twitch upwards, and he turns his gaze back to Kieren.

"You were thinking about me?" He teases and watches Kieren sigh and shake his head, eyes rolling. "Only good things, I hope."

“Not always.” Kieren’s mouth pulls to the side before he looks back at Simon. “Lately, yeah.”

Simon nods, stepping up to the bed and slipping to his knees. With Kieren on the bed this leaves them about face-to-face with each other, for once. “Fair enough. Y’know, drawing’s actually much less embarrassing than what I do when I think of you.”

One of Keiren’s eyebrows shoots up. “Really.”

Simon realizes his mistake and tries not to grimace, tries to play it off.

“...ha. Well. That too.” He clears his throat and Kieren bites at his own lower lip and that is really distracting, actually. “I meant, I’ve been known to... sing.”

Kieren rests his elbows on his knees and leans closer, tongue darting briefly out of his mouth. “You think about me and you sing?”

Simon very, very much wants to kiss him. “Sometimes.”

“Are you thinking about me now?” Kieren’s smirking, has probably noticed Simon can’t take his eyes off his mouth.

“Well, yes.” Simon’s adams apple bobs.

“Do you want to sing?”

“No.” He lets out a long, slow breath. “The other thing.”

“You- oh.” And Kieren lets out a breath too, his lips forming a perfect ‘o’ and fuck it.

Simon leans forward and presses his mouth to the other boy’s, and thinks about all the things he has to learn about Kieren. A whole new world all over again, to see through Kieren’s eyes. His own personal second rising.

He can’t wait.

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