

## love is so good when love is young

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# love is so good when love is young

by [kxtharsis](#)

## Summary

nights like this were growing frequent for sarawat and tine.

## Notes

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

The strumming of a guitar accompanied by a gentle but deep singing voice filled the silence of the night-filled room, the soft rustle of sheets and steady breaths adding to the comforting aura. Tine was leaning over Sarawat's back, head comfortably rested on his shoulder.

Sarawat smiled to himself, eyes never leaving his guitar as he continued strumming gently. Despite his quiet concentration on the instrument, somehow all he could see was still the image of Tine; eyes closed, hair mussed up, half open lips much pinker and plumper than usual, pale skin seemingly much milkier as the moon bathed them in its light. He didn't need to turn his head to know how the other looked like. He memorized every inch, every curve, every edge; he knew Tine's body like the back of his hand.

Nights like this were rapidly growing frequent. They would come home from university, have dinner, then they'll take a shower together – which takes longer than usual now that Sarawat has discovered the wonders one could do in an enclosed place surrounded by clear glass as hot water cascades down their bodies and steam flows through the air – after which, they'll change into their night clothes and lie in bed. They would talk for a while and mess around a bit more, usually ending up with Tine in a much more ruffled state than the other, neck decorated with fresh and smugly made red marks.

“Wat,” Tine whispered breathlessly, feeling giddy and slightly delirious after getting kissed breathless for a long time, his fingers clutched tightly on Sarawat's shoulders, while the latter's head remained buried in his neck, mouth preoccupied with kissing and leaving marks on the patch of unmarred skin. “*Ai'Waaaaat*,” he whined impatiently, tugging on his hair, receiving a hum – that made him squeak as it tickled his skin – in reply. “Come up here, pleaseee.”

Placing one last kiss and lick to the marks he had left, Sarawat lifted his face from Tine's neck and immediately leaned down towards his mouth like a man starved, tongue instinctively slipping inside the slit between his lips. Tine moaned exasperatedly at his actions, though he still pushed back eagerly into the other's lips, tilting his head and opening his mouth further in invitation, which gave way to Sarawat's tongue fervently massaging every crevice of Tine's mouth.

The sounds of lips smacking and tongues touching filled the air, sometimes accompanied by Tine's muffled whimpers as their bodies brushed softly against each other. Sarawat's hands on his hips were as tight as ever, surely leaving bruises, though Tine didn't mind. He would never admit it out loud but truthfully, he really loved getting manhandled, especially if it was Sarawat. *Only if* it was Sarawat.

Sarawat's fingers massaged his hips gently, mouth slowing down against Tine's as their kiss turned tamer, before pressing one final peck on the swollen lips. Leaning back slightly, he grinned to himself as he stared at the love of his life. Neck littered with vibrant love bites still glistening with wetness, full lips plumper and pinker than ever, fluffy hair a mess, brown doe eyes glazed, breaths heavy. His heart filled with overwhelming affection and an urge to protect, to love, to cherish all for himself. *Oh, how he ached for him.*

Sarawat wrapped his arms around Tine's waist, leaning down and pressing a chaste kiss on his forehead, he whispered softly, still a bit breathless, "What was it that you wanted to say, little buffalo?" He hisses out an 'Ow!' as he gets a kick on his butt in response. Tine glares at him in embarrassment, mouth formed into a pout, "Asshole! You're so- You're so-"

Sarawat's laugh resounded in the room, resulting in Tine huffing and his cheeks blazing further. Sarawat nuzzled his head into his neck, placing a soft kiss on there. "I'm sorry, baby. I got carried away."

Tine snorted at him, fist softly hitting his boyfriend's back, "Carried away, my ass. You perv!"

Sarawat only laughed harder, fingers caressing the skin underneath Tine's loose night shirt, his heart the lightest it's ever been. His smile turned softer, face pressed into his neck, "I love you."

Tine sputtered, heart beating fast against his chest, still not used to Sarawat announcing his feelings so openly, "H-Hey, don't start thinking you can use that against me every time you do something wrong, *saraleo*." His fingers remained on his shoulders, absentmindedly caressing the smooth skin. "You better sing 'Everything' for me after this." Sarawat hummed into his neck, mouth pressed into his skin as he answered, "Of course, anything for my soulmate."

Fingers tickle his sides, which elicits a giggle from Tine, before Sarawat finally sits back up and pulls Tine to the same position. He grabs his guitar from the side of the bed and gets into position. Tine smiles, leaning forward onto Sarawat's shoulder, closing his eyes in contentment as the opening notes of his favorite Srubb song reached both of their ears.

In moments like this, time always seemed to go still, like everything in the world had disappeared and had been put on hold just for them; yet, at the same time, it also seemed like their time spent with each other went by too fast. They could spend hours in each other's arms, unknowing of how long they've been there. They could talk to each other about anything and everything, sometimes about things they've already told each other before, but every single second spent with each other felt so much more fulfilling than any other moment compared.

As Sarawat finished playing 'Everything' for the fifth time that night, he felt Tine stir against his shoulder, a cute yawn following his movement. Sarawat, as quietly as he could, placed his guitar on the floor next to their bed before slowly turning his body and pulling Tine into his lap.

"Hey," he whispered, dark eyes seeking Tine's in the moonlit room, "You awake, baby?" Tine hums softly in response, hands coming up to rest on Sarawat's chest, then proceeding to burrow his head into his boyfriend's neck. "Mmm, I am," a soft smile started forming on his lips, which Sarawat felt on his skin, "Thanks for playing for me." Sarawat kisses his silky hair in response, fingers once again sliding up and down Tine's sides, "Always, Tine."

The two lapsed into silence, finding solace in each other and their shared embrace. Words need not to be shared between them. They had once been two lost souls, with no concrete

idea why, only to have found each other, which led to them finally finding meaning in their lives. What was once a dull and repetitive cycle in a world with nothing to live for became one that is full and light and worth hurting for.

“Hey,” Tine murmured into Sarawat’s ear, fingers tracing random patterns on his chest. “Hmm?” Sarawat made a soft questioning noise, muffled by Tine’s fluffy head of hair. Tine smiled, eyes pulled into crescents, the usual face he makes when he smiles his genuine and super bright smile, he kissed Sarawat’s neck, soft and chaste, but ingrained with so much meaning and feeling.

He whispers into his skin, “I love you. I love you so much. I don’t say it as much as you do, but I really really do. I’m so in love with you.”

Tine could feel a big and giddy smile spreading across Sarawat’s lips, arms around his waist squeezing tighter. He felt his own smile grow as kisses rained down on his head, gradually trailing towards his face as he leaned up into his boyfriend.

Their lips met in a passionate and tender kiss; soft yet breathtaking, gentle yet intense. A sweet and perfect combination possible only with each other. A home found only in Tine and a home found only in Sarawat.

Sarawat slowly broke away from the kiss, eyes gradually opening and met with the image of Tine breathing softly, eyelashes fluttering, smile still intact. Sarawat’s heart clenched.

He pulled Tine into his arms, hugging him tightly, breathing in his scent, and whispered in a husky voice, raw and full of emotion, “I love you, Tine. I’m so in love with you. Always.”

*Thank you for searching for me.*

*Thank you for coming back to me.*

## End Notes

was finally able to put into words my sarawatine brainrot since march <3 i really like the concept of them being clingy and loving skinship + after still 2gether aired, my brain just went 'woosh' with words and everything just flowed so... this is the product hehe hope u enjoyed !

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