

## Patrick Star

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# Patrick Star

by [buwunnny](#)

## Summary

Tine visits the library daily due to his bad sleep schedule and meets a stranger that he nicknamed Patrick Star because they would make lucky paper stars each day. An interesting friendship grew between the two and that was not the only thing that grew between them.

## Notes

The characters aren't exactly like how they are in the show.

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

Tine sighed as he walked up the stairs, his hand sliding up the rail with him. He was visiting the library due to him sleeping in his class lately and luckily his friends agreed to let him copy their notes. However, it had to be done in the library because it wasn't far from their next classes and close to their previous class. The cafeteria was dropped because of how busy it was during their time together.

Tine walked across the area and to a set of bookshelves, turning the corner to see a table with three chairs on each side. It was a private spot that the boys were able to find and it was far from any distractions and other students.

"No one is here." Tine smiled and walked towards the table. He set his book bag down and looked around, jumping when he noticed someone looking at him.

"Who are you?" The stranger asked, closing the book in his hand.

"Um... I'm Tine... I came here to study with my friends." Tine replied honestly and the stranger nodded, picking his book bag up.

"How long will you... and your friends stay here?"

"An hour, I think."

"Hm. Okay." The stranger said and put the book away. "I'll be back in an hour." He said and started walking away.

"Wait."

The stranger turned around, raising a brow as he looked at Tine.

"Who are you?"

"Doesn't matter-"

"I told you my name so you have to tell me yours in return."

"Mn. Figure it out." He said before turning the corner, leaving Tine alone.

"Who the fuck is that?" Tine scoffed and sat down, looking at his book bag. "Hm?" He picked up a paper star, holding it in between his pointer finger and thumb.

*'Is this his?'* Tine thought as he examined the paper star. *'No way.'* He shook his head and stuffed the paper star in his book bag..

"Oh hey Tine. Didn't know you were already here." He turned around to see his three friends, Fong, Phuak, and Ohm walking to him.

"Hi guys and yeah, I wanted to come as soon as possible. Didn't want anyone to take our spot." Tine smiled and the three sat across him.

"So, when in class did you fall asleep?" Ohm asked as they pulled out their notebooks.

### **An hour later**

"We have to go, our next class is soon." Ohm said as he and Phuak packed their bags.

"Okay. Thank you." Tine said and the two nodded before rushing off.

"Tine."

"Hm?" He looked at Fong to see him pouting.

"Are you going to fall asleep in class tomorrow?"

"No. I'll make sure not to." Tine said and Fong nodded.

"Make sure to get some sleep tonight."

"Will do. Thank you." Tine said as he packed his bag.

"You're welcome... but you still owe us lunch." Fong said and Tine sighed, hoping that they would have forgotten.

"Okay. Okay. Go before you're late too." Tine said, shooing Fong away.

"I'm going." Fong said and smiled at Tine before walking away.

Tine sighed softly and stretched his arms out, checking the time.

*'I have an hour until my next class. Thirty minutes.'* Tine thought as he set a timer on his phone, rubbing his eyes. *'Just for thirty minutes.'*

Tine laid his head on one arm and closed his eyes.. He clutched his book bag in his other arm along with his phone, smiling a bit. He was able to catch a bit more sleep before his next class. He was happy that he was to sleep.

Tine groaned as he felt his phone vibrate, quickly turning it off once he found his volume button. He slowly sat up, rubbing his face to wake himself up a bit quicker.

"Pfft." He lowered his hand quickly to see the stranger from earlier beside him.

"What?" Tine asked in a low voice, clearing his throat afterwards. He stood up and put his bookbag on, sleepily walking out of the library.

"Weirdo." The stranger shook his head and focused on the strip of plain light blue paper.

The next day, the same thing happened. Tine was the first of the four friends to arrive at the library, rubbing the sleep off his face. He groaned softly when he reached the familiar bookshelf because he hated that he had to copy notes instead of catching some z's.

"Look who's back." Tine looked at the stranger from yesterday and the stranger moved a piece of purple paper underneath his bookbag.

"Is it you?"

"What?"

"Did you make this?" Tine asked and dug through his bookbag, trying to find the small paper star.

"Are you going to take this place for an hour again?" The stranger asked after watching Tine struggle for a while.

"Um... yeah."

The stranger nodded and stood up with his bookbag. Tine watched him walk away while holding the paper star in his palm. He sighed and dropped the star on the table, sitting down in the middle chair.

He looked down and lightly pressed down on the star but it quickly flattened. Tine stared at the flattened star before picking it up quickly to fix it. He examined the star and noticed creases so he lightly pressed into the creases, creating two sides of the star. In a sigh of relief, Tine pressed each side inwards, and smiled at the paper star in his palm. He yawned and laid his head on the table, looking at the paper star in his palm before closing his eyes.

His friends arrived ten minutes later and they saw Tine asleep. Ohm was chosen to wake Tine but it wasn't new, he is the one who wakes Tine in class.

"This was supposed to be a one time thing." Phuak sighed and the three sat across Tine.

"I know. I'm sorry." Tine frowned and put the star away in his book bag then took his notebook out.

The other three sighed as well and took their notebooks out. The three softly spoke to Tine as they took turns to tell him what to write, what to study later, what to look up, funny moments during class, and more. However, as much as Tine wanted to pay attention, his mind wandered off, and went to the stranger. He tried to imagine the stranger making the paper stars but his mind couldn't create the image. Only the image of the stranger sitting beside Tine with a small smirk on his face.

"Shit." Tine cursed, brushing his hair back.

“What is it?” Ohm asked as he stopped writing over Tine’s notes.

“I just remember something. Sorry.” Tine replied and Ohm nodded, continuing to talk as he wrote on Tine’s notes.

It was the third day and Tine went back to the library but he was alone completely this time. His head pounding from the lack of his sleep he has been experiencing. He groaned softly as he rubbed the sides of his head, his head hung low as his headache grew worse in pain. He walked to the table and sat down, laying his head on the table.

“Are you asleep?” He looked to his side to see the stranger sitting beside him, putting their bookbag on the table.

“Shut up.” Tine grumbled and closed his eyes as he laid his head on the table.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“I told you to shut up.”

“And I’m asking what is wrong.”

Tine didn’t reply because he had fallen asleep, forgetting to put an alarm for his next class.

Tine was woken up by someone shaking his arm. He lifted his head to see the stranger looking down at him with a worry expression. Tine yawned and sat up slowly, smiling a bit as his headache was gone.

“You woke up at this time yesterday.” The stranger said and Tine checked his phone, eighteen more minutes until his next class.

“Oh. Thanks.” Tine didn’t question why the other memorized this time but he was grateful for the other waking him up. He stood up slowly, fixing his hair before looking at the stranger.

“So what’s your name?” Tine asked and the stranger shrugged, smiling to himself as he looked down at his phone.

“Oh. This.”

Tine held his hand in view of the other, holding the paper star in his palm.

“Did you make this?” Tine asked and the stranger looked up to him.

“Maybe.”

Tine rolled his eyes and put the paper star on the stranger's bookbag.

"There you go, Patrick Star." Tine said before walking away, not letting the stranger- Patrick Star say a word. Tine didn't look back to see Patrick Star's reaction. He didn't want to face Patrick Star after calling him that, he just wanted to hide underneath a rock. Once he was in the hallway, he hid his face behind his hands. He took a few deep breaths to calm himself before going to his next class, his cheeks bright red.

On the fourth day, Tine was alone completely in the library. Patrick Star left the moment he saw Tine and neither said a word to each other. Tine sat at the table by himself, looking through his friends' notebooks.

He groaned in frustration as he brushed his hair back, clenching a few strands in between his fingers. He let out a tired sigh out and laid his head on the table, staring at the papers in front of him. He closed his eyes and turned his head away, burying his arm in the crease of his elbow.

"Fifteen minutes." Tine told himself as he set the alarm, falling asleep immediately as the alarm was set.

Tine woke up to his phone vibrating in his hand. He sat up and noticed the four stacked notebooks, something sliding off his back.

"Where are your friends?" Patrick Star asked but Tine closed his eyes again.

"They were busy." Tine replied, letting his head fall back on the table.

"Are you okay?"

"Mhm. Just tired."

"I'll wake you up."

Tine shook his head and lifted his head before opening the notebooks again. He yawned as he looked at the notes, shivering a little.

"Oh right. Here." Tine watched Patrick Star lean back and pick up a sweater. "You should wear this, you can give it back tomorrow."

"I won't be here tomorrow."

"Oh.. Well bring it back whenever." Patrick Star smiled and Tine nodded, taking the sweater.

"Thank you." Tine smiled and put the sweater on to see his arms were a bit short for the sleeves.

Tine focused on copying the notes, yawning every few pages. He was close to taking another nap until something blue fell beside his pen. It was a paper star. He looked at Patrick Star to see him folding a long thin dark blue stripe of paper into a hexagon.

"Do you want to try?" Patrick Star asked as he held the small paper hexagon to Tine.

"Try what?"

"Make a paper star."

"I don't know... how to."

"You just push the corners in. Try it."

Patrick Star took Tine's hand and placed the paler hexagon in his palm. He removed his hand and waited patiently for Tine to do something.

"You do it first."

"Hm." Patrick Star took the hexagon back and pushed the edges inwards, creating a paper star.

"Woah."

Patrick Star smiled proudly and grabbed another strip of paper.

"Finish one page of notes and I'll make you a star."

"Sure thing, Patrick Star."

"Okay, SpongeBob."

The two looked at each other with a surprise look then smiled, turning back to their own tasks. Tine chuckled softly and used his hand to cover his smile, only to smell the unfamiliar scent.

*'He smells good.'* Tine thought before blushing faintly. *'Don't think that! That's weird, I don't know him.'*

"Tine."

The two looked behind them to see Ohm and Phuak walking over.

"Oh hi guys." Tine said and waved to his friends.

"Take care of yourself." Tine watched Patrick Star get up, walking away while his friends sat down across him.

"Who was that?" Phuak asked and picked up the blue star. "And what's this?"

The three looked at the paper star in between Phuak's fingers and Tine smiled a little.



"He makes paper stars. His nickname is Patrick Star right now."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know." Tine sighed and took the hexagon that Patrick Star left, carefully pushing the edges in. His two friends watched before laughing as he held up a deformed star next to the perfect paper star of Patrick Star.

By the fifth day, Tine was happily walking to the library, his hands tucked in Patrick Star's sweater pockets. He was happy because he found himself sleeping peacefully the previous night and did not fall asleep in class. He was happy to see a change after two weeks of sleeping in class and five days of copying notes in the library.

"Patrick Star?" Tine asked as he walked to the table.

"Spongebob." Someone replied and Tine turned around with a big smile.

"How the fuck do you do it?" Tine asked with a smile as he pulled out the distorted paper star. Patrick Star lifted the book to cover his face as he tried to keep a laugh in.

"How hard did you push it in?" Patrick Star asked, trying to calm himself down.

"Barely any force. I just gently pushed my thumb in like you did and I made a huge mess instead."

"Um... okay, well first of all... you did it too hard."

"I did not."

"Mhm." Patrick Star walked over and looked at the messed up star in Tine's palm. "I'll give you another one."

"Thanks."

Tine sat down in the middle seat, pulling Patrick Star's chair out before he froze.

*'What am I doing?' He wondered and watched the other sit down with a smile on his face. 'I don't even know him but I keep coming here. I know there are better places that can help but why do I keep coming here?'*

"Here." Patrick Star chuckled as he held a yellow hexagon in between his fingers.

*'Oh right.'* Tine took the paper hexagon and focused on it as he pushed the edges in. He smiled at the somewhat better star, it only had a big upper half.

"That's good."

"For the trash."

"For a beginner. Making them isn't easy." Patrick Star said and took the star. "For now, do your notes."

"Okay." Tine nodded and pulled his notebook out, turning to a blank page.

Tine rewrote his notes from earlier, well really whatever he could remember from the class. While Patrick Star focused on creating more paper stars. Tine did not want to tell Patrick Star that he came for no reason and did not have to do notes or take a nap.

The next three weeks were the same process. The two would greet each other as Patrick Star and SpongeBob before sitting beside each other. Tine focused on his notes or work for other classes while Patrick Star either made more paper stars or took a nap. Tine didn't ask why Patrick Star was there everyday but he saw no reason to pry.

One day, Patrick Star was walking to the library after his class, a drink in hand. He lightly chewed on his straw and stopped when he noticed a familiar head, Tine. He watched Tine talk with a group of students, the girls laughing and grabbing onto him. Patrick Star was too focused on Tine, watching how he smiled at the girls.

Suddenly, he felt a pair of hands on his shoulders which made him jump. He was in the middle of sipping that the scare made him choke on his drink.

"Hey, you okay?" One asked as he patted Patrick Star's back.

"I told you scaring him was a bad idea, Man." The second complained and the two looked at their red face friend.

"What are you guys doing here?" Patrick Star asked, wiping his chin.

"You haven't been hanging out with us during our free time. You always go to the library... come hang out with us." Man frowned and Patrick Star sighed, glancing behind him to see Tine walking over.

"I don't know."

"Sarawat-" "Patrick Star."

The three turned to Tine and Tine looked at the two new faces.

"Who did you call Patrick Star?" The second friend asked and Tine slowly pointed to their friend in common, Patrick Star, Sarawat.

"Huh? Who are you?" Man asked and Tine looked at Sarawat for help.

"He's a friend." Sarawat mumbled and moved the drink behind his back. He looked away as he felt his ears turning red, he knew he was screwed.

"Well um... Sarawat, introduce us."

"That's your name?" Tine blurted out and Sarawat lowered his head, turning to his friends.

"Boss. Man. You two can go ahead, I'll catch up." Sarawat said and the two nodded, slowly walking away while keeping their eyes on Tine.

"Are those your friends?" Tine asked as he tried to ignore the staring eyes.

"Yeah." Sarawat sighed and clenched the cup in his hand. "Well... I have to-"

"Sarawat."

He looked at Tine to see him smiling.

"Sarawat is a nice name, I'm happy to know it now. Well, go have fun with your friends."

*'Damn it.'*

"Tine, wait."

Sarawat awkwardly sipped on his drink while his two friends sat across him. He looked away but he could tell they were staring.

"Yes?" Sarawat asked and glared at the two.

"Well... you never invited anyone out with us."

"I didn't want him to be left out."

"Yeah but girls have asked to go somewhere with them and you always turn them down. Yet, you brought some random guy."

"He isn't a random guy." Sarawat grumbled and the two looked at each other.

"Is he a guy you're sleeping with?"

"Who is sleeping with who?" The three looked up quickly to see Tine putting his phone away. "What were you guys talking about?" He asked and sat down beside Sarawat, giving Sarawat's friends a big smile.

"You."

Tine looked at Sarawat with a surprised look.

"They were just curious on how we're friends."

“Oh. Did you not tell them your name as well?”

“What?” Man jumped in and Sarawat glared at him to stop.

“When we first met, Sarawat wouldn’t tell me his name no matter how much I ask. Actually... I learned today from you.” Tine said and looked at Boss.

The two looked at Sarawat to see him looking away with red ears, nibbling on his straw. They bursted out in laughter and Sarawat kicked their legs underneath the table but it was enough for Tine. He awkwardly sat at the edge as he listened to the two laugh, looking down with an awkward smile.

*‘How come he didn’t tell me his name at first?’* Tine thought and glanced over to Sarawat to see him chewing on his straw. *‘Is he upset that I know it? Why would he be upset?’*

“Tine.” Boss said and Tine looked at him to see him trying to stop smiling.

“Yes?”

“Do you want to stay with us and have some drinks?” Boss asked and Tine nodded.

Sarawat watched as the two dared each other to drink another cup, both reaching their limits. Boss sighed along with Sarawat as their two drunk friends got up to leave.

“Sarawat.”

“Yeah?” Sarawat replied and took a sip of his cup.

“Is he why you ditch us?” Sarawat stopped and looked at Boss before looking down at his cup. “He doesn’t seem like a bad person... but why didn’t you tell him your name?”

“Well... I wanted to see-”

“Sarawat!” The two looked over to see Tine holding Man up, struggling to keep himself up.

Boss rushed over and took Man from Tine while Sarawat kept an arm near Tine in case he needed to grab Tine. Man looked over to Sarawat and started laughing, making random gestures which no one but him understood. Sarawat rolled his eyes and looked over to Tine when he felt weight on his shoulder.

“Will you wake me up in time for class?” Tine asked and Sarawat looked at his friends to see Boss trying to contain his smile while Man started cheering.

“Yeah.” Sarawat said and wrapped an arm around Tine, holding him up.

“Do you know where he lives?” Boss asked as they walked back to the table.

“Ugh...”

Tine woke up to his phone vibrating loudly against the nightstand beside him. He groaned and reached over, pulling his phone over to see why it was causing so much noise.

**10:29 AM**

Tine sat up quickly but laid back down, a hand to his forehead. He was going to be late for class if he didn't get up but his headache was keeping him down. Tine realized the second reason why he fell back down, he looked to his left to see his partially opened eyes. Tine leaned back but an arm tightened around his waist.

"Go back to sleep." He grumbled and closed his eyes again, "Tine!" He yelled when Tine moved away enough to fall off the bed.

"Did we sleep together?!" Tine yelled and looked up at Sarawat to see his worried expression.

"No. My couch is too small for me to sleep there." Sarawat explained and Tine looked down from Sarawat's face to see he was shirtless.

"Where's your clothes?"

Sarawat let a small chuckle out and sits up, stretching his arms out before getting out of bed. Tine watched Sarawat walk around the bed and crouched down in front of him, putting the cover around him.

"Look down." Sarawat said before walking away, leaving Tine alone on the floor, wrapped in the cover.

Tine slowly looked down to see he was wearing a different shirt and no pants. His face flushed red and he stood up quickly, stumbling onto the bed. He looked around, trying to find his pants, but saw nothing but Sarawat's belongings scattered across the floor. He gulped and sat down on the bed, hugging the cover as he looked around. He noticed two guitar cases, a dirty soccer ball, and a jar with few paper stars.

"Here." Sarawat said and held a water bottle in front of Tine's face. "Your throat probably hurts."

"From?"

"You threw up on our way here. You got it on your pants so I washed them for you."

Tine nodded and took a small sip of the water bottle, his eyes going back to the soccer ball. *'So... he brought him to his place... what else happened?'*

"If you keep thinking, you're going to make your headache worse."

"I'll live."

“Mhm.” Tine’s eyes widened when he felt Sarawat’s hand on his head, giving him small pats. “You can stay here until you feel better.”

“Thanks.” Tine looked down and felt his ears turning red while Sarawat didn’t stop patting his hair.

Tine put the water bottle on the nightstand and took his phone, looking at his notifications. He had a few texts from his friends and classmates which made him smile a bit.

“You should sleep soon.” Sarawat interrupted Tine’s thoughts and pushed Tine down onto the bed.

“Um... what happened last night?”

“You got so drunk with Man that you couldn’t tell us where you lived. So, I brought you to my place and you threw up on yourself.”

“Hm. Okay.” Tine frowned. He pulled the cover over himself and put his arm over his eyes as his headache started to act up.

“Get some sleep.” Sarawat softly said and patted Tine’s chest before leaving Tine alone.

Sarawat walked to the library, a small frown on his face as he recalled Tine’s pain expression. He sighed and stopped at the doors, remembering about last night.

*After the pairs had split up, Sarawat kept his arm around Tine securely because Tine kept trying to walk away to touch anything in arm reach. Sarawat tried his best to go along with what Tine was rambling about but Tine didn’t stay on the same topic, switching the topic every other sentence.*

*Tine stopped and Sarawat looked at him with a concerned look.*

*“Patrick Star.”*

*“Yeah?”*

*“Why is your name Sarwat.”*

*“Because... it just is?” Sarawat questioned his own answer and Tine shook his head.*

*“Why did you tell everyone but me?”*

*“Because...” Sarawat trailed off, looking down “I wanted you to keep coming back to ask.”*

*“I’m not a fish, I can’t understand you.” Tine whined and hugged Sarawat tightly. “Tell m-”*

*“Tine!” Sarawat gasped as Tine turned away, bending over to throw up.*

*Sarawat laid Tine down on the couch, panting softly from having to drag Tine. He looked at their clothes, sighing as he walked to his dresser. He chewed on his lower lip as he dug through his clothes to find something comfortable and fitting for Tine.*

*"Sarawat." He looked over his shoulder to see Tine undressing himself. Tine looked at Sarawat before laying back down, leaving Sarawat to blush heavily.*

*'He is so cute.'* Sarawat chuckled and entered the library, heading towards his usual spot.

Sarawat dropped his smile along his walk, trying to keep a calm expression. He glanced at other students and they would look away, a few giggling while others were getting pushed by their friends to move. He ignored the other students and walked up the stairs, smiling a bit as he thinks about what happens upstairs.

"Where is he?" Sarawat turned the corner to see Tine's friends at the table.

"I know where he is."

Tine felt weight on his head come on and off at a slow pace and it irritated him. He was at a good part in his dream but someone ruined it. He furrowed his brows in disagreement of waking up but he was curious of who was playing with his hair.

"Tine... wake up, you have to eat something." Tine didn't respond, his body still in refusal in moving. "Tine."

*'It sounds nice.'* Tine relaxed his brows while his chest rose and fell with his deep sigh.

His eyes widened open when he felt slight weight and a squeeze on his chest.

"I knew grabbing here would wake you up." Sarawat smiled and Tine glared at him, pushing his hand away.

"What the hell?." Tine huffed and pulled the cover over his chest.

"Had to get you up somehow."

Tine slowly sat up with the aid of Sarawat, his head no longer wanting to rip itself out of his head. Tine closed his eyes and took a deep breath, letting it slowly.

"Your friends took notes for you... I copied them for you already."

"Oh. Thanks." Tine mumbled and leaned back against the wall, looking at Sarawat. "So why did you wake me up?"

"Dinner." Sarawat quickly got up and walked away to get the food.

Tine looked over to the couch, narrowing his eyes at it as something about the couch felt familiar. Tine shook his head and closed his eyes, patiently waiting for Sarawat to return. He

smiled a bit at the memory of Sarawat calling him Spongebob Squarepants for the first time.

"Who lives in a pineapple under the sea?" Tine sang out of boredom, patting his bed hair down.

"Spongebob Squarepants." Sarawat replied and the two immediately started laughing. Sarawat walked over with their dinner, sitting on the edge as he handed Tine his servings.

The two didn't talk much while Tine ate, Sarawat wanted Tine to focus on eating, and nothing else. Tine ignored his phone as he knew Sarawat would say something about needing to focus on eating and not his phone.

"You can stay here for the night." Sarawat said as he took Tine's empty plate.

"Huh?"

"It's late."

"Oh, yeah. Then can I take a shower?"

"Yeah."

"Can I borrow some clothes?"

"Take whatever you want."

"Can I borrow a towel?"

"They are behind the bathroom door."

"When can I get my pants?"

"Later."

"Will you sleep in bed with me again?"

"Is that a problem?"

"N-No. It's so I can fix the bed-"

"I'll do it. Don't worry about anything but yourself."

Tine nodded and looked down, wanting to say more but couldn't find the words to say. He looked up when he felt Sarawat's hand on his head, patting some of Tine's hair down. Tine focused on Sarawat's arm before moving his eyes up to see Sarawat looking at his hair. He moved his eyes down a bit and noticed Sarawat was lightly biting his lower lip.

"Your hair is very soft." Sarawat finally spoke up and Tine looked up from Sarawat's lips, the two making eye contact.



"Thanks." Tine breathlessly said, holding his breath as Sarawat slowly moved his hand down to Tine's ear.

"Tine."

"Hm?"

"I hope you... enjoyed last night."

"What happened last night? Tine asked, his face turning slightly red.

"We went out with my friends, Man and Boss, remember?"

Tine closed his eyes momentarily trying to remember the previous night but could only remember looking up to someone while at the bar.

"Not really." Tine shook his head and Sarawat nodded, removing his hand.

"I have photos-"

"If I see any photos spreading, I'm going to kill you."

Sarawat nodded with a small chuckle and went to his side of the bed to lie down. "Go shower."

Tine sat down on the edge of the bed, leaving the towel over his head as he was still trying to remember last night. He furrowed his brows together as he tried to force the memories to come up, unaware of Sarawat walking over.

"I can tell you what happened if you're curious." Sarawat said as he lightly rubbed Tine's hair.

Tine jumped and looked back at Sarawat to see his hair was also wet but not as wet as his own. Sarawat smiled at Tine when the two made eye contact and Tine responded with a small smile.

"It's okay. It probably went bad if I drank so much." Tine said but Sarawat didn't reply, only stood up with the towel in his hands. Tine watched Sarawat walk away while clenching the towel in his hands.

Tine laid on his side, looking at the soccer ball before looking at the guitar. He sighed softly and closed his eyes, slowly dozing off.

Sarawat walked back to see Tine laying on the side, hugging the pillow that was meant for him. He smiled and walked over, carefully getting in bed so he wouldn't wake Tine up. He lightly patted Tine's hair, brushing some hair behind Tine's ear before removing the pillow.

“Use me.” Sarawat whispered as he wrapped Tine’s arm around him, tossing the pillow on the floor.

Tine stared down at his desk, still trying to recall what happened to him. He closed his eyes and sighed quietly as he recalled waking up cuddled up against Sarawat while Sarawat had an arm around him. He blushed faintly and covered his cheeks as he remembered Sarawat waking up and patting his head.

“*Tine, wake up.*” Tine blushed heavier as he remembered Sarawat’s low voice against his ear.

“Tine.” He looked up to see Ohm looking down at him with a concern look. “Are you feeling okay?” Ohm asked and Tine nodded. “Well... can I copy your notes?”

“Sure.” Tine said and handed Ohm his notebook.

“Can I go to the library with you?” Ohm asked, hugging the notebooks.

“Can I go too?” “Me too?”

Tine looked at his three friends and smiled at them, nodding. The four got up and took their time to get to the library, laughing along their way. However, Tine was nervous the whole time.

He was nervous to see Sarawat.

“Tine.”

“Huh?”

“Did you hear me?” Phuak asked and Tine shook his head. “I asked if that friend of yours will be there.”

“Sarawat?” Tine asked and the three nodded.

“Yeah. He seems like a great guy.” Phuak said and Tine nodded.

“He is.” Tine smiled and looked at the stairs. “You guys will like him.”

The three sat across Tine as he laid his head on the table. He sighed softly and closed his eyes, nuzzling his cheek against the sweater's sleeve. Not long after, Tine was peacefully asleep.

“Tine-” Fong stopped Ohm and shook his head.

"Let him sleep, he needs it." Fong softly said and Ohm nodded, moving his hand back. The three would check on Tine every now and then, smiling as they watched him sleep.

Sarawat walked in and the three looked at him, a finger to their lips. He nodded and walked over, sitting beside Tine before looking down at him. He reached his hand out and lightly patted Tine's head, only able to do it because the other three were slow to stop him.

Nothing happened.

They looked at Tine to see him leaning into Sarawat's touch, his face relaxing with a small smile while Sarawat looked on his phone. They looked at each other before looking at the two again, surprised by the scene in front of him. Sarawat looked away from his phone when he noticed the three moving. He removed his hand from Tine's hair, his ears turning red as they looked at him.

"We won't say anything." Ohm whispered as he slid Tine's notebook in front of Sarawat. "Tell him I said thank you."

The three looked at Tine once more before walking away together, looking back to see Sarawat looking down at Tine. They all snickered amongst themselves, ready to question Tine about today another time. They left the two in the library, all smiling during their walk.

Sarawat laid his head down on the table, copying Tine's position but found it uncomfortable. He shook his head and sat back, resting his cheek in his palm. Tine furrowed his brows a little and Sarawat lightly brushed his hand along Tine's hair.

Tine relaxed his face before opening his eyes a little, sighing softly.

"What time is it?" Tine mumbled, closing his eyes again.

"I'll wake you up in time."

"Mm." Tine was going back to sleep until he realized who said it. He buried his face in his arms, his ears turning red, but it did not stop Sarawat. Tine closed his eyes tightly when he felt Sarawat patting the back of his head, he felt embarrassed by the action but found it comforting.

Tine relaxed his shoulders and heard Sarawat chuckled softly.

*'Wait... did the rest leave?'* Tine thought and lifted his head to see the three empty chairs.

Tine turned his head to Sarawat and the two stared at each other, Sarawat's hand staying on the back of Tine's head. The two awkwardly smile at each other before Tine sat up straight, Sarawat's hand falling off.

"Um..." Tine started but Sarawat handed him his notebook.

"Your friend said Thank you." Sarawat said and Tine took the notebook, nodding.

"Thanks."

The two fell silent again and Tine turned away to put his notebook, cursing at his friends for leaving them alone. When he turned back to Sarawat, he saw Sarawat looking down... to his chest. Tine followed Sarawat's eyes and looked down, lifting the sweater to see if anything was on it.

"Is there something on it?" Tine asked and looked at Sarawat.

"No." Sarawat shook his head and turned back to his phone, leaving Tine alone.

The rest of their time together was awkward as neither spoke to each other or brought up the events that have happened between them. Tine noticed the time and stood up, opening his mouth to say something but closed it when he saw Sarawat focused on his phone.

"See you tomorrow, Spongebob." Sarawat said and Tine smiled a little, nodding.

"See you tomorrow, Patrick Star." Tine replied before leaving the section.

Both smiled to themselves, Sarawat looked at his palm while Tine placed his hand over where Sarawat touched. Tine was smiling cheek to cheek on his way to his next class, his classmates thinking he asked the love of his life out. While Sarawat looked at his phone, having a cheeky smile as well which his two friends were able to catch a glimpse of. Man and Boss teased Sarawat about his smile but they were happy to see such a rare smile on Sarawat's face.

The next two months were the same for the two. Tine would visit the library after his class to see Sarawat already sitting or reading a book. They greeted each other as Spongebob and Patrick Star always before they sat beside each other. Tine would take a nap right away for half an hour before Sarawat woke him up to do schoolwork. Sometimes, the roles were switched and Tine had to watch over Sarawat, waking him up to do his schoolwork. In the end, the two always spent the remaining time to make paper stars together, Sarawat trying his best not to laugh at Tine's deformed stars while Tine compared his own to Sarawat's perfect stars often.

Their friends visited sometimes but didn't stay long as they felt they were intruding into their moment. While Sarawat got teased by his friends for how he acts around Tine, Tine's friends never pointed out the change in Tine's behavior. Tine's friends noticed that Tine did not fall asleep in class often and would smile to himself as he packed up. The five friends let the two have their time together in the library, rarely going to disturb the two unless it was needed.

Sarawat arrived at the table, sitting down in his drenched clothes. It started to rain heavily on his way to the building when he was nowhere close to the building. He took a few deep breaths, trying to calm himself down when he saw that some of his papers were slightly ruined.

*'It wasn't supposed to rain.'* Sarawat groaned and laid his head on the table, shivering as he hugged himself. *'Should I go to dry my clothes?'*

“Hi Patrick Star.”

*‘Too late.’*

“Hi Spongebob.” Sarawat replied and lifted his head, looking up at Tine to see his shocked expression. “Got caught in the rain.”

“Remove your shirt.”

“There’s people here.” Sarawat replied, a bit flustered by Tine’s words.

“Come with me then.” Tine said and grabbed Sarawat’s hand, lifting him up. “Come on.”

Tine led Sarawat to a bathroom, unzipping his sweater.

“Go take off your shirt.” Tine said and Sarawat listened, starting to unbutton his shirt. “Not here, in the stall.” Tine quickly said as he stopped Sarawat.

“But you have seen me shirtless before, why is it different now?”

Sarawat noticed Tine blushing and he smirked, turning around to go into the stall. However, he stopped at the door and looked over his shoulder, letting his shirt go down a bit to expose his upper back.

“Hurry up.” Tine grumbled and Sarawat entered the stall, closing the door behind him.

Sarawat removed his shirt and held it in the air.

“I’ll dry this for you but for now, wear this.” Tine said as he swapped Sarawat’s shirt with his sweater.

Sarawat put the sweater and felt slightly warmer, hugging himself tightly before opening the bathroom door to see Tine squeezing any water out. He smiled and slowly walked over, his hand moving up to pat Tine’s head.

Tine stopped when he felt Sarawat’s hand on his head and slowly turned around. He turned to see Sarawat smiling fondly at him with the sweater unzipped to expose himself.

“You’re going to get sick if you keep acting like this.” Tine said and zipped up the sweater carefully.

“Would you take care of me if I get sick?”

“Maybe.”

Sarawat nodded and ruffled Tine’s hair a bit before stepping back to lean against the wall. He hugged himself tightly and watched Tine try his best to dry his shirt. He watched Tine the whole time, shivering against the wall while Tine rushed to dry the shirt.

“Sarawat.”

“Am I in trouble?” Sarawat asked and Tine shook his head, making a come gesture. So, Sarawat listened and walked closer to Tine, waiting for him to do something.

“Does this help?” Tine asked as he pulled Sarawat into a hug, rubbing his back.

Sarawat inhaled deeply and nodded, trying to contain himself, but failed and hugged Tine back.

“Are you that cold?” Tine asked, squeezing Sarawat in the hug.

“A bit. I don’t have a shirt under, remember?” Sarawat asked and Tine nodded, rubbing circles on Sarawat’s back.

Sarawat buried his face in the crook of Tine's neck, letting a shaky breath out, and this made Tine stop momentarily. He smirked a bit but Tine continued rubbing his back, not saying a word.

*'He smells good.'* Sarawat thought and closed his eyes.

The two stayed in the same position until someone opened the door. Tine pushed Sarawat away and moved away, leaving Sarawat leaning against the sink. He frowned and looked at Tine to see him looking down at the floor, his ears bright red.

The two sat back down, Sarawat looking over to Tine to see him opening his notebook.

"Notes?"

"Yeah."

Sarawat nodded and pulled his book bag to him, opening the small pocket before freezing. He forgot that the rain had ruined his papers- his paper strips.

Tine looked over because Sarawat stopped moving and noticed the ruin paper strips.

"Damn it." Sarawat cursed and closed his book bag, bouncing his leg to calm himself down. Nothing was going how he wanted it to. First the unexpected rain, next his ruined paper stripes, and lastly, Tine.

"Here." Sarawat glared at Tine but relaxed his expression when he noticed the familiar thin strip of paper. "I bought them for you." Tine mumbled and looked away.

Sarawat smiled and took the paper before opening the packages. He looked at the different patterns on the strips before patting Tine’s head.

"Thank you, Spongebob."

"You're welcome, Patrick Star."

Sarawat only stopped when Tine was too focused on his notes to look at him. The two looked at each other and smiled before looking away to return to their own things.

Tine noticed the paper star by his notebook and glanced over to Sarawat to see him working on a new paper star. Tine sighed contentedly and picked up the star, keeping it in his hand carefully.

During their last twenty minutes together, Sarawat made Tine take a nap. Sarawat copied Tine's position, one arm extended out along the table with his head laying on the same arm and other hand. Sarawat sat back up, shaking his head before looking at Tine's face.

"Why are you always frowning?" Sarawat asked as he lightly brushed his fingers through Tine's hair. "What upsets you?"

Tine slowly stopped frowning and turned it into a small smile. Sarawat smiled at the change and slowly leaned down, closing his eyes as he pressed a light kiss on the side of Tine's head.

Tine opened his eyes and Sarawat looked down at him, both staring and not moving. Sarawat awkwardly smiled and felt Tine's ear getting warm. They weren't far apart, a slight lean in would be enough.

Sarawat watched Tine's eyes and blushed faintly when he realized that Tine looked at his lips. So Sarawat does the same, slowly looking down to Tine's lips then back up to his eyes. Sarawat slowly leaned in and Tine closed his eyes, puckering his lips out slightly.

*'He is so irresistible.'* Sarawat thought and closed his eyes as well, nearly closing the gap between their lips.

"Tine." Sarawat pulled away quickly and removed his hand while Tine buried his face in his hand. The two felt their hearts racing, their faces turning red.

"I told you he would be asleep." Ohm sighed and Sarawat looked over his shoulder to look at the three boys. "Oh. Can you wake up Tine? We need him."

Sarawat nodded and patted Tine's back, shaking him a little.

"Tine, wake up." Sarawat said and Tine looked up at him, blinking his eyes twice. "Your friends need you." And Tine sat up and turned around to glare at his friends.

They looked away but when they looked back they saw Tine rubbing his eyes while Sarawat fixed his hair. They looked at each other and turned around, smiling hugely.

"Thank you." Sarawat softly said and Tine lowered his hands. "For helping me with my shirt and the paper stars."

"Of course. I don't want to be here alone because you got sick."

"Then in return of your amazing help, how about we go somewhere else tomorrow?"

"Where?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow." Sarawat smiled and moved his hand down to cup Tine's cheek. "See you tomorrow, Spongebob."

"See you tomorrow, Patrick Star." Tine smiled and slowly stood up, grabbing his bag. "Also, I want the sweater back."

"This is m- sure." Sarawat stopped when he remembered about Tine's friends. Tine walked away with his friends and left Sarawat to bury his face in the sleeves. The scent was a mix of his own and Tine's.

Tine arrived at the table first and awkwardly sat down in his seat, looking around for Sarawat. He frowned a bit and looked down, looking at his phone. They never exchanged numbers.

"Hi Spongebob." Tine smiled hugely when he recognized the voice but calmed himself down as he turned around.

"Hi Patrick Star." Tine replied to see Sarawat walking to him. "So where are we going?"

"Come on." Sarawat said and patted Tine's head, brushing his hair back. The two held eye contact for a few seconds before Tine stood up.

"Lead the way." Tine softly said and Sarawat started walking. Tine followed behind Sarawat like a duckling, smiling proudly to himself.

The two arrived at Sarawat's room and Tine looked at Sarawat with a raised brow.

"You can sleep here more comfortably." Sarawat said and Tine nodded, trying to hold his smile in. The two walked in and Tine looked around, noticing a few more things than before.

"You play the guitar?" Tine asked and Sarawat nodded, standing to the side. "You should play something for me."

"Like what?"

"Know any songs by Scrubb?" Tine asked and Sarawat shook his head. "You should listen to them, their music is amazing. I really love their music."

"Really?"

"Yeah." Tine sat down on the edge of Sarawat's bed and pulled his phone out. Sarawat walked over and sat beside Tine, moving a hand towards Tine's hair.

"Listen." Tine said and pressed the play button.

Sarawat dropped his hand and looked at Tine's phone then his face to see he had his eyes closed, smiling hugely. He kept looking, taking in the small features of Tine's face with a



fond smile. He moved his hand back up and patted Tine's head which made Tine look at him with a confused expression.

Sarawat shook his head so Tine closed his eyes again, leaning into Sarawat's touch. Tine slowly let his head move and laid it on Sarawat's shoulder, putting his phone down.

"Tine." Sarawat softly said and looked down at Tine to see that he was asleep. *'Sleepy head.'* He smiled and carefully laid Tine down, pulling the cover up to his chin.

Sarawat looked down at Tine and took a deep breath before standing up. Tine smiled in his sleep and cuddled into the cover, it made Sarawat's heart race faster.

Sarawat laid beside Tine, moving underneath the cover with him. Tine moved closer to Sarawat, hugging his arm tightly. Sarawat caressed Tine's cheek and closed his eyes, smiling hugely to himself. He opened his eyes again to see Tine was still asleep, relaxed, happy.

"Keep being happy."

The next day, Tine went to his class with a big smile on his face. He hummed quietly to himself and his friends looked at each other with small smiles.

"Tine." Fong said and Tine turned to him.

"Yes?"

"What is making you all happy?" Phuak asked and Tine looked down, trying to contain his smile.

"Nothing~" Tine chuckled.

"It better not keep you up late because our notes suck for this unit." Ohm said and Tine nodded, giving his friends a reassuring smile.

"I'll try." Tine said and turned around, bumping into someone. "My bad." He groaned and rubbed his chest, looking down at the girl in front of him.

"It's okay." She said and looked up at Tine.

The two stared at each other for a while before someone called Tine's name. He looked up and smiled when he saw Sarawat walking over with a drink in hand.

"Hi Wat." Tine said, feeling a bit shy to call Sarawat Patrick Star.

The girl turned around quickly and Sarawat looked at her with a surprised expression.

"Sarawat."

"Pam."

Pam started talking to Sarawat, the two forgetting about the four friends. The four friends looked at each other and started walking away as they had no reason to be there. Tine looked back to see Sarawat's back and Pam's big smile.

*'Who is she?'* He thought and looked away, walking away with his friends.

In the library, Tine arrived to hear a new voice. He turned the corner out of curiosity because no one but him and Sarawat sit in this part of the library during this hour. He saw Pam sitting beside Sarawat, folding a paper star poorly.

Tine awkwardly walked over to the side and sat on the other side of Sarawat, not greeting either.

"Oh hi, Tine." Sarawat said once Tine sat beside him.

"Hi." Tine awkwardly said and looked at Pam's hands to see her deformed star.

"I'm still very bad at these." Pam giggled and Sarawat looked away from Tine, looking at Pam.

"It takes time." Sarawat said and handed her his hexagon. "Just push in the sides."

*'He made me redo the whole thing on my own if they were ugly.'* Tine rolled his eyes and focused on his notes but he kept looking over to Sarawat and Pam. He watched the two, clenching his pencil when Sarawat held Pam's hands to help her.

He looked away and looked down at his notebook, rereading his notes to remember why he came here. He came to the library to do his notes not for him. Not for him. For him.

Tine closed his notebook and glanced at Sarawat to see him looking at him. Tine gave Sarawat a small smile and Sarawat replied by holding a paper star up.

"Here." Sarawat said with a small smile and Tine looked at the star, noticing it was slightly messed up.

*'Why give me hers?'* Tine took the star and looked at it closely before handing it back to Sarawat. "Looks nice." He said and put his notebook away.

"Make one." Sarawat said and handed Tine a strip of paper.

Tine reluctantly took the strip and started making the paper star, focusing intensely on it so he won't pay attention to the others. He sighed softly when he messed up and ruined the star.

"It's okay, try again." Sarawat said and patted Tine's head. Tine nodded and Sarawat removed his hand to continue on his star.

Tine unwrapped the star and looked at Sarawat, following what he was doing. Once it came to pushing the edges in, Tine looked at Sarawat's face to see him smiling. Tine smiled as well and his eyes went to Pam to see her smiling at Sarawat... it was the same type of smile he had seen others make when they look at their crush or lover.

Sarawat finished with the star and smiled proudly at it before turning to Tine. He handed Tine the star and gave him a fond smile. Tine blushed faintly and looked down at the star in his palm, unable to contain his smile.

"Th-" "Can you make me one too?" Pam interrupted and Sarawat slowly turned forward, starting the process again.

*'Can you shut up?'*

Tine left the library earlier than usual, feeling upset as he walked to his class.

*Bzzt*

He pulled his phone out to see he had a new message from his older brother, Type.

**Type**

*what's wrong?*

Tine raised a brow and reread the text, trying to understand if the message was for him or not.

"Why are you frowning?" Tine looked behind him to see Type.

"No reason." Tine quickly said and Type sighed, looking at his phone.

"Let's go out and eat something."

"Okay."

The two walked side by side but Tine kept his head down while Type glanced at him every now and then.

"Isn't that Tine?" Man stopped and looked over, staring at Type.

"Yeah." Man said and Boss noticed Tine's sad expression.

"Text Sarawat and ask him if something happened."

"Why?" Man asked and pulled his phone out.

"Tine seems upset."

The two brothers sat across from each other with awkward silence between them. Tine chewed on his straw as he blanked out, coming to halt when he remembered Pam's smile towards Sarawat.

"Tine."

"Huh?" Tine looked at Type and Type sighed.

"Your friends" Tine looked where Type was pointing to see Boss, Man, and Sarawat.

"Oh." Tine turned his head away and took a long sip of his drink before looking at the three friends. He nodded at them to come over and they did.

Man sat beside Type while Sarawat sat beside Tine, leaving Boss to sit in the middle, no one beside or across from him. Tine scooted his chair a bit from Sarawat, keeping his eyes down while the rest talked.

Type watched Sarawat, watching how Sarawat would try to talk to Tine only to get small replies. He lightly kicked Tine's leg and Tine looked at him. Type tilted his head to Sarawat and Tine let a small sigh out before looking at Sarawat.

"Do you guys want to have a drink with us?" Tine asked and ignored Type's kicks.

"Sure." Sarawat said and ignored his friends kicking his leg.

"Good."

"If anyone gets drunk, I'm not taking them home." Type sighed and Tine nodded, the two finishing their drinks before ordering drinks for everyone.

Man leaned his head on Type's shoulder and Type responded by lifting his head off. Man whined and Type rolled his eyes, keeping Man's head off his shoulder. While on the other side, Sarawat and Boss were having a drunk conversation, both speaking but none of their sentences made sense. Lastly, Tine sat awkwardly beside Sarawat as he slowly took small sips of his drink.

"Tine, can you take them home?"

"I only know where one lives."

"I know where I live." Man piped in and Type looked at him.

Type let a deep sigh out and looked at Boss, "What about him?" He asked Man.

"Oh yeah." Man nodded and leaned over the table, hitting Boss' arm. Boss glared at Man and hit him back, knocking one of their cups down.

"I hate this." Tine groaned as he held his shirt away from his stomach with one hand, his other hand wrapped around Sarawat's waist.

"Mhm." Sarawat nodded as he leaned his head on Tine's shoulder. They slowed down their pace and Sarawat yawned loudly before hugging Tine.

"Why did it spill on me only? You were in the middle." Tine whined and Sarawat giggled, snuggling against Tine.

Tine blushed faintly and turned his head, trying to ignore the sound of his heart beating loudly and quickly in his ears.

"Sarawat."

"Here."

"Do you like someone?"

"Yeah. They're really great." Sarawat smiled and looked at Tine. "You're like them."

"H-How."

"They sleep a lot but they're so pretty while asleep. Their hair is so soft, your hair is soft too... and smells good. Their skin is so pale, it makes me excited- heh." Sarawat stopped and started giggling, clinging onto Tine. "I like them very much."

Tine stared at Sarawat, trying to keep himself calm from the words he heard. He couldn't piece the words properly in his mind because of the alcohol but he knew he felt jealous of whoever Sarawat described.

"What's their name?"

Sarawat only giggled in response and Tine sighed.

"Hey... why do you tell everyone your name when you meet them?"

"I don't want any other nickname."

"Huh?"

"Only one."

Tine shook his head and looked down, cringing when he felt the wet fabric against his stomach.

"Will you sleep with me again?"

"WHAT?!"

"I want to sing." Sarawat said once they entered his room, stumbling over his own feet.

"Go to sleep." Tine groaned, exhausted from all the events today.

"No." Sarawat went to his guitar and picked it up before turning to Tine. "Can I grab your boobs if I play?"

"No."

Sarawat pouted and Tine looked down at his own shirt.

"Can I borrow a shirt?"

"No. Let me grab your boobs first."

"Pervert."

"Only one!"

"Only one what?"

Sarawat hugged his guitar, turning his back to Tine. Tine rolled his eyes and went to the closet beside Sarawat, only to feel cold air on his lower chest.

"Stop that!" Tine pulled his shirt down, regretting as he felt the soaky fabric.

"That is a bad shirt." Sarawat said and tried to pull Tine's shirt back up.

"Stop!" Sarawat froze and let Tine's shirt go, staring at him with wide eyes. "Go play something."

"Okay." Sarawat turned back to his guitar and hugged it closely to him as he went to his bed.

Tine took a few deep breaths and snatched a random shirt before going to the bathroom. He removed his shirt carefully and looked in the mirror, checking himself out before putting the new shirt on. He sighed and opened the door to see Sarawat.

"Do you like someone?" Sarawat asked as Tine exited the bathroom.

"Mhm." Tine nodded, thankful that the room was dark so Sarawat wouldn't notice his red ears.

"Have you dated before?"

"Yeah."

"How many?"

"A lot."

Sarawat nodded and walked to the bed, hugging his guitar.

"I'll sleep on the couch." Tine said as he walked to the couch but stopped when a pillow hit his back.

"Sleep with me."

"No."

"But it'll be cold."

"Sleep with your guitar."

"It won't talk with me. Please Tine."

*'Stupid heart.'*

Tine laid down, his arms over his chest while Sarawat sat up straight, his fingers sliding across the strings.

"How good are you?"

"I'm good." Sarawat replied, smiling at Tine.

"Show me."

Sarawat nodded and positioned his fingers along the neck before strumming the strings happily. Tine looked at Sarawat's hands, smiling as he recognized the tune.

Sarawat laid beside Tine, pretending to still play the guitar. Tine smiled as he watched Sarawat, trying to keep himself awake but his body disagreed.

"Tine."

"Hm?"

"Don't stop."

"Stop what?"

"Visiting."

Tine lifted his head to look at Sarawat but saw that he had fallen asleep. He sighed and laid his head back down, closing his eyes as he hugged the cover.

He fell asleep quickly but stirred awake by movement and warmth on his back. He didn't care and went back to sleep, snuggling back to the other. It was comfortable.

Tine woke up first, his head pounding a little, but not as badly as other times. He looked around and stopped when he saw Sarawat was shirtless, his face close to his.

*'We didn't sleep together, right?'* Tine checked his clothes to see everything was there. He sighed in relief and tried to get out of bed but Sarawat had an arm around him.

"Wat. Let go." Tine grumbled, trying to pry Sarawat's arm off.

Sarawat didn't respond and buried his face in Tine's neck.

"Stop that." Tine quickly said, putting his hand over Sarawat's mouth. "I have to go."

"Stay."

"I have classes."

"Skip one and get me medicine."

"Fine." Tine sighed and Sarawat loosened his grip around Tine's waist.

Tine closed his eyes before pushing Sarawat away.

"Get some sleep. I'll be back." Tine said when Sarawat tried to grab him again.

"You'll come back?"

"Yeah."

Tine sighed as he lowered the hood and walked to the drinks. He looked at the different bottles and scratched the back of his head in confusion.

*'What does he like?'* Tine thought and closed his eyes, extending his hand out.

"Oh, Sar- Tine." He looked to his right to see Pam.

"Hi." Tine awkwardly said and picked up the can he grabbed.

"Um... do you know where Sarawat is?" Pam asked, brushing her hair behind her ear.

"No." Tine lied and started walking away.

"Wait." He stopped and reluctantly turned around. "If you see him, can you tell him to talk with me."

"Sure but um... what for?"

"It's a bit embarrassing."

"Do... do you like him?"



The two stared at each other in silence before Pam sighed, nodding.

"I do. I know he used to like me but I wasn't ready before but now I am." Pam sadly said as she messed with her shirt.

"How do you know that he liked you?"

"Well he used to play the guitar a lot... and he would take me away to show me songs. He didn't do that with anyone else and the songs were a bit romantic."

Tine stopped listening when he thinks back to what he and Sarawat does. It was just them sitting beside each other, Sarawat mostly waking him up for his next class, and they had very few moments out of the library.

"He even showed me how to make paper stars."

"Do you know why he does that?"

"I don't know."

Tine nodded and clenched the can in his hand.

"I just want to tell him how I feel before I lose the chance to again."

"I'll tell him.."

Tine walked back, his head hung low as he recalled Pam's face. She was happy, in love, and probably had a better chance with Sarawat than him.

He unlocked the door with the key he took and opened it to see Sarawat still in bed, shirtless. He sighed and walked in quietly, closing the door behind him.

"Hey Patrick." Tine said as he walked to Sarawat. "Wake up." He said, shaking Sarawat a bit.

Sarawat groaned in response and turned away. Tine sighed and crouched down to whisper in Sarawat's ear.

"If you wake up, I'll let you grab my boobs." Tine whispered and leaned back just in time for Sarawat to turn to him.

"I'm up." Sarawat smiled and stretched his hand out.

Tine grabbed Sarawat's wrist and placed the bag in his hand.

"I have to go."

"What?"

"I have a class soon. I have a... quiz."

Sarawat pouted and lowered his hand, putting the bag on the floor.

"I'll be back later if you're not in the library- actually, don't go to the library, I'll come here."

"Okay." Sarawat didn't question it and closed his eyes. "Good luck."

"Thank you." Tine said and grabbed his shirt, noticing it was still wet. *'Damn.'* He looked over to Sarawat and inhaled deeply.

Tine walked to his class, his ears burning as he tried not to think about the shirt he was wearing. He asked Sarawat if it was okay and Sarawat nodded before going under the cover. Tine covered his eyes with his hand, biting his lower lip as he remembered waking up with Sarawat's face near his.

*'Damn it.'* He thought, pinching himself when he remembered the feeling of Sarawat's heavy breathing against his neck. He jerked his hand down, hitting it against the desk.

A classmate next to him stifled a laugh as Tine hunched over the desk, holding his hand. He closed his eyes in pain and in embarrassment.

*'He is just a friend... right?'*

Ohm noticed Tine's nervous behavior. He watched closely as Tine would occasionally touch his ear, covering his mouth but he could see when Tine's cheeks went up, and noticed the new sweater.

"Psst." Ohm whispered to Fong and Fong looked at Ohm. "Tine." He mouthed and Fong looked over, noticing that Tine was looking down while smiling.

So, Fong got Phuak's attention and the three watched Tine as he tried to stop himself from smiling. The three smiled and looked at the time, all guessing he was excited to go to the library.

At the end of class, Tine waited for his friends and they all walked together. The four walked towards the library, the three friends trying to contain their smiles.

"Tine." Phuak said.

"Hm?" Tine replied, looking at Phuak with a small smile.

"You've been sleeping well, huh?"

"Yeah." Tine chuckled and looked down.

"What is it?"

"Huh?"

"What is helping you sleep?"

*'I can't say him...'*

"I don't know?" Tine shrugged and the three nodded.

"Are you not going to the library?" Ohm asked as Tine walked past the library doors.

"Going to see Type." Tine lied and the three believed it.

"Tell him to come hang out with us soon."

"Will do." Tine smiled and the four continued their walk together.

The three friends went to the cafeteria after Tine left.

"Do you think they're dating?" Fong asked and the two looked at him. "Like we all have been there, Sarawat only looks at Tine. He barely talks to us too, he only talks to us if it's about Tine. Plus, Tine always goes to the library, all smiling, and giggly. Like there's no way nothing is happening."

"Hm. You are right. Maybe they are because Tine was blushing so much during class. He even smiles when you mention his name." Ohm added on.

"But Tine never liked a guy before." Phuak pointed out.

"Love is love, you should be able to love anyone if your heart knows what it wants. The switch from dating girls for a long time to crushing on a guy can be something hard to come to terms to. But that doesn't mean he can't like guys. He just has to accept the new feelings and move on with it." Fong said and the two nodded.

"Well think he knows that Sarawat likes him?"

"That boy is as dense as they come." Ohm said and this made them all sigh.

*'He likes Sarawat?'* They thought as they walked past the friends, biting their lower lip as they looked towards the library.

"Come on, Wat, I brought you food." Tine said as he removed the sweater.

"My head hurts." Sarawat said and Tine put the food down before walking to the bed.

"I know but come on, the food might help." Tine said and carefully sat Sarawat up. "Want to eat in bed?" Sarawat nodded and Tine smiled a bit before going for the food.

"Tine." Sarawat whined and Tine walked back.

"I'm here. Stop the whining you big baby."

"But my head really hurts." Sarawat whined more and Tine pressed his hand against Sarawat's forehead.

"You are kind of warm... now hotter. Are you running a fever?" Tine asked and looked down, seeing Sarawat looking up at him.

"Is it because of you?"

"I did nothing."

"You made me drink."

"You could have said no."

Sarawat looked down and pouted.

"You should head back, it'll take you a while to get back."

"I will... but I need to see you eat, drink water, take medicine, and sleep before I go."

"Huh? Why?"

"Because you took care of me once so I need to repay the favor."

"Then boobs."

"Pervert."

Sarawat didn't say anything else and took the medicine with some of Tine's help. Sarawat tried to keep Tine to stay but Tine had to go back to his classes. Sarawat frowned and hugged Tine closely but Tine assumed Sarawat wasn't thinking properly.

"If I let you grab my boobs, will you be happy until we meet again?"

"Mhm."

"Go ahead."

"Not lying?"

"Not lying but you need to sleep." Tine said and Sarawat nodded, moving both hands up.

"If you see Man or Boss, can you tell them to come over?" Sarawat asked as he cupped Tine's chest.

"Sure. Anything else." Tine asked, looking away so Sarawat wouldn't see him blushing.

"Was there anyone looking for me?"

"... I don't know. I didn't go to the library."

Sarawat nodded and smiled when he realized Tine was wearing his shirt.

"Don't forget to return my shirt."

"I won't."

"You should go now, text me when you get to class."

"I don't have your number."

### **Spongebob**

*I arrived to class*

*Go to sleep now*

### **Patrick Star**

*okay, pay attention in class*

*good night*

Tine smiled at the texts and put his phone away when the teacher entered the room. Tine placed his hand over his chest and felt his heart racing. He smiled to himself and looked down to hide his smile. That was enough for Tine to know that he did like Sarawat. However, his heart ached a bit when he thought of Pam confessing.

*'Everything will be okay.'*

Tine nodded and took a small deep breath. He focused in class like he should have, walking out with a few classmates to get lunch.

"Sarawat." Man said as he put the book down.

"Yeah?" Sarawat replied, not looking away from his food.

"You like Tine, don't you?"

"Yeah." He answered truthfully and without hesitation.

Silence.

"Wait. I-" He looked at his friends to see them smiling.

"I told you!" Man cheered while Boss groaned, taking his wallet out.

"Did you guys bet on me?" Sarawat asked, taken back a bit.

"Yeah. We have been watching you two for the past few months but nothing has happened. Was it a lie?" Man asked and Sarawat looked down at the food.

"Well.. I don't know if he likes me back." Sarawat mumbled.

"How can he not? You have such a good face plus he sleeps by you, even as friends I wouldn't do that everyday." Boss said and Man nodded in agreement.

"Hm true."

"Plus didn't you say you two slept together a few times?" Man asked.

"You even let him wear your clothes." Boss added.

"We don't sleep together in that way." Sarawat blushed, hiding his face in his hands. The two laughed at Sarawat's reaction and patted his back.

"Well, make sure to ask him out when the time is right." Boss said and Sarawat nodded.

"And if you need help to plan a confession, you got us and his friends and brother." Man smiled with a faint blush.

"His brother?"

"Yeah. Don't you remember the guy we found Tine with?"

"I remember him now." Sarawat said as he recalled the new face that he saw with Tine. The face that made him jealous at first but not anymore, the face just belongs to Tine's brother.

Sarawat let a small chuckle out and looked at his phone to see he had a new message.

During the next three days, everything went back to normal. Tine and Sarawat sat next to each other in the library, both folding papers while their elbows would accidentally brush against each other. Not many words were said but it was a comfortable silence for them both, a silence that no one interrupted.

Sarawat kept an eye on Tine when Tine took his usual naps, watching him closely. He only would lightly pat Tine's head or brush his hair back when he noticed that Tine was frowning. By the time Tine woke felt refreshed, and happy.

"See you tomorrow, Patrick Star." Tine said and stood up.

"See you, Spongebob." Sarawat replied and waved to Tine as he walked away.

The two smiled to themselves once they couldn't see each other, both trying to contain their happiness so they won't disturb the other students.

"Why are we here?" Fong asked as he, Phuak, Ohm, and Type sat on the floor while Tine paced around his room.

"I'm going to tell him tomorrow."

The four gasped loudly and quietly cheered so Tine's roommates won't complain. Tine looked down with a small blush and smiled, unable to contain his happiness.

"What are you going to do?" Ohm asked and Tine looked at a small cardboard in the corner.

"He's the one who gave me all the paper stars and showed me how to make them. So, I guess I'll give some paper stars that I made myself." Tine said and the four nodded.

"That's a sweet idea." Fong said.

"How come you never thought of this with the girls you dated before?" Phuak asked and everyone stared at him.

"I... I don't know." Tine mumbled and Fong elbowed Phuak in the side.

"Do you need help?" Type asked and Tine shook his head.

"Well... are you guys really sure he likes me?" Tine asked as he sat on his bed. The four have talked to him about Sarawat, hinting about Sarawat liking him, but Tine was still unsure if he should believe it or not.

"He literally fucks you with his eyes." Ohm groaned and Tine blushed heavily. "Wait. I mean- he just looks at you no matter who else is there. He even checks on you when you're asleep, patting your head as well."

"Is he the reason you sleep easily?" Phuak asked and Tine nodded.

"I was right. He seems like a nice guy honestly." Fong said and the three nodded, making Tine's smile grow.

"Tine." Type said and stood up.

"Yeah?"

"Can we talk for a bit... in private?"

"Oh. Okay." Tine glanced at his friends and they shrugged.

The two brothers walked out onto the balcony, Type closing the door so the three friends won't hear.

"What do you want to talk about?" Tine asked, holding his breath as Type looked at him.

"Do you understand how you feel about him? You never felt like this about a guy before so are you sure you understand what you feel?"

"At first I just thought we were friends and put the idea away but I found spending time with him relaxing. I slowly grew to like him and I spent a lot of time with him to see that there is a chance. You even heard them say that he would only look at me... and well... his friends said he never let anyone sleep over."

"And how does that information make you feel?"

"It makes me feel happy and... warm inside. Like I'm happy that someone cares about me but I feel warm when I remember waking up to see his face. Thinking about him makes me excited to see him. It is the same feeling I felt when I dated others."

Type nodded and grabbed Tine's hand, pulling him into a hug.

"Good luck." Tine smiled and hugged his brother back, the two hugging each other tightly.

"Thank you."

The four left after an hour of teasing Tine but also helped him on how to present his gift. He smiled as he walked to the corner, opening the card box to see a few paper stars.

"Have thirty now so just seventy more." Tine said and went to his desk, a faint blush on his cheeks.

He looked down and closed his eyes tightly, containing his excitement before going back to the corner. He set the pillow, pencil, scissors, paper, thin strips of colored paper, and tape down.

***Dear Patrick Star,***

Tine rubbed his eyes as he walked to his class, his thumb sore from last night. He looked down at his book bag and smiled to himself, a faint blush on his face.

**Spongebob**

*Will you be at the library today?*

**Patrick Star**

*Always.*

*Why?*



## **Spongebob**

*Just checking because I'm really tired and need my alarm there*

## **Patrick Star**

*Okay*

Tine smiled at the message and walked into his class, his three friends smiling excitedly at him. Tine smiled back at his friends and walked up the stairs, unable to contain his smile.

A few students aww at Tine's bright smile, a few smiling as well. Tine sat down, his ears bright red as his friend began hyping him up for after class.

Tine tried to follow along with his teacher but his mind wandered on, making him smile. A smile that his friends couldn't resist and smiled as well, it was a rare smile of Tine's.

By the time class ended, Tine rushed to pack his bag, but was careful as he did. His friends held Tine back, giving him last minute tips, and fixing his hair and clothes.

"You got this?" Ohm said and lightly squeezed Tine's shoulder.

"Take a deep breath, hold it... and let it out slowly" Fong said, all four taking a deep breath together.

"Do you want us to stay nearby?" Phuak asked and Tine bit the inside of his cheek before nodding. "Good luck, Tine."

The four hugged and Ohm tried to pat Tine's head but Tine moved his head away.

"Guess head patting is for *him* only." Ohm giggled and Tine rolled his eyes jokingly, letting his friends go.

The four walked to the library and Tine nervously walked through the doors, looking back to see his friends smiling at him. Tine took a deep breath with Fong and turned around going to the stairs.

***I wonder what would have happened if I didn't choose a spot upstairs. Would we have met still? But I don't want to wonder because I am with you now.***

Tine walked up the stairs, looking up as his smile grew. He slid his hand up the rail, his palms becoming sweaty from nerves.

***My bad sleep schedule is the reason we met but after we met, it was to sleep again. You being beside me whenever I was asleep comforted me a lot. I was happy to wake up to see your smile, feeling your hand in my hair, waking up to see you made my heart run a mile.***

He walked to their spot and unzipped his book bag to pull out his gift.

***Turning the corner each day and saying Hi Patrick Star is one of my favorite parts of the day.***

"Sarawat." He stopped at the corner and slowly peeked over. "I like you."

*'What?'*

"I really do like you. I'm sorry that it took me so long to realize it but I really do like you."

"..." Tine looked at Sarawat to see him looking at Pam.

"I want to experience you singing for me during our lunch period,

*He remembered Sarawat sitting beside him, strumming the strings while singing with a small slur- he was drunk He probably wasn't thinking correctly.*

I want to experience you giving me paper stars everyday,

*He remembered Sarawat sliding paper stars to him before pointing at a line on Tine's notebook for him to define or explain to Sarawat.*

Sarawat, I like you... can we go out?"

Tine hugged his book bag closely to his chest as he listened for Sarawat's answer. But he blanked out, remembering when the two sat on Sarawat's bed while Sarawat was air guitaring.

*"Do you like someone?"*

*"Yeah." He smiled, looking down with a small blush, "But they haven't noticed." He added before looking at Tine.*

"Pam..." Tine peeked over the corner because he couldn't hear Sarawat.

"I love you."

Tine stared at the two with wide eyes as he watched them, clenching his book bag. It felt like time froze just to mock him about his dreams, his hopes, his feelings.

He dropped his book bag as he stepped back, wishing that his eyes were deceiving him.

"Mm!" Pam pulled away and turned her head away while Sarawat looked at him.

Sarawat opened his mouth to speak but Tine rushed off before he could hear anything. He felt his chest aching, his throat tightening, his vision blurring from tears, his hands tightening around his gift.

He was a fool.

Tine walked out of the library, his head spinning from the adrenaline and lack of oxygen he was taking in.

*Whenever I have to leave the library, I always feel a bit upset because I have to wait a whole day to see you again. But I hope with this, it can change from waiting a whole day to a few hours to none because I want to spend more time with you. I don't care how, like whether it is in the library, walking each other to our classes, waiting for each other after class, walking each other home, hanging out or like a date or spending a night with you again. I want to be with you.*

*i like you.*

**- Spongebob**

"Tine?" He heard them and continued walking, his breathing becoming ragged and shaky.

"Tine." He was turned around to see his face, panting softly. "Tine, listen to me-"

"I don't care." Tine said and shoved Sarawat back. "Leave me alone." He whimpered as tears threatened to spill.

The two stared at each other, Tine's head spinning and pounding as he tried to focus on anything else but Sarawat. Sarawat reached out to grab Tine but Tine reacted by smacking Sarawat's hand away.

"Tine!" His friends called out as they were running to catch up.

"Please just leave me alone." Tine breathlessly said, taking in sharp breaths.

"Tine, calm down." Sarawat said and Tine clenched the gift in his hand, feeling a few stars flatten.

He felt his heart break as he remembered the two hugging, kissing- neither breaking away until he walked in.

"I'm sorry." Tine said and looked down. "I'm sorry."

Sarawat stood frozen as he watched Tine, struggling to process everything that had happened. He snapped out of it and reached to help Tine but got his hands filled with something else.

"I'm sorry for liking you."

Tine hugged himself tightly along his walk, he was able to lose his friends and Sarawat. He was able to get away, alone with his own thoughts.

*"He only looks at you."*

Shut up.

*"It makes me feel happy... and warm inside."*

Tine stopped in his footsteps as he remembered all the words he said to Type.

*'I was such an idiot to think that even with a guy, that I could be happy.'* He thought to himself, removing the sweater he was wearing. *'Why does everyone I like leave?'*

Tine crouched down, hugging the sweater tightly.

*'Please come back.'*

"Hello?" Type answered his phone, excusing himself from his coworkers.

"Have you seen Tine?" Man asked quickly and Type frowned a bit.

"No. Did something happened-" Tine stopped when he remembered what Type was doing today. "Where was the last place you guys saw him?"

"Um. They said he entered a store but he snuck out."

Type put his sweater on, ignoring his coworkers.

"Where is the s- Wait." Type moved his phone to see Tine's name. "He's calling me."

Type answered Tine's call, holding his breath.

"Type.. am I an idiot? His first love asked him out before I could. Was I too slow? Should I have just given up on any fear and asked him the day before?"

"Tine, where are you?"

"Sitting." Type heard faint music and chatter. "It's where you go after work sometimes."

"Can you stay there?"

"Okay." Type started running, keeping his phone to his ear in case Tine spoke.

"Type... it hurts. It hurts in my chest... and it's cold."

"Wear your sweater."

"It's his."

"I'll give you mine."

"Type."

"Yes?"

"... I hate being in love."

Type hung up once he reached the bar, panting heavily. He looked around and noticed Tine, his face flushed red- he was drunk.

Type slowly walked over and sat down beside Tine, putting his jacket around him.

"Tine."

"Type."

The two looked at each other and Type frowned, seeing that Tine was holding back on crying. He sighed and hugged Tine but Tine tried to get away.

"I'm okay. You don't need to hug me." Tine said, his voice shaking a bit. "I'm okay." He cried and stopped resisting. "I'm okay."

Type leaned back so Tine can hide his face, rubbing his back while Tine repeated the same two words.

"Let's go."

"I don't want to see him."

"I know."

The two sat on the sidewalk, Tine crying his heart out while Type could only hug him. The two were each other's comfort due to their parents living far from them. They only had each other. Tine could only rely on his brother for comfort at time like this. He just needed comfort and Type's tight hugs were enough.

Type left work early that day and took Tine to his own place, away from the school. Tine laid in Type's bed immediately, curling himself underneath the cover while Type went to prepare a bath and dinner.

**Type**

*he is going to stay at my place*

*don't come by.*

**Man**

*okay.*

*sorry*

**Type**

*tell his friends not to bring up anything about sarawat and tell sarawat to give tine space.*

**Man**

*okay.*

Type sighed and cupped his face in his hands before brushing his hair back. He was frustrated because he hyped Tine up to get his heartbroken, for him to get drunk, for him to regret his own actions.

"Type." He turned around to see Tine, hugging the sweater closely to his chest, his nose, eyes, cheeks were all red.

"Yes?"

"I... um... is the bath ready?"

"Mhm."

Tine nodded and went back into Type's room to get clothes. Type watched Tine walk himself to the bathroom, his head hung low while he dragged his feet across the floor.

In the bathtub, Tine hugged his knees and buried his face in between them. He let a few tears slip before it grew into more and more then into full out sobs.

Type stood out by the door, trying to stop himself from intervening because he knew Tine would shut himself in completely. Type couldn't lose the amount of trust Tine had for him, not during a time like this.

Tine would hide any type of sadness from others, he didn't want to worry people, but sometimes, he would bottle his emotions too much. That when something big happens, Tine can't stop all of his worries, stress, sadness, and overthinking from coming out with his tears. Tine was left to experience everything he bottled in.

Tine hugged his knees closer as he remembered the library. He whined softly as he remembered them hugging, Pam holding his face.

*Stop.*

He tasted blood as he remembered the two kissing, Sarawat's hands on her arms. He let his lower lip go to let another sob out, he held onto the bathtub sides.

"Damnit." He cried as he brushed his hand through his hair.

*He looked up to see Sarawat running his hand through his hair, a small smile on his face.*

*"You still have time, go back to sleep. Don't worry?" He softly said.*

Tine hit the side of the tub with his fist as he leaned back, his hands going to cover his face. He was frustrated, jealous, upset, heartbroken, confused. He cried against his hands, unable to stop his tears as he cried his name.

It was 2 AM and Tine still couldn't sleep. No matter the amount of turning and twisting, nothing could help him. He sat up and reached over to his phone, he had unread text messages from his friends and him.

**Patrick Star**

*Can I call you?*

*It's urgent*

*Let me explain myself*

*Tine, please.*

*I'll wait..*

*Please text me that you're...*

*I heard you're with Type...*

*Whenever you're ready...*

Tine swiped the notifications away and went to his music, grabbing his earbuds from the sweater pocket. He leaned back against the wall, his head tilted back in a way to stop his tears.

'Sarawat.' He took a shaky breath in and closed his eyes, focusing on the lyrics.

He was able to fall asleep while sitting up, getting a total of 4 hours of sleep.

Tine walked up to his usual spot, his friends watching him closely. Ohm stopped by to give Tine his book bag and went back to school with him. Nobody said a word when Tine laid his head on the desk, an old position they grew familiar to. The same position that started everything.

For the next week, Tine would sleep through the class each day. His friends would take notes for Tine, stay with him in the cafeteria while he copied them, and try to help him sleep but he would jerk himself awake or find it hard to. The three friends even worked with Man and Boss to keep Sarawat away, all anxious that Tine would get away like last time if he were to see Sarawat.

Regardless of all their efforts, Tine was visibly showing the effects of the event. He had eye bags from him struggling to sleep, something that he was able to fix during his time with Sarawat, but without him, Tine couldn't find any comfort. He ignored the library completely, it was a place that he avoided by walking the long way to his classes or cafeteria. Tine's

attention span suffered as well because Tine would blank out during class, remembering the time he spent with Sarawat.

"Tine." He blinked a few times before looking up at Fong.

"Mhm?"

"Can we go to the... library?"

"..."

"It's because the cafeteria is too loud. We even asked Boss and Man to keep him away, he won't be there."

"Okay."

"We'll leave whenever you want."

"It's fine. Lets just go." Tine mumbled and stood up, walking ahead of the group. The three followed, all looking at each other and at Tine.

In the library, the four sat at a table on the first floor, secluded from other students. Tine quietly copied the notes while the three explained them to him. It was like any other day until someone walked over.

"Tine." They all looked over to see her staring at him.

"Can you leave us alone." Phuak said but she ignored him, walking closer to the table.

"Tine, listen to me." Pam said but Tine ignored her, putting his earbuds in. "I'm serious."

"And so are we. Leave him alone." Fong said and stood up to take Pam away.

"We are-"

"Pam. Just leave him alone." The three stared at Sarawat as he walked over, Boss and Man behind him.

"But-"

"Leave him alone. You trying to force him to listen will only make him ignore you more. Just go." Sarawat said and Pam clenched her fist.

"No. Tine-"

"You're giving me a headache." Tine interrupted Pam and closed his notebook. "And you're probably disturbing the others."



Pam took a deep breath in to calm herself down but only found herself getting irritated by looking at Tine's face. She huffed a bit loudly before storming off, leaving the rest to look between Sarawat and Tine.

"We can go now." Tine said and stood up, putting his notebook away.

Man, Boss, and Sarawat all stepped to the side, letting the four walk by. Sarawat kept his eyes down as Tine walked by, almost closing them.

"Sarawat." They all looked at Tine to see him looking forward. "... I'll listen." He said and turned to Sarawat. "But alone."

The rest saw this as their cue to leave and they did, leaving Sarawat and Tine alone.

"Do you want to talk here or...?"

"We can go upstairs. It's more private." Tine said and started walking to the stairs.

"Okay." Sarawat quietly said and walked behind Tine with his head hung low.

The two sat across from each other. Sarawat looked down at the table while Tine looked at the books surrounding them. Sarawat closed his eyes and let a deep sigh out before looking at Tine.

The two looked at each other and they both felt a sting in their chest. Tine felt a sting from the heartbreak while Sarawat felt a sting from the state of Tine. He wanted to reach out to pat his head but knew he couldn't.

"I'm sorry..." Sarawat started and Tine tensed up. "I'm sorry that I was slow at speaking back then. I couldn't get the words out because I was in shock... I wanted to say so much but... I couldn't get them out."

"Then get them out now. I'll listen to them this time." Tine said and Sarawat nodded.

"I don't like her. She isn't the person I like, she isn't the person I want to hug, she isn't the one I want to kiss... I don't want to do it without anyone else but you. I like you, you are the person I like, but I thought you would never notice. I read your note-"

"Sarawat." Tine interrupted and looked at Sarawat to see his wide eyes. Sarawat was rushing to get his feelings out, to get out what he wanted to say back then.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry, go on. I'll speak afterwards." Tine said and Sarawat nodded, taking a deep breath to calm himself.

"I read your note and I was wrong... you did notice. I wanted to ask but I couldn't think of the right time of when to. I was nervous of asking and Pam surprised me by her confession

and kiss. On that day, I couldn't get anything that I wanted out. It was stuck. I'm sorry. But this isn't out of pity or anything like that, it's out of love, and I'm serious. I really do like you, Tine... and I'll respect however you feel now."

Sarawat finished and Tine nodded, taking a deep breath.

"I like you too, Sarawat... but I can't easily let go of everything from the past week. I just want some more time to move on from them..." Tine said and Sarawat quickly nodded. "My feeling for you won't change but I just need time..."

"Take as long as you need. There's no need to rush, okay?"

"Okay." Tine nodded and let shaky breath out. "Can we keep some distance?"

"Like this?"

"Like this."

"Of course."

Tine nodded and looked down, his hands trembling. He slowly moved his hands up to his face, trying to think of anything to stop his tears.

"May I pat your head?"

"Mhm."

Sarawat slowly extended his hand out and lightly patted Tine's head. Tine quickly let go of any restraints and started crying, startling Sarawat. Sarawat stopped moving and watched Tine's shoulders tremble along with small sniffles.

"T-Tine." Sarawat finally spoke up and stood up, going over to Tine's side. "What's wrong?"

Tine shook his head, wiping his cheeks, but Sarawat stopped him, crouching down. The two looked at each other and Sarawat reached up but stopped, not wanting to overstep his boundaries.

"It's okay." Tine softly said and closed his eyes as he felt Sarawat's thumb on his cheek.

It was awkward at first, it's been so long since either made any contact with each other. Yet it felt so comforting, so refreshing, to touch or to be touched by the other. It was a feeling that both were yearning for during their time apart.

Sarawat cupped Tine's cheek and Tine opened his eyes, looking at Sarawat with blurry vision. The two stared at each other in silence, neither of them moved, or showed signs of discomfort.

"I'm sorry." Tine whispered, feeling that if he spoke any louder, he would cry again. "I should have listened to you earlier but I couldn't bring myself to ignore everything I felt. I was jealous, angry, hurt, shocked, confused... heartbroken. I am sorry for being an idiot."

"You are never an idiot. Those feelings are natural reactions to what happened. I'm sorry for never putting my foot down for Pam, I'm sorry for hurting you."

Tine sniffed and wiped his nose with his shirt, looking down. Sarawat ruffled his hair and stood up, dropping his hand from Tine's head.

"I'll be here, waiting until you're ready. Don't rush yourself and take your time, put yourself first." Sarawat said and went back to his seat.

"Can I take a nap?"

"I'll wake you up before your next class."

"Thanks." Tine smiled a bit and Sarawat smiled back.

Tine put his head down on the table, he didn't want to look at Sarawat. As much as he was happy to know their feelings are there, he couldn't stop thinking of Pam and Sarawat. He couldn't let the painful memory go.

**Sarawat**

*He's okay*

*He's asleep*

**Type**

*don't make him late for his class*

**Boss**

*we'll be at the cafeteria*

**Ohm**

*take care of him for now*

**Sarawat**

*Of course.*

Sarawat turned off his phone and looked at Tine, smiling as he laid his head down. He lightly brushed his fingers through Tine's hair, happy to see Tine in front of him once again. He closed his eyes and left his hand in Tine's hair as he dozed off as well.

The hour the two spent asleep was enough to make them feel happy again after a week of hurting and longing. Tine refused to wake up at first until Sarawat had to stand him up. Sarawat also walked Tine to his next class, fixing Tine's hair before leaving Tine at his classroom door. With their backs to each other, they smiled hugely, happy to know that they would be able to see each other again the next day for sure.

Two weeks passed since the two started to fix their friendship, two weeks of Tine greeting Sarawat as Sarawat, and sitting across from Sarawat. Two weeks of Sarawat watching Tine sleep and covering his face whenever any sun rays peeped into their spot. Sarawat would still pet Tine's head whenever Tine was asleep and sometimes, Tine would pretend to be asleep so Sarawat would pat his head. It was two weeks of their friends listening to them talk about the other, no one rushing them to make it official, but they got teased a lot.

Sarawat heard Tine walking over so he pushed the chair across him out. He turned himself around to greet Tine, smiling at Tine.

"Hi Patrick Star." Sarawat's smile grew larger when he heard the familiar nickname, a nickname that brought him so much joy. A nickname that Tine was using again.

"Hi Spongebob." Sarawat replied and Tine walked over, sitting down in the chair.

The chair *beside* Sarawat.

"Going to take a nap?" Sarawat asked and Tine shook his head.

"Want to make paper stars with you." Tine said and took a deep breath. "I like you Sarawat." He said and Sarawat gulped, he was not expecting the confession.

"And I like you too, Tine." Sarawat replied and the two broke out into big smiles, smiling brightly at each other.

Time passed on and the two were sitting closer to each other, their elbows touching as they focused on the paper stripes in between their fingers. Both were silent while they made the paper stars, sharing Tine's headphones as they listened to music together.

"Did you read my note?" Tine asked.

"I framed it."

"You're lying." Tine quickly said, pausing the music.

"Nu ugh. It is on my nightstand along with the cardboard Patrick Star and Spongebob that you made." Sarawat smiled and looked over to Tine to see him blushing.

"Please tell me you're lying." Tine whined, covering his face with Sarawat's sweater sleeve.

"I will never lie to you." Sarawat chuckled and patted Tine's head. Tine only laid his head on the table in embarrassment while Sarawat continued making paper stars, putting them around Tine.

**Three months later**

The two walked to Sarawat's place, hand in hand, hands tucked in Tine's hoodie pocket. He had to wash Sarawat's sweater so he wore one of his own hoodies. The two walked in comfortable silence, listening to Scrubb through Sarawat's airpods. Tine looked at Sarawat and smiled at him, happy that his heart was finally able to find its other half. Happy that he was able to call the person next to him his *boyfriend*. Excited because the person next to him turned from being a weird stranger to being the brightest star in his life.

"If you keep looking at me, you'll bump into a pole." Sarawat said and glanced over to Tine.

"You won't let me." Tine replied and Sarawat sighed, pulling Tine closer.

"You're right. Your face is too handsome to be red from a pole. Honestly, I should be the only reason that your face becomes red."

"Sorry but alcohol is a spot above you." Tine said and let Sarawat's hand go to rush ahead.

"Not for long." Sarawat said and rushed after Tine, both laughing during Sarawat's chase.

The two stumbled into Sarawat's room, both out of breath from running, but relieved because they could now lay down. Tine dragged his feet to the bed and flopped down, back first so he could look up at the ceiling. Sarawat invited Tine over a month back to help clean his room but in reality, it was to help Sarawat decorate it. The two made paper stars and Sarawat forced Tine to help him hang them from the ceiling. So, now when Tine would look up to the paper stars, he would smile because it was a mix of his own and Sarawat's.

"Tine."

"What?"

"How the hell can you run for so long?" Sarawat asked and removed his sweater, tossing it onto the bed before flopping down beside Tine.

"I used to cheer. You?"

"Soccer." Sarawat replied and lifted Tine's hoodie a bit. "Take your hoodie off, it's hot."

Tine sat up and removed his hoodie, tossing it to the side before Sarawat pulled him back down. Tine blushed faintly when he looked at Sarawat because of how close their faces were. Just a few centimeters apart, both panting so they could feel each other's breathing.

"Why did you let me call you Patrick Star?" Tine asked and Sarawat quickly smiled.

"Because it would give you a reason to see me."

"Okay so why didn't let others guess your name?"

"Because I only wanted you to call me by a nickname plus they might think I'm weird."

"You are weird... you keep trying to grab some non existent boobs of mine- Actually, what's up with you and grabbing my boobs?"

"I thought they were non existent."

"Just answer the question." Tine huffed and lightly hit Sarawat's arm which just made Sarawat laugh.

"They seem cute."

"Pervert."

"What about you? You told me to remove my shirt one time in a public area."

"I... um... your shirt was wet! If you stayed in it for too long, you would have gotten sick! And- And- I didn't think about that... I was too worried about you to remember where we were. But you got all touchy in the bathroom!" Tine said loudly, defensive of his previous actions.

"Mm. I'm sorry for overstepping my boundaries before, I won't do that."

"... just don't act like that in public places." Tine mumbled and turned his head away, both his ears and cheeks were red.

"My room isn't a public place." Sarawat smiled and leaned over to Tine, holding him in place when Tine tried to roll away. "Is now a bad time?"

"No."

Sarawat used his free hand to brush Tine's hair to the side, kissing his forehead. Tine looked at Sarawat and smiled a bit, his face getting redder.. Sarawat chuckled softly and nosed Tine's cheek before quickly kissing his cheek.

"You're not a big pervert like I thought."

Sarawat rolled his eyes and continued littering Tine's face in kisses, something Sarawat has been wanting to do since the first time he saw Tine asleep. Tine giggled and laughed during the whole time, squirming at times because Sarawat would tickle his sides.

"Stop!" Tine laughed and tried to push Sarawat's hand away. "I ca-can't!" He wheezed but Sarawat didn't stop.

"You're so adorable." Sarawat pulled his hand away and Tine quickly moved away, panting softly with a few giggles slipping. Sarawat fondly looked at Tine and looked down, smiling to himself. *'He is mine.'*

Sarawat crawled over to Tine and Tine covered his stomach and chest, glaring at Sarawat.

"If you keep looking at me like that, I'll kiss you until you drop." Sarawat said and cupped one of Tine's cheeks. Sarawat leaned down slowly, listening closely for any unhappy noises from Tine, but Tine stayed silent. A bit worried, Sarawat looked at Tine's eyes to see him looking down, looking down at Sarawat's lips.

He was all good so he leaned down more, closing his eyes just as his lips were a centimeter or two above Tine's.

"Sarawat." He pushed himself away from Tine quickly, both of their faces bright red and their hearts racing. "You should lock your door."

"What are you doing here?" Sarawat asked and sat up, glaring at his brother, Phukong.

"I can't come and visit my lovely brother?"

"No. Now get out."

"No thanks. I don't want to come back to smell of sweat and sex." Phukong said and walked to the couch. smiling at Sarawat.

"I hate you." Sarawat mouthed to Phukong and Phukong placed his hand over his heart.

"Love you too." Phukong mouthed back and looked at Tine. Tine sat up with his hair going in a few directions, a blush dusting across his cheeks, hugging Sarawat's sweater.

*'Oooh~ he has a cute one.'* Phukong thought as he watched Tine, chuckling a bit.

"Why are you here for real?" Sarawat asked and Phukong looked away from Tine.

"Mom told me to stay with you while they fix the plumbing." Phukong said and laid down across the couch. He looked over and noticed the soccer ball, sitting back up. "Wat."

"What?" Sarawat asked and sat up,

"Can we play soccer?" Phukong asked as he pointed at the dirty soccer ball.

"I guess... I can invite some friends to join us."

"Oh wow, you have friends."

"Phukong." Sarawat warned and Phukong sat up with his hands up.

"I'm sorry, I meant Oh wow, you have a *boyfriend*."

Neither of the two said anything, their faces turning bright red which only made Phukong burst out into laughter. His laughing fit was cut short when a pillow hit him straight in the face.

"Get out!"

"I'll go if you give me money to eat." Phukong smiled as he lowered the pillow.

“Hurry up and go.” Sarawat grumbled as he held a few bills out.

“Please refrain from doing anything on the couch, I’m sleeping there.” Phukong said after he took the money, rushing to the door as Sarawat grabbed another pillow.

Once Phukong was gone, Sarawat hurried to lock the door. When he turned around, he saw Tine laying down with a big smile on his face.

“What is it?” Sarawat asked as he walked over, laying beside Tine.

“I’m happy that I am your boyfriend.” Tine said and wrapped Sarawat’s arm around him, grabbing his free hand.

“I’m happy as well.” Sarawat smiled and kissed Tine’s cheek.

By the time Phukong returned, he crossed his fingers that he wasn’t going to walk into anything. So, when he unlocked and opened the door, he immediately covered his eyes. He heard no reaction. He lowered his hand to see the two laying in bed, cuddling with their arms around each other, and Sarawat’s hand in the back of Tine’s hair.

Phukong smiled at the sight of the two and snapped a few photos of them both to send to Sarawat and possibly their friends. After all, Phukong met up with the couple’s friends when he realized that Sarawat purposely let him leave without a key to get back in.

Phukong left the two alone and went to his spot on the couch, turning his back to the two. He smiled at the thought of his brother being happy with another person- all of their friends were happy for the two because after months of spending time together, they were finally together.



## End Notes

Thank you for reading and hope that you enjoyed it!

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