and yet, you're the only one

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/34309435.

Rating: Not Rated

Archive Warning: <u>Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</u>

Category: <u>M/M</u>

Characters: <u>Sarawat Guntithanon, Tine Teepakorn Aekaranwong, Man (2gether: The</u>

Series), Boss (2gether: The Series)

Additional Tags: <u>Alternate Universe - High School, Love Confessions, Introspection,</u>

Jealousy, Mutual Pining, Kinda

Language: English

Stats: Published: 2021-10-25 Words: 3,774 Chapters: 1/1

and yet, you're the only one

by kaytouche (iw4zumi)

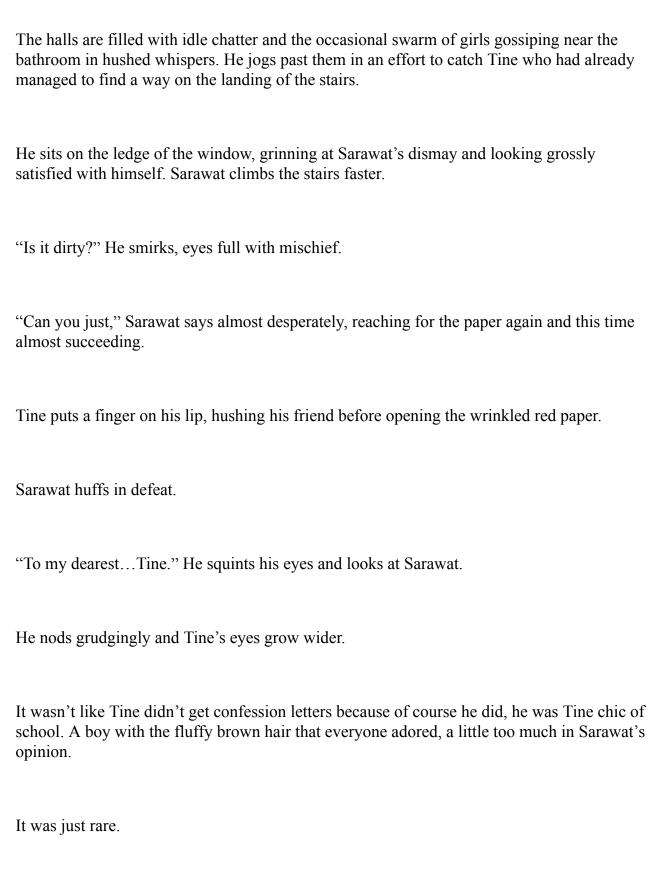
Summary

	Sarawat had read one line over and over again.
	You smell of pines.
	It's something tantalizing about the way he looks. The way he clutches the note tighter the more he reads, the unusual hint of red hues spotting his cheeks, and the corner of his lips curving upward.
	It almost makes Sarawat sick.
	or
	The high school love confession au that everyone needs.
Note	es
	mentions of drinking, not detailed! promises

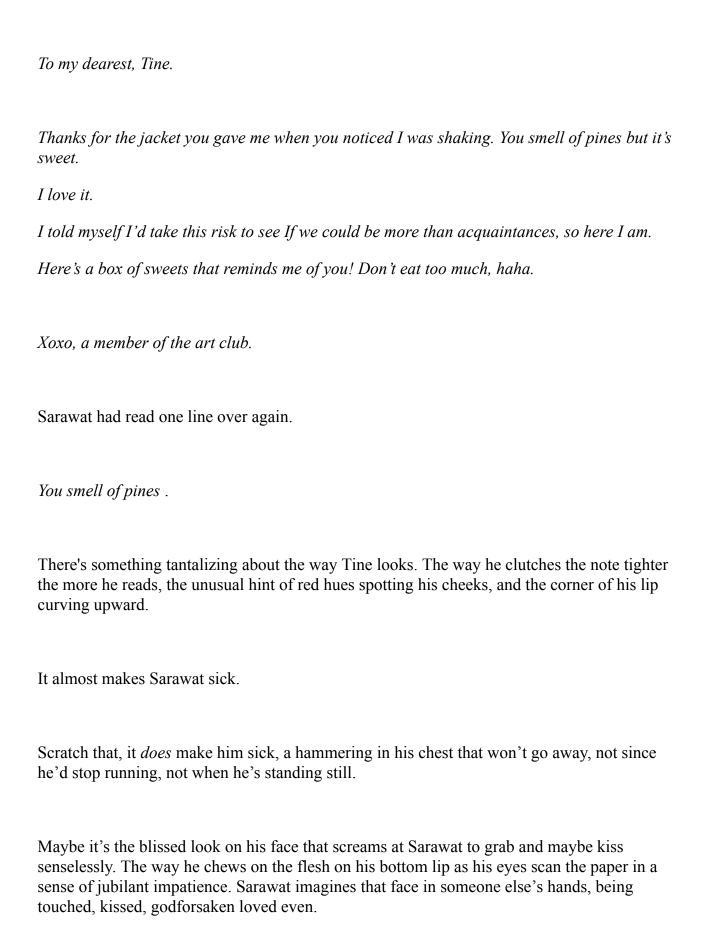
See the end of the work for more <u>notes</u>

The red box.
The red square box, adorned with pink hearts, white stripes, and cute little words written in cursive.
Love.
Dearest.
Mine.
Mine.
If that doesn't scream confession Sarawat doesn't know what does.
He takes note of the disgustingly sweet chocolates and pink snacks inside and a letter attached to the top. The handwriting is not too neat either but he admits it's neater than his own.
Someone calls his name from across the hall. Sarawat, still half glaring at the box in his hand while simultaneously reading the paper inked in red, doesn't notice the boy come behind him until it's snatched away.
"Another confession?" Tine asks, amused. "Don't you get one of these, like, every other class?" Even while that's horribly true, Sarawat doesn't relent. Maybe had he been less suspicious Tine would've brushed it off. No, definitely not. He's too nosy.

He reaches for the offending paper but Tine and his grossly long arms push him away and takes off with a small laugh.



Tine holds up the paper to the ceiling akin to inspecting a fake bill, face scrunched up. Once he notes that it indeed *is* for him and not another ploy from The Sarawat's Wife chat he opens the folded paper.



A component of sentiment and a lasp of inertia halts Sarawat from shredding the note and taking away the love sick look in Tine's eyes. He wants nothing more than to know who the girl is and why she thought confessing her love to Tine over a jacket would be a reasonable 'thank you'. It's stupid. Who does that? No one with their head screwed on right, that's for sure. Tine clears his throat again and stuffs the already crinkled paper in his back pocket. He loosens the tie of his uniform and looks down at his shoes. Sarawat might have imagined it as they walked back to the locker. Tine devoids the whole love letter fiasco and babbles about his failing math grade, how he got the cutie from calculus to give him extra help after school, and how Fong got his finger stuck in a jar during lunch. Even ignores why Sarawat was snooping around in his—well, their things since they did share a locker voluntarily. Tine takes the red box home that night and something ugly swells in Sarawat's chest. *** There's another letter in their locker the next day and it's even sappier. It falls out of one of his textbooks, this time accommodated with a small plastic bag. Thankfully, there was no array of chocolates and flowers or anything like that. Sarawat also got one. Sarawat, You are very handsome! Please never get a girlfriend or I will be so sad and cry!!

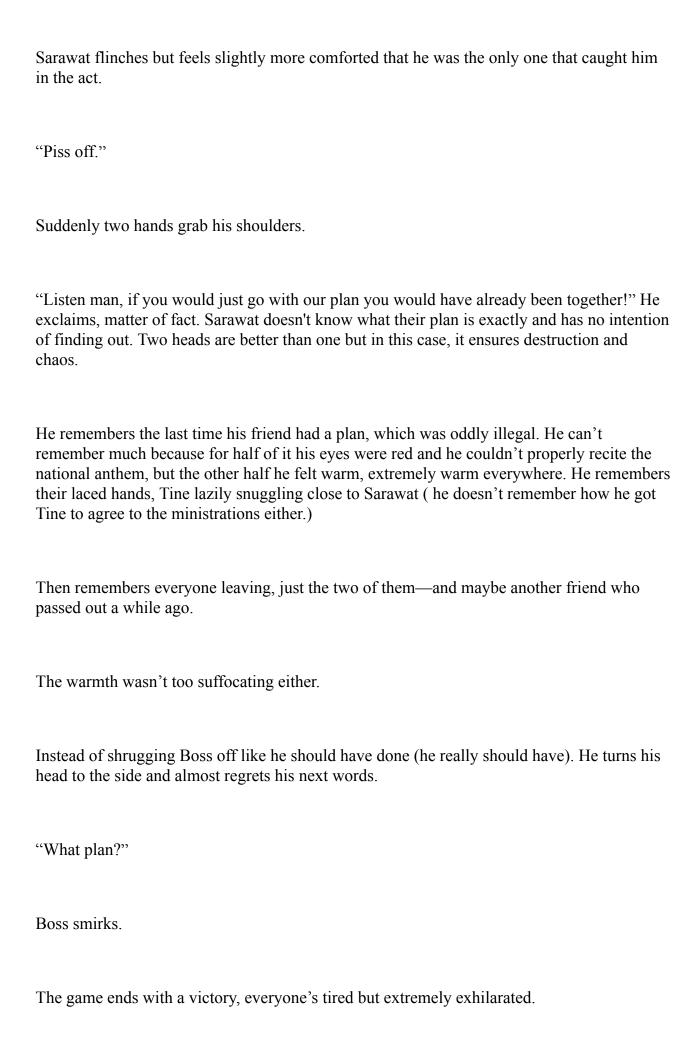
lots of love, Tov.

Sarawat sighs and crumbles the paper.
"And here I thought you liked being threatened by ten girls a day," Tine snorts. The act tickles the side of Sarawat's neck as he leans over his shoulder to inspect the now ball of paper.
"Ai'Wat," he scolds and grabs the paper, trying his best to straighten it out again. "What if she's watching?" Tine asks.
A warm chest presses against his back and he scuffs, rummaging through their disorganized locker to stop his brain from emphasizing the causal action.
"So, what about yesterday?" Sarawat inquires instead.
Tine steps back and leans on the locker beside them. "What about yesterday?"
"You know the whole 'Tine you saved me from freezing to death at school and, oh yeah here's a box of cavities," Sarawat states monotonously.
He looks a bit taken back but hides it with a smile. "You get those all the time?"
Sarawat squints.
"Remember last week when that girl from the medical faculty gave you all that random supplies and shit? <i>Oh, Sarawat I hope you never get sick, here's a bottle of antibiotics and vitamins for the fall season.</i> " The octave of his voice rises the more he goes on.
Sarawat clears his throat and shuts the locker with more force than intended "Right. Anyways, who did you give your jacket to?"



Tine squints his eyes and looks between the two, Sarawat who stares vigorously at the apple, and Man, who stares vigorously at Sarawat like some helpless communication between the two (three?).
Tine looks at Sarawat again and sighs, plucking the apple out of his hand. "I'm heading to class."

Sarawat rocks the ball aimlessly between his heel and the grass.
The game doesn't start for another hour but he still feels tense. Maybe it's the field that gives him anxiety. It's nearly empty, save for the cheerleaders practicing and occasional people in the stands socializing loudly.
He mainly focuses on the cheerleaders.
Mainly on the cheer captain.
Tine smiles happily next to Green, clipboard in hand. His white shirt sticks obscenely to his body, molding out his biceps and chest quite perfectly. Sarawat watches the muscles in their supple movements, flexing in the sun as they go over a routine for the umpteenth time. He licks his lips. It's out of habit he has to reassure himself the more parched his mouth becomes.
There's no lie that Tine doesn't look extremely good.
"I feel like you're seconds away from taking out a camera," Boss says out of fucking nowhere.



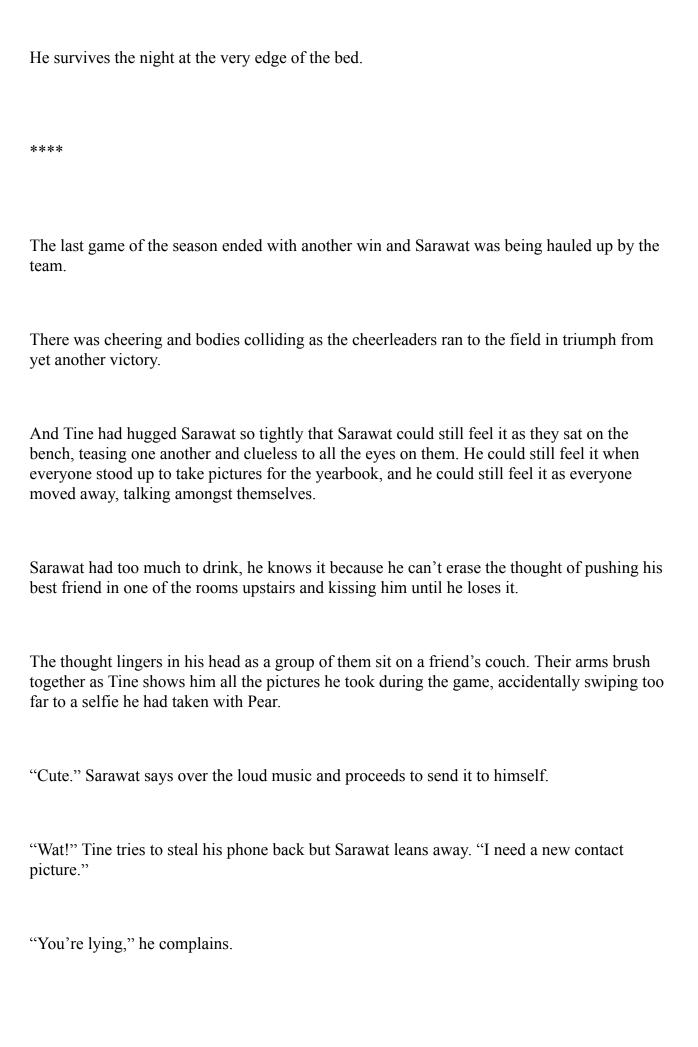


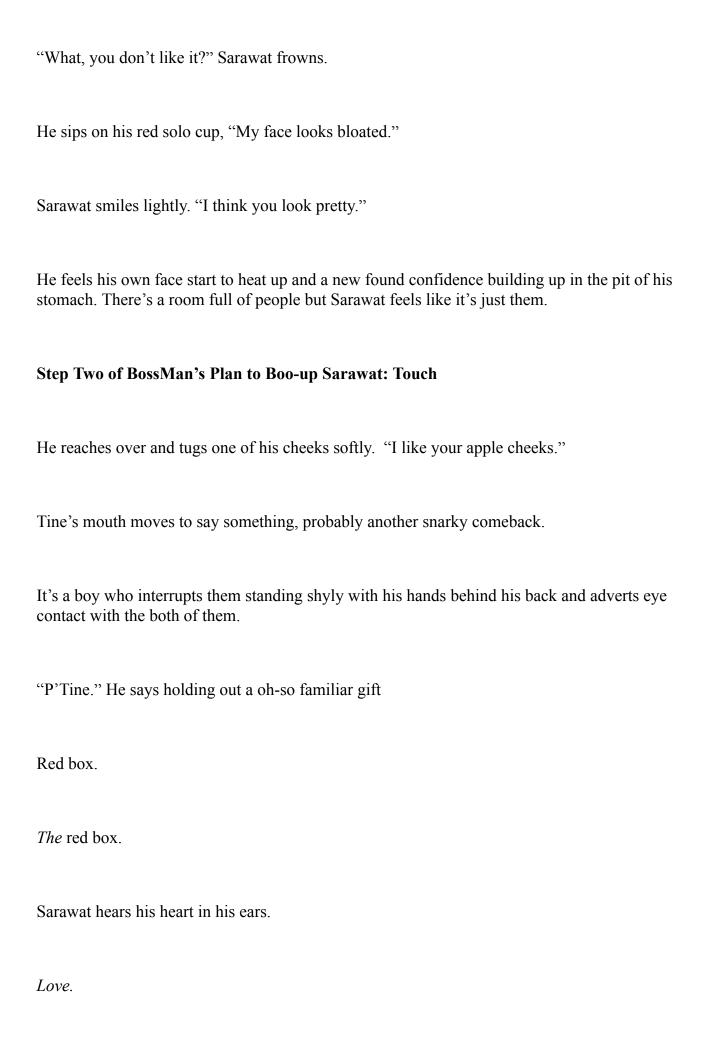




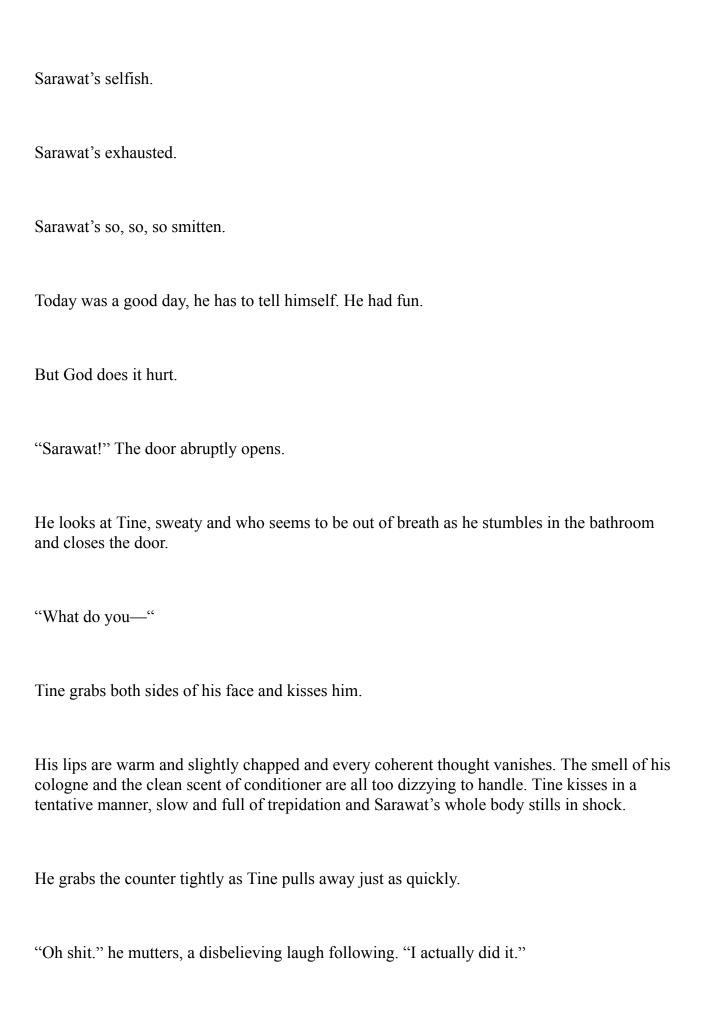
Tine doesn't protrude when he stops engaging in conversation and he's grateful for it.
"Hey," He says suddenly after a few minutes of silence. Sarawat lifts his head from the uneven sidewalk and a grin spreads across Tine's face almost instantly, for a second Sarawat thinks he's staring at the sun.
"What? "He looks at him weirdly but can't help lifting the corner of his mouth, caught from the contagious smile.
There's a pause and then a whoosh of air. "I call the red controller!" Tine takes off into a run.
But he knows, knows Sarawat hates being alone.
Sarawat huffs but hurriedly follows him to the front door. ***
How to ask a boy out?
Results: Be forward and straight to the point. Don't hold back when you express your love and adoration. Kisses, hugs, anything! Just get your hands on him!
Cringe.
How to ask out a boy as a boy?
Results: Mention his smile and the way he makes you feel. Ask if he'd be interested in hanging out or going to get a drink, mention activities that aren't necessarily romantic but can be with a little spark.











It takes Sarawat a few seconds to register exactly what was happening.
His crush just kissed him. Tine just kissed him.
Sarawat skips to the last step of the mischief plan.
He doesn't hear what he says next because in an instant he's reclaiming Tine's lips.
Step Seven of BossMan's Plan to Boo-up Sarawat: Kiss
Sarawat's kissing his best friend, kissing him with the conviction of a man whose life is on the line, kissing him in the random bathroom of a house party that smells of booze and bad decisions, and it's all too good. Tine's hands tangle in Sarawat's hair in an instant, pulling them closer than they've ever been. The music sounds to a stop as the pounding in his ears grow louder only allowing him to hear the soft sound of their lips sliding against each other in intense fervor.
Years of built up repression released with one final tug. He hears sounds he's never heard elicit from Tine's mouth and realizes the sensitivity. Tine's never kissed anyone before—neither has Sarawat so the feeling is new to the both of them but knowing the kiss pleasures Tine just as much makes the absurdity of his doubts vanish completely.
Sarawat swipes his tongue along his bottom lip and tastes the tang of alcohol, likes the way Tine reacts to the sudden attention, soft and quietly like he's afraid they'll get caught. It only adds to the fuel.
They're both drunk but they know this would be a night to remember. They finally pull apart lips both bruised red and breathing heavy. Tine looks beatific, has this glow that makes

Sarawat stare.

He opens his eyes slowly. "I like you, Sarawat. I like you a lot." Tine whispers meekly, voice uneven and deep from the kiss and eyes lashes shining under the fluorescent light.

And then Sarawat kisses him again, and again, and again, and again until Tine is laughing and pushing away from the attack.

At this moment Sarawat doesn't care about the stares they'll get in the hallways, or the painful talk he'll have with his dad. He thinks of Tine. The Tine that gives him butterflies like some cliché coming to age, the Tine that can't probably play a C Minor on his guitar, and the Tine who probably loves him just as much.

To think it all started with the red box.

sarawatine > high school lovers

thanks so much for reading, tell me what you think!

if you want to talk or see me cry about brightwin you'll find me here Jlnify
as always kudos and comments are appreciated<3

Please <u>drop by the Archive and comment</u> to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!