

Beautiful

GoldenLight Oneshot Story

You're so beautiful—

I'm not sure how long this thought has been popping up in my head. It feels new, yet familiar.
Like I've had this thought for quite a while now.

Every time I look at you, I see
the pretty golden dress sparkling under the limelight of the hallway.
the exceptionally spotless, fluffy, white boa wrapping around your shoulders.
the gentle smile and well-behaved mannerisms.
your beauty.

I've always wanted to know you more. You seem like a good friend.
But we always seem to have mismatched life schedules.

I have my book club to organise.
You have your tea party to organise.

We take turns going down the elevator shaft to look for supplies
and staying on the surface to take care of the rest.

I've always wanted to know you more.
I want to let you know how beautiful you are in my eyes.

Ah.

Well.

I should've told you sooner.
Despite how bright everyone thinks I am, there's this side of the indecisive me.

It's a tad too late.
Just a wee bit.

Still,
even with your body and face covered in black stains,
and your eyes glowing red with mixed emotions reflected from my lightbulb,
you're still so beautiful.

Every time I look at you, I see
the torn golden dress bathed in ichor from the hallway.
the bare shoulders lacking any clothing piece to blanket you from the cold.
the lethal glare and unfamiliar aggressive behaviour.
your beauty.

I've always wanted to know you more. I know you're still in there.
But we always mismatch.

You kill.
I survive.

I've always wanted to know you more.
I want to let you know how beautiful you are in my eyes.

You're still so beautiful.
Even with this crimson light engulfing the walls and the ceiling
and even your face.
You're beautiful.
You're so beautiful that I can't take my eye off you.

It's probably too late for me to tell you this.
"...You're so beautiful."

I see the cracks slightly moving,
as if you're trying to utter a word from under the stain covering the lower half of your face.
I'm not even sure if you've already said anything.

But for the first time,
your voice echoes in my lampshade
and my crimson light flickers—

"...You too."