

Simon takes care after the Archives, books ranging from old childhood tales to grim dark secrets of the universe lay in the newly dusted bookshelves, and amongst the ones on the top floor of the Archive, sat its master, hair and glasses in a mess and curled up between the two shelves that towered over him.

His lungs fought to breathe.

He felt an urge to get up, to pretend nothing happened before anyone came around, but an attempt sent him crashing to the floor again.

He pushes himself off the floor once more, through his eyes blurred with tears he could see in the blurred reflection on the marble floors of the library, his golden eyes glowing brightly.

The environment warped around him, everything dimming to an unsettling black void, with a familiar silhouette right in front of him.

He could almost taste blood.

Mint green hair and a grin that the Archivist dreaded was the only thing he could see in his vision.

"Oh, A2." Kyomura smiles (Simon could feel it's a hallucination, but his body refused to budge.) "You've betrayed your friend, your only friend. In fact, you betrayed everyone, even the one you swore never to hurt ever again."

Kyomura grabs him by the arm, pulling him forward roughly "We have an agreement, you know?"

"Nonononono that isn't true that was last rese-"

"And I don't like broken promises, dear friend." The Magician's face warped into a kind smile (It's fake, he knew it, but he found himself believing it.) "Fortunately, I'm a good friend, so I'll forgive you this time."

Simon could only hear droning static.

"On one condition." Kyomura lets go of him, letting Simon crash to the floor.

"Walk in there, and I'll see you soon." A door appeared in front of him, the door being a painted white wood door, it stared at him, almost invitingly.

His hand reaches out for the handle, before being met with nothing but the void.

You know what you have to do

He could hear someone.

Someone, familiar, someone safe.

He tried to reach out but his body teetered dangerously at the edge an-

"Simon?"

"SIMON!" His eyes flew open, vision still blurred. He gasped for air, coming out as nothing but a choked sob.

A pathetic one, at that.

"Simon, calm down, count from three, alright?"

The tension loosened around him, his head rang, but his breathing slowed, thoughts slurring into each other.

He tried to speak, before being shushed.

"Si, just follow me, alright? Everything's going to be okay..." A hand took his as it guided him somewhere, his head hurt, he couldn't see at all, he could barely think.

Panic sets in once more.

"God- uh," someone gently sits him down somewhere, a couch, perhaps? Simon could feel the backseat and the fabric of the soft chair he was on. "Si, it's ok, you're safe, you're with me." He feels a warm pair of arms embrace him, his brain tries to fight back, but he's too tired to.

"I'm going to get you a cup of water, alright? Call for me if you need me." Si watches as the blurry figure walks away, he lays down on the couch, curling up on the soft material, it stunk of coffee and tea.

His mind calms down as he rubs his eyes, slowly the environment coming into vision.

Yes, his limbs were there, although melted halfway into nothing but dark blobs, he was on a couch, recognizing it as the ones on the side of the railing on the top floor.

The potted plant situated next to him sways in the soft breeze that blew through the halls.

"Si, I'm back." Rae? "Are you alright?"

Simon tries to reply, to wave it off, until all he could sound out of his mouth was absolute silence, but a few quiet strangled gargles.

"It's ok if you're having trouble speaking right now." the lady sat next to him, placing the glass on a stool next to the couch.

Before Rae could continue, she was smothered by the other in a bone crushing hug, she gasped in surprise before her back hit the soft side of the couch armrest.

"Don't leave. Please don't." Simon took care not to dig his fingers into her back from the desperation to keep her here,

to keep the only one who was willing to care for him despite everything.

Soft fingers ran through his hair as the Archivist buried himself in Rae's *heavenly warm* hug.

"I won't leave, *I promise.*" Those words were like a blessing.

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The two spent another 3 hours cuddling on the couch AGAIN. Simon swore that he will have to use his "We are PLATONIC you mother fucker." speech to remind everyone he knew that no, they're just platonic friends to whoever else decided to step foot into the Archives today.

A kiss pressed to his forehead interrupted his thoughts. "You know, I wish we could do this everyday, it's unfortunate how the house doesn't have an extra couch."

"So you want another one?"

"Nope, actually, one is enough, just saying."

"But I was about to suggest we could just curl up in your bed..." The scarlet red that rivaled Rae's eye color bloomed on her cheeks, sending Simon into a fit of laughter.

"Tristan will ask the question again if he sees us!" hearing Rae stutter was like a blessing.

"Who caaaaares." Simon lets out a shit eating grin "He can go cry about it all he wants."

"Gasp! How dare you do this to my poor other friend!"

"Rae, did you just say 'Gasp'?"

"I- NO?!?!"

Simon chuckles, lazing out as he squished Rae lightly with his weight.

"You know Si, if you ever feel sad, you can always rely on me." Rae cups his face with her hands, lightly squishing his cheeks, not caring whether the leftover black goop flowed down her arms. "I'll always be there for you."

Golden eyes met vermillion ones "Promise?"

"Promise."

A seed of doubt blooms, *was this real? He could be dreaming for all he cared.*

But, with soft warm hands brushing his hair and that oh-so familiar scent of lavender and vanilla mixed with his own citrusy scent, he couldn't help but drift off into sleep, a light smile on his face.

Even if this wasn't real, Simon didn't care. He was here, with his best friend and really, nothing else mattered.

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(AUTH NOTES)

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HURT/COMFORT SIMON RAE IS LIKE

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