

Bond Together

He should be used to the sound of gunshots by now.

But how could he? Both of them had been recruited and assigned to this place a few months ago. Romain had been spared the fate of risking his life every day in front of the shower of bullets, thanks to the red cross badge attached securely on his sleeve. Yet the other...

Alvin was one of those who had been sent to the frontline.

Terrified, shocked, nothing could aptly describe Romain's feelings when they received their positions. Later that night, without warning he just, broke. His breathing hitched up as he sobbed into the crook of Alvin's shoulder. The latter could only hold the other in his arms, whispering words of comfort in Romain's ear.

"Shh. I'll be fine. You gotta trust me here, ok, Romain?"

Romain nodded, tears spilling out of those turquoise eyes. Clinging to Alvin's promise as if it was his lifeline.

It was hard at first. Yet bit by bit they came through. As much Romain craved just a glimpse of the cerulean-haired man, he dreaded seeing him during the day. The only ones he got to deal with at daytime were either injured or worse, on the verge of death. He shuddered at the thought.

The only times they got to see each other were at night, averting everyone's prying eyes, hidden in the shadows so nobody could see them. Though Alvin almost never appeared at the field hospital, it doesn't mean that he's unscathed. Cuts and scars of all sizes dressed over Alvin's face and hands after days in combat. Romain didn't know how on earth could Alvin be so, well, causal about his injuries. Alvin always teased him of being over-dramatic, but he knew his cousin tended to worry over him.

Bandages over open wounds, kisses over alluring lips.

The moonlight shaded over them, at least for now, they've got each other.

"Hey, Romain. We've run out of gauze."

"There's more in the backup first-aid kit." Romain mumbled to another medic, his eyes traced fixedly on removing a soldier's stitches. "Ok, just remember to keep it clean so it won't get infected."

The said soldier nodded his thanks and exited the tent. Clearing the table, Romain was just about to call the next one in when he stopped.

He could never mistake that shade of blue.

"Alvin?"

"Damnit." Alvin cursed under his breath, gripping his left arm. Half of his shirt was splattered in a dark red. "Of all the chances, I have you on duty."

"Shut up, what did you do?" Romain closed the space between them, frantic edging on his voice.

"Some guy from the other side started chuckin' bombs at us." Alvin hissed out. "Got blasted by a stray cracker."

Yanking the other's hand away, Romain inspected the injury. A large gash spread across Alvin's hand, seeping blood. Additional burns decorated the wound, a few blisters popped up on inflamed skin.

"What did I say about looking after yourself?" Voice quivering as if he was on the verge of tears, but Romain's hand was quite steady as he immediately set to work. Alcohol, stitches, Romain's constant nagging, everything seemed to pass in a frenzy as the pink-haired man patched up the injury, covering up the stingily painful gash in a bandage. And the next thing Alvin knew, he was pulled into a hug.

"Don't you, ever, do this again, Alvin. You scared me."

The words fell ever so quietly, echoing faintly in Alvin's ear. Because I can't lose you. This was left unsaid but both knew it. The two of them were like puzzle pieces, meant to fit into each other.

They were made to be together.

"I know that, dummy." Alvin gave a smirk and pulled back, cupping Romain's cheeks and kissed him.

"Stop it, Alvin! Not now!" Flustered, Romain blushed and tried to break Alvin's grip but to no avail.

"I thought you're the one who hugged me at first?"

"Shut up, Alvin." Romain groaned, but leaned in for another kiss.

As long as I'm with you, everything will be alright.

2021.08.13

Haz