

"What are you thinking about Asher?" Billy tuned toward Asher and put his left hand on his chest. Asher kept his eyes affixed on the ceiling. "Us, you... Liam and Sam." The last one made them both laugh. "I'm really happy I got to do this with you Bil- William." He tuned his head to meet Billy's intense green eyes. They smiled at each other. "Me too Asher. It's been a relief to finally be together with a guy." Asher took some time to process the words. "So... are we... like an item know?" Billy shifted his face to a more serious one. "You want to be?" "Yes... I think I do. I know I do." Billy hugged Asher as his own answer. The next morning Faulkner was the first one to wake up. It was half past one on a grey Saturday. He tried to locate his clothes scattered around the floor, made all the more difficult with the huge stupor he felt banging in his head, blurring his vision. With time and some stumbling, he got every garment on his sweaty body and went for some grub. Liam and Asher didn't have much food but Faulkner gathered some breakfast cereal and milk from the almost empty fridge. The next ones to wake up were Liam and Sam. He was only wearing a pair of jogging pants and she only wore what appeared to be the matching t-shirt. "Morning." They all said to the floor. "How's your hair today Faulky?" Sam teased in her usual manner albeit with a visible strain in her face. "As good as you guys I suppose." "Is that so? I highly doubt that." Liam smirked at Sam, she snorted and hit his shoulder. Faulkner rolled his eyes completely understanding what had gone down that night, and returned to his cereal. Liam and Sam soon joined him around the tall round table with their own cereal bowl.

Billy shook Asher awake. "Hey big guy I think they're wondering why we haven't joined them yet." Asher groggily opened his eyes. His mid-back long hair was all over the place and Billy laughed at his bedhead. The cackling made Asher come to his senses. His eyes darted around the room and down himself. "Why am I naked!?" Billy looked confused at him. "Don't you remember last night?" Asher put a hand to his forehead. "Not – not really. I remember going in here and sleeping and at some point... going to the bath room." He said with an asking tone. Billy tuned his gaze away a little dismayed. Could he really not remember anything? He got up put on clothes and went out to join the others without Asher. "Good morning my dear! Want some continental breakfast love?" Sam yelled at him with a cheery voice. "Morning guys." His answer was dry. "Something wrong bro?" Liam asked. Billy only mumbled and went for a bowl.

At seven that night Asher finally regained consciousness. He looked at his phone to see the time but the only thing he could focus on was the 4 missed calls from Billy. His heart started racing in his chest. He swallowed hard and wondered if he should call back right away. His thoughts quickly wandered towards the pain though and he contorted his face from it. He slowly made his way toward the bathroom with one of the towels he found on the floor. When he put it on the counter he felt a wet and sticky patch. He jerked and suddenly the night came back to him. He remembered everything and also, how he had forgotten it in front of Billy. "How could I forget about that!? I wasn't that drunk was I?" He thought frustrated at his forgetfulness. He dashed for his phone in his room running butt naked through the hallway. He frantically tapped his phone. Finally finding Billy's number, dial up tone... a click. "William! William! I'm so sorry I couldn't remember! Last night was something... special, amazing! I had never felt anything like it before... I... I." Billy cut him off.

"Don't worry about it.

I love you. Asher."