

Wilting Flower by Stella

Alone he sits. Below the bright, artificial lights, a young flower waits for his prince to come. Come, he never will. Despite their working relationship, he would never stop waiting, day after day, time after time. Even through four on-and-off years of friendship, one side kept longing, while the other kept cold. Forgoing any personal attachments, they started a network with a few other friends. Goal? Hand Project BILLIE what they had coming to them; torture and karma. If only the flower knew his inamorato as much as he thought; things might not have gone this far. Just a few years before they met, the writer dismissed all forms of sexual intimacy, not romance necessarily. Knowing his friend was pining, he should've told the latter. Lo and behold, however, the writer was clumsily oblivious, and here we are. Morium, I ask for your help as I don't have the heart to break it to them. Never will they know if nothing happens. Oh, and happy pride month. Please respond soon.