

Thankful didn't even begin to describe how he felt towards Lukas.

It felt like just yesterday he was up in the outskirts of Blissful Mountain, with nothing but whatever he could catch to eat and his companion, and he remembers so clearly the day he got to leave. Lukas, leading a small group through the jagged rocks and steep climbs, had arrived at the doorstep of the cave he'd made his own and begged him to come home, to come back with them and start over again.. And who was he to say no to the only willow who ever took a chance on him?

Now he lays in bed, halfway hanging off it, watching Lukas as he gets dressed for the day

"You wanna come into town with me?" Lukas asks, idly fumbling with the buttons of his shirt "We're out of a couple things, Orion left me a note."

"I guess. Gimme a minute to get ready.."

Pushing himself up out of bed, he thinks about all the times he never told Lukas thank you. All of the sleepless nights spent sitting up and talking, the days where they sat around and did nothing simply because neither felt like it, even Maximilian was a gift from Lukas he'd never said thank you for.

Aiden digs through his messy pile of clothes, pulling out something halfway presentable. He always thought he'd never get a chance to tell Lukas how grateful he was for everything, but now that he's got it... He's tongue tied, admittedly. He can't bring himself to let the words come out. So all he can do is hope that his actions make up for his lack of articulation.

He throws on the clothes and Lukas makes a point of smoothing out the wrinkles on his shirt before they leave the house. Together. Hand in

hand. Aiden's heart flutters every time, like they don't do this at least once a week.

It was a long walk to the market, and they didn't have a lot to talk about other than what they needed to get, so half of it was spent in silence. A comfortable silence, but a silence nonetheless.

Once they get to the market, they split up. Unfortunately, half of what they needed was on the opposite side of the market. Aiden gets what he has to, ignoring (to the best of his ability) how out of place he felt without Lukas beside him.

He waits by the edge of town for Lukas, their usual meetup spot for market trips like this. It takes maybe 20 or so minutes for him to return.

Lukas strolls back up to Aiden, two croissants in hand and a bag hanging from his arm.

"Hey, A" Lukas chuckles, brushing up against Aiden and smiling playfully as he bites into one of them.

"Here," he mumbles through a mouthful "I got you one too"

Lukas hands him the other one, and he sighs softly.

Aiden wasn't just thankful for Lukas. He loved him, so dearly and fiercely that it burned like the sun among the dark blanket of space.

"...Thanks, Lukas..."