Twitter Thread by ■ Miranda Noona ■



■ Miranda Noona ■
@NiceNoona77

The #CYEALM special chapter from @angelica - posted per her permission on the email ■ prepare yourselves for this alternate ending!!



https://t.co/Yl2YQIfDsx

Close Your Eyes And Leave Me (What If… Gun Had Signed The Papers)
Alternative Ending

Written by: darlingjongin

Off remembered being married once. He remembered looking down at the last letter Gun had written to him with the divorce papers which had his name signed at the bottom of the page and a ring hidden inside the envelope. Years later he receives another letter, one inviting him to witness his first love's wedding.

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https://t.co/EXy7Afg8qF

Part I; the end.

https://t.co/I5HLNagyWq

‘Did you cheat on them?’, Michelle asked with a raised brow, pouring herself another drink whilst they waited for his reply.

‘No, I just fucked up big time’, Off replied. It felt weird talking about Gun to people who never knew him. His friends have been aware of his painful journey, but from an outsider’s perspective Gun was a faceless figure, just another person from his past, ‘I’m actually recently divorced’

‘Damn’, Piper, his assistant, commented, raising a glass and clinking it against his, ‘Well, join the club’

‘You were married?’

‘Only for a year before I backed out’, she commented, ‘Best decision of my life’

‘You just gave up that easily?’, Off asked her, curious to see why she wasn’t as distraught as he was.

‘I didn’t give up, I simply knew what was best for me and him’, she explained herself, sipping her red wine amongst the shots of vodka scattered across the table, ‘You gotta learn that sometimes you’re just not meant to be tied down’

‘Huh’, Off chuckled, taking another swing of his beer, ‘I didn’t think about it like that’

https://t.co/5qZfhfGmqQ

‘Do I look like one?’, Off asked snickering.

‘Good looking men usually are’

‘You think I’m good looking?’

‘Have you looked at yourself in the mirror?’, Allison snorted when Off looked at her with wide eyes, ‘If I were you, I’d be using my looks to get myself a rebound instead of sitting here by yourself’

‘That’s not for me’, Off admitted, ‘Although you’re gorgeous yourself so if you wanna do it then go ahead. There’s plenty of good looking guys here’

‘No, I’m fine too’, Allison scrunched her nose and shook her head in disgust, ‘I think I’m gonna steer clear from men for a bit. I’m still trying to get over a cheating fiancé’

‘Good luck with that’, Off patted her on the shoulder, ‘Must be hard’

‘Not as hard as yours I imagined’, Allison pointed out, ‘I mean there’s one thing catching a dickhead but it’s another letting someone go because it just didn’t work out. I assumed that’s much more painful’

‘Well, when it’s your fault it is’, Off nodded, biting his lip and leaning his head back on the wall.

https://t.co/9CRvhWWjn1

‘Why did you decide to stay here after exposing your ex fiancé? Didn’t you wanna come back home?’

‘I thought I did, but then I didn’t’, Allison shrugged, slowing to a halt once they were in front of her hotel, ‘I knew things would change when I came home. People would either try to avoid the subject or tell me that I could do much better. Either way, people won’t be treating me the same and I didn’t know whether I was prepared for that’

‘Fair enough’, Off nodded, turning to face her as he slid his hands in his pockets.

‘How about you? Why did you agree on the job offer in London?’

‘London’s a place I find myself in whenever I feel like I don’t belong anywhere else’, Off confessed to her. He’d been away for so long that he almost forgot what it felt like to live alone in a busy city. It was lonely, horrifyingly more so with the passage of other lives rushing pass him.

https://t.co/82F8x0Arvl

‘Off’, he heard Gun’s mum on the other side and he felt his bones freeze. They hadn’t spoken in months and it was awkward. Off had promised her that he wasn’t going to let his past ruin his marriage but he failed miserably and he didn’t think he could ever talk to her again.

‘Mrs Phunsawat, are you okay?’, he asked, coughing a little as he tried to straighten his voice, ‘What’s the matter?’

‘It’s Gun’

A flush of worry flooded inside him, like waves crashing down on his chest as he stood up, ‘What happened? Is he okay? Is he hurt?’

‘He hasn’t been eating’, she replied with the same worry in her voice, ‘He moved in a couple of weeks ago but he hasn’t left his room. I know he needs his time alone but Off… He’s stopped hanging out with his friends and he won’t go to work. You’re the only person I can think of and-’

‘I can’t help. He’ll only hang up if I try to call him’, Off interrupted, ‘I’m only gonna make things worse’

https://t.co/c8qKFl7KBt

‘I hate you’, he whispered out, his voice breaking when he realised his curses weren’t healing him. He thought if he had the chance to talk to Off again, he’d tear him apart one by one so he could finally heal from his own pain, but when he found that it wasn’t working, he couldn’t help but give in, letting the sadness loom over him, ‘I hate you’, he said again, this time leaning his head against the cold glass of his window, wrapping a blanket over himself.

‘I’m sorry’, Off’s first words to him as his ex husband was the two words he’d been meaning to say through out the past year.

‘Do you honestly think that’s gonna make a difference?’, Gun asked but he stretched his hand out, creating a distance between him and his phone as he brought his other hand to his mouth, stopping himself from crying the moment he heard Off’s voice again. He couldn’t help but yearn to hear it once more but he couldn’t show how broken he was – not in front of Off.

‘Gun?’, Off called out his name and it broke Gun’s heart ten folds just hearing him call out his name, ‘Gun?’

‘Off’, he whispered, seeing how easy his name slipped out of his tongue too. It still felt so right and it killed him.

‘I need you to eat’, he heard Off talking to him despite his lack of response, ‘Please don’t torture yourself. Didn’t you say it yourself in your letter? Didn’t you say this is good for us?’

https://t.co/MJhbfBnk47

Part II; second pages of different books.

https://t.co/3d6XVtegec

‘Did you receive something in the mail recently?’, her voice was nervous and not as excited as it usually was.

‘Ah, I’m glad you asked that’, Off sighed, ‘I suspected it was you’

‘Excuse me, it wasn’t’, Neen bit back at him, her voice getting loud quickly that he had to pull his phone away from his ears for a bit, ‘Gun avoids me like the fucking plague! He never meets up with Tay or New if he knows I’m there, so how could I have given your address?’

‘Then who the fuck did?’, Off asked her, finishing his food and setting his empty plate beside him on the sofa, ‘You’re the only one who knows my address’

‘Right… Yeah’

‘For fuck’s sake Neen, who did you give my address to?’, Off groaned, knowing full well that when Neen stutters she was definitely hiding something.

https://t.co/IGByPNk2Fp

‘Self driving car?’, Neen raised a brow when she sat on the passenger seat and noticed that Off didn’t even have his hands on the steering wheel, typing something on his phone as the car drove out of the airport car park, ‘Aren’t you Mr Rich’

‘Everyone in the city has one’, Off simply replied, turning on the touchscreen and opening up a delivery app, ‘Do you want McDonalds or KFC?’

‘I’m fine’, Neen replied, watching as Off quickly ordered something on his car, surprised that her brother didn’t even bother to look at her properly once she arrived, ‘Are you handling Adele’s concert?’

‘I already did’, Off corrected her, ‘They’re sending me in their production branch’

‘What does that mean?’

https://t.co/emLQp7xKFv

‘I guess the both of us are just shit at keeping a relationship’, Neen sighed, stealing Off’s chips as the car made a turn into the parking lot, ‘Anyway I’m not gonna jump into another one until I figure myself out’

‘Then you know how I feel, so quit asking me about my love life’, Off scoffed at her, his car beeping to signal that it had parked itself. He took his seatbelt off, opening the door and walking out to help Neen with her luggage.

They headed up to his apartment, Off kicking the door open as he heaved the luggage in the hallways, Neen stepping over the shoes left all over the entrance and the mail which were left unopened and piled

https://t.co/Pgj6oWkQiw

‘Oh’, it wasn’t the answer he expected but now that he was thinking about it, he expected Gun to bury everything, ‘So, only you guys know?’

‘And probably his coworkers, but they don’t talk about it either’

‘So why does Gun want me to come?’

‘Like I said, closure’, Neen reminded him, ‘He probably wanted to end this chapter properly before starting a new one. You know how it is, learning from your mistake so you don’t ruin the next one’

Off was Gun’s mistake, everyone knew that, but it didn’t stop hurting when Off heard it said aloud. He sighed and crinkled up the invitation, finally throwing it in the bin like he should’ve done in the first place.

‘He doesn’t need to see me to move on. It’s been two years’

https://t.co/7InKdYYeSl

‘The BFI nominated it to be on the lineup for their International Film segment and the production company wants us to handle the international distribution. I thought it would be best if you handle it so we don’t need to hire an interpreter’

‘A Thai film, huh?’, Off looked down on the title name, feeling a little prideful. In fact, it was a joyous occasion since these film festivals were a stirring pot for the Oscars, so he looked down at the files and read the director’s name.

Late Meditation directed by Korn Loekhunnasombat

‘So are you in?’, his boss asked him, which he didn’t need to since Off nodded his head and added the file on his growing pile by the edge of his desk.

‘When is he available to talk?’

‘He’s actually arriving to London tomorrow’, his boss smiled, ‘If you have a slot tomorrow, he’d like to meet you for lunch’

https://t.co/iKQN10XZPH

‘Yeah! My dad said I was allowed to come with Neen to visit you’

‘Which dad?’, Off asked under his breath, ‘Because I know Tay won’t be giving his approval’

‘New told me not to tell Tay’, Neen answered for Frank, ‘Tay thinks he’s in band camp’

‘Band camp?’, Off snorted, raising a brow at the teenager, ‘I didn’t know you played an instrument’

https://t.co/n8ggBfF0wt

‘Frank’, Neen threw a spoon at the teenager, hitting his head as he whined at the impact. Off heard it but he didn’t flinch like he used to when he heard that name. Instead he left the kitchen and loosened his tie, heading to the shower.

‘It’s a pleasure to meet you’, Off stood up as soon as he saw the director heading towards his table, a reservation he made last minute, but he managed to get an amazing seat at the top of the Shard, ‘You must be Korn’

https://t.co/u9KwgIAMF5

‘I’m sure that’s a conversation for you to talk about at your wedding’, Off joked, opening his bag and pulling out the files that were given to him the other day, ‘But why don’t we talk about your movie now? We’ve got a lot to cover before we send your contract to your lawyer and publicist’

‘Oh, great’, James smiled, not realising that Off had pushed his worries away to make way for business, so his smile still hadn’t disappeared, ‘I’m so glad they put you in charge by the way. I was scared I’d have to speak English’

‘Don’t worry about it’, Off catered to him, going over the deal from his company and explaining as best as he could whilst he waited for James to finish reading their offer. It was simple, the simplest meeting he’d had in a long time.

‘This is fantastic. I can’t believe the rest of the world’s going to see it’, James said as soon as they finished, Off holding onto the contract with his signature on it. Despite it being the afternoon, the skies were already grey and painted with clouds, blocking the sun and giving them nothing but a chill breeze, ‘It was nice meeting you too by the way. I hope to see you again at the BFI dinner next week’

https://t.co/BGT8KxQYd6

He suddenly felt the weight of his necklace which he hid inside his shirt. No one was able to see it, no one but him as the ring touched his chest, warm and barely noticeable but still there. Always there.

Off leaned against the ledge, watching as Gun was about to spot him, wondering if he was able to slip pass him and run before he was seen.

But thankfully someone stopped him.

‘Baby, there you are!’, a voice shouted for Gun, to which he saw him turning around with a huge sigh of relief, ‘Didn’t I tell you to meet me outside? What’re you doing, I was worried you’d gotten lost’

https://t.co/CeN9segXAi

Off took another shot of vodka, coughing a little as he swayed side to side, listening to the music, ‘I like fixing people’, he answered them truthfully, his eyes watering from the burning of the alcohol, ‘I can’t fix myself so I could at least fix others, right?’

‘Ooh, how poetic’, Piper laughed, ruffling his hair, ‘Who was your first client then? I’m sure they got saved because of you’

‘Actually they didn’t’, Off shook his head, taking another shot, ‘He accidentally spread a rumour during high school and when people found out it wasn’t true everyone thought he was an attention seeker. It was hell for him’

‘And what the hell did you do?’

‘I was a kid’, Off chuckled at them, ‘What else could I have done? I just told everyone to back off’

‘Fixing everyone’s problems since you were a kid?’, Piper raised a brow at him, ‘This job was made for you’

https://t.co/eoYTBCAXDO

Off stumbled in his apartment, tripping over the shoes thrown all over his entrance as he leaned against his wall, his stomach churning. He threw his bag on the floor as he tried to make his way to the kitchen, bruises trailing all over his arms as he hit every wall and corner in front of him, opening the lights and throwing himself on the fridge.

'Fuck', he whined, opening it and getting out a bottle of water, downing it in one go, beads of sweat trailing down his cheeks as his body welcomed the cold soothing drink.

'Where the fuck have you been?', he flinched when he realised he wasn't alone, turning back to see Neen sitting on the dining table with her arms crossed. Or maybe it was two Neens? Or three? He squinted his eyes to get a better look, but everything was still spinning and it was making him sick. He closed his eyes instead, leaning against the fridge door.

'I'v been out', he managed to answer her.

https://t.co/zhtMjqBDJU

'And who told you?'

'I did', the two adults turned around to find Frank standing by the door, holding onto a teddy bear, his eyes swollen from sleeping and his hair ruffled and messy. He looked like he just woke up and they both realised their screaming was probably the reason, 'I told P'Neen that P'Gun was here. That's why

https://t.co/9U8QIUa85w

forth as he continued to rest his head against the toilet. She titled her head as she stretched her hands, touching the warm pendant that Off was wearing and realising that it wasn't just a pendant.

It was a ring.

'Oh no', she whispered, looking down at her brother with pity.

It was an unspoken fact, a little thing that she thought would change over time, but the ring hanging from his neck dissipated all of her wishful thinking. Off was still in love with Gun.

She sat on the bathroom floor with Off, who was passed out and sleeping on the toilet bowl when Frank walked in, still worried for them.

'Is P'Off okay?', he asked, rubbing his eyes and stepping inside, kneeling down beside Neen and staring at him.

https://t.co/lfACkPIi4N

'Go and eat something before you take painkillers', she ordered him, before going back to serve another plate for Frank who was still sleeping.

'God my back hurts', Off whined, rubbing his shoulders and feeling his muscles ache. He woke up sleeping on is bathroom floor with vomit still trailing from his lips and he had to take a hot shower just to get rid of the rest of his hangover.

'Serves you right', Neen pointed out, her voice bitter and Off noticed it. He may have been drunk, but he was still able to remember what went on that night and he tugged his hair in frustration.

'Look, I'm sorry', he said to her, 'I didn't mean to lash out on you. I'm sorry I forgot about dinner. I'll make it up to you guys, I promise'

'How?', Neen turned to him, 'Frank's been excited about coming to London but he's only been in your apartment since he arrived'

https://t.co/gfavPu4dYh

‘Why can’t this Neen have been the one to greet me last night’, Off joked as he stood up and dropped his empty plates in the sink, turning around to see Neen giving him the middle finger. Despite their bickering, the sibling fight never lasted longer than a day and they were back to making fun out of each other.

He walked over, making his way to his guest bedroom to wake up Frank when he passed the living room to where he found an open notebook displayed on the coffee table. Out of curiosity, he decided to go over there first, leaning down to spot countless of photos taped on the pages along with Frank’s messy handwriting scribbled all over the pages.

They were photos collected over the years and he couldn’t help but smile at each of them, seeing countless photos of Frank with his friends, dressed up in costume for their play, in his football uniform and sitting on the grass holding his baby sister in his arms.

https://t.co/YPD5hqa9TY

‘This kid’, he couldn’t help but whisper, closing the notebook and standing up. He didn’t know whether to be grateful or saddened by the fact that Frank had been waiting for him to come back. He suddenly felt bad. What was stopping him from coming back if he knew that everyone had moved on? Surely the air had been cleared already and all the burning wreckage he left behind had been cleared up, right?

‘Hey Off! Did you wake up Frank? His breakfast’s getting cold!’

‘Yeah, I’m on it’, Off shouted back, making a move again.

https://t.co/GfsGqKkF8e

he smiled, ‘Have a good one’

Out of boredom, he walked around the Christmas stalls to kill time, looking at the hand made trinkets for sale and listening into strangers’ conversations beside him. They were usually couples whispering sweet nothings to each other, so he would scrunch his nose in disgust and moved onto the next stall, seeing a charmed bracelet resting on a velvet cushion. The pendant was a crescent moon, wrapped around a silver chain and he felt intrigued by it.

He didn’t know who he bought it for but he ended up buying the bracelet and placing it inside his pockets, looking down on his watch and checking the time.

Neen and Frank had probably finished at least two rides by now, so he made his way back to the amusement park area, passing by strangers carrying large teddy bears and arcade rings until he felt something cold landing on his cheeks.

https://t.co/08cIaCLuax

‘How’s your boyfriend?’, he asked her, getting off his horse as he heard the music change into something cheerful, a modern pop song.

‘He’s great’, Allison told him, ‘He’s still in L.A, but he’ll be joining me next week. He doesn’t mind that I do work over Christmas, in fact he always wants to join me’

‘That’s nice to hear, it would be nice to finally meet him’, Off replied whilst he reached his hand out for her to take, ‘Anyway, do you want to break some rules and dance with me?’

https://t.co/n1i6SNOp8d

‘Why don’t you join us for Christmas dinner then?’, Neen offered, ignoring Off’s warning glare directed at her.

‘I’d love to, but my boyfriend already made plans for us on Christmas day’, Allison declined, ‘But I hope you see you guys soon before then’

‘You’re welcome to just crash at Off’s place any time’, Neen laughed, getting along with Allison far better than she expected as the two girls began to joke with one another, leaving Off to roll his eyes and sigh at everything they say.

With Allison, Neen and Frank screaming over each other and keeping Off preoccupied, he somehow forgot the feeling of emptiness he felt over the past couple of days that were slowly suspended due to his laughter whenever Frank said anything or even just having his sister around to annoy him.

https://t.co/7ePtEIQ8ri

‘We just got here’, Piper laughed as they spotted their names written on the card on one of the tables at the centre. For the most part, the dinner wasn’t even that bad, everyone came over to talk to them, Off was accommodating as he could, laughing at all the right jokes and even making his own amongst the crowd of A-listers.

‘You know, for someone who hates the crowd, you’re really good at it’, Piper whispered to him once dinner officially began, dozens of waiting staff carrying silver platters with Michelin star dishes waiting to be served, ‘You should give yourself credit and have fun tonight. You deserve it’

‘Deserve it? The festival hasn’t even happened yet’, Off laughed at her, ‘I’ll celebrate once everything is over. Then maybe we can go out to the bar where they serve real food’

‘You got that right’, Piper laughed, looking down and seeing the smallest proportion of food she’d ever seen.

https://t.co/Z1nJ3HUC0q

Off only needed to hear one word to recognise Gun's voice, and when he turned around he saw a silhouette of someone walking towards the balcony on the other side of the glass aquarium, he blew out his cigarette, throwing the butt on the ground and stepping on it before making his way to the second door back to the aquarium hallway. He leaned on the glass, looking ahead of the water and fish to notice a person also standing on the other side.

He hoped Gun didn't see him, but through the glass and pass the fishes, he saw him, pacing back and forth in the hallway, tugging at his tie with his hand on his cheek.

https://t.co/uDao5Dd2tb

'Oh'

'Hey, now that you're here, why don't you join our table for dinner?', James, like a sharp knife, broke through the silence that they shared between each other, guiding Gun to stand close beside him.

'I need to go back to my own seat'

'Oh, come on. I heard that everyone just sits anywhere once the alcohol's introduced', James joked, smacking Off's arm as they started walking. Off had no other choice but to follow, wishing for the ground to eat him up and send him to hell already.

But maybe he was already in hell, rubbing shoulders with the stars and finding himself seated beside a round table of the best in the industry, with one of them having their arms wrapped around Gun. What a sad joke of a dinner this was becoming. Even his assistant couldn't save him now.

https://t.co/S5gifi8neV

‘Did he really?’

‘How did the two of you meet anyway?’, Off asked out of the blue. It wasn’t in his place to ask, but then again, Gun was treating him like a stranger, so at the very least his curiosity should be answered. And by the looks of delight on James’ eyes, he was more than happy to share.

‘Jaylerr sang one of the songs in the soundtrack of my movie so I told him to bring a plus one to the opening night’

Gun coughed a little, wiping his mouth with a napkin as he stole glances at Off who had a calm expression.

‘We were at the after party and I was about to greet Jaylerr when all I heard was someone complaining about how boring and predicable my movie was. I was about to confront him and ask why he didn’t like my film, but then I saw him and I thought to myself… He’s too beautiful to argue with’

https://t.co/8oRAT1fPY9

‘No love story ends in tragedy’

‘You’ve clearly never heard of a love story before’, Off leaned his head back a little, his arms now folded with his plate of food completely abandoned, ‘A love story doesn’t necessarily mean it’s going to have a happy ending. Sometimes the happiness is in the middle because there’s no such thing as a happy ending’

The rest of the table bit their lips and listened attentively to Off speaking, intrigued by his words and almost entertained that he was brave enough to handle Gun. No one – not even James – was courageous enough to continue arguing with the lawyer.

https://t.co/bQjYg39AQa

‘What I mean is, he’s happy somewhere else’

It was unknown where the tension was coming from, but the whole table felt it, like an obvious light casting between the pair as they glared at each other. All questions rose as to why two strangers could have so much distaste towards each other, yet they didn’t even know how to start.

Off looked around for his assistant, prying his eyes to where he saw Piper sitting on a different table, flirting with someone. He finished his drink and unbuttoned his jacket, standing up to announce his departure.

‘The night was fun, but I’m gonna retire early’, he nodded his head, bowing to the table before he began to walk off.

‘Wait Off, the dinner’s just begun’, James called out to him, standing up to stop him but Off shook his head and smiled, ‘Why don’t you spend the rest of the night with us’

https://t.co/sIjl2sMDd5

‘If his fiancé wasn’t there, I’d think James was madly in love with you with how much he’d been wanting to talk to you’

‘You think so?’, Off joked, winking at her playfully.

‘I only got word from his assistant who tried to talk to me but of course I don’t speak Thai so it took about ten minutes for me to understand what he was asking. He’s pretty fond of you. I heard he wanted you to work on his next project’

‘Well, I’m a busy man and apparently Peter Jackson wanted to talk to me, so I guess he’ll have to be on hold’, Off joked with his assistant because that was the only way he could distract himself from reliving the moment his eyes laid on Gun Atthaphan once more. He felt his skin started to burn despite the cold. It was in the moment of frozen silence to which they realised that they were strangers, reintroducing themselves to each other as if they didn’t share a life once upon a time.

https://t.co/GZcuGkXcd2

‘Of course not’, Off snorted at her, ‘I’m not gonna do that to myself’

‘Wait… But if P’James saw you… That means there’s no chance of you ever going to the wedding’, Frank whispered once he put the two and two together, looking worriedly at Neen who only just realised it too when he pointed it out.

‘Shit, that’s right. He’s gonna find out that Gun invited you’

https://t.co/jUijFlTSzw

‘For the love of God’, he whispered underneath his breath as the pair turned their heads to him, one with absolute delight whilst the other in absolute horror.

‘Hey’, James stood up, like a parasite that Off couldn’t get rid of, walking towards him with so much warm, he had no choice but to fake yet another smile, ‘I was hoping to meet you before we go on our way’, he pointed to Gun, but he didn’t need to. More importantly, he couldn’t help but keep an eye on the small frame which was hidden beside his pots of pens and office supplies beside his computer screen.

‘Do you need me for anything?’, Off asked, trying to keep it as professional as he could for the sake of his own sanity, this time completely ignoring Gun who stood up and walked beside James, holding his hands.

https://t.co/1lRZXX9hG8

‘Yeah sure, but Off, if I can talk to your boss, maybe we can find some agreement?’, James kept on pressing on which Off had to admit was admirable to a certain extent, but at this point, it was just getting too much for him.

‘Why do you wanna work with me?’, Off asked, ‘I’m no better than anyone else in my job’

‘Oh come on, let me just persuade your boss’, James said, opening his office door, ‘If I can do that, then you’ll have to say yes to me’, without even giving Off time to think, he walked out of his office, slamming the door shut. Off wanted to head for the door and run after him, persuading him not to bother the busiest man in the building, but James was already out the door.

‘Why don’t you just say yes?’, with the two of them alone, Gun’s soft voice turned harsh, his eyes glinting in frustration.

https://t.co/RxULSeMdRq

‘Only for a couple of days. My boyfriend and I are doing a cover on Edinburgh’s council election and I thought it would be a good idea for Frank to join us and explore. He’s only gonna be here for a couple of days’

‘Neen!’, Off shouted for his sister as the pair entered the kitchen, Neen in her pyjamas with an old apron around her and her hair tied up in a bun whilst she prepared Christmas cookies whilst she waited for the chicken in the oven.

‘What?!’, she shouted back at him, her eyes still focused on the tree shaped cookie dough on the baking tray, ‘Can’t you see I’m busy?’

‘Allison said she wants to take Frank to Scotland after Christmas Day. Do you think Tay and New will kill me if I leave him with Allison?’

https://t.co/gpZ7C8ESgp

Without thinking he finally crossed the street, passing until he was standing right in front of Gun.

‘How do you know where I live?’

Gun didn’t answer, his eyes just shifted to the ground, his shoes drenched in water. Off didn’t need to ask to know, but he didn’t know what else to say. The last he saw of Gun was a moment where he realised he couldn’t be in the same room as him, not when he looked down and saw the diamond ring which had replaced his ones, resting so beautifully and effortlessly on his finger, as if it was supposed to be there. There was no weight in it either, no curse or baggage that it had compared to when he slipped his ring in Gun’s finger during his sleep.

Gun didn’t answer his question, in fact, he looked angry when Off even asked. Without warning, he to a step forward, dipping his hand inside Off’s shirt, much to his surprise, and pulling out a chain which hung around his neck.

https://t.co/8JThzS40K3

‘You look kinda pathetic’, Off commented, to which Gun punched him on the arm in retaliation, which only made him laugh, ‘I should at least offer you a place to chill until you make up with James’

‘Whatever’, Gun murmured, pushing Off out of the way but crossing the road nonetheless, heading to his apartment building, ‘Which floor are you?’, he asked as Off tailed behind him.

‘Floor five, room one seventeen’, Off called out to him as he jogged in his steps, catching up with Gun as they finally made it inside where it was warm and dry.

It was more than a surprised when Neen was finished setting up the table, looking up to find Off opening the front door with someone else behind him.

‘P’Gun!’, Frank shouted as soon as they entered the kitchen, standing up from his chair and rushing towards the pair, his arms stretched wide as he took Gun into a tight hug, squeezing the air out of him.

https://t.co/M57HqvIH4l

‘He didn’t tell me not to visit’, Gun shook his head, ‘He just advised me to ignore bad vibes before the wedding, and your dads were being pessimistic’

‘Maybe they were just being realistic’, Neen added herself into the conversation, sitting down with the last handful of food and setting it down. Gun and her hadn’t had much conversation since Off’s departure so the awkwardness rose even more between them.

‘Hey Gun, are you gonna eat dinner all wet?’, Off broke the tension in the room as he headed back to the kitchen, seeing that Gun was still wearing his damp clothes, ‘Come here, I’ll fetch you some dry clothes’

https://t.co/kTQT5M9MJZ

‘Leave it’, Off ordered her, ignoring her side remarks as he started to eat his dinner, saying a quick prayer under his breath as he felt both Neen and Frank watch him, ‘It’s just for one night’

‘He’s engaged’, neen reminded him, just in case he forgot, ‘and James is a good man’

‘No he isn’t’, Frank snorted, ‘P’Gun barely hangs out with us because of him’

‘Let’s not discuss it here’, Off stopped them from arguing, ‘Just don’t talk and let him stay here until his clothes are dry’

‘Alright then’, Neen sat up on her chair and continued eating, ‘But I’m not cleaning up after him’

‘I can clean by myself’, Gun was the one who interrupted her, the three turning back to look at him. He looked much smaller in Off’s clothes, his shirt barely hanging on his shoulder and his jogging bottoms too long that it hid his feet as he skidded across the kitchen.

End of part II - I’ll upload the rest tomorrow

‘I don’t care if you marry the wrong person’, Neen whispered as soon as Off was out of ear shot, ‘I don’t care if James is a good or bad guy. Keep my brother out of it’

‘I never wanted to see him here either. This was just a coincidence’

‘His wedding invite was a coincidence too?’, Neen asked, which once again sent a flood of shock between the two of them.

‘Off got it?’

‘I’m not gonna say’, Neen said as she got up and took her drink, leaving Gun alone to ponder by himself as she joined her brother and Frank on the other side. Gun leaned back on his chair and sighed deeply, combing back through his hair and looking down at his lap.

Okay... I can’t sleep... so you get the rest

Part III; nostalgia’s a bitch

https://t.co/rordvz1RvZ

‘James is a pretty cool guy. Sure, we don’t get along that well, but I can tell he loves you and you… Love him too’, New was slow to add the last bit, not sure yet hopeful that Gun saw in James what the other saw in him, ‘But I can’t sit here and say it’s a good idea that James doesn’t know about Off. He has every rights to know and … I think Off should know too’

‘Off has no rights to ever be part of my life again’, Gun hissed in annoyance, ‘And I don’t owe him an explanation’

‘It’s not for him’, New sighed, ‘It’s for you. Once you tell Off, you’ll finally get the rest of your closure. It’ll be a better start for your marriage. Haven’t you learnt from your mistakes already?’

‘It’s not that I don’t trust James if I tell him. I just… I wanna forget that part of my life already’, Gun sighed, ‘I don’t ever wanna say his name or even hear about him again’

‘Off’s been part of your life for a long time. As much as you wanna pretend, he was still someone important to you. Getting rid of someone important is hard, but it’s better than pretending that they never existed in the first place’

https://t.co/mqGVwxuBdh

‘You did, didn’t you’, Gun sighed, folding his arms across his chest and looking down on the floor. He always thought he imagined the broken voice whispering those three words before he hung up the phone. But Off’s silence was enough of an answer for him, ‘Is that why you’re still wearing my wedding ring?’

‘I never thought I’d see you again, so answering these questions are a little…’, Off sighed and scratched the back of his head, closing the kitchen door and blocking Neen and Frank from hearing their conversation, ‘If you must know, I didn’t sign those papers because I stopped loving you. I signed them because I loved you too much’

‘Oh, that’s cute’, Gun laughed sarcastically, shaking his head in disbelief by how those simple words had his heart racing again, ‘You’re trying to make yourself sound like Prince Charming, aren’t you?’

‘I can assure you, I’m not’, Off replied, ‘I’m being honest’

https://t.co/C8PuEw6Isd

‘Did you think of her as something more?’, Gun asked, no sense of pride in him since this was probably the last night he’d ever see Off again, ‘Did you sleep with her?’

‘Once’, Off admitted, ‘We were both kinda just bored and… One thing led to another’

‘Good for you’, Gun chuckled bitterly, ‘I never saw someone to distract me from you. It only took James till I started to forget’

‘We’re two different people’, Off admitted, ‘I guess we go through things differently’

‘Why didn’t you come back?’, Gun asked, recognising the streets and realising they were nearing his hotel. All of a sudden there a thunder in his mind and heart, beating fast like war drums as his time with Off lessened by the second. Floods of unanswered questions came rushing to his mind and he wanted to keep talking to Off.

‘If I came back, I knew I would probably run straight back to you’, Off snorted at himself, his pride also shedded and burnt into ashes now that they were alone inside the black cab, ‘You’d probably think I was pathetic’

https://t.co/R9HchmW4w8

Off found it rude to be eavesdropping, so he walked back at the end of the street, returning back in the cab with an empty expression on his face as he leaned his forehead against the cold glass window, watching buildings pass him as he returned home.

‘Off!’

Off heard James voice before the elevator doors finished opening. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose as soon as he saw who was standing next to the director.

‘Hello sir’, he greeted his boss, ‘What can I do for you?’

https://t.co/DnTBcxiNaW

‘Because you hurt Gun’, James hissed, banging his hands against the desk, ‘But I promised I would pretend you don’t exist’

‘But you begged my boss to handle your project’, Off chuckled with not much care in his voice or tone, indifferent to the James who stood in front of him, ‘What is it do you really want from me?’

‘Stay away from Gun. I don’t want you near him ever again’, his eyes were different, he was intimidating and fierce now. He suddenly realised what Frank meant when he said James could be controlling.

‘Why do you think I’m here?’, Off sighed to him, looking down on one of his drawers, ‘I was never meant to cross paths with him again. Keep an eye on me all you want, but I made a promise to myself a long time ago, long before you even met Gun. So I won’t be getting in your way, I can assure you that’

‘You better not’, James whispered his threat to him before he stood up straight and stomping out of his office and slamming the door shut.

https://t.co/rZCDHRiKhx

‘You’re capable of lying, right?’, Gun asked, tailing him around his apartment like a dog, ‘Come on, you’v worked with actors, can’t you act?’

‘You work with companies, can you run a business then?’, Off retorted back with a raised brow, questioning Gun’s logic as he turned on the lights in his bedroom. He didn’t think Gun would follow him inside, but when he did that was when he turned around, loosening his tie and frustratingly glaring at Gun, ‘And what do you want me to lie about anyway?’

‘Tell him you still have feelings for me’, Gun said, and Off’s reaction was a mixture of surprise and offence, ‘If he sees you as a threat then he won’t even let you back in the country if he tries’

‘You want be to be exiled?’

‘No, what I’m saying is he’d be too scared to keep provoking you’, Gun called out, slightly annoyed that Off wasn’t getting the point, ‘Then he’ll stop acting so paranoid and you won’t get mentioned again every fucking second’

Off sighed and leaned against his drawers, crossing his arm as he looked at Gun up and down. It must be nice for him to walk in without so much as caring or thinking about him, all he saw was the worry he had for James. It was envious, but he didn’t know who he was envious of, Gun who didn’t so much bat an eyelash at him or James at the fact that he was being worried over by Gun. He didn’t think two years could change him so much, but it left a huge gap in his life, one which was pitiful. Should he just swallow his pride and be truthful for once?

‘I wouldn’t be lying to him if I say that anyway’, Off whispered under his breath.

‘What?’

https://t.co/P3AhH5LXUE

‘Give it here’, Off broke the silence, stretching his arm over the table and beckoning him to hand over the instrument.

‘You said you don’t play anymore’, Gun stated, yet he still handed the guitar to him, watching him as he leaned the guitar on his lap, his fingers plucking the strings, playing something familiar.

‘I’m rusty but I think I can still play a tune’, Off chuckled. It was dark and the only light on was the one from the hallway, sitting in the dark with just the two of them, it felt familiar, a wave of déjà vu waving inside him. Gun still felt calm when he was alone with Off, but there was also a sense of anxiousness, as if his time with him was limited, a countdown hovering above their heads.

‘You shouldn’t have told me you loved me over the phone’, Gun commented, folding his knees up and leaning it on, ‘You got my hopes up which made me hate you more’

Off listened to Gun but he didn’t say anything back. Instead he focused on playing, his fingers remembering each chord of the song as he began to hum the melody.

Cause you are my medicine when you’re close to me…

‘When you’re close to me…’, Gun sang the last line, recognising the song immediately. His eyes turned crescent shape, much like the pendant which hung from his wrist that he hid with his long sleeves.

‘You remember?’, Off asked, a small smile forming on his lips when he heard Gun’s soft voice singing.

https://t.co/u34ZwUpZ8C

Before Gun could ask him what, he pulled Gun by the wrist, pressing his lips against his. It was brief, just lasting for a second, but it was enough to paint Off’s heart red again.

Gun blinked at him, but he didn’t look shock nor offended. In fact, he leaned one more time, kissing him back, gripping at his shirt collar. His main reaction shouldn’t have been this, but tonight was his last night in London and the chance of ever seeing Off again was running thin. His youth still begged to be felt even for a few more seconds, his arms making its way around Off’s neck, pulling him closer as they lips kept crushing against each other, warm and cold at the same time, their hearts bursting at the seams.

Breathless, they finally parted, Off leaning on his doorframe and looking down at Gun.

‘Bye Off’

‘Goodbye, Gun’

https://t.co/Wio3FJSmxg

Part IV; close your eyes

https://t.co/1bJJS68c6S

Off laughed at the way she spoke to the urn as if their dad was still listening.

'Here', Neen passed the urn to Off, who took it in surprise. He just wanted to get it over and done with, to watch another pile of someone's life sink into the ocean before the waves took them 'At least say a few words to him'

'What should I say?'

'Anything', Neen patted his back, 'You came back for him, didn't you?'

'Uhh…', Off hugged the urn in his arms, looking down at the sand and watching his toes sink in, 'I guess I'm sorry. Even if I hate you, a son should've been there to send you off, right?'

Neen listened to him awkwardly speaking, but instead of laughing, her heart felt heavy. Off found no strength to string in words and she could sense despite their strained relationship, Off still couldn't handle grief.

'I hope you choose wisely in your next life', Off whispered, 'Be happy and don't make the same mistakes', he quickly handed back the urn to Neen, who took it earnestly as he stayed behind, coughing a little as he looked up at the clouds above him.

https://t.co/RBQhUpzUp1

‘Babe’

‘James?’, Gun turned to where the door was, seeing James sneaking inside his dressing room a few minutes before the wedding, ‘What’re you doing here?’

‘I wanted to see you before the wedding’, James smiled intertwining their fingers together and pinning Gun to his chest. He leaned down and kiss his forehead, the two of them slow dancing with no music, a few minutes away from their ceremony.

‘You know it’s bad luck to see each other before the wedding’, Gun pointed out, joking as he leaned in and kiss James, resting his warm hands against his cheeks.

‘Nonsense’, James chuckled back, tightening their embrace, ‘Just think, tomorrow we’ll be on our way to Hawaii sipping cocktail and being officially married’

Gun nuzzled his head against James’ chest, smiling at the thought of it too. His heart wasn’t pounding, nor was it racing fast until his hands were shaking with excitement.

He thought no one could ever compete with Off, because he was the only person who can make him feel a rush of emotions, from excitement to adrenaline all in one go, dragging him out of the venue and sneaking out of their own wedding to spend time with each other. But as time went on, he realised that sometimes real love doesn’t always have to be adrenaline rush, something it could be calm and relaxed, because to be in love is to be comfortable, and right now, he couldn’t be more comfortable.

Off definitely gave him an adventure, but he was sure James was finally going to give him peace.

https://t.co/HzfrdvbgaV

‘What is it?’, Gun asked as he watched Jingjing rush to the bouquet, quickly fixing the arrangement before handing it back to him.

‘Nothing. I was just fixing it’, Jingjing replied to him, leaning over to fix his hair too before opening the door, ‘Your mum’s waiting at the end of the hall’

‘Thanks’

‘Are you ready?’

‘Yeah’, Gun grinned, ‘I think I am’

Jingjing left the room, leaving alone for a few minutes. He held the bouquet in his hands and he looked at himself in the mirror one last time. He smiled to himself, taking in a deep breath, but he found himself pressing his hand against his chest, feeling a small lump where his heart was.

He stopped smiling as he quickly loosened his tie, unbuttoning the firs button and pulling out a small chain which hung around his neck, similar to Off’s.

He took it off before he headed to the ceremony, looking down at the ring he dived in to save all those years ago. His heart almost dived into the same racing adrenaline rush when he noticed Off wearing his ring the same way during the dinner event.

https://t.co/gPUQnYi35n

'You're the one who didn't want to be invited', Off laughed, pushing his sister playfully until Neen turned around and glared at him. They began to chase after each other, playing like kids outside in the sun, tugging at each other's hair as they raced together back to the car. Loser pays for lunch.

Gun thought he heard laughter, but it was faint and barely audible in front of their officiant's microphone, but he couldn't help but look around staring across the tall glass walls which overlooked the garden. He then turned at the guests and even looking beside him to find his mum and dad sitting at the front, smiling at him. He felt content just standing here that he almost missed a figure running down the garden.

For a split second he thought it was Off. But who was he kidding? He internally laughed at himself before he retreated his gaze back to James who couldn't stop smiling this whole time.

Congratulations Gun.

There's no reason to hold onto you any longer, so I'll be a fool to keep this. It's long overdue but I hope you're able to find your happiness and keep it for a very long time.

I'll make sure to meet you again in the next life,

Off Jumpol.

https://t.co/gDr8wHQaCM

Appendix; the gang's final years

Vihokratana-Techaapaikun Household:

Tay Tawan and New Thitipoom spent the rest of their lives happily married and raising their children. With Off's encouragement, Tay managed to quit his job and set up an entertainment agency, becoming his own CEO. Frank would grow up and follow in his footsteps, until he eloped with Drake to get married at the young age of twenty two without Tay's consent.

Despite Frank's sudden wedding, the father and son made up over a bowl of vanilla ice cream after Frank came back from his honeymoon.

Tay paid for a second wedding ceremony so he could at least walk Frank down the aisle.

Mook grew up well, but she ended up never meeting her mysterious godfather that her brother never stopped talking about. She followed New's footsteps and worked as a writer for the Thai Post before becoming a biographer to some of Thailand's important figures.

She would later marry her childhood best friend Mak Jiranorraphat-Jiravechsoontornkul.

Tay worked with his son until his retirement, passing the company to Frank and spending his final years with New at their beach home.

https://t.co/lv2eYjqmYk

Siriphongchawalit Household:

Mike and his son moved to the country after his messy divorce with his wife who moved to Japan after failing to win custody over their son. She never reached out to them again.

Heartbroken, the gang helped raise his son, constantly visiting their home and caring for the both of them until Mike could stand on his own two feet again.

He decided to set up his own football academy for young kids, training them to get into national teams whilst he raised his son with the help of Fiat who was also a single father. They became inseparable and would cause just as much trouble as their kids.

His son Somsak was loud and carefree due to being raised by Alice, Arm, Mild and Jane. He always got into trouble, but despite his awful behaviour record, he was still one of the smartest in his school.

Mike reconnected with Oab and Alrissa after they moved back to Thailand and found out about their daughter, Aom. He advised his son to keep an eye on her thus the troublemaking trio gained a new member during the last year of high school.

Somsak and Aom would later marry.