

Hold My Hand In The River of Wishes
By Tiffany

The painting of Julian Alvaroz had him holding someone's hand, although the hands were only shown. Julian was looking up smiling at that person, his eyes seemed so distracted by the person whose hands he was holding. His hair was a really nice warm hazelnut color with it reaching his shoulders, his blue and white shirt really complimented him. His smile was so gentle and tender and the hold he had on the person's hand seemed delicate but tight so they couldn't go. His ocean blue eyes were only on that person, Luciano could have easily drowned in them.

Luciano came back from the museum with that painting stuck on his head, he saw other masterpieces, but that one painting felt so comforting. He headed towards his cabinet reaching for his melatonin taking five gummies of them.. He could never sleep so he had to take some alternatives, it always felt wrong sleeping alone. He felt so alone and cold it scared him to the point of no sleep.

Once he felt the melatonin kick in he jumped towards his bed grabbing the pillow and putting it on top of him while hugging it. It had become a habit to use pillows as his warmth material instead of a normal blanket. He was still thinking of that painting, whose hands were those? Why did it feel so familiar? With more questions coming to him he finally fell asleep confused.

Luciano was in a garden late at night sitting in a marble seat, he could see many bushes with lovely flowers and trees with fruit on them. As he looked around he saw a young man with hazelnut hair picking up some roses. He could hear him occasionally say a low "ow" but kept on picking them up.

Luciano watched the young man get up and jog towards him, seeing a familiar face, oh goodness it was the face Julian but a lot more real.

Julian sat next to him with a soft, determined smile and his eyes shining, he handed over the roses to Luciano waiting for his reaction.

The roses were deep red and really soft to the touch but also surprisingly smooth on the stems? Luciano looked down to the roses and saw it had no thorns, he looked back at Julian then down at him to see that his fingers were bleeding.

He could not speak or control himself but he reached for Julian's hands trying to check on them. Julian grabbed him instead, kissing his wrist and each of his fingers. his lips were soft taking his time kissing them. What could they possibly taste like?

"Don't bother, I don't want your hands getting dirty or hurt"

Those were the last words Luciano heard before waking up from that horrendous alarm. He will absolutely destroy it for waking him up from that beautiful dream. His heart was beating and his

chest felt heavy with delight, he felt water on his eyes with a loving feeling filling him . Finally something new, it hurted him knowing it wasn't true, he probably won't be able to dream something like it again.

Somehow by some miracle he kept on having dreams of Julian. In one Julian was going to be painted but Julian had to be there alone. Julian didn't let go of Luciano's hands and kept making comments that made Luciano flustered. They kept on giggling and goofing around to the point the painter needed a break. Julian looked excited for that and pulled Luciano towards him, his hug are always the most comfortable

Goodness was he that desperate for someone he started dreaming of a painting of a person from the past? But what he will do for it to be real. Why was he putting hope on himself that will never be possible. Please he just didn't want to be alone, he just wanted someone and he had to choose a stupid painting. The more he dreamed the more he drowned in those eyes and the more he started blurring with Julian. Luciano had fallen in love with a painting of a person from the past

He was in a bed, the sheets were silk and the bed looked a lot larger than his own, the room obviously not his. His body felt too cold and in agony, it hurt too much he could feel tears coming down his cheeks. He looked down to his left seeing Julian kneeling to his bed while hugging him from the waist. Luciano could hear him cry, shaking terribly. He didn't like that, he wanted it to stop. It took effort to lift his hand and start caressing Julian's head, his hair felt a bit tangled as if he hadn't been taking care of himself.

"No no no please you can't go, I promise to try more stuff please just hold on !" Julian kept on repeating himself. He was trying to convince himself of something he knew wasn't possible

"I've heard if you wish hard enough to the river of wishes it will grant it, but in exchange it wants tiny little blood". Luciano didn't have control over what he was saying yet his mouth said it easily, but he did feel his voice raspy and in pain. He tried lifting his arms to embrace Julian for him to not feel too hopeless. He succeeded caressing his beloved's back trying to sooth him for the rest of the time he had left

Julian looked up at him with his eyes all red and puffy

"I will give it all just for you my love, I won't let you die" he looked serious saying it, he would have done anything. He caressed Luciano's cheek leaning it towards his face. His heat felt like the sun finally coming after a long winter

Luciano stopped him before he could kiss him

"I will not kiss you, it will hurt me knowing I can't do it again. Please just hold me and don't let go" and Luciano exactly did that

The most beautiful agonising hours passed before Julian felt his love's body relax and finally release him. Yet he didn't let him go, he promised he wouldn't let go. If he couldn't hold him then what was he supposed to hold on to?

It took many tries for Julian to separate from his deceased love to go to the river of wishes. It sounded silly to many but he would try anything for Luciano, he would bring him back, to at least let him live his life full of joy.

He could still remember the first time he met Luciano in this river, he was throwing rocks at it. He may have had a bad day, but Luciano was determined to make it better. Here they met everyday, they danced, they cried, they kissed. He wishes Luciano could be crying to him while dancing and give him kisses everywhere so he would know he will take care of him at any time.

He ripped his skin with anything he had around him, sticks, nails, teeth anything. He would give all his blood for Luciano to come back and live a joyful life. He laid on the river letting his blood flow all over it, he kept on repeating "I wish for my love to come back, make him have a joyful life and let me be with him too, anywhere. Let me be in his dreams if I can't be with him" until finally he had no more force.

Luciano could see this, after all it was all a dream wasn't it? What a coincidence that Julian's Alvaroz body was discovered in the river of wishes with his skin ripped and no blood in 1839. But he knew his head made it up for him to have hope in something it made up.

He woke up immediately putting on the first shoes he could find and a sweater to make it look like he wasn't on pyjamas. The river of wishes wasn't far, coincidentally. He knelt next to it, he felt as if he could still see the blood flowing through it. He grabbed a stick with some sharpenes

to it. He cut a bit and let it go through the river, his wish being something stupid knowing probably this won't work. "I wish to know why I keep dreaming this"

That night it took way more melatonin for him to sleep but once he finally did he was worried. He opened his eyes to the same room. So his head really did make everything up, the hope he knew he didn't have is somehow still gone. He went to sit up feeling a bit lighter than usual and no real temperature, not cold or warm just nothing. He looked around and got startled when he saw a figure, no way it was sleep paralysis since usually he couldn't move. It got closer to him slowly, he started to see curly hazel hair up to the shoulders...wait... What type of sleep paralysis was this?

Julian Alvaroz was in his room, now Luciano was even more scared. What if his head got so convinced they used to be lovers that now he's hallucinating him? Well what if he was hallucinating everything, goodness he better stop with all of these questions or else he'll have a headache.

Julian was now a few feet away from him but it looked like he was holding back from completely jumping on him. Luciano was trembling trying to make sense of everything. But goodness he missed his touch, would it feel even better then in his dreams?

"Is it okay if I could give you a hug?" That was the final straw for Julian before he ran to Luciano and hugged him tightly, making them both fall into the bed. Luciano smelled his hair finally being able to smell it clearly and not in those dreams. This time his body wasn't cold

anymore or in agony, he could hug him with no pain. He suddenly felt tears on his neck noticing that Julian was crying but breathing in his scent too.

"I missed you so much my love, I won't ever let that happen again. Please forgive this filth for not doing any better". Julian whimpered out those words while still holding Luciano tightly

Luciano didn't like how Julian blamed himself for something natural.

"It wasn't your fault for my infection, please you are no filth and you did everything you could"

Luciano gently lifted his face holding both his cheeks looking straight into those ocean blue eyes.

This time his air really was taken away just like when drowning.

Julian smiles full of satisfaction while tears keep on falling, he grabs Luciano's wrist kissing it just like when he gave him those roses. He leaned into his loves soft touch knowing he won't be separated from him And have to visit him in his dreams.

Luciano wanted those lips on his own lips finally wanting to know how they would taste like

"Could I kiss you? This time I'm not scared because I know I'll be able to do it again"

"Do whatever you wish to me, you could even treat me like dirt just stomping on me and I'll keep on loving you. I've been dying for your sweet beautiful soft lips my love"

Luciano pulled the back of his head to him, meeting into a gentle lovely kiss. Julian completely melted into the kiss holding Luciano even more close if that was even possible. They should go to the river of wishes and hold each other just like before and now.