

How did Alain love Luis?

It was a complex love full of behaviors and words that very few understood. Alain did not seem the type who would ever cave to the will of a man like Luis. And yet, it was Luis who received his most tender gaze. It was Luis's hand that he pressed kisses to and it was Luis who Alain allowed himself to truly be with. It was a powerful thing—the act of being. It was almost forbidden for him. Everyone else in the world was gifted with the blessing of being human. Alain was not. Or rather, that was what he told himself when it came to how careless he was with his own state of being. He didn't get to be human. Alain was a show, a caricature, and an object of the public. His life dangled along the edge of a cliff and to be anything more than a performance would surely be to jump off.

He was a man drowning in promises he made and kept despite it. He was suffocating from the pressure of all that was expected of him and the worst part is that he allowed it and felt that he deserved it. He was doomed to forever wander this Earth with no other purpose than to be the public's obsession. El Tlacuache. That is who he was. If you asked him to define where El Tlacuache ended and Alain began, he would laugh nervously and avoid the answer.

He didn't know.

He didn't know where Alain began. He didn't know where El Tlacuache ended. He didn't know who he really was.

And then came Luis.

It was like a firework in the middle of a silent night. One day Alain was the bold blond actor that had the public's attention despite his avoidance of romance and the next he was Alain who was caught kissing Luis.

The public wanted a scandal. They wanted something to make a story out of. Alain was a famous radio host after all. He had been in movies. He had his own music. He was someone who had everything and anything he could have wanted. Not to mention, he was notorious for avoiding any questions regarding his love life. For years people had grown used to the fact that if asked, he would avoid the question. So imagine their surprise when one day a photo spread like wildfire. It was a photo of a simple kiss between him and Luis. That's all it was, but there was something ever so powerful and impactful about the way that he was cupping Luis's face. There was tenderness there that he never dared share for anyone else. The first person he dared to show affection to and it was Luis. The person who melted his heart was his complete opposite.

It wasn't like Luis was unknown, but he certainly was not the type of person that Alain would be around. He was a horror writer known for writing the most gripping horror novel of the decade. It sang songs of criticisms of the police force, anti-war themes, and the classic argument of monster versus man. He was successful and so it wasn't shocking due to status. It was shocking to the public because how did someone who was quite the recluse (as far as famous people went) capture the love and affection of the personification of the nightlife?

It made no sense!

And yet, it persisted anyway.

It all led to this moment here where Alain was sat across from Luis. The wind was blowing gently and the sun was peeking in through the window. Luis was working on his next book. His brows were crunched as he typed, his tongue poking out every so slightly, and his glasses were sliding down his nose. His hair was up in a messy bun and he was wearing a sweatsuit that Alain bought him.

Everything about it was perfect. He knew that in his heart, this was the man he wanted to construct life with. To be by his side and build a cathedral over them as a monument to their devotion was

all he could have ever wanted from life. Luis was his light and he was his soul. His cold hands reached for Alain's warm ones and he was certain that life could be anymore blissful.

Luis looked up at some point, finally catching how long Alain's gaze had been held on him, "What are you thinking about now?"

"How much I love you." he said.

The public had their ideas and their ways of invading his life, but he was proud for having kept this as personal as he could have possibly done. He was allowed to love Luis and enjoy his presence without the lingering paparazzi trying to get pictures all of the time. Yeah, they did invade still and now there were stories about the baffling twist of Alain actually indulging in romance, but it was nothing like the other aspects of his life.

"I love you too." Luis said. He pushed the blanket around him off of his shoulder and Alain happily moved to sit next to him with the blanket around himself.

His identity and his being were defined by the public. Everything regarding who he was to the world was owned by strangers. He was El Tlacuache. He was loud, a party man, the life in a room, the loudest voice in a crowd. He was a face everyone knew. His eccentric clothes and his voice made him a staple in popular culture. And of course, he did not date. Not until now. He dodged every question, ignored every push, and kept himself the world's most desired bachelor. Yet, when Luis made room for him and he could lay against his shoulder and read what he was writing, he was not El Tlacuache. He was Alain. He was a man who loved and loved strongly. His voice did not need to bounce off of walls to be heard. He didn't need to put on a performance to be seen. He just was.

"Tell me about what you're writing." He loved him because it came as easy as breathing. He could simply be next to him and his heart was full and ready to give and give until he had nothing left to give. The beautiful thing about that was that he didn't have to. Luis always returned his love. He may not have been a passionate or expressive man, but he understood Alain. He knew him like a caterpillar knows how to transform into a butterfly and in the way that the sun knows how to shine. Luis had peeled back every layer of his being and seen him in his rawest form. And he loved him anyway.

"You were telling me about that figure, The Weeping Woman. I did some research and found some good contemporary interpretations of her. I figured that it would be interesting to write some horror surrounding her as a figure in these more modern tellings. Humanize her and write of monster versus man with her. I'm not entirely liking what I am drafting now. But I think I'll finish it." he said, "Maybe."

"Aw. I inspired you." he laughed. He pressed his forehead to Luis's shoulder. Despite the fact that he was the taller of the two, there was such wonder stored in hiding himself in Luis. It was heaven on Earth.

"Don't let it get to your head. I don't want to do more damage to it than the hairspray has probably already done." his lip quirked a little. When Alain gave him a playful shove, a laugh actually escaped him.

He loved when he could make Luis laugh.

There was all of this focus on what Luis brought to the table by others. People wondered what was so good about him that Alain broke character and allowed himself vulnerability. What on Earth was it about this writer that made El Tlacuache become Alain?

But nobody asked what he brought to the table. What did a man like El Tlacuache did to bring them to equal levels? Nobody asked what it was about him that Luis could love so much. He had always been a private man who left romance out of the question. It was jarring the day the picture leaked. It was unexpected and yet still nobody questioned the possibility of El Tlacuache winning his heart. He was a

charming figure so surely Luis simply fell for that charm. A man who could love in three languages and a man who was coveted by the world.

“I love when I inspire you.” he said.

Alain did not like to think that way. Luis was just as much of a person as he was. They were in this together. This was *their* relationship, nobody else’s. They were equal. He was made from Luis’s rib and they were born of the same clay. They evolved into the beings they were together and there was never a question if one had more power than the other. Power. What was that in the face of humility? They were above a thirst for control. Their palms were pressed together in this dance and their souls embraced. Alain and Luis were just equal. They were atheists in Notre Dame, looking to Adonai and choosing each other. They were God.

“You’re good inspiration.” Luis said.

It didn’t matter what people thought of them. Their relationship never was meant to cater to everyone else. They were each other’s sun and moon. They danced and never stopped. Every action was an intricate detail to a grand painting they would never see. But that was the point wasn’t it? You loved someone and never would get to see the work of art that comes with it. You simply live it. Every day you wake up and continue to paint it and one day it will be in a museum of memories that you will never see.

He breathed in. He could smell coffee and that cologne that he loved so much.

How did Alain love Luis?

With every fiber of his being in this world and the next.