

Chapter 1: Jude and Love

Chapter 1 began with an energy that was light, their smiles effortless, carrying them through the morning as if the weight of the past had never existed. When breakfast arrived, they ate with an easy comfort, their movements synchronized in a way that spoke of familiarity, of years spent learning the rhythm of each other. Willem watched Jude closely, taking in every small gesture—the way he carefully examined the perilla leaf, the methodical way he arranged his food—and he felt, once again, the deep certainty of why he had chosen this life with him.

They had endured so much together, weathered storms that had threatened to tear them apart, yet here they were, sharing something as simple as breakfast, and it felt like everything. It wasn't that the challenges had disappeared; they still existed, lingering in the background like shadows that never fully faded. But in this moment, those worries seemed smaller, less daunting, because they had each other, and that was enough to quiet the uncertainties.

Jude had been through more than most could even begin to understand, yet he sat here, present, strong in ways that weren't always obvious but were undeniable to those who truly knew him. His existence, his ability to find peace in these small, everyday moments, was proof of a resilience that went beyond mere survival. And Willem, more than anything, felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude—that Jude had chosen to let him in, to trust him when trusting had always been the most difficult thing.

There were complexities in their relationship, challenges that could not be ignored. Willem knew there would always be things about Jude's past that he could not fully understand, pain that no amount of love could completely erase. But he also knew that love was not about fixing or erasing—it was about staying, about standing beside

someone even when their wounds still ached, about holding onto them through the days when the past felt too close.

As Willem looked at Jude now, he thought about all the nights he had spent wondering if love alone was enough. He had questioned whether his presence could ever truly quiet the echoes of Jude's past, whether there was a way to shield him from the pain that sometimes gripped him without warning. But looking at Jude, watching him in this moment of quiet contentment, Willem realized that understanding did not always require answers—sometimes, it was enough simply to be there, to bear witness, to remind Jude that he never had to be alone again.

Jude lifted his gaze, catching Willem's eyes, and in that instant, something shifted. It wasn't dramatic; it wasn't grand. But there was something unguarded in Jude's expression, something that looked like a quiet surrender—not to pain, not to fear, but to the possibility that happiness, however fragile, was something he could allow himself to hold onto.

Willem reached across the table, his fingers brushing lightly over Jude's wrist, a silent promise, a reassurance without words. There was no need for explanation, no need for anything other than this small, simple act of connection. It was enough.

Outside, the world continued its steady march, full of pressures and expectations that neither of them could fully escape. But here, in this shared moment, they had carved out something sacred, something untouchable. The future was uncertain, as it always was, but whatever came next, they would face it together.

Willem watched as a small, hesitant smile crossed Jude's face, and in that instant, he knew. He knew that love was not about guarantees, not about promises that nothing would ever hurt again. It was about choosing each other, day after day, through the good and the bad, and never letting go. And as he sat there, his hand still resting against Jude's wrist, he felt with absolute certainty that whatever struggles lay ahead, whatever challenges they would have to overcome, this—this life, this love—was worth it all.