Clueless Crush

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Summary

Of all the battles and tough foes he's ever faced... somehow, none of it compares to the hardest fight Diluc has experienced... getting Lumine to see him.

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Diluc won't admit it, but he’s starting to get frustrated with his failed efforts. He's tried just about everything...

Flowers? -He might as well be the floral delivery boy at this point.

Training sessions? -He’s been by her side, offering assistance, even when she didn’t ask for it.

Asking her out? -Well, might as well be talking to a wall...

She just didn't seem to pick up on it. Too dense to realize that Diluc is completely smitten with her.

He sighs softly as he actively cleaned a wine glass from behind the bar of Angel’s Share. He may be rich, but he knew he couldn’t get everything he wanted. Perhaps it was time to attempt a new approach. The more direct kind...

Lumine was busy tending to her flowers around her home in Mondstadt, joyfully humming an uplifting tune to herself. It was afternoon hours and the weather was pleasant. The perfect day for outdoor entertainment.

Diluc watched her from beyond the gates, feeling an odd mix of annoyance and intrigue as she tended to her garden. She looked so carefree, happy... beautiful... and infuriatingly oblivious! He sighs softly. How was he supposed to make her see him? Let alone reciprocate his feelings...

With a determined look in his eyes, he crosses the gateway into her front lawn and approaches her.

"Lumine."

"Mm?" she responds to her name, curiously turning her head to spot Diluc looking down at her.

"Oh! Hi Dilly~! What brings you here?" she asks, beaming as she rose to her feet.

"I have something to discuss with you. It's important," he says with a serious tone.

"Oh? What is it?" Lumine tilts her head curiously, but then gasps as a thought comes to her. "Wait! Is it a secret? We can talk inside. Come," she gestures towards her house with her arm out.

Finding it conveniently ideal to avoid prying eyes, he agrees with a nod. Then follows her inside, crimson eyes briefly scanning the place before settling back on her.

She's leaned against the wall, casually with her hand behind her back, eyeing him attentively. "So, what did you want to talk about?" she asked, before immediately adding, "Wait, don't tell me. Did Kaeya cause a ruckus with Klee again and get you in trouble with Jean?"

Diluc let out an exasperated sigh, rubbing the bridge of his nose at the mention of such a match made in hell. "No... No issues with the knights. This is… something different." His hand falls so he can meet her gaze once more, expression more intense than usual. He takes a moment to collect his thoughts before continuing. "It's about you, actually."

Her eyes widened before she swiftly lifts her hands up in defense. "It wasn't me!" she declared. "Well... I only had a sip, but it was *Kaeya* who stole the wine!" Somehow she thought he came here to confront her, but here he was, finding out he even had any wine missing to begin with.

I'm going to kill him... he mentally notes. "No. This has nothing to do with *him*," he asserts with a deadpan expression. Then exhales. *Focus*. He had to focus.

Lumine sheepishly rubs the back of her head. "Oh, okay. Please continue."

"...This is about you. More specifically... the fact that you're utterly incapable of noticing when someone is..." he paused. Why was this so hard to say? *Get it together.* "...when someone is trying to court you."

There. He'd said it. Now she couldn't pretend not to—

"WHAT!? You want to take me to court!? Oh no!! Is this about the vase I broke? When did you find out?? -I was sure I covered it up- but it was an accident, I swear!" Lumine clapped her hands together, bowing her head to plead for forgiveness.

Diluc gapes for a long moment before facepalming. How could she possibly have misunderstood that? *How??*

"No, I don't want to 'take you to court', you idiot! I meant court *romantically*. Not *legally*!" He shoots her an annoyed look. She could be real cute sometimes, but heavens help him...

"You mean you'd punish me by political marriage!?" Lumine gasped. "Actually, I suppose that's better than getting arrested..." she adds, thinking aloud. "Okay, I accept. Just uhh... don't expect me to be a very capable wife."

Diluc tensed up, face burning red and nearly choked on air at the sheer absurdity of her assumption. "That’s not what I—!" He stopped mid-outburst. *Wait... did she just agree to a proposal I didn't even make!?*

Snapping out of it, he takes a deep breath. Clearly, this wasn’t working. He needed a different approach—one that didn’t involve her misinterpreting everything he said into some bizarre

punishment. When he finally speaks, his voice was low, exasperated, and strangely vulnerable.

"Lumine, for the love of Barbatos, listen to me—I'm *trying* to confess my *feelings* for you." A beat of silence. "Not sue you. Not arrange a marriage..." *Yet.* "I just… *really like* you." His face was still burning, but he held her gaze courageously, refusing to back down now that he'd finally said it outright.

Oh. Lumine blinked. "Oh."

Then she looks up in thought. "Well, I like you too but... was that really all this was about? Why didn't you just say so?"

Diluc stared in absolute shock. Was it really that easy? She... the feeling was *mutual* this entire time? He'd been struggling with this for ages and here she was, taking it so casually... *How was that fair??*

"You... You can't be serious," he breathed out, tone tinged with both relief and incredulity. "You actually like me? I've been going insane trying to get your attention for *months*..." he plants his palm to his head.

"Huh? What do you mean by that? You've always had my attention." Lumine looked genuinely confused.

It seemed she in fact, *still* did not get the memo...

"I..." he was at a loss for words. *Unbelievable.* "Lumine... everything I've done for you... they weren't just acts of friendship. I was actively pursuing you. For your *affection*..." he looked so defeated. His features were tainted with a hint of despair. He had to fight the urge to let out a pained sigh.

Lumine blinks. Once. Twice.

A moment of silence.

And then-

"EEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!?????"

If she managed to wake Dvalin with that holler, Barbatos might have a new song to prepare.

"Waitwaitwaitwait! You mean... the flowers I thought you just had extra stock to get rid of, and all that training because you said my swordsmanship was pathetic..."

Actually, he did say all of that. So, that was his own fault... which he now realizes, hearing them aloud. Devastatingly so.

"...and the dinners I thought were rewards for my hard work..."

Except for that... *How'd she get to that conclusion???*

"That was all supposed to be *romantic*!?" she was in genuine shock. "Shouldn't you have just done..." she rubs the back of her head. "I dunno...more physical things? Like holding my hand? Or kissing me? Walking me home? That kind of thing?"

Since when was she the love expert!?

"Or wait... was that supposed to come after?" And now she was confusing herself.

Diluc's face flushed even harder, his mind stuck on one particular thing she said.

She wanted... kissing???

"Hold on... You're telling me you **wanted** me to do all of that?" his tone was a mixture of bewilderment and... something else.

Lumine arcs a brow. "I already told you I like you. What's there to question?"

"You- 'What's there to question'!?" he repeats incredulously. He stands there reeling before rebutting, "Why didn't *you* make a move then!? If you wanted me to-" kiss you "...*hold your hand*, why didn't you grab mine?"

Why'd he waste so much time trying to woo her when this whole thing could've been prevented if she'd just-

"You know what? Touché. Well then, I'll do something now," Lumine approaches him, offering him her oh-so-pleasant smile. "Dilly...*I love you*. Soooooooo much!" she beams with her arms wide open.

Way to hit him with cupid's arrow.

His breath hitched, caught off guard by her sincere confession.

“…You can’t just *say* that out of nowhere,” he muttered, though it lacked any real bite. His expression softened, and after a moment of hesitation, he reached out and gently took her hands. His palms were warm, calloused from years of swordplay, but his grip was tender.

Then, with a quiet exhale, he tugged you closer, his voice barely above a whisper—

“…I love you too.”

And because he couldn’t resist any longer, he kisses her tenderly.

She shuts her eyes as she felt his lips grace her own.

Diluc pulled back slightly, eyes searching hers for any hint of hesitation or regret. When he finds none, his lips curve into a rare, genuine smile—one reserved only for her. "Finally," he murmured, before leaning in for another kiss, deeper this time.

No more misunderstandings. No more frustrating struggles. Just this—him and her, together at last.

~Fin

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