Those words I want to tell you

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by Cactus

Summary

Every time she thought about keeping these feelings for herself, sher realised the person she loved the most already knew everything.

Chelia was very angry. It was unusual for her to be unhappy about something, but right now, she was completely mad, her brows furrowed and her mouth turned so downwards it looked like she was grimacing. Her sister kept saying she was childish, but she thought she had every right to be upset.

Every year, a lot of guilds used to do a three-day-long gathering. Those who could participate didn't hesitate and those who were on mission always sent a little message or tried to even call, no matter where they were. Chelia always loved this event, there were so many people, so many different types of magic in one place. Of course with Fairy Tail's mages there, it never ended well, and now that they were close to many other guilds, you could say that at the end of the festivities, there wasn't a lot to clean as everything had been, well, destroyed.

But it didn't matter how many fights there were, Chelia loved this gathering. There were so many people that she still met new ones at the end of the third day. And even if she really wasn't keen on admitting it aloud, everyone knew what she loved the most about this huge party.

Obviously, seeing Wendy.

Sweet, caring, strong, adorable Wendy. Even though they couldn't see each other that often, they always exchanged letters during the year or sent each other presents. She loved reading everything she wrote to her, her letters always full of emotions. Chelia could feel how much she loved doing missions with her team and how much she cared about her guildmates. Of course, Wendy always asked her about her missions and remembered every detail of what Chelia could write.

So yes, after months without being able to talk face to face to Wendy, Chelia was ecstatic to be able to finally see her.

At least, that's what she was supposed to be able to do. If every woman of every guild weren't around the dragon slayer.

“You've grown up so much, Wendy !”

“But your skin is so smooth, it's so unfair...”

“So soft, I could pinch those cheeks all night long !”

“Ah, being young is such a gift.”

“Lu-chan, you're not even twenty yet...”

It's been almost two hours. Two very long hours. And Wendy, who wouldn't dare ask them to stop, was caught in the middle of this mess. Chelia's only hope resided in the fact that by now, they all seemed to be almost fully drunk, which meant they would soon release her.

She was thankfully right and, less than twenty minutes later, Wendy was shyly coming her way. When she saw Chelia's pout though, she smiled, amused.

“Good evening Chelia.” She said while sitting next to her. “Are you enjoying yourself ?”

Chelia huffed before turning toward her. She was smiling sweetly, as usual, but she could see in her eyes that she already knew what her answer would be.

“It's not fair the girls get to keep you all this time when they see you every day.” She mumbled, frowning when Wendy laughed. “They know you're the softest, they don't have to do this every year.” She added, letting her head fall in her arms that were crossed on the table.

She suddenly felt Wendy interlacing her fingers with her pink hair.

“I think you're softer.” She replied and put her head on her shoulder.

Chelia could feel her cheeks burning. She loved every compliment Wendy told her, but it was easier to read them rather than hear them directly. Yet, even if her face was probably redder than Erza's hair, she still looked up to smile at the other girl.

We still have two days to spend together, I'm not going to spend them pouting, Chelia thought, smiling when Wendy took her hand and took her to see more people. She really loved how soft and sweet she was.

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