

Hey, I'm just checking in to see how you're doing after what happened on the bluffs...  
I just wanted to let you know something.  
It doesn't have to change anything between the two of us- I get it might be hard to look at me right now. A lot happened, and I don't think either of us expected them to.  
And that I totally understand if you need some time to yourself, Antoine.  
Just let me know that you're alright. I'm worried about you. You just ran off. Drydenne's not really the sort of place where it's safe to do that, especially not so close to Tilrose Lane at night.  
I'm alright. And it's not that.  
I'm not trying to avoid you at the moment.  
I don't want to make it seem as if I've been avoiding you on purpose- it's not that at all.  
It's just all a lot to take in, isn't it? Some time to screw my head on straight might help.  
Yeah. I know. You're not that kind of guy.  
I didn't mean for it to come out like that. It was just something that happened. Tip of the tongue, heat of the moment. Loose lips sink ships. Liquid courage isn't wisdom. Any number of pithy sayings. I won't bore you to death by listing off the whole rota of them.  
We can pretend it never happened. What happened in the woods, stays in the woods. Like Vegas. Do you remember when you won our rent by playing that hand of blackjack?  
I really don't want anything more than you're comfortable with. I don't want things to get... weird between the both of us. No one else has to know what happened. Lara doesn't either.  
We can still be friends. We've always been, haven't we?  
Yes- we can still be friends. I'm okay with going back to the way things were before if you are.  
I just... I think I just need some time to get used to the new facts of the situation. Adjust.  
I don't want you to feel as if your feelings are unimportant, or should be dismissed and swept under the rug- I care about you. You're important to me. I love you, even.  
It's just... I'm not *in* love with you.  
I get it. Makes sense- the whole thing got sprung on you like a bottle of blue lightning.  
You love me, but not 'like that.'  
Yeah. And I wouldn't want to lead you on- you deserve to be happy with someone who reciprocates. And someone will, I'm sure of it. You're a great guy. We're just not it.  
It's cool, man. As long as we're still bros, that's what matters to me.  
We're definitely still bros.  
You've got my number. Ball's in your court.  
Text me the next time you're ready to go for a pizza night with the boys, huh?  
I'm sure Jo would be more than happy to crush some mozzarella slices.  
I'll be sure to.  
You know, he's the only guy I know who enjoys plain cheese pizza.  
No wonder he's a narc.  
Hah.  
Thank you for understanding.  
And for checking in on me.  
I'm not entirely sure where I left my senses in that moment.  
What kind of friend would I be otherwise?