

Spray-can Souls

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By : lucycorin

A Coldplay Fanfic me and my friend wrote.



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Paris had gone to get them a cup of tea. He was a gracious host and they were grateful to him for allowing them to use his studio to paint their banners. Chris went over to fetch another spray can. Guy noticed, as Chris walked back to where he was painting, he looked at Jonny and a sly smile spread across his face. Guy wondered what Chris was plotting. All of a sudden, Chris began to spray his bright green paint all over Jonny's smock and hat, covering his entire back half in luminescent colour. Jonny turned and faced Chris, looking at him with an expression of laughter, anger, and revenge.

“What was that for?” said Jonny, teasingly.

Chris simply laughed.

“I'm gonna get you back!” said Jonny, laughing along with Chris.

And he took his spray can and chased after Chris, who ran away with a childish smile upon his face. Guy grinned at the pair of them. It amazed him how two grown men could still have such a close bond and have such silly fun. He looked at Will, who was smiling at Chris and Jonny also. All of a sudden his vision was interfered with Chris's spray can. Damn, Chris had got him! Guy wiped the paint from his beautiful face and then grabbed his own can of bright orange paint. He then laughed and set off to join Chris and Jonny who were drenching paint over each other. Within a few minutes, the three men had covered each other in bright colours, while Will watched on from the sidelines, chuckling to himself. Then, Chris stopped and pulled Guy and Jonny in close.

Chris whispered, “Guys, guys listen, let's go get Will!”

Guy said “err maybe we should get back to work!”

Chris replied, “Come on, Guy! Have a bit of fun!”

Guy wasn't sure that Will would be too happy about being covered in paint.

He walked over to a chair, took his smock off, and awaited Paris's return with his tea. Chris and Jonny continued whispering and giggling and then they grabbed two cans each and sprayed Will. Paris came back in holding a tray with four tea cups on it along with a platter of biscuits. He said, “What have you guys been doing?! It's a mess!”

Guy sighed. Will, now covered in pink and green paint, began to yell. “Guys! We are supposed to be professionals! Now I'm covered in paint!! Ughh! It's gone all over the fucking banner as well! When will you two grow up?!”

Chris and Jonny, who had been giggling together, were starting to remember how frightening Will gets when he is angry. The paint covered Chris apologised to Will, with a cheeky smile on his face, “I'm so sorry, Champ. Do you want a hug?”

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â Iâ m covered in paint!â

â Well so am I so what difference is it going to make?â

â uggh.. Come here you bastard.â

They hugged, but then Chris splattered him with a bit more paint, then ran for his life. Will sighed. That man was exhausting . He will never learn. Then he chuckled to himself. He wouldnâ t want to be anywhere else.

Jonny and Will joined Guy and began to drink their tea. When Chris reappeared it was with the protection of Phil by his side. They all drank their tea and Guy apologised to Paris for the mess. They were in good spirits again.

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