Shoot the Moon

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Shoot the Moon

by tinyduckling

Summary

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>
> “We love rollercoasters,” Xinlong added without thinking. Geonwoo turned that beautiful smile his way and he felt his insides melting into goo. *Be cool. Be normal. Be cool.*
>
> “We sure do,” Anxin echoed with a wicked glee, and Xinlong’s stomach dropped. *Oh no. Why did I say that?*
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> -
>
> Or: Xinlong's friends drag him along to an amusement park, where he ends up agreeing to ride a coaster he's afraid of just because the ride operator is pretty.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Okay, you were right. This was a bad idea.” Xinlong gulps as the train full of screaming passengers shoots past the line- just the thought of getting on already has his stomach turning.

“It’s not too late to back out,” Jiahao reminds him, as he’s been doing for the past thirty minutes.

“Yeah, you can just tell them you chickened out and wait on the side,” Anxin adds, with a grin that says he knows exactly how unhelpful he’s being. “Just means your crush will know you’re a chicken.” Jiahao elbows him as he laughs, but can’t hide the smile that creeps onto his face.

“You guys are terrible friends,” Xinlong groans.

His crush, AKA the entire reason he let himself (a notorious coward) get this far along in line for what’s probably the scariest ride he’s ever seriously considered riding, is someone he only just met this morning. Unfortunately he’s also the hottest guy Xinlong has ever seen, and ridiculously nice, which almost makes up for the embarrassing lengths he’s now willing to go to just to see him again.

They’d run into him not long after entering the park, while he and Anxin where waiting for Jiahao to get back from the restroom. Or rather, Xinlong had run into him. Tackled him to the ground, actually. In his defense, he’d been aiming for Anxin- his friend had been playing keep-away with his phone as part of an elaborate blackmail attempt to make him agree to actually join them on the thrill rides instead of chickening out. Anxin had ducked out of the way at the last second, leaving Xinlong, unable to cut the brakes on his momentum, to crash full-force into the person behind him. One moment he was lunging at his friend, the next he was lying fully on top of a *very* attractive stranger whose startled face was now way way way too close.

“Oh. My God. I’m so sorry!” Xinlong faintly registered the sound of a camera shutter behind he as he scrambled to his feet, face burning up as Anxin *cackled* behind him.

“It’s no big deal,” the guy said, standing and brushing himself off. “You okay?” He was smiling at Xinlong. It was such a beautiful smile.

“Me? Yeah no, I’m fine. Are you okay? I’m so sorry, I was trying to- my friend, he took my phone and I was just trying to get it back- I didn’t see you and I couldn’t stop but I should’ve been more careful-”

The guy cut him off with a laugh. “It’s really okay. As long as it wasn’t on purpose.”

Xinlong’s eyes widened. “No! I wouldn’t- it was an accident!” He realized half a second later that the guy was definitely messing with him when his smile only got wider.

“He’s just a very clumsy person,” Anxin said, slinging an arm around Xinlong’s shoulder with a grin.

“Shut up!” Xinlong hissed, bringing his hands up to cover his burning face.

He was promptly ignored as Anxin caught sight of the logo on the stranger's uniform, half-hidden under his jacket, and perked up. "Wait, that's the park logo- do you work here?"

"Yeah, I'm one of the ride ops. Actually on my way there now." He held out his hand to shake. "Kim Geonwoo."

"Zhou Anxin. This idiot is He Xinlong."

Xinlong shook the offered hand after Anxin with an apologetic smile, not bothering to protest the label. "Hi. Sorry again."

Anxin launched into a flurry of questions. "So do you like working here? Is it hard? What ride do you operate? Is it always the same one or do you get to switch around?"

Xinlong considered saying something about not keeping Geonwoo here too long- he said he was on his way to work, after all- but selfishly wanted to be around him for as long as they could get away with it.

"It's not too bad," Geonwoo said. "It's a bit of a learning curve, but I like it well enough. I've worked a couple different rides, but lately it's just been Moonshot."

Anxin's eyes went wide. They would've come eventually regardless because Anxin loved theme parks and thrill rides in general, but Moonshot was the main reason they were here. It was the newest coaster that had just been opened less than a month ago. It was big and impressive in a way Xinlong had never bothered to learn, despite Anxin telling him at every opportunity, and Anxin had been talking about it for months.

"Really?" he squealed, fingers digging into Xinlong's shoulder. "That's amazing! What's it like? Have you ridden it? Is it as awesome as it sounds?"

"Guess you'll have to try it for yourself." Geonwoo winked at Anxin. He was so pretty. Xinlong wished he would look at him again.

"Well, *obviously*," Anxin said. "That's like, ninety percent of the reason we're here."

"We love rollercoasters," Xinlong added without thinking. Geonwoo turned that beautiful smile his way and he felt his insides melting into goo. *Be cool. Be normal. Be cool.*

"We sure do," Anxin echoed with a wicked glee, and Xinlong's stomach dropped. *Oh no. Why did I say that?*

"Well, maybe I'll see you there later. Enjoy the park!" Geonwoo waved as he left, and Xinlong waved back in a daze. Only once Geonwoo turned a corner out of their sight did he groan and turn to bury his face in Anxin's shoulder. Anxin just laughed.

Jiahao appeared on Anxin's other side. "So what exactly just happened? I was gone for like, five minutes, and you sent this with no context." He was addressing Anxin, but held up his phone so Xinlong could see the photo Anxin had apparently sent to their group chat of him on top of Geonwoo, faces inches apart. It's worse than he imagined.

“That,” Anxin announced. “is the *very pretty* ride op for Moonshot, and the reason we’re all going to get to ride it together. Xinlong ran him over and now he’s got a crush!” He leaned towards Jiahao conspiratorially. “First he couldn’t stop rambling about how sorry he was for tackling him- it was adorable- and the after we found out the guy works here he said *we* love rollercoasters. *We!*”

Xinlong groaned again, shrinking further. “Shut up!”

“*You* hate rollercoasters,” Jiahao reminded him.

“I was nervous! I can’t think when I’m nervous!”

“He was nervous because he had a crush, Anxin whispered and Xinlong smacked his arm, straightening up.

“I do not!”

“Do too.”

“Do not.”

“Okay,” Jiahao interjected. “So you’d still be fine with us going to Moonshot without you? Since watching rides that go upside down makes you nauseous.”

“I-” He stopped, unsure of himself. “It barely goes upside down. Anxin said.”

Anxin crowed with laughter. “No, you’re coming with because you want to see *Kim Geonwoo* again. Because you *love* him!”

“Shut up!”

That had been hours ago. They hadn’t gone straight to Moonshot, fortunately, so he’d had some time to calm down, but it was inevitable they’d end up here eventually. Even if Anxin hadn’t been looking forward to it specifically for months, he was absolutely right about Xinlong having a crush. Geonwoo was just so nice- Xinlong had violently knocked him over on his way to work but he didn’t get mad at all. He’d checked that *Xinlong* was okay, and even stayed to chat for a bit. And he was so pretty it was unreal. And...well, really that’s all they know about him. That, and he operates the screaming metal death trap they’re currently walking into. Is that really enough to get Xinlong acting like such a lovesick idiot?

Yes. After spending so much time with his best friends, who are sickeningly in love with each other, the answer is clearly absolutely yes.

“Remind me again what makes this ride so special?” he asks, as if knowing more details about how he’s about to die will make it less terrifying.

Anxin lights up, practically vibrating with excitement as he jumps into the explanation he’s given countless times already. This time Xinlong’s actually listening. “So first off, it’s a launch coaster- instead of a big slow lift into a tall drop to gain speed it uses electromagnets to accelerate us super fast. It’s got a multi-pass launch that’ll send us back and forth a couple

times, and there's a switch track into it so we won't lose speed going in- there's only like three rides in the world that do that. The multi-launch section has two drops that are almost fifty meters, one backwards and one forwards, and then after, when we finally get the speed to go over the top hat for the biggest drop, there's a stall with a *hundred and one degree angle*- that's like eleven whole degrees part the vertical! And we *stall* into it! And then it's a bunch of twists and rolls til the end of the ride. It's only got a top speed of 107 kilometers an hour which is on the lower end for a launch coaster, but the point is the back and forth launch section. Three fifty meter drops, one after the other, and a hundred and one degree angle!"

"And it's space themed," Jiahao adds.

"-and it's space themed," Anxin echoes with a grin.

"But seriously though, you don't have to go on it," says Jiahao. "And you probably shouldn't- remember like an hour ago when you had to breathing exercises from *watching* us ride the drop tower?"

He does, as much as he'd rather not, because it's embarrassing to be that scared of heights. Drop towers are the worst in his opinion, because the falling is the entire point. There's nothing else to distract you.

Jiahao does have a point though, which is made even more clear as another train shrieks past them, jerking to a slower pace as it hits the brakes heading into the station. He quickly averts his eyes to fight the spike of fear rolling through his stomach. From the way Anxin tells it, the drops are the main selling point here too, and that's far from reassuring.

He's about to give in, but as he looks away from the track he glances ahead to the station and freezes at the sight of Geonwoo- still the most handsome man in the world and somehow even more so with his focused expression as the train pulls to a stop. When he moves to get up and release the riders from their restraints his gaze casts briefly over the line and lands on Xinlong. He smiles.

Xinlong's heart skips a beat. The moment is over before it started, but it *happened*. Geonwoo looked at him. Recognized him. *Smiled at him*. There's no way he can back out now.

"No, I want to," he finds himself saying, his gaze fixed on Geonwoo. "It'll be…fun."

Jiahao sighs behind him. "Your funeral."

"It'll be *so much* fun!" Anxin says, shushing his boyfriend.

It's not long before they reach the front of the line, and they're lucky enough to be in the *very front* when the train before them leaves, meaning they can choose to ride in the front car with the best view of the track. Anxin is delighted.

Xinlong is terrified.

"Hi again," Geonwoo says as he opens the gate to let them in. "Glad you could make it."

Xinlong offers a shy wave as they move forward. There isn't enough time for a conversation, not that he could pull one off right now given how Geonwoo's smile shuts down his ability to think. That's part of why this idea is so stupid- he's going through all of this just to *see* the guy, not even talk to him. He really should back out now, but that would mean admitting he's been pretending to be excited- and Geonwoo said he's *glad* they're here. That has to mean something.

He's well aware of how pathetic he's being.

The cars, designed to look like little rocketships, each seat four people in two rows. Anxin heads straight for the frontmost seat, and with a sigh Jiahao tugs Xinlong along to the row behind him, tucking their belongings into the pouch between the seats. Anxin turns to frown at his boyfriend but Jiahao cuts him off before he can say anything.

"I'll ride again with you later, since you're definitely coming back more than once. For now one of us needs to make sure Longlong doesn't literally die."

Anxin sighs. "Fair enough." He turns to Xinlong and seeing his expression, breaks out into a grin. "You look terrified."

"I'm fine," he retorts, but it comes out as a squeak.

Then Geonwoo is there to check the restraints. He tugs at Xinlong's lap bar, which thankfully stays put, then leans over him to check Jiahao's. Xinlong goes rigid, holding his breath at the sight of his crush's face inches from his own. He's sure he must be blushing.

If Geonwoo notices he's polite enough to ignore it, straightening up with a smile and moving up to check Anxin. Xinlong lets out a breath, relaxing slightly as he momentarily forgets his fear. Then Geonwoo stands up again, looking him right in the eyes as he says, "Enjoy the ride!"

And then he winks.

Xinlong is done for.

The train begins to move, and he soon starts to regret every choice he's made that's led him to this moment. Speakers around them are playing some prerecorded message about the space race, how they are brave astronauts who will boldly go and take a giant leap for mankind. He can't exactly follow the words what with the panic rising in his chest.

Jiahao grabs his hand, which he clings to like a lifeline. "Breathe," he says, and Xinlong nods, though he's not entirely sure he has any say in the matter.

"It's time," the speaker shouts, "to SHOOT THE MOON!"

The first launch sends then shooting out onto a curving track and he squeezes his eyes shut as the riders behind them shriek with excitement- then quickly opens them again upon realizing how much worse it is *not* being able to see what's coming. One hand clings to the lap bar and

the other to Jiahao, who he distantly hopes is enjoying himself. Anxin clearly is. It could be worse so far.

Then they reach the multi-launch track and he sees the hill in front of them- the top hat, as Anxin called it. It's taller than he feared- fifty meters is *so much*- and his stomach drops as the track boosts them forward and they shoot upwards, almost to the top where the track glitters with decorative stars- then they *stop* and *begin to fall backwards.*

The first of three fifty meter drops. This one is backward. Around him everyone is screaming with excitement; Anxin's arms flung wide at the feeling of free fall. Xinlong screams too. It doesn't make him feel better.

By the time the ride ends, his throat burns from screaming, every muscle in his body is shaking, and he thinks he might actually be crying. It's hard to tell when he can barely think past the fear flooding his veins, but nevertheless he (discreetly) wipes his eyes with his sleeve as the train slows in the hopes it will hide some of his shame.

Jiahao squeezes his hand as they pull to a stop. "See, you survived!" he says, in a tone that's overly cheerful to mask the concern underneath. "Let's get you somewhere you can sit down and take a breath."

It's only thanks to Jiahao's guidance that Xinlong is able to stumble off the ride. He's vaguely aware of Geonwoo releasing the restraints, of Anxin making quick conversation behind them as Jiahao shuffles him away. The only words he parses are an "Is he okay?" from Geonwoo that sounds so genuinely worried he forces himself to stop listening, ears burning with embarrassment.

Despite feeling like his legs will collapse into a puddle of goo at any moment, he's determined to get far enough away there's no risk of his tragic failure of a crush witnessing the crash. Jiahao seems to pick up on this as they walk-slash-stumble around a corner away from the ride, eventually stopping in a small food court on the other side of some trees. Anxin appears a few minutes later with their things, having taken his time in grabbing them from the back of the car (and in talking to Geonwoo, apparently, but Xinlong can't think about that right now). He looks unreasonably calm, in Xinlong's opinion, given how terrifying he'd found the ride, and unreasonably pleased with himself.

"So did you have fun?" he asks and Xinlong groans, burying his face in his arms as his friends both laugh at his suffering.

"This was a terrible idea," he mumbles through the fabric.

"If only someone had told you that beforehand," Jiahao deadpans, and Xinlong doesn't bother to respond because he's not *wrong*.

When he doesn't react, Jiahao reaches over to rub his shoulder. "But actually, are you okay? Do you need anything else, or just to sit here and die for a bit?"

"Just let me die."

Jiahao gives him a sympathetic part. “Okay. We’ll go grab some food and be right back.” He moves away, but Anxin remains hovering for a moment.

“You’re gonna be okay, right?” he asks. “I didn’t think it’d be that bad for you. I shouldn’t have pushed.”

It’s soft and nervous, a complete contrast to the wicked glee he’s been directing at Xinlong all day. A part of him does want to blame Anxin, but he’s the one who agreed to it. Without lifting his head he waves Anxin off. “S’fine. Just need some time.”

“...Okay.”

It’s easier to process once he’s along. Riding Moonshot was a terrible, terrible idea, but at least it’s over now. He survived. The more his heart rate settles and the more feeling that comes back into his limbs, the more he manages to believe he really is fine as much as it felt like dying. He’d be perfectly happy to never do anything like that ever again, but even so he has to admit it wasn’t the end of the world.

The ride at least. He’s physically fine, if exhausted, but as the panic and adrenaline fades from his system all that’s left is the burning mortification at how profoundly terrible he was at hiding his fear. In front of the prettiest person he’s ever seen, who had *winked* at him at the start of the ride. He was never, never *ever* going to live that down.

At least I’ll probably never have to see him again, he thinks. *Unfortunately.*

By the time his friends return with lunch he’s doing a lot better, though he’s still pretty sure that was his last ride of the day unless they head to the kiddie section later. Anxin looks endlessly relieved to see him upright, and the food helps him feel a bit more like a person again despite the remaining nausea. The others gracefully decline to comment further on his bad decision-making, instead chattering on about various interesting fashion choices among the other park-goers. Xinlong is content to listen and nod along as he tries to pack away his overwhelming shame into something manageable.

“So, are you still feeling kind of out of it?” Anxin asks, once they’ve finished eating. From the way he’s jiggling his leg under the table, it’s clear he wants to get going.

“Yeah, but it’s fine. We can get moving,” says Xinlong. He’s certainly not up for any more rides right now, but walking his friends around to their death traps of choice shouldn’t be too bad.

“No! No, it’s okay if you need more time!” Anxin says, way too quickly.

Xinlong frowns. *Is he still feeling guilty?* He opens his mouth to say something, but Anxin cuts him off.

“I mean, I was thinking; I wanted to ride the drop tower again and the line’s pretty short right now. It’s just over there- how about you stay here and rest longer, while Hao and I go there? So you don’t have to watch this time. And we can check in again when we get back?”

Xinlong studies his face, still confused. Anxin smiles back innocently. He's definitely planning something but Xinlong can't figure out what. Glancing at Jiahao yields no insight, as he just shrugs.

"Okay," he says eventually.

"Great, let's go! See you in a bit!" And then they're off, Anxin all but dragging Jiahao away and leaving Xinlong alone at their little table.

He sighs, taking another sip of his lemonade as he gazes around the park. Maybe they just want a moment to themselves. He's used to being the third wheel and it's usually not a big deal, but in light of his love life lifting off only to crash and burn he can't help but feel a little bit abandoned.

At least the park has some nice scenery, even if it's full of horrifying death traps. He lets his mind wander for a bit, sense of time fading away as he gets lost in thought. He's only brought back by the sudden awareness that his drink is empty, and realizes he has no idea how long his friends have been gone. They'll probably be back soon though, and he feels ready to join them again. He gets up to toss the cup in a trash can a few steps away- it's nice to confirm he can walk normally again- then sits back down to scroll through his phone until they return.

Someone slides into the seat across from him- not Anxin, since he didn't loudly announce his presence beforehand, which means not Jiahao either. Xinlong looks up and his confusion triples as he sees who it is.

Kim Geonwoo.

"So how was the ride?"

It takes a good thirty seconds to process the question, since he first needs to process the fact that Geonwoo is here, right now, in front of him. "What?"

"Moonshot. Did you have fun? You seemed pretty excited about it earlier." He's smiling that beautiful smile again, with knowing laughter in his eyes. It's gorgeous.

There's no possible way Geonwoo hasn't figured him out, right? He was so obviously not okay at the end of the ride; he practically needed Jiahao to carry him over here. Unless Anxin covered for him somehow, but he can't think of anything he could've said that would be convincing enough.

But if he's getting another chance he doesn't want to fumble it any worse than he already has, so he might as well play along.

"Yeah, it was...really fun." He nods, hoping it sounds more convincing to Geonwoo than it does to him.

"What was your favorite part?"

As if he hasn't spent every second since he got off the ride trying to forget the entire thing. "Favorite part?"

“Yeah.” Geonwoo’s still watching him with that knowing smile, that makes him a little bit dumb and turns his insides to mush.

“Probably, um-” he thinks back not to the ride itself, the memory of which makes him feel sick, but to Anxin’s speech before the coaster, riffling through his brain for something plausible to say. “When we went over the top hat. The drop with- with the stall, and the really big angle?”

Geonwoo’s face crinkles up in amusement, and it’s so adorable he could die. So he must’ve said something right, right? “Yeah, that’s pretty cool.”

He doesn’t say anything else, and Xinlong feels the growing silence eating into him. He still can’t fully believe this is happening, and starts to fidget from the nerves. Geonwoo doesn’t seem bothered in the slightest, content to watch him squirm.

“So, um, what are you doing here?” he asks eventually, just to have something to say. Belatedly, he remembers Geonwoo *works* here, and shouldn’t he be at his job right now instead of here, talking to Xinlong?

“Oh, I’m on my lunch break,” is the response. “Saw you over here as I was heading out and figured I’d come say hi. Where’re your friends?”

“They went to ride the drop tower.”

Geonwoo tilts his head. *Cute.* “You didn’t want to join them?”

Xinlong is about to say he’s terrified of heights and wouldn’t be caught dead on that thing, but catches it at the last second. He *just* said his favorite part of Moonshot was the biggest drop. If by some miracle Geonwoo hasn’t caught on to him yet, he’s not going to trip his way into it. “I’m just taking a break.”

“Of course.”

There’s another long pause, only this time Xinlong doesn’t have anything to fill it with. He glances away, trying to calm his racing heart as Geonwoo just *looks at him*.

“You know, you don’t have to pretend to be brave just to impress your friends,” Geonwoo says, and his heart spikes again as he jerks his gaze back, ears burning.

“That’s not- I’m not-”

“Not pretending?” Geonwoo’s voice is low, amused, and his expression matches. “I asked what your favorite part of the ride was and you looked like you wanted to throw up.” He grins, leaning forward to rest his chin on his hand. “It’s pretty cute though.”

Xinlong flushes even darker, breaking eye contact to look down at the table. “I wasn’t trying to impress my friends,” he mumbles. How would that even work? He was visibly freaking out the entire ride and could barely stand when it was over- not even a stranger would buy that act.

“Oh? Who were you trying to impress then?”

It’s a trap. This whole conversation, but especially that question, is a trap, and one Xinlong only realizes as he jerks his head back up and is frozen in place by Geonwoo’s knowing smirk.

“That’s not- I didn’t- I wasn’t- no one!” he stutters, gesturing wildly with his hands as he tries to salvage the unsalvageable.

Geonwoo hums, smirk only growing wider, and this is it- this is how he dies. He was wrong to fear the rollercoaster, when it’s the overwhelming embarrassment of this moment that’s going to kill him where he stands.

“That’s not what your friend said.”

Xinlong blinks.

That’s not what your friend said.

Your friend.

Anxin.

He’d forcibly tuned out of the conversation when he’d heard Geonwoo ask after him, not wanting to know the details of his crush realizing Xinlong was such an absolute loser, but there had definitely been a conversation, and given how far behind Anxin was when they got to the food court-

Xinlong groans, collapsing onto the table and burying his face in his arms once again and Geonwoo? Geonwoo *laughs*. He has such a nice laugh.

“...What did he tell you?” Xinlong asks from the relative safety of not being able to see Geonwoo’s face. He might as well find out all the gory details now, so when Geonwoo leaves and they never see each other again he can have some closure.

“That he never in a million years thought he’d get you on a ride like that, but fortunately for him you turn into, and I quote, the world’s most pathetic idiot loser, when you have a crush.”

Xinlong tries his best to vanish into the ground. His ears must be bright red- he’s sure Geonwoo can see it.

“He also asked when I got off work,” Geonwoo adds. “I told him not until the end of the day, but that my lunch break was coming up right about now. And he suggested you might still be somewhere in the area when the time came if I wanted to say hi.”

It suddenly makes sense how weird Anxin was being about having him stay here while they went off to the drop tower without him. He planned this meeting with Geonwoo, in some kind of matchmaker play- which means it can’t be all bad. As much as Anxin loves to laugh at his pain, he would never be outright cruel. He wouldn’t lead Geonwoo here just to torment him, which means maybe...there’s a chance Geonwoo likes him back?

He peeks up at his crush, as best he can while still mostly hiding. The look Geonwoo is giving him is soft, affectionate, fond.

Geonwoo likes him back.

Then he stands, forcing Xinlong to lift his head to keep looking at his face. “Unfortunately I do actually need to eat before I have to get back, so I should go. But it was nice talking to you.”

He leans over to slip a folded note into Xinlong’s hand, then ruffles his hair and is gone.

Xinlong bites his lip, staring at the note. It’s either some kind of confession or a cruel joke at his expense, and he’s a little bit scared of either option. He hesitates, glancing around, but doesn’t see Geonwoo anywhere. So he slowly, carefully opens it up.

On the paper is a phone number- *Geonwoo’s* phone number- and a quickly scrawled note: *You don’t have to pretend to impress me either, but it was very cute. Call me <3*

He feels himself blushing again as he quickly folds it back up. *Call me.* With a heart. How did he get so lucky as to fall for someone who apparently thinks his absolute loserdom is *cute?*

Geonwoo likes him back.

Geonwoo likes him back.

“We’re back!” Anxin sings loudly as the couple strides up to the table, and Xinlong jumps at the sound, trying to school his expression into something less giddy. It doesn’t work, if Anxin’s widening grin is any indication. “Anything fun happen while we were gone?” He spots the paper in Xinlong’s hand and his eyes light up.

“I hate you,” Xinlong says as he hands it over, but there’s no malice behind it.

“You love me.” Anxin grins a Cheshire cat grin as he shows Jiahao the note. “Told you it’d be fun.”

End Notes

This is the first story I've actually managed to complete in literal years- I have a much much longer one in the works that was *supposed* to be first but that has spiraled rapidly out of control. This story was born out of the desire to have something shorter so I could feel the sense of accomplishment from actually completing something, and I'm really happy it came together- I actually wrote a good chunk of it back at the start of November, but was stalled on some of the details I wanted to run by my rollercoaster-loving bestie. I am very much not a rollercoaster person so they were a huge help in putting all of that together.

The coaster design of Moonshot is heavily based on Toutatis (this page has a POV video if you want an idea of what the ride is like). Imagine that but space-themed.

Let me know what you think! <3

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