

breathe me

Reita x Ruki

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 2:

The red umbrella rose like a morning sun over the bleached blonde head, a pair of silver eyes fixing their gaze onto the smaller's amber ones, taking the fragile male's breath away even further, making it seem even more impossible to think straight, live on.

The moments that had put the both of them into this disaster passed his mind once again, the plush lips of the brunette against his own, his drunk head, the way they danced with each other. And yes, he knew the other had been watching. He had been aware of those orbs out of crystal lying on him.

What he failed to notice, back then, had been the hurt look in them.

He had tried to put fuel into the fire of their relationship by making the other envious. He knew what a heated head his boyfriend was when it came to protecting what he claimed as his very own, yet, he had never seen him like this before.

Outraged and exhausted at the same time during the next school day as he tried to avoid the smaller blonde as much as possible.

"Are you happy now?"

The simple question, spoken in that low, already manly voice of his friend - they were still friends, weren't they? - made him shiver. He didn't care about the coldness in his limbs; the gaze that now laid on him was way more chilling.

Bright grey eyes fixed his like in a dead grip but no movement of emotion grazed the taller's face as he spoke on.

"Are you happy with breaking me?"

The fragile, shivering frame of a boy needed to squeeze his eyes shut for a moment. He couldn't stand that gaze. Couldn't stand the hurt and disappointment clearly written in the silver pools that belonged to the man he loved. Loved so dearly it hurt.

"I thought... I... I was wrong.. so wrong.. and I'm just so sorry for what has happened..."

"Just a little insight won't make things right."

Again, the deep voice cut like a knife into his already aching head and numbed him for a split second. He was right. So awfully right.
He took a shuddering breath before he dared to open his eyes again, looking at a hurt face. Hurt and tired and kind of... well, lost.

"Come here already."

Soothing, the voice sunk in volume and the former stone-like face turned softer.
Waving his hand at the younger, the tall blonde leaned his head to the side; the cigarette he had been smoking before laid dying on the wet asphalt.

Slowly, the smaller made one slow step after another, finally reaching the shelter of that red umbrella, feeling the warmth radiating from that oh so familiar body, and only then did he recognize how cold he himself was and how much he was freezing actually.

The smell of cologne and that of the leather jacket that clung so perfectly around the broad shoulders of his lover touched his senses which appeared to have been numb before, now gathering everything about the other like starving from that presence after only two days of no contact - scent, appearance, and tone of voice.

A warming arm slipped around his slim shoulder and dragged him along, down the hill he had been running up just a few minutes ago.

And from the suddenly calm and content look on the other's face he could tell: the struggle had been worth it.

They walked in silence until they came to stop in front of a house the younger knew. He had been there several times and the missing lights in the windows reminded him of the fact that the other's parents had been off for the whole weekend - a weekend they had planned to spend together.

Moments suddenly felt so much more precious to the small blonde and, without realizing it, he dug his fingers into the neat leather of the other's jacket.

In that very moment, he felt the fear of being left alone creeping up in his back.

He swallowed the hard knot in his throat away and breathed in deeply before following the taller inside the warm house.

"You need to take this off."

A warm palm was placed onto his chest.

Could the other feel his heart hammering against his ribs? Could he feel that his breath tried to catch up with the racing rhythm of the strong muscle? Could he feel the high voltage he himself felt lying underneath his damp skin?

He felt like being wholly consumed by the elder's presence.

In the warmth of his home, his scent seemed even more alluring, infatuating.

"Akira..."

"Later."

A featherlight kiss on his already half naked, wet shoulder. "Later."
And he claimed what was his very own.