

# Behind Walls of Glass

TomaPi

Von abgemeldet

## Kapitel 4: Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

"And I'm glad you've got such an amazing job. I remember you telling me about stealing everything in order to survive, and now... You're doing this honest job and stopped doing illegal stuff. That's amazing. Somehow I'm... proud seeing you like this.", Yamashita said and smiled.

Toma's face stiffened as he heard Tomohisa's words. Yes... honest job indeed. He was glad himself that he had it. It had been a hard time for him to get it... and he was somewhat proud himself.

But his heart still itched with pain when Tomohisa said he stopped doing illegal stuff, because he was so utterly wrong. It was right that he had this job now, but still he couldn't get rid of his old habit. He was a thief. He knew he wouldn't have to do it anymore. Because he was now kinda rich, but what made him rich?

He never felt that it was wrong what he was doing because no one had ever cared for him, all the victims, they deserved no other treatment than to be robbed by the man, whom they once treated like shit.

But still he felt ashamed to face Tomohisa and got told by him that he was proud of him. Ashamed because he was fooling him the same way he did fool anyone else. Ashamed that he wasn't the good boy he thought he was. Ashamed because he knew he should stop this right away, at least when he wanted to meet Tomohisa again. After all he was a cop.

"Hey, let's... let's exchange our current addresses so we can meet again! I won't be moving in the near future, so let's not wait 12 years again, okay?"

Toma looked at him with a neutral expression on his face. Guilt. Why was he feeling guilty for wanting to meet him again too? Was it because he knew that he wasn't who he pretended to be and Tomohisa seemed to like him that way? He wished he could be the man he wanted him to be....

"Sure. Let's never wait again." he finally said. He would try, he told himself. After he finally found the someone he searched for all his life. He wanted to become someone who Tomohisa could truly be proud of.

He lifted his glass and spoke an old toast. "Kanpai, Tomohisa."

After that they drunk a bit more and talked about random things. Toma tried to avoid topics which would force him to lie to Tomohisa.

Later they exchanged addresses and went their different paths.

It was the very first night in which he dreamed of his childhood again. Not that dream about Tomohisa, which was persuading him ever since. But dreams about his parents and his brother. Things which he had banned into a tiny space of his mind, carefully sealed up.

Why was it now that everything came back to him?

He woke up with a scream and shook his head as he tried to get the picture of his dead brother out of his head. Cold sweat was running down his skin and he stared at the wall for a moment.

He sighed as he buried his face in his hands and wiped the sweat away.

He knew he wouldn't find any sleep this night, so he tossed the blankets away and dragged himself into the dark living room. He lightened a candle and sat down in one of his leather armchairs. He would try to read a book to distract himself. But he couldn't focus on it. The cruel picture was replaying in his head again and again. Tears started to pile up in his eyes and soon were running down his cheeks. His brother...

The next morning Toma woke up in his bathroom in the bathtub. He groaned as he felt the pain in his neck. It wasn't the most comfortable thing to sleep in the bathtub. As he looked around he found that he was also lying in water, not much deep, but deep enough that if he would slide down into it, he would drown...

Confused he lifted himself up hastily and climbed out of the bathtub. How had he gotten there?

Why was he laying in water, fully clothed? He looked around scared and found broken glass on the ground, one bit covered in blood. Then he felt the pain in his face, he looked into the mirror and found a large cut on his cheek. The wound had already closed but it still hurt.

He looked at his reflection questioningly. What had happened last night? Why the hell was he in water, why was there broken glass on the ground, and that cut?

The scotch, he thought... he must've been too drunk, he didn't even remember.

He dried himself up and went into his living room. But he stopped at the door. Something was different. He just knew it. Everything looked like always but something was not right. His senses were telling him that.

He walked through the room slowly and with caution. Maybe there was a burglar? He laughed at his thought. How was this possible, he had arranged enough safety measures in his own home as possible. No one would ever get into here without being noticed by him.

Then he found where the broken glass came from. His kitchen was over and over covered with broken glass. In his drunken state he seemed to have pulled all the glasses out of the cupboards.

He sighed and began to clear up this mess. Fortunately today was Sunday, so he had no work.

As he had finished he dressed himself in his coat and went to the door in order to buy some food on the market. But as he opened the door he found Tomohisa in front of it with his hand raised, ready to knock on the door.

Toma looked at him in surprise. Tomohisa smiled like a little child who was caught doing forbidden things. Toma felt his heartbeat speeding up immediately as he saw his smile. An action, which he couldn't really explain.

"Good morning", said the cop, still smiling. "I thought I would pay you a visit on this sunny day. I hope I'm not bothering you?"

Toma's gaze wandered to the sky. Indeed it was nice weather. Perfect for a walk. He smiled at Tomohisa. "Not at all. I was just about to get something to eat. Wanna come along?"

"Sure.", answered Tomohisa. Then his gaze went to the cut on the other man's face. "What happened to your cheek?", he asked and reached with his hand out to Toma's face, carefully touching the skin. But he drew away as Toma twitched in pain. "I-I'm sorry!", said Tomohisa.

"Don't worry", told Toma and cupped his hand around his cheek, ignoring the prickle on his skin, where Tomo had touched him.

"I don't really know what happened, must have cut myself on glass tonight. I guess I was a bit drunk", he answered and shrugged. "Should we go then?", he asked Tomo.

He nodded and they went off to the center of the city.