

Behind Walls of Glass

TomaPi

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 7: Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Soundtrack: Simple Plan – I Miss You

Toma's idea to go and get a coffee was just what he needed right now. Something to clear his head after this more than confusing scene.

When they sat there and had a coffee and an actually pretty normal conversation, Toma suddenly asked: "Are you married?"

Yamashita looked at him in surprise. "Uh- no, I'm not. I guess I don't have much time. My work's filling me up pretty much."

Toma laughed. "What, a good-looking boy like you? The girls must be crazy over you!", he said and looked at him grinning.

Somehow Yamashita felt as if Toma had just complimented him and his face turned a bit red. He shook his head. 'Stop thinking, silly.', he thought.

"No-not really. What about you?", he asked in a low voice and sipped on his coffee.

"I'm also not married. Like you I don't have much time for that... maybe I'll come around it later...", Toma answered and his expression went a bit more serious, like Yamashita's did when he heard those words. Although he didn't know why.

After some time, and it felt too short to Yamashita, they decided to go home.

"Well, it was a nice day. Thanks for that. It feels good talking to you.", Toma said.

"Yeah really, we should do that more often!", answered Yamashita, smiling.

And as Toma rose his hand and was about to turn away, Yamashita couldn't help but pull Toma into a hug. During the act his face went all red, his heart rate increased to a maximum and he knew his knees would give in if he let go now.

When he felt Toma's hand patting his back and then him drawing away, he actually didn't want to let go but had to. With a little space between them, Yamashita looked into Toma's eyes and immediately knew what had been bothering him this whole time. He'd fallen for Toma. In a way he shouldn't have. And he knew Toma didn't feel the same.

And so Yamashita didn't know what to do but say "See you.", and so he turned and hurried away.

What the heck had he done there?, was all he could think about when he came home. His mind had gone crazy thinking about Toma although they'd just met after 12 years. And anyways, how was this possible, him falling for a guy he hardly knew?

He had to get this man out of his head somehow. But how? Maybe... yes, this must be it. He would just stop seeing him and everything would turn back to normal again. Maybe this was only temporary and as soon as he stopped seeing him he would also stop thinking about him, especially in that particular way.

He went into the kitchen, got a glass out of the cupboard and filled it with water. He saw his hands shaking which really upset him and so he downed the water, got ready and then lay down to sleep. Even if he didn't get that much, but still.

Ten days later it seemed like Yamashita's life had turned back to normal again. His work was great as always and also Hasegawa was annoying as always.

He'd just come back to the office from a case that was really difficult and after chasing the criminal he'd finally caught him, like he always did.

"I knew it.", he told himself, standing in front of the mirror while looking at his wet face.

Everything was normal again, and he hardly thought of Toma.

Only in the night, when he was lying in his bed, awake, he thought how nice it would be to talk to him now and also caught himself thinking of Toma's gentle fingers touching his face again.

But usually he could successfully banish those thoughts out of his head again.

"You knew what?", Hasegawa said, standing in the door frame right behind him.

Yamashita looked at him. As expected he'd crossed his arms over his chest and grinned.

"Erm... nothing. That this case was quite easy to solve after all."

Yamashita dried his face with a towel and changed into another shirt. Hasegawa watched him and as Yamashita was finished changing Hasegawa turned and left again. As Yamashita came back to his desk his mate came in and said: "New case already. Those criminals nowadays are fast."

"What is it this time?", Yamashita asked and looked at the paper Hasegawa gave him.

"It's murder.", he said in a shallow voice. "Someone was murdered while working, a knife in his back. Somewhen in the middle of the night, it seems."

"Witnesses?"

"Nope. Not even someone who heard him scream. His secretary found him this morning. Nothing broken, not even the door. And as the woman came to the office this morning, everything was locked. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Indeed.", Yamashita mumbled. Must be someone who's got the keys. Maybe the secretary? He got up. "Let's go."

"Yes, sir!", Hasegawa said loudly and held the edge of his hand on his forehead, grinning.

"But wait a second, I have to go somewhere before we leave. I'll be back in 5 minutes, okay?", he said and left without waiting for Yamashita's answer.

In the meantime Yamashita got his gun and the handcuffs and took his jacket from the chair.

"Okay, let's go.", he said when Hasegawa came back.

"Sure.", Hasegawa responded, seeming a little bit slowed down on every move he did.

"What's up?", Yamashita asked and looked at him questioningly.

"Oh, it's... it's nothing. I'm tired, I guess.", he answered and stretched his neck.

When they reached said office the two stepped inside, watching their colleagues doing the usual process.

There were two people in the office that didn't belong to the police staff.

A young lady, maybe 27, small, blonde and looking utterly thin. She was talking to an officer who was interviewing her on the case.

The other person was a young man, same age as Yamashita himself, dark hair and his name was Ikuta Toma.

As soon as Yamashita recognized him, he stopped walking and stared at him in confusion.

"What's up, Yamashita?", Hasegawa asked.

"N-Nothing...", Yamashita mumbled and shook his head.

"You interview the woman, I'll take the guy.", he said and stepped inside the room. He didn't bother to greet anyone, but grabbed Toma's arm and dragged him into another room.

"I... you... why..."

Yamashita tried to talk but failed and so he paused, collected the words and spoke again.

"Why... are you here?", he asked, his voice slightly shaking.

"I'm working in this office. Of course I'm here." Toma sat down on a chair. "This is my desk, by the way."

Toma smiled.

"N-Nice...", Yamashita said, slightly stunned by how calm Toma was.

"Anyways!", he said a little bit too loud. 'Stay calm already', he thought. 'It's just Toma, nothing to worry about.'

"You... you know about the murder, of course, don't you? Who was the dead person?", Yamashita asked in a police man-like manner.

"Kitagawa was our boss. He wasn't an easy person to get along with but he did a great job. I don't know who would do such a terrible thing.", Toma said, watching people on the streets.

'It must be someone from the office.', Yamashita remembered himself thinking only half an hour ago.

"You... you know, I... have to ask you this. What did you do last night?" Yamashita really didn't want to ask this, because he believed in Toma's innocence. After all he'd stopped being a criminal and led a normal life now.

Toma looked at him in disbelief.

"You don't think that I did it, did you? You... You know, I wouldn't. Tomohisa."

"I... I know, but still... I need you to confirm it with your own words."

Yamashita looked at Toma with a serious face.

"I didn't do it."