

Romantic Banter

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Interlude

"Fuck!" he hissed rather loudly. Omi had darted back in his room, slamming the door shut with a mighty swing that made the whole frame rattle. He sought shelter in his bed even if it was more like a golden fishbowl, standing in the midst of his room. "Oh shit, shit and double shit." he murmured into his cushion he pressed his terribly reddened face in. In his head everything hummed and he heard his blood rushing in his ears. What was he supposed to do now? Yoji had seen him and by the looks on his face definitely known what he had done.

I'll never leave this room again.

A little wanking action on a fantasy was one thing but doing it on someone else who's sitting in front of you and equally busy could hardly not be considered weird. Or to get to the point: he doesn't seem not to be attracted to men.

"Ooow, what have I done?" howled Omi as a sharp knock startled him.

"Omi, mission time again!"

Aya. That meant it was urgent. Better he got ready as soon as possible. Later was time enough to ponder further over his unfortunate incident.

Within minutes the team stood ready by the door. Everyone was instructed by Aya who had used the time to scheme out a plan for the first assignment. Their goal was to collect information about the habits of the murderer, which places he frequented, the procedure he followed if there was any.

Omi's mind had gone blank with the minute of the mission. Every disturbing detail of the former confrontation was banned as he sat waiting on the roof of the little graveyard chapel.

The latest attack took place not far away from here and so they used this nearby point to get started with. It was a mere matter of coincidence but beside that their wanted murderer had a slight attraction to dark places.

"Siberian, do you see anything yet?"

"No, Bombay, nothin' outta there. Wha 'bout ya Balinese?"

"Sorry guys, just a few hot pieces of ass but nothing that could possibly belong to our

target.”

“Still, pay attention to any unusual!” grunted Aya and the line went silent again.

After hours of tiring surveillance the assassins got back to their safe house just to find out, that their target has succeeded another crime in a forest at the west end of the city only 15miles away.

Frustrated about their failure everybody went into his room to rest. Tomorrow they would have to open the flower shop again.

It was a warm spring day. The sun was shining and the birds twittered in harmony on this beautiful and peaceful morning.

“Hyaaaaa!!!!”

Okay, please let me rephrase that. On a beautiful and very noisy morning. The source of it was Omi, screaming like a mad man on acid.

Startled Balinese woke up and dashed out in the floor. Promptly he crashed with a certain crying blonde who was all naked and shivering violently. Suddenly Yohji was very awake even if it was still before 10 am.

“Hey, Omittchi, what's gotten into you?” the elder asked calmly, doubting to get to him.

Omi looked up, tears streaming in a wide river, face contorted with what might be fear or panic. Balinese hugged him close, pulling him back with him into his room. He was a bit concerned over the puppet like figure that was Omi he held in his arms.

“Oi, Omi!!” he shoke his teammate, who still sobbed and cried helplessly.

“Darn it” Yoji cursed, dragging the small crying lump over to his bed, lying him down. Omi instantly curled up, but didn’t let go of Yojis hand, who soothingly patted the younger ones head.

After a while Omi calmed down enough to tell Yoji of his nightmare.

“You sleep walk sometimes?” asked Yoji, still stroking the blonde’s hair.

“Sometimes, yes. I’m sorry, I caused such a commotion.” Mumbled Omi, burying his head into the pillow, still sniffing a little. Yoji looked at him thoughtfully, pondering about their hardships of assassination and this youth, deciding to have an eye on him, just in case. But soon his directions of thought changed to some hours ago and a vicieuse smile spread on his face.

“Ne, Omi. You know, you don’t have to jerk off in secret. It’s only natural for us to do this. So nothing to be ashamed of, ya know” he spoke in a cheerful manner, smiling broadly into Omi’s agashed face. “And, if you feel lonely, just come by. I have some good porn we could jerk off together.” Winking at Omi, he left his invitation hanging in the room and felt for the shower.

