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Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 17:

I didn't even know where I wanted to go.

Actually, I was just starving for a cigarette outside.

My mind was spinning in circles around the scene inside of the concert hall, around several scenes in the back of my head that had taken place in my bedroom, around the first time he had kissed me - and no, I didn't mean those moves of trying to asphyxiate each other with the own tongue back at the 39 or the days later when we'd usually just meet up to fuck. No, I meant the first time he had really kissed me.

Which had been only a week ago but now it seemed all of the feelings I had interpreted into those new kind of kisses were fake.

Fumbling with my zippo for a second, I finally managed to light myself a cigarette, even if with shaky hands.

"Need a light?"

Sighing, I blew a cloud of toxic smoke out into the cool night air.

Akira and I knew each other a couple of weeks and yet I felt like missing something essential when he wasn't around me. I needed him.

It wasn't just a crush anymore, it dawned in my brain, and at the same second I was unbearably afraid.

"Tell me what kind of love that is."

My fingers started trembling more with every time I lifted my hand to drag at the cancer stick in between them. The icy wind gripped me and blew me closer towards the wall in my back as if it wanted to trap me here until something happened.

I could still hear the music playing inside the hall, the loud drumming, the bass, the crying guitars and the voice of that guy I really started to hate so much even though I didn't even know him.

Goosebumps rushed up my arms under the leather jacket I wore and I stemmed my right foot into the wall behind me to give some sort of support because I silently started shaking again.

I couldn't even cry.

I couldn't even say if this was real anymore. Real or one of the many weird fantasies I'd had along the last weeks.

Why couldn't I just wake up and go back to my normal, boring life?

Wake up, drink some coffee, go to University, teach my class some hours, spend some more hours drawing my own work, go home, drink some, and go to bed.

The music inside ebbed away slowly but I didn't even hear it.

"Matsumoto-san..? ..Matsumoto-san..?"

A large, warm hand gripped my cold shoulder and made me look up.

"Everybody with a VIP pass is asked to come backstage now.", he informed me and I looked down at the small ID card hanging with a strap around my neck.

Again, a light tug at my shoulder - the staff guy seemed to be in a hurry - but I hesitated.

Should I go..?