

# Love, A.

## Reita/Ruki

Von K-Cee

Pushing the right half of my face deeper into the cushion I was currently lying on, I let out a small sigh. The smell of lemon shampoo and aftershave filled my nostrils and gave my aching heart a second of peace.

Today should be the first day without you.

Thirteen more to come.

Two damn weeks.

I was worried and scared, and, coming to think of it, this was the first time I've ever been completely alone in your apartment for a night. The moon enlited the room in silvery greys, the apricot shade the walls were painted in completely gone, the white curtains being blown up slightly by the warm spring breeze coming through the open window, snuggling around my naked legs that laid sprawled on the soft mattress.

Usually, I would have loved to lie here. But not tonight.

Not when you weren't here. Not when you wouldn't come back for two weeks.

Rolling onto my back, I sighed again and thought about that comforting look you were giving me in front of the airport, before kissing me goodbye and walking through the gateway.

After I came back home, I spent two hours with just speeding around the empty apartment and waiting for your call. You couldn't talk long, though, since the nurses kept an eye on you - they thought being cut off from your usual social network helped the curing process, oh God. - and you had to say your goodbyes again soon, leaving me all to myself and this empty space, filled with no life since my heart and my mind were with you and not inside these four walls.

I knew that the therapy for your asthma you made once a year was nothing overly dramatic or dangerous, but it kept me worrying about you and your wellbeing. Imagining doctors and nurses fuzzing all around you made me nervous.

What if something happened?

Closing my eyes tightly, I breathed deeply two times.

In and out. In and out.

Nothing was going to happen. He would have his therapy sessions, breathing technique lessons, anti stress seminars, spa time, all that neccessary shit one obviously needed to live better with their asthma.

I had tried my best to convince you to stop smoking more than once but you always

insisted on me quitting together with you. And that was just... like, impossible.

A smile played across my lips as I turned towards the window and remembered you standing there so many times, your skin still glistening with sweat from heavy sex and adrenaline still rushing through your system, that grin of victory still plastered on your face while I was having a hard time to get enough energy to even think about getting up.

Bowing my head a little further to the side in the dreams I had with open eyes, I imagined hearing wet footsteps down the hall, the sound of the coffee machine steaming some hot milk for the cappuccino you loved to drink in the morning, the soft strumming of the bass I knew you kept in the back of the closet to play some when you couldn't sleep.

I swallowed and closed my eyes for a second, now glancing at the nightstand. There were tea stains on the book you were currently reading, the towel you had used this morning still hanging halfway out of the laundry basket next to the piece of furniture. I would never get some proper sleep, I thought, as everything reminded me of you and everything that reminded me of you made me miss you more.

Two weeks.

I tried to calculate how many hours and minutes those fourteen days contained, but a small, buzzing noise from the nightstand interrupted my thoughts and made me sit up within no second. I grabbed my cellphone and clapped it open.

From: Akira

*I managed to smuggle my cellphone into my room.*

*Be proud of my criminal energy!*

*Everything's fine, please don't worry.*

*I'll call you tomorrow.*

*Good night, baby.*

*Love, A.*

And I smiled to myself and fell asleep in an instant.