

Yoreki week - Jealousy

Yogi x Gareki

Von CookieNatsu

Jealousy

"Get lost!" "Gareki-kun, please, wait!"

He was pissed. Gareki stomped through the alley trying to get as far away from Yogi as possible. "Gareki-kun!"

What happened to upset the raven haired boy that much can be summarized in one word: woman.

Every time Circus held a parade in a town, Gareki had to participate. Bored as hell he'd wander next to Nai until they reached the tent in which the show was going to be held later. So he uses the time to observe the audience. At his third parade he noticed a woman with long brown hair. She had been to the last two parades as well. Her curly hair and the eye-catching makeup. She smiles brightly every time she sees Nyanperowna and stretches out her hands, taking a candy bar, eying the yellow cat.

First Gareki thought this was only a coincidence. After spotting her on the next two parades, he started to wonder how she managed to follow Circus like that and at the eight parade he finally noticed: the woman wasn't following Circus, she was following Yogi. Her eyes were only on Nyanperowna and she even followed him through the crowd, never losing sight of him.

She only took Candy Bars from him as well, never from Nai or anyone else.

Every time Gareki saw that woman he immediately got upset. It's not like he cared about Yogi or was worried about him being stalked. She simply annoyed him. That's all.

After walking through the streets and into the tent, Yogi, Gareki and Nai went in a changing room. Gareki silently changed out of his costume. He had seen that woman again and watched her following Yogi again. Gritting his teeth he put on his normal clothes.

Yogi and Nai meanwhile chatted lively as always, talking about candy bars, cats and all the "happy smiles and laughter" (just listening to that annoyed Gareki even more).

"Gareki, did you listen?" A tug on his sleeve caught his attention. Nai looked up at him

smiling widely. "Yogi is going to show us a nice shop!" Raising his eyebrow Gareki turned his eyes on Yogi. His intention of asking him where the hell he wants to go this time died down as soon as Gareki caught sight of Yogi's bare chest. "It's an ice cream parlor, Nai-chan. They sell reeeeeeally good ice cream there." Yogi said happily while changing out of Nyanperowna.

Gareki looked away instantly. Feeling his face getting hot he was about to say something to him as the door flung open. Turning to the door Gareki thought he'd seen a ghost. There she was, standing in the door frame eyes darting from Nai to Gareki and finally to Yogi. Yogi who stood next to his Nyanperowna costume in nothing more than his pants. Her eyes glittered in excitement and she ran past Gareki faster than expected. "I found you, Nyanperowna!" She threw her arms around Yogi and pressed herself at him. At this moment Gareki felt a stinging in his chest. Annoyance started to build up again.

Stuttering Yogi tried to push the woman away - in vain. "I- I'm not.. Nyanperowna is not... You got... Please let go of me..!" A crimson shade appeared on Yogi's face.

"Don't you remember? You once saved my life! Your hole being saved me!" She clung to him looking up affectionately. "I've been following you around for so long, Nyanperowna. I've never eaten one of the precious candy bars you gave to me. And I never forgot your lovely voice! You mean everything to me!" Completely taken by surprise Yogi continued stuttering.

Feeling anger boiling inside of him Gareki clenched his hands to fists. How could he just stand there and let that woman do something like that? Does he not see how crazy that woman is? Why is he even blushing, is he enjoying her touch?!

Nai watched the woman in horror before running out of the room. Gareki still watched the two of them. Just as he started to move - wanting to tear the woman away from Yogi and probably throwing her out the window - the woman pressed herself onto Yogi even more. Her hands wandered in the back of his neck. "Please let go o--" As soon as he started she pulled him closer and pressed her lips onto Yogi's.

Time seemed to stand still. Gareki could do nothing more than to watch in horror how the woman sucked on Yogi's lips. His chest tightened from the sight and before he knew what he was doing Gareki stormed out of the room.

He could hear a desperate "Gareki-kun!" but he did not pause. Even as Nai dragging Hirato with him came in sight Gareki just ran past them.

Outside. Getting outside and cooling down. Trying to forget the sight of that woman kissing Yogi.

That attempt failed. Wandering around the town all Gareki could think of was that kiss. Yogi's bare chest, the curly hair of that crazy woman, Yogi's lips, the way she talked to him, Yogi's eyes, the way her voice sounded, Yogi's blush on his cheeks.

Angrily he kicked against a street lamp. Why could he not calm down? Why could he not stop thinking about Yogi? And why won't his heart stop beating twice as fast as normally?

Beside the pain which ran through his foot he kept on walking. Turning around a corner he stopped in his track. There stood Yogi. Breathless, not-shirtless, without any lips on his. As soon as he spotted the raven haired one his gloomy face light up only a little bit. „Gareki-kun, there you are!“ Those fine looking lips, he started to wonder if

they tasted like that woman now.

Within a few steps Yogi stood right in front of Gareki. Lowering his gaze Gareki tried to get that image out of his head. „What's wrong, Gareki-kun...? Why did you...” Already knowing the answer Yogi let his question drop. Gareki's eyes wandered around studying the path he stood on. How did Yogi get rid of that woman? Why did he follow him?

Softly Yogi laid his hand on Gareki's arm trying to gain the teenager's attention. „Gareki-kun--“ He softly called his name, nearly gentle. Had his kiss with that woman been gentle as well? Yogi's hand travelled down to Gareki's wrist. „Why did you--“ Noticing Yogi's fingers travel down his arm Gareki stepped back. His eyes still fixed on the floor. „Don't...” Clenching his hands to fists again Gareki could feel the anger boil up even more than before. Has Yogi touched that woman with that hand as well?

„Gareki-kun, what's wrong? Why are you so angry?” How could he even ASK such a stupid question? Wasn't the answer to this obvious? „I'm not angry...” Grinding his teeth again he turned around. „Just leave me alone.”

And here he was – stomping around throwing curses at Yogi. While Yogi desperately tried to get his attention back, calling his name.

„Gareki-kun, I'm begging you! Please stop!” „No!” No longer paying real attention to his surroundings Gareki took a sharp turn around a corner. He couldn't know that there were stairs just around the corner. Losing his balance he tried to reach for the handle. „Gareki-kun!” Before he fell down the stairs a strong hand got a hold of his upper arm and pulled him back. Bumping with his back in Yogi's chest Gareki's heart tried to break free from his cage. Yogi wrapped his arms around Gareki and pulled him closer. „That was close!” Tightening his grip a little bit around the shorter one Yogi took in the scent of his friend.

Feeling Yogi's breath in his neck Gareki turned red and stiffened immediately. He tried to sort out his mind. „Gareki-kun...” Whispering in his ear causing the raven haired boy to shudder a bit. „Calm down...” Gareki did not know where to put his anger anymore. Why was Yogi... Why was he himself... „Talk to me, please!”

Shifting a little bit Gareki loosened the grip Yogi had around him just enough to turn around in his embrace. Yogi fell silent immediately, waiting patiently for Gareki to speak up.

Gareki's mind was full of all kinds of thoughts. His feelings and his heart seemed to break apart every moment if he won't say something, make a move. He wasn't good with words, he was good in taking an action. And with each passing second, the face of that woman came back in his mind.

He then looked up straight into Yogi's beautiful eyes. He could see so many emotions in them; concern about the younger one, confusion about his behavior, irritation about what has happened before. At the same time Yogi's breath in his face, his immense gaze that lay only on him, his arms wrapped tightly around Gareki's waist. This felt so right.

Gareki then took action. He gripped Yogi at his collar and pulled him close. Before Yogi could protest he closed the small distance between the two of them. Yogi's eyes were wide in surprise while Gareki kept his eyes closed, afraid of the reaction. The kiss was short, rough and shaky. But it seemed to make sense to Gareki now. Why the woman had annoyed him so much. Why he could only think about Yogi's lips. Why his heart skipped a few beats. And why he felt safe within Yogi's arms.

Just as Yogi relaxed in the kiss Gareki broke apart. Only a few inches were brought

between their lips. As they were both catching their breaths Gareki could feel his face heat up again. While he could see Yogi thinking about what just happened, he took the chance to steal him another kiss from his lips. Those perfect lips. „THAT'S why I've been angry.“

Loosening Yogi's grip he turned around and run down the stairs. Eyes wide in shock about himself and his feelings. Heart beating as loud as a jungle drum. Face as red as a tomato. Jealousy replaced by a shaky hand on his lips. His feelings for the Second Ship's fighter as evident as the setting sun.