

Drabble-Marathon

-cracky short stories-

Von cayra

1 - Affinity

Affinity

Written for the Mizuki + Purple challenge at nfu_challenge (Livejournal).

Only Mizuki Hajime would wear that much purple.

Well, there was Atobe, but Mizuki looked far better than him in purple, at least in his own opinion. That Atobe guy was more a lavender person. He might have the attitude to wear purple, but Mizuki did not only have the attitude, he also had the affinity to boot.

No other colour suited him like this.

Like purple, Mizuki stood out in a crowd, drawing in the eyes of the unsuspecting spectator. Either loved or hated, no one could stay neutral. Like purple that clashed with every other colour he always acted in his own unique way, not caring to bend himself to someone else's needs. Only suave blacks and the darker shades of blue got along with him, as well as brilliant white. And even they just emphasised his extravagance.

Purple was a vain colour, but unlike pink, purple never claimed to be the most brilliant of them all.

Purple was rarely seen. Little girls wore pink, rose and apricot, old women wore violet, sometimes there was a fashion trend and lots of aged businesswomen wore lavender for a few months. But purple - no.

There were some goths that appreciated the colour and it still was the very epitome of being gay. But it wasn't as if they were wrong about him. He wasn't one to hide his nature. He was not blatant, but he was not subtle either.

And lastly, purple once had been the colour of royalty. Because the ingredients had been so hard to come by, it had been so expensive only the richest of the rich had been able to afford it. Kings and queens had monopolised the colour, had adorned their robes with purple.

Precious. Rare. Extraordinary. And anything but simple.

"Nfu."