

Drabble-Marathon

-cracky short stories-

Von cayra

Sequel

Theme: none, sequel to 'fundamental desires'

Pairing: you'll see

Rating: pretty much G

And then...

"You're acting weird lately."

Sanada gave their youngest regular a blank look. Then he turned back to putting away his tennis bag. They'd just finished morning practice. Most of the other regulars had already left for class. They were going to be late if they didn't hurry.

Still Kirihera didn't seem to be in particular haste. He waited until Sanada graced him with his attention again. It was a bit odd. Patience was not one of Akayas strong points.

"Anou...Yanagi-san thought we should talk to you..." The boy hesitated.

Sanada turned and looked at him for the first time today without averting his eyes.

"We...don't want to cause you any discomfort." Kirihera continued. "We didn't think it would bother you so much." He looked slightly guilty.

"Nothing's bothering me." Sanada told him.

Some of Kiriheras usual impish nature showed through the curve of his lips and the glittering of his eyes. "Then I have to assume you sprained your wrist or something like that for

your shots to lose accuracy whenever we're around..." he grinned.

Then he turned, grabbed his bag and sauntered out of the door.

Sanada sighed. Now that Kirihera was gone, his composure collapsed. Wearily he shook his head.

"You're going to be late." a quiet voice told him.

Sanada whirled around to see the second half of his problem standing between the locker rows. Yanagi Renji regarded him with a friendly look. "Come on."
Sanada let himself be ushered outside.

Halfway over the school grounds the other spoke again.

"We don't mind, you know?"

It became a tiny bit easier after that morning.