

Drabble-Marathon

Von cayra

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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."

2 - Timing

Title: Timing

Rating: G

Theme: time

Characters: Inui and Yanagi

Do you know how critical timing in tennis can be?

If you miscalculated the impact of the ball, if you stepped forwards just a second too early, it could break your wrist.

On the other hand, if you're too slow, you'll either lose your racket, or the match.

Sometimes I wonder why people take such a big risk. Oh, I know, it is damn addicting. Nothing can compare to a real match.

But still.

And then I wonder why people call us weird.

3 - Fundamental desires

Title: Fundamental desires

Rating: PG

Theme: lust

Pairing: Sanada + your choice XD

When he walked in on them, Sanada just stared for a second, then (of course!) turned around and walked away. Really, it was not an uncommon incident to happen, but usually it wasn't him to be subjected to it, simply because he entered the locker room last most of the time. Still, he shouldn't be bothered. Still he was.

Sanada didn't succumb to his desires. He claimed he had a very firm grasp on them, on every single one. So why did it bother him? Lust was just another desire, and it was only natural to be triggered by such a view. Still the thought of what he had seen haunted him, renewing the desire each time it came to his mind.

He shook his head. He would just deal with it, and then get over it.

Or so he thought.

4 - High school days

Title: High school days

Pairing/Characters: Tanakacest, Yuuta, Mizuki

Rating: PG

Theme: twins

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Yuutas jaw hit the floor.

"...Mizuki-san...what happened to my room?!" he finally managed to ask.

"Ah, I needed a place for the set-up of the photo shooting for my new fashion style. I wanted to call it 'High school days'...You don't mind, do you?"

Yuuta gulped. He wasn't sure if he should object or simply faint. High school days! His dorm room was completely rearranged. He absently wondered where the hell Mizuki-san had gotten those frilly sheets, but that thought didn't last long to the view of the Tanaka twins on them, cuddling and wearing clothes no sane high school girl, and definitely no boy would wear. 'Bondage faeries' would have been a more fitting description.

"What do you think, Yuuta-kun?" the psychodesigner, err, Mizuki-sempai asked.

"Uhhmm..."

"Maybe we could ask some other people to pose for the second set? Maybe Atsushi-kun or..."

Yuuta fled.

5 - Yuu-chan and Shuu-kun

Title: Yuu-chan and Shuu-kun

Theme: little things

Pairing: Fujicest implications

Rating: G

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Yuu-chan and Shuu-kun were going to the zoo -
staring in awe at the ape and kangaroo.

One pushing the other down the slides -
all over the grounds playing seek and hide.

Facing each other on mini tennis courts -
demonstrating the monkeys this sport.

Yuu-chan lost his racket in the ´roos cage -
to get it back surely it would take them ages.

But the roo threw the racket at Shuu-kuns head -
the rest of the weekend they spent in bed...

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 Kiriara 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." Kiriara continued. "We didn't think it would bother you so much." He looked slightly guilty.

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

Some of Kiriaras 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 Kiriara was gone, his composure collapsed. Warily 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.

Hot - Cold

Title: Hot - Cold

Rating: G

Pairing: Fuji/Yukimura

Visiting the hospital had become a weekly pastime for Fuji Shuusuke he enjoyed a lot. He mostly went there on Saturdays, after morning practice. He spent the afternoon chatting with Tachibana about everything and nothing in particular. Sometimes he brought some cake, but mostly just stories about Seigaku and everything else he had heard here and there. It was quite fun telling the newest rumors and, of course, needling Tachibana about news of his own. Yes, needling Tachibana definitely was fun. Fuji could spend hours doing that.

Around noon time he then bid the Fudomne captain farewell. But he didn't leave the hospital after that. When he had time, he went upstairs, to the next floor and visited another 's what he did this particularly hot day, too. Tachibana had gotten other visitors, so he had excused himself around twelve today. Not before he had managed to rile up Kamio quite a bit, though.

"You're early." Yukimura greeted him, putting away his book.

"Do you mind?" Fuji grinned. "I felt as if I were not very welcome anymore down there, today." He explained, noting the title of the hardcover volume on the nightstand. He raised an eyebrow. 'The sword and the Crysanthemum', a highly interesting work on Japanese philosophy, ideology and common worldviews Fuji himself had wanted to read, but sadly had not had the time to. This was the English version.

"It's too hot to stay on the roof." Yukimura told him. "Not a single cloud and no gust of wind to cool you down, either."

Fuji nodded. The curtains on the window were drawn shut to keep out the glaring sun.

"Want something to drink?" Yukimura asked. Beside the book sat a clear glass jar, containing what looked like cold tea and shimmering, floating ice cubes. Two empty cups were there, too.

Fuji graciously accepted one of them, pouring himself and Yukimura some of the refreshing liquid.

"So what did you do, now?" Yukimura then asked, eyes shining with slight mischief as Fuji set down the jar.

"Oh, nothing big, I was just testing a theory..."

"A theory?" Yukimura smiled.

"Well, I overheard the other day Momoshiro talking about about how Fudomines Kamio-kun turned the same shade as his pretty hair if you managed to really get to him." Fuji took a brief sip from his tea.

Yukimura bent forward slightly. "That I would have love to see!"

Fuji nodded, eyes opening slightly for a moment. "Oh, it really was a sight to behold, that's for sure. I almost pity Tachibana-san, having to calm him down again..."

Yukimura snorted. "Right."

"Mhm, what do you think, Seiichi-san...?" He left the question unfinished, thoughtfully jingeling the ice cubes in his almost empty cup, then he drained the remaining tea from it and went over to the window. Stepping through the curtains and drawing them

apart slightly, he shielded his eyes from the sun with the hand holding the cup while he opened the window and sat down on the windowsill. He bent outwards a bit, then smiled. The window, two to the left and one down, was still open.

With a swift move of his wrist, he threw an ice cube. It bounced off the windowsill down there and inside, shattering. A second later, a still red-faced Kamio stuck his head out. "Having fun?" Fuji asked sweetly. He only received a glare and an indignant huff before the redhead returned to whatever he had been doing.

"Seems, Tachibana-san thinks the red suits him as well." Fuji reported.

"I can imagine that. Would you please close the window? It's getting hot in here." Yukimura replied.

Fuji did as he was told, then returned to sit on the edge of the bed. Yukimura was still lounging on.

"There should be something to help that, you know." He fished a new ice cube out of his cup. He held it up to look at it briefly, then bit it in half, sucking on one piece while he held out the other to Yukimura. "Those are nice..." he told him, sliding the piece into Yukimura's palm. The cool, wet ice indeed felt good on Yukimura's skin. "Mhm." he agreed. He contemplated it for a moment, then shrugged and ate it. "It tastes like you." Yukimura commented after a second.

"Does it bother you?" Fuji asked, slowly swirling the rest of the ice around in his cup. Yukimura just laughed, reached over and stole an ice cube. "Not at all..."

Trap trap trap said the squirrel

Title: Traptraptrap, said the squirrel

Characters: Fuji, Shishido

Shishido was scowling. If he had not been amused by it, Fuji would have felt slightly insulted by the glares thrown his way. It wasn't his fault they were in this situation, really. The both had been careless. But who would have thought an earthquake would surprise them in a storage room. There had been no warning, because it had been only a minor one, but part of the building had collapsed, trapping them inside. I was just bad luck.

After checking the front side and seeing they were neither in danger of suffocating nor of getting hit by more of the ceiling, Fuji had calmed down considerably. While Fuji sat down on the boxes they had been supposed to get, the Hyotei player had kept pacing around, restless. It had gotten on Fujis nerves after a while.

"Sit down!" he had told Shishido, but in turn only had recieved a snarled "Leave me alone!" and some irate grumbling. Fuji had taken some measures.

Now, Shishido sat across from him on a box, one cheek slightly red, glaring at him with repressed anger. He obviously didn't like this. Fuji had returned to smiling and pondering on his holiday plans while he kept an eye on the nervous boy. He wanted to make a trip to Hokkaido with his siblings this summer, just the three of them. There were some minor setbacks, but he was pretty sure it would all be cleared up soon.

"Aren't you concerned at all?" Shishidos voice interrupted his thoughts. The boy was fidgeting on his box, unable to stay still.

"Should I be?" Fuji asked, one eyebrow raised.

Shishido shrugged. "Sure, we will get out of here sooner or later, but WHEN? Don't you think your friends worry about you?" he asked in return. "I'm sure Choutarou has driven everyone crazy by now." he added, quietly.

Fuji inclined his head slightly. "Possibly. But we can't help it, can we? It won't get us out of here faster when you drive yourself crazy as well, now." His tone was slightly chastizing, a trick he had picked up from Oishi.

Shishidos shoulders dropped slightly. He sighed. "Sorry. I hate not being able to move freely. I feel so...trapped." The room they had left wasn't that small, but there was no escape. It seemed to unsettle Shishido quite a bit. He almost jumped when Fuji laid a hand on his arm.

"Calm down." the tensai told him. "It can't be much longer until they dig us out."

It was going to be a long hour...

HSM: The last meddler

This little piece was written for whisper132, the author of the wonderful 'Honorable Society of Meddlers' series. It's a take-on how Sengoku joined the HSM, which hasn't been written yet.

HSM: The last meddler

Sengoku Kiyosumi was a very interesting person. If you looked closely enough, you would discover some things you'd have never suspected he appeared like he didn't really care about anything at all, just drifting through his daily life and keeping himself amused, he had in fact a very good grip on reality. Although he didn't look like it, he watched everything around him with great curiosity and did not miss much of it. He knew a lot more about his teammates he let on. And if he noticed something he did not like, he changed it.

Subtly, so subtly noone would ever notice he was the one behind the changes. Of course, none of his teammates suspected he even possessed a shred of subtlety.

Well, sometimes Sengoku thought his tiny manager noticed, for Dan-kun was really right for a first year and equally curious, but he wasn't sure about that. He certainly never commented when Sengoku singlehandedly broke up fights by acting like an idiot, applying considerate amounts of jokes and flirting to make them forget what they were arguing about in the first place. It worked surprisingly well and noone suspected anything, since Sengoku flirted with everything that moved, despite his preferences. They were used to it, but it still affected them. It was kind of Sengoku's secret weapon. It even worked on Akutsu, though the grey-haired boy mostly reacted annoyed. But instead of beating him up, he just snarled at Sengoku and grudgingly did as he was told. Sengoku knew the thin line between annoyed respect and rage inside Akutsu's mind well. So when Akutsu didn't look like he wanted to deal with anyone, Sengoku sent Dan. As long as the small boy didn't show any fear, Akutsu was as good as whipped. Sengoku was not sure how Dan did it, but he knew what he could do and it amused him greatly.

It had something to do with that undying adoration Dan bestowed on Akutsu so freely. Ever since those two had met on the tennis club grounds, he had been following Akutsu around constantly, trying to get him to socialize. Not that Sengoku had helped that a bit, of course not. He suspected Dan had somewhat of a crush on Akutsu, but he preferred not to think much about it.

However, that cute admiration had managed to keep Akutsu on the team for a while. Keeping him out of trouble was a lot harder. Sengoku had to risk a real beating to get him back in line at last. But if something got to Akutsu, then it was an attack on his pride. Taunting him was risky, but effective. He managed to convince Akutsu that crushing that Seigaku brat in an official match was way more humiliating than beating him up. Surely Akutsu wouldn't want to be accused of fearing to lose in a fair contest?

Sengoku probably wouldn't have gotten away without some nastier bruises if Dan hadn't shown up.

Really, dealing with all that ruckus had made Sengoku a master in the art of manipulation and mediation. And it was quite fun, too.

When he noticed some slightly off circumstances concerning the newest rumors going around, he decided to look a bit more into that. The bits he got a lot of visiting, chatting and flirting at several schools were most interesting. There was something going on and he was going to find out what.

Half a month later he nonchalantly sat down at the table at the small cafe three readheads and a narcoleptic occupied.

"Yo! Can I join the club?"

The looks on their faces were priceless.

Sleepwalking

Title: Sleepwalking

Rating: G

Genre: angst...kind of

Character: Jirou

I sleep a lot. I sleep at every possible opportunity, and it's pretty hard to wake me up, too, I've been told. But I don't mind that. Why don't sleep when there's nothing to stay awake for? Sometimes I have to, but it becomes tedious very fast. Sometimes I just vent all that spare energy, but you know, if you sleep too much, you just get more tired.

Maybe I would make the effort to stay awake if I found some purpose in my life, something really important. There is always tennis, but that's not that completely fulfilling, fun or not, there's something missing. So when a match is over, I feel myself slipping again, drifting away from reality to that hazy realm of dreams I can't really remember. Sometimes I don't know anymore what's real, when you're dreaming you don't know you are, right? It's all becoming one, fuzzy at the edge, and when I'm wandering one world I don't remember the other. I just feel it, at the corners of my consciousness, tugging.

Most people think it's pretty funny I can't stay awake for a long period of time. I even fall asleep when I'm with my friends. Well, I miss most of these friendship things, napping in a corner while they talk or are left on the train because they forget to wake me. Sometimes I nap on one of them, which they tolerate, but I think it annoys them. For most of my teammates I am just that fluffy sleeping thing that is just THERE and occasionally had a bouncing fit. They think it's cute, but I just can't help it, I'd go crazy otherwise. And sometimes I bounce and play tennis. It's my most appreciated quality.

It's not that different for me. When I'm awake, they are just there. Sometimes I wish I knew them better. But as it is, I just continue on letting the world slide by. Aimlessly, without any hold to keep me there, occasionally touching with other people, but not reaching them.

Will there ever be something to touch me, keep me, someone?

Will there be a time I will know which world is real and won't need the other one anymore?

I don't hope, I don't know how to.

I just wait.