Unbearable

Von abgemeldet

There she was, crying, crying because of his pain. Pleading to stop his pain, to not let him swindle anymore. It was unbearable to watch. Yet he had to resist his urge to hug her and comfort her. His gaze went up to meet Katsuragis. The old man looked at him with an expression saying „See, how much she's suffering." His gaze shifted back to her small body sitting on the ground, sobbing and mumbling „Onegaishimasu" over and over.

And it was unbearable. If only he could make feel her better. He stepped into the vip room and lifted Tsurara up, so that she was standing between him and the bar. She looked at him through her teary eyes, confusion written all over her face. He looked at her intently, wanting to thank her, to apologize for all the pain he was causing her. Instead he leaned in to her and placed the money on the bar behind her back. He felt how fast his heart was beating as some strands of her hair brushed his cheek. He hoped that she would understand what he couldn't put into words. To understand that he does not want her to suffer for him. To understand that he wanted to comfort her, but mustn't, in order to not put her into more danger than she already was. He hestitated to pull back for one or two seconds,still wanting to hug her tightly. He placed the second bundle of money on the bar while leaning to her other side. When he stood straight again, he shot her a small glance and looked at Katsuragi again. He could feel her looking at him. He tried to sound as cold as usual, as he spoke.„The information fee for this time." After all, he couldn't stop swindling. One last tiny glance at her disappointed face and he turned to leave the place. Back in the normal restaurant, Kurosaki stopped and looked back at the vip room. Why did he always have to hurt her that way? He really wasn't pittying his life for himself, but for her. He wished he could be that man, that she wanted him to be.