

Uncrowned King

Tomapi

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 7: Chapter 7 - Toma's view

Chapter 7

Pi's face was unreadable.

"Come with me...please", he said and left the hall without any further explanation. Everything in Toma was in uproar right now. He looked around and sneaked out of the hall and followed Pi, who was standing in a dark corner now.

"Answer my question... why are you still here? I don't understand this...", Toma said, more and more confused. He waited until his counterpart took a deep breath and said: "I... I couldn't leave. I want to... see you again."

The prince's eyes widened and something in his stomach was purring happily. He wanted to answer him, but when he tried to speak, there were no words left.

"Meet me tomorrow at my tent. I will wait for you." Then Pi laid his hands on his shoulders and a second later he was pressed against the wall, another second later he got kissed passionately.

It was so strange and yet so nice and it felt so damn good. But too fast Pi parted their lips again and said: "Good-bye, my prince."

Then he left hurriedly. The young prince still stood there, unable to move. A hundred of butterflies flying around in his belly. And he couldn't believe what just happened. He stared at the spot where Yamapi disappeared into the darkness. Suddenly everything was so clear within him. The warm feeling which was now spreading all over his body was more than obvious. Toma couldn't believe it and maybe even didn't want to believe it. But now he could name what was bothering him about the young artist. And it hit him with such a great might that his feet couldn't hold his weight anymore. With his back still against the wall, he slid down and came to sit on the ground.

He was in love with Yamashita.

The ball had ended fast after this. Toma had been in a trance-like state for the rest of the evening.

Later, back in his room he sat on his bed, his back leaned against the wall and let the

necklace with the ring on it swing in front of his eyes. How is it possible?, he asked himself.

Didn't he only knew the young gleeman for a few days? How could he fall in love with someone he hardly knew?

And also: It was a guy! How could a guy fall in love with another guy? If someone would find out it would be a scandal! Not that HE cared so much. But his father would... he would never allow something like this. In his eyes and in the eyes of society it was wrong. But how could something that felt so right be wrong?, he asked himself as he thought about the kiss again.

He wondered if Yamapi loved him too. But why should he kiss him if it wasn't like that? Everything was so damn confusing. Plus it was the first time for the prince to fall in love. He hadn't ever met someone who captured his heart as much as the young artist did. So he didn't really know how to deal with that kind of things.

Tomorrow... he didn't know how to sneak out of the castle, when the whole city was going crazy for this damn engagement. There would be tons of guards... but he had, he just had to go and see Yamapi. He had to be sure about his feelings...

This night he couldn't sleep much due to his nerviness. It hadn't even dawned when the prince, clothed in some old clothes he lent from his servant and the black coat.

Toma tiptoed through the corridor and down to the kitchen. Fortunately the whole castle seemed to be still asleep this early. He took the same secret passage he had taken the last time. As he came out in the city he got more and more nervous by every step he did.

As he could see the river he couldn't nearly breath. He stopped his pace and took a deep breath. Then he crossed the river and could already see the little tent standing in the grass near the forest. His lump in his throat seemed to grow every time he breathed. He never had been so nervous in all his life.

As he stood right in front of the tent, Yamapi came out. Toma held his breath, when he saw his face. It was over and over full with little scratches and marks. Even his hands looked like this. Toma took a step closer to Pi. "Wha-what happened to you? Where did you get all those marks from?", he asked worried. "It-it's nothing... I just... got beaten up, that's all...", he answered, avoiding Toma's gaze. "Be- beaten up? By whom? Was it when you escaped out of the castle?", Toma got more and more worried and his remorse was now slowly calling in his head. Pi's face softened. "It doesn't hurt as bad as it looks, don't worry anymore", he answered. "But-", Toma started but then Yamapi already knelt down and held a hand out to him. The prince's face looked questioning. The young man smiled. "You see on the ball, we didn't get the chance to dance right?" Toma couldn't even reply as Yamapi already grabbed his hand and pulled him close. He began to lead a slow waltz, his eyes always focused on the prince's face. Toma thought that he was a god dancer but Yamapi was even better than him. He felt very secure and thought that every girl he danced with must have enjoyed it. His heart twitched as this thought crossed his mind. As he looked a bit down he found Yamapi staring at him, their gazes locked and Toma could feel the tension between them.