

Uncrowned King

Tomapi

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 8: Chapter 8 - Yamapi view

Chapter 8: Yamapi's view

Yamapi left the castle in a hurry through the front entrance. He still wore the mask so nobody would notice he didn't belong here.

Right, he just didn't belong to this world. He belonged to the dark side of life, from now on until forever. How could he even think of such a cruel thing? Toma wasn't only the prince any more. He was someone different from anyone he ever knew. He was warm-hearted, fair, with a smile that would melt any frozen heart away. His smooth skin, his beautiful hair, his eyes - oh yes, those eyes. Yamapi was afraid that if he was looking into those eyes for too long he would lose himself in them. He didn't want to imagine how they would look like when Toma found out that he was just used by Yamapi. Right, he was the bad one in this cruel game that he couldn't stop anymore. He regretted ever coming to this city.

And the kiss. He had stained those beautiful lips with this tainted kiss. But still... it had felt so unbelievably right that it hurt. His whole body hurt, but most of all did his heart. He felt like someone wanted to rip it out of his chest. But he also felt he deserved it for deceiving the person he longed for, wanted to be with so much that he couldn't breath from just thinking about him.

He was outside of the castle already but he didn't really realize where he went. But he was heading for his tent, the only save place in this cursed world. When he reached his plain home, his feet didn't want to carry him any longer, so he sank on the bare floor. When had he started crying? He hadn't noticed, but it didn't even matter to him. He didn't stop the tears as they ran over his cheeks. When had he become like this? Probably when his father had left home. Or after his mother had died. Or probably it was both that had influenced him so much? His mother was as warm-hearted as... Toma was and she had always looked after him, even when she was too weak to leave the bed. God, how he missed her right now. She would tell him the right thing to do and dry his tears with a lovely song. But she wasn't

here so the only thing he could do was fail.

Pi was so angry with himself. He was a bad person, a fraud, a traitor. He was going to free a person, who was imprisoned for murder. He was going to deceive the crown prince, fake true love to make him free his father. He slapped himself in the face, again and again. He wasn't worth living. That's what it was about. He hit his own face again and again, fell on the ground, got up again and continued bruising his hands, scratched them until he could see blood coming out of his right. And all the time he cried. When his face and his hands hurt too much, he stopped, lying down on the floor and continued crying until there were no tears left. And finally he fell asleep.

Early in the morning he woke up again. It was cold, because he was still lying outside in the grass. He wanted to heave himself up again, but somehow failed. His hands still hurt so much that he could barely touch anything. So he rolled on the back and on the third try was able to get up without using his hands but only his elbows. His face also still hurt. He got on his feet and kneeled beside the little river that was right next to his tent. Wow, he really looked awful. All over his face were bruises and scratches, his lower lip was swollen and his hands were full of dried blood and mud. He carefully started to wash off the blood from last night, although it did hurt like hell. But it didn't matter to him. He didn't have to face the prince like this. If he actually came. Yamapi wished he wouldn't but he had no idea of the prince's mind, so all he could do was to be prepared for what could happen today. So he went into the tent and put on some more decent clothes, since he'd worn the fancy dress all night long.

And then there were footsteps. Something he didn't want to hear. As much as he didn't want to go outside, he wanted to be with the prince. Stay at his side and protect him from any evil. But he was the evil, wasn't he? And still, there was no option left but to go out and face him. He would be confused, maybe even disgusted when he saw his face and his hands and immediately take a turn and leave. But Yamapi couldn't do anything but go outside. For his father's sake.

When the cold air hit his face again, he hesitated to look into the prince's eyes. He felt like he still wasn't prepared at all.

When the prince saw Yamapi's injuries, he came a step closer. Yamapi wanted to take a step back, but it felt like his feet were tied to the ground. "Wha- what happened to you? Where did you get all those marks from?", Toma asked. "It-it's nothing... I just... got beaten up, that's all...", Yamapi answered, his voice trembling. "Be-beaten up? By whom? Was it when you escaped out of the castle?", the prince asked again. There was something in his voice that made Yamapi lift his eyes.

Toma was so close to him right now. He wanted to touch him, to kiss him again and tell him how much he wanted him and that he didn't mean to harm him but that all of this was for his father's sake. No, not all of this. His feelings for the royal boy were sincere. He'd fallen in love with him the second their bodies touched in the castle. Or maybe even before that. But time didn't matter, did it?

He'd fallen in love with Toma, once and for all, and he couldn't help it. Didn't want to.

But still they didn't have a chance from the beginning. So Yamapi had to try to make the best out of it.

"It doesn't hurt as bad as it looks, don't worry anymore", he said. "But..." The prince wanted to protest, but he was cut off by Pi.

"You see... on the ball, we didn't have the change to dance, right?" Pi smiled. Make the best out of it, he thought to himself. And so Pi closed the distance between them, lay one arm around Toma and took Toma's hand with the other. Carefully he pulled Toma closer and started to dance a slow waltz, the only dance he was able to dance thanks to his mother. He wanted to say something, keep up the conversation, but he couldn't. All he could do was stare at Toma's angel-like appearance.

And then Toma looked him in the eyes. It was as if the world had stopped turning, giving them the time they wanted and needed so much. They danced as if there was no tomorrow and neither of them knew if there really was one for them. Suddenly Toma bumped with his back into a tree. It didn't hurt, but they both stopped moving. Continued looking into each other's eyes.

"I... missed you...", Yamapi whispered, right before he closed the distance between their lips once more and kissed his prince.