

Again.

Von samidare

Kapitel 3:

The week passed by without any big events, an interview for this magazine, a photo shot for that... live appearances in TV shows, confirming their show with the Gazette in two month, and playing a song before the show was over. On Friday, he started to get nervous. On Saturday, he was outrightly panicking at the thought of being together in a room with Aoi again. He showered for what felt like an hour in the morning, trying to wash away the feeling of acting like a crazy fan girl. It somewhat worked, so he got himself ready to get going.

The moment he opened the door to the studio he could hear Shou singing a text of some completely unrelated and nonsensical words to someone playing guitar, making the others in the studio laugh. Tora took off his coat, scarf and gloves and entered. Shou was still singing and, to Tora's surprise, it was Aoi who played the acoustic guitar to it, a nice fluffy melody. Before Aoi looked up and Tora would feel all weird again, he hurried on to the next room, letting himself fall on the couch next to Saga. The blonde noticed immediately that he was tired; Tora shut his eyes and slouched a bit. He noticed the movement next to him and smiled as Saga moved closer to him. "Just hadn't had much sleep, that's all" Tora answered the bassist's question before he could ask it. It was true, he hadn't slept much, being far to excited to sleep properly. Shou and Aoi came to an end in the rehearsal room, receiving applause from everyone. Then there was the noise of equipment being repositioned and shuffled around so Tora and Saga went to take their spots. They had agreed on working on Shunkashuutou, first letting Alice Nine play their song by themselves and afterwards deciding how to split it between the two bands. They started playing and after just a few measures Tora noticed that Aoi was watching him and promptly screwed up the whole thing. "Sorry..." he murmured, angry at himself and trying not to blush.

They started again and this time Tora turned to Saga to concentrate on his band mate, who did the same. He came through the song without problems. He started making a habit of turning to Saga. Also, he noticed, he was starting to avoid Aoi where he could. He didn't even have the strength to look into the other guitarist eyes without blushing and just prayed to the heavens that no one would notice. Aoi didn't care anymore, or at least tried to, he thought Tora's cool behaviour was his way of showing off himself. Aoi hated that kind of people. At the end of the day Tora again left without having exchanged a word with the other man.

It had been decided that the rehearsal for the Gazette song would be on the Sunday before Christmas. Tora calmed himself that that was still two weeks away. But the time flew by faster than he thought it would. The Friday before that Sunday Saga

called him, he knew who it was before he fetched the phone from the kitchen counter. Saga was the only one with another than the standard ring tone on his phone. "Hey, what's up, Sagacchi?" "I'm bored, wanna come over?" "Sure. I'll be there in twenty minutes. See ya." "Okay." Saga hung up. Tora went to fetch a little bag and stuffed his phone, the game he bought just on Tuesday, and his wallet into it. He rummaged for some warm clothes and left his apartment.

Saga's apartment was welcomingly warm after his stroll on the cold streets. Tora left his winter clothes in the respective shells at the entrance knowing that Saga was a highly organized person; everything had to be in its place. "I brought that new game along!" he called to the kitchen where he could hear Saga preparing some tea. They settled on the couch after Saga had brought the tea to the living room and Tora was done setting up the TV with the Playstation.

They played into the early morning hours until both their hands hurt from pressing buttons all the time. Still they didn't want to sleep so Saga put on a movie that they liked, brought some more tea and a blanket. He wrapped it loosely around them and leaned back on the sofa.

After a while Saga looked at the man beside him, his shiny black hair, the fine curve of his chin to his neck, everything, taking in the sight. He had long ago given up on telling himself that he not loved his band mate. It was not a kind of simple sexual attraction; it was the way of how Tora always figured out the collected bassist, of how he acted really natural only around him. Others might think that Tora was distancing himself or was just cold, uncaring, but that was not true, Saga knew. Tora was just probably one of the shyest people he had ever met in his entire life. And one of the most beautiful. He noticed that he had started to stare and averted his gaze, turning back towards the TV, but still focusing on Tora's warmth at his right. Only moments after, the guitarist's head slid onto Saga's shoulder. "Hey..." the bassist said, getting no response. Tora had fallen asleep. Saga smiled.