

# 39

## Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

### Kapitel 7:

Warm, soft fingers touching my temple and cheek woke me.

Akira's still naked body laid against mine and made me feel complete.

It was still dim outside but some birds were already chirping in the trees around the house while they awaited the sunrise.

Turning around to face Akira turned out to be a rather bad idea; it ripped me off of my cloud made of comfort and happiness as a sharp bolt of pain shot right through my head and crept down my neck and shoulders.

Cracking one eye open I came to face Akira with the same pained expression on his features as me.

He pressed his index finger against my lips and I tried to reply a nod but refrained from the idea as soon as my head hurt again.

Akira pressed his lips on my forehead and eased the ache a little before he leaned down to kiss me.

"Gonna shower.", he whispered and this time I managed to answer with a full nod.

I watched him stumble out of bed and into the direction of the bathroom.

I decided to make some coffee for the two of us and slowly stood up to walk down the hall (which somehow seemed to have turned incredibly crooked overnight) as I stopped by a closed door opposite to the kitchen.

The uninteresting room.

Probably, I thought, a look wouldn't hurt, and so I soundlessly pushed the wood open that separated me from all the secrets hidden inside this forbidden place.

And there they were: his jewels.

No, not those...

Right on the opposite wall sat a whole battery of six basses, neatly in row in the wooden construction holding them and all polished with love.

On the wall hung pictures, covers of magazines, some tour shirts, right next to photos of his family - he looked much like his mother - and his friends, his bandmates.

And suddenly, something caught my eye.

Neither did I have an idea that this picture even existed, nor did I - if I'd known it existed - expect to find it right on such a wall.

A photo of us back from the evening at the 39.

He looked happy. We looked happy.

I turned around and left the room, closed the door behind me to leave everything as it was, as if I'd never been in there.

In the bathroom the water stopped rushing and I got to the kitchen just in time.

As I instinctively grabbed into the cupboard above the coffee machine - everybody kept their coffee pads in there - a warm, half-naked body pressed against my backside and two strong arms encircled my waist to lift me onto my tiptoes, so I could reach the box with the coffee pads.

"Morning, pretty."

I smiled.

"Mornin'."

He smiled and pressed his lips against my temple. "How's the headache?"

"Better.", I said and put two pads into the coffee machine to pour two cups of the desired, black liquid.

"That's the problem with Kouyou. He keeps talking and talking and you drink and drink because you're listening and listening. He's such a chatter box."

A chuckle left my throat and I finally turned around to capture his firm neck with my arms.

Something flickered in his eyes as he looked into mine and I don't know why but it left me speechless.

Again, I pushed myself onto my tiptoes, this time to reach his lips with my own and start a gentle kiss.

By the time I slowly started to realize what all of this meant to me.

Before that so to say fatal evening at the 39, I wouldn't have even considered myself being gay but now I came to see myself from a different angle. It wasn't that I hadn't considered it, it was that I had actually never thought about it.

Akira had given my life another turn and now I came to realize that I enjoyed this kisses and being held by him way too much to even think of letting all of this go again. Not to mention that only thinking of kissing another guy than Akira disgusted me to the bone.

But even though I slowly started to embrace this little world the two of us shared, I felt left on the outside.

Why didn't he tell me?

Why did he keep his 'other' life locked inside of that room even though he seemed to love it so much?

Why was my picture in there but why didn't I feel like it belonged right there?

Hell, I was confused.

And he seemed to notice.

"What is it?", he asked and looked into my face.

Oh shit.

"Do you have some painkillers..?", I asked and managed to crack a pained smile while the machine in my back beeped twice - coffee was ready.

"Sure."

He left for the bathroom and gave me some time to think straight.

"I even found some Aspirin with lemon flavor. Can't remember I bought this..."

"Akira?"

"Hum?"

"I love you."