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Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 16:

The air in the quite small concert hall was sticky with cigarette smoke and the smell of sweating people, hairspray and a shitload of girls' perfume.

The only lights that were on were at the side of the stage and some at the upper balcony.

Standing right in the middle of the crowd maybe wasn't the best idea but I couldn't help it.

And, overall, I felt a little uneasy around all those girls that stared at me like hungry hyenas that seemed to be ready to jump at me and eat me alive.

Kouyou had told me, we'd see each other in the crowd eventually, because the 'official' version was that we would watch the concert together.

As if.

But as long as they didn't know that I knew, it was probably better to play the innocent, clueless one.

Sipping at my plastic cup of beer I brushed some strands of sweaty, longer hair from my neck back over my shoulder and adjusted the silver necklace I was wearing as well.

Finally, the lights went out.

The girls started screaming so fucking loud I could swear it would turn me deaf any second.

And, somehow, I got damn excited all of a sudden.

The fine hair in my neck stood on end as the curtain was lifted and the first taps of drumsticks could be heard, followed by a growling bassline which I knew must have been *his*.

And there he was.

Oh. Fucking. God.

Jesus. Christ. On. Extasy. And. Cocaine.

He looked so hot my mouth gaped open.

Not only the hair and makeup I already knew from countless magazine articles and my recherche on the internet, but also the outfit he wore.

His muscular torso was packed into a tight black leather vest with a black shirt underneath it, both decorated with prints and countless studs and chains on them,

two straps of leather around his elbows made his biceps stand out even more whenever those skilled hands rushed down the neck of his instrument and slammed into the strings to give the whole hall another shudder of electrical produced, sonic power.

The baggy jeans his slim legs were put in revealed more of his pale skin than they hid, since the raw material was crushed and ripped into strands of fabric that hung loose around his thighs and knees, down to the massive boots with steel toes he wore.

The broad leather strap that held his bass was decorated with a studded iron cross patch and his name "Reita" stitched into it.

I couldn't pay much attention to the rest of the band halfway through the concert and as soon as Akira had found me in the crowd and held eye contact with me, I couldn't even figure out if the band was still playing any music at all or if my life had suddenly turned into a mute film.

He smiled.

He smiled that fucking cocky grin of his which I usually would have loved to slap out of his face but, right now, all I could do was grin back like a moron.

But, suddenly, something broke our eye contact.

Or rather, someone.

A guy with rather short, brown hair that hung straightened and flat around the pale face with smeared black makeup on the eyes and lips, a red suit clinging onto his skinny body as his hands left the microphonestand they'd formerly held to grab a hold on Akira's neck and pull him close to.. to... oh fuck.

Wait, where did that guy put his fucking tongue?!

Staring, my mouth gaped open once more.

My brows furrowed, my heart was thumping in anger against my ribcage, my hands curled into fists so hard my nails dug red half moons into my skin and my eyes started stinging from the smoke touching them, since I forgot how to blink.

I didn't even hear the frantic and excited screams of the girls anymore.

I didn't care that I was the onlyone standing frozen in the middle of moving bodies.

I couldn't see that everybody on stage was frozen as well.

Couldn't see that Reita seemed as shocked as me and also Yuu and Kouyou missed their right notes.

I had already turned around and dug my way back through the crowd and towards the exit.