

Rainy Days never stays

Von ScarsLikeVelvet

The outdoor photo shoot was called off on account of a bout of heavy rain.

From the window of the bus, he watched Kyo. The younger man was wandering along the tree line, still wearing the costume they'd selected for him; make up running, but still shockingly and breathtakingly beautiful.

He couldn't keep his eyes from the lithe little figure moving through the foggy rain. It had been quite hot all day and the rain was dissolving into a warm fog not unlike the hot fog in a sauna. Kyo's blonde hair fell around his shoulders, glowing in the misty rain that clung to it. He moved slowly, his eyes and mind far away, lost in some probably place only he could get to. The rain picked up and Kyo stopped. He spread his arms and tipped his face to the skies, radiance shining in his sodden skin. His eyes slipped closed and his lips parted, tasting the rain, taking it into himself like a lover.

Kyo spun slowly on the spot, the long skirt of his costume brushing the wet grass, sliding soundlessly around his ankles. Wet leather shone and the skin of his bare arms dripped with water. Slowly, with achingly tender hands, the singer removed the gloves and dropped them to the ground, tipping his palms to the sky, catching raindrops in his hands.

In that moment, Kyo's beauty was complete. With a grace that most men would never know, the blond man dropped to his knees in the wet grass, digging his fingers into the moist earth before him. His fingers scraping through the grass and mud. He raised his hands up and smelled it. Kyo closed his eyes as he inhaled the scent of dirt on his hands. A soft smile crept onto his features as he tipped his head back once more. The rains soft pitter patter touching smooth skin, trailing over the beautiful tattoos. The rain washed away the dirt from his hands and a few moments later, Kyo grabbed his shirt and raised it above his head. He let it fall down next to him beside his gloves. His smile widened for a moment, before his gaze turned sad and he closed his eyes again, his mind retreating into the ever present darkness.

From the window, his watcher could almost see the drops of rain tracing the planes of Kyo's face, streaming down his neck and over the smooth tattoo and scar riddled skin. Kyo shivered as the cold water met with the warmth of his torso, his smile widening again for a few seconds, before the sadness returned.

He finally noticed that the blond was crying.

Through the window, he watched Kyo, adored him, wanted him. He ached to hold the singer, to kiss his eyes, his cheeks, his lips. He wanted to dry his tears and he ached to the point that his body was wracked with it. He wanted to run out into the rain, to embrace the singer, to whisper into his good ear and tell him that he loved him, that

he'd never be alone. That he'd always be there, all Kyo needed to do was to reach out. He wanted to be there, to hold the mud covered hands and tenderly caress the rain kissed lips. He wanted to be the one to see the place that Kyo went to when his eyes were far away. He wanted to make their Prophet smile again.

Without a thought, he left the bus and joined his friend, and hopefully lover, in the rain.

Kyos mind had retreated into the dark vastness of his mind. His eyes were empty of all emotion and he felt he was far away from the real world. He did not even realize his body was shivering with cold, but he enjoyed the feel of raindrops rolling down his skin.

He stood a few feet behind Kyo for a few minutes. His clothes soaking up the rain and making him shiver just as much as the half-naked singer. Taking a deep breath he gathered his wits and knelt down in front of Kyo, he wound his arms around him.

The blond singer startled, when warm, wet arms wound themselves around his torso. He lifted his gaze for a moment and realized who held him. Without hesitation he leant into the embrace and closed his eyes, whispering a soft 'Thank you, Daisuke'. His fingers finding their way into the long cherry red hair, playing with it for a few moments before he succumbed to sleep.

Daisuke smiled at Kyos soft words. He held him close and when Kyo went and fell asleep, he gathered him up into his arms. The redhead carried him into their bus and put him down on one of the sofas. He fetched a towel and dried Kyo, afterwards himself. He looked around and since no one was there, he pulled of the rest of Kyos wet clothes. With bright red cheeks he dried the rest of Kyos body down before he put him into his normal sweatpants and t-shirt. Daisuke changed his clothes and lay down beside Kyo, pulling him into his arms and kissing his forehead.

Kyo woke hours later to the soft caresses. Slowly he blinked his eyes open and a shy smile graced his lips, when he became aware of Daisuke looking at him. "So I did not dream? You carried me inside?" he asked. His voice was a soft rasp and Kyo glared right after speaking. So his stunt in the rain was having consequences.

Daisuke furrowed his brow and reached out for the thermos of hot tea Nora had left for Kyo. "Here ... Nora left this for you after she ... well she did not shout, but she let me experience her displeasure ... I would imagine you will get a stern talking to when she gets you into her claws", the guitarist told him.

He nodded his thank you and carefully drank the hot tea. The tea soothed his throat and he cuddled back up against Daisuke. "Why?" Kyo asked softly and looked into those soft brown eyes. Those eyes that often captivated him and let him agonize for hours over things he could not have.

"Because I want to, Kyo ... no ... Tooru ... I want to be there for you ... help you with your moods, dry your tears or let you rage ... whatever you need ... because I love you ... I need you", Daisuke whispered. His voice was full of emotion. He had put his heart out there and he hoped, Kyo would not rip it apart or if he did he would do it gently.

The use of his birth name made him shiver. No one used it anymore. They always called him by his stage name. Kyo was the hard, distanced man the fans and most of the people in his surroundings knew. Tooru was the man, who poured his heart and soul into his songs and poems, into his show and everything he did. His eyes closed and without his consent tears rolled down his cheeks. He burrowed deep into Daisukes Arms, looked into his eyes. "Thank you ... really ... you don't know how much I appreciate it ..."

"But ..." Daisuke wanted to know. He felt rejection coming his way.

"...do you really want to get involved with me? I am a most complicated man and you do know my moods ... how they may change on a moment's notice ..." Kyo asked. He did not want to reject Daisuke, but he wanted to know the redhead knew what he was getting into.

"I really want to, Tooru ... I've known you for years ... I experienced your moods and most of the time I am the one, who is responsible to get you back onto an even keel", he whispered.

"...oh ... okay ... than maybe we can try", he muttered back. The singer started to shiver again and tried to climb into Daisuke.

Kyo's words made him smile and he kissed him softly, wrapping the blanket tighter around them both, so they could get warm again. His hands gently rubbed Kyos back. "You see ... it's just like Tommy February6 is right ... rainy days never stays", he mumbled.

~The End~