

Letters of Apology and Farewell

Shuji/Akira - Nobuta wo Produce

Von Annaleinchen

Kapitel 3: Affectionate Gestures

"Are you OK?" Those words still hung in the air without a respond from the addressed person. They just stared at each other, not knowing what to say. "I....uhm....you...." Akira didn't know what he should say to the other teen who was standing in front of him. He didn't feel quite comfortable with Shuji staring at him with a searching look in his eyes. Hastily he brought his right arm to his face to wipe the tears away, embarrassed that his classmates had seen them.

Shuji didn't know what he should do. He stood there...in front of a obviously confused boy who was crying and now trying to hide his tears even though he knew that Shuji had already seen them. He couldn't bear to see the other boy's despair anymore and without a word he let himself fall on his knees and pulled the other boy into a comforting hug. He buried one hand in the soft hair of Akira, crawling the sensitive spot on his neck gently while the other was hugging him tightly onto his own upper body. He burrowed his face in the soft neck and whispered soothing words into the others ear.

The crying boy was shocked beyond all means. He would have expected everything to happen besides what was going on right now. He thought Shuji would start laughing or asking questions without a break and he even thought that the other boy would simply turn around and walk away, letting him sit there alone. And now....here he was....being pressed against the other boy, pulled off of the chair he was sitting on just seconds ago, hearing gentle words from him. "uh...wha...what are you d-doing?" Akira was really confused but couldn't restrain himself enough to not enjoy the hug and letting himself relax against the other teens body. He signed and gave in to the urge of resting his head on the should of the one in kneeling in front of him.

The kneeling boy couldn't help but feeling relieved when he noticed that the other youth finally gave up trying to be strong and started leaning against him, burying his head in the nape of his neck, clinging at his shirt, trying to get even closer to him. His eyes widened slightly when he felt a wet warmth running down his neck only to be soaked up to the collar of his shirt. He shifted his head a little to take a glance at the now so small-looking boy leaning on him for support. He knew it would be inappropriate to ask what happened to make the normally self-controlled boy cry so hard and hold fast at someone he had never talked to. Shuji displaced his position a

bit so that he now was sitting on the floor and Akira ended up straddling him. The brunette lifted his head to gaze up at the sky, not knowing what to besides stroking Akira's back in small circles. He could feel how sad the boy was and therefore he couldn't do anything to stop a small tear from running down his cheek.

They sat there for a few more minutes, waiting for the sobbing boy, who was still sitting on the lap of the slightly smaller one, to be ready and composed enough for the talk which was definitely in order. They both knew that this incident on the school-rooftop was changing their relationship fundamentally. They both felt that there was a bond forming between them which had never been built up to another person.

Akira was exhausted. He couldn't remember crying so hard in his entire life. Let alone in front of someone else. He never even cried in front of his parents so why would he cry openly in front of a stranger? With one last low sob he sat up, overlooked the fact that he was still sitting on the lap of Shuji and looked straight into a pair of sparkling, yet sad eyes. "Gomen ne...I...I d-don't know why..." Akira stopped midsentence when his classmate gently closed his mouth with his hand, laying four fingers on his full, pink lips. Shuji was surprised how soft those lips were but he refused to let his emotions become visible on his face. Instead he smiled softly and shook his head. "lie...it's ok. I won't ask you for the reason. I just want you to know that I'll be there for you should you need someone to talk to. I know, we don't know each other that good, but I just want you to know, that I'll be there for you." During his little talk Shuji moved his hands to Akira's cheeks in order to brush the wet streaks, the tears left behind, away.

The red eyed boy couldn't believe what he was hearing. His mind had yet to register what exactly was going on. He just knew that his secret love held him in his arms and that was all what mattered to him at the moment. He smiled a little and gave Shuji a thankful nod. "Thank you. I hope you know what your words mean to me." Akira leaned forward and wrapped his arms around the brunettes shoulders. He didn't want to get up and Shuji hadn't made a move to do so, he even clasped his arms around his upper body and hugged him back, so he just continued to be seated ontop of him. There was a comforting silence between them until Akira took a deep breath, worked up his courage, settled back, locked his eyes with Shuji's and asked: "Ano~ Shuji-kun?...Does this mean...we're friends now?..." He knew he sounded insecure but at the moment he didn't care. He didn't want to put up an act in front of Shuji so he let his emotions become visible in his voice and face.

Shuji was surprised when Akira leaned over for a hug but he just smiled, even though the other youth couldn't see it from his position, and put his arms around the other one, too. Alarmed he looked up when he heard the other one shakingly taking a deep breath and retreated from the hug. "Ano~ Shuji-kun?...Does this mean...we're friends now?..." Had he heard right? Akira wanted to be friends with him? Or did he take it the wrong way?

The corners of his mouth curled up into a bright smile and he gave the other one a happy nod. "But of course. Don't tell me you thought I would comfort you and then go back to not talking to you. I wanted to be friends with you since the beginning of the term but ... somehow ... haven't had enough courage to start a conversation first. You looked so distant and when I saw that sad look in your eyes I didn't dare to talk to you.

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have run away....I..." He couldn't finish his sentence because this time it was Akira's turn to silence him with his index finger. "hmmm....nope. It's ok. I wouldn't have known what to talk about, anyway. So....let's start from the beginning?" He smirked into Shuji's face and winked cheekily. He got up, adjusted his clothes and held his hand out. "Hi. I'm Kusano Akira. Hajimemashite." Totally caught off guard Shuji remained seated on the floor, looking up at Akira unbelievably. But he quickly caught himself again and got up, too. "Hi. I'm Kiritani Shuji. Nice to meet you, too." He grasped Akira's outstretched hand and shook it enthusiastically.