Betrayed - vol. 2
original story by Carl Taylor

Von Ta_Moe

Kapitel 1: chapter 13

Chapter 13

Brad left the room, shut the door quietly and walked away. Thomas heard his footsteps vanishing. There was silence, silence that hurt. He could feel the heavy air still in the room. Tears ran down his face and the pain and everything came back at once. All that had happened in this room minutes ago. His sobbing drove the thick silence away.

He didn't get it, he didn't understand. Why had he done that to him? He could have punched him, he could have beaten him up, and he could have done anything to him but why had it to be especially that? Thomas covered his face with his hands, when the door opened. Ralph came into the room, closed the door again and put his jacket on a chair. He looked towards Thomas' bed, recognized the clothes lying spread over the floor.

Shock struck him, "Thomas?"

No reaction.

"Are you alright?" the other boy walked over to the bed and knelt down at its side.

Silence.

"Hey, Thomas!"

"I... I'm alright", Thomas turned his face to look at his roommate and smiled, a tiny tear shimmered at the edge of his left eyelid.

"Don't force a smile. Something isn't alright, is it? Do you feel sick?"

"No... It's nothing" The blanket slipped a bit and a red mark on his neck became visible.

"Thomas!" Ralph stood up, grabbed the sheet and pulled it away.

"Wha", Thomas sat up abruptly and snatched it back again, covered his naked and stained body.

"Thomas", Ralph whispered, "What happened?"

"Nothing!" he shouted.

"Stop acting strong! Just tell me! I am here for you! I'll help you! I'm your friend!"

Thomas looked up, said nothing.

"Please. Don't push your self", he watched him sadly.

The other boy lowered his bright brown eyes. Ralph sighed and set on the bed, folded his hands thoughtfully.

"I won't push you to tell me anything, but I want you to know that I'll help you, not

matter what", he ran his hand through his reddish brown hair, "I mean it"

Thomas looked astonished and smiled sadly as well as relieved and happily.

 "Erm, I should better leave you alone, shouldn't I?" he stood up, but was suddenly pulled backwards.

 "Eh?"

He should stay. He didn't want him leaving. He didn't want to be alone. Thomas clasped Ralph's shirt and wouldn't let go. His cheeks flushed a little bit.

 "You want me to stay?"

Thomas nodded hastily; held even tighter onto his friend's clothes. Ralph now turned his face to him. He saw the much smaller body trembling in fear and searching for protection. Thus he took Thomas' hands into his and hugged him tightly. Right then Thomas started crying loudly, clinging onto his roommate and told him in bits and pieces what had happen to him.

 "This bastard, I'll definitely kill him", Ralph murmured angrily and patted his back.

 "Ralph, you… you can't! He's too… strong"

 "I don't care! He hurt you. I won't forgive him!" he proclaimed, "I'll take revenge for you!"

 "Ralph…" Thomas fell a bit back and looked at him amazed.

His heart throbbed, "You see, I care for you, Thomas"

 "Thanks", the boy smiled gladly, "Me too"

Their eyes met and for a second Ralph felt as his heart had stopped.

 "You're an important friend to me, too"

It felt as thousands of little needles had pierced his whole body.

 "Uhm. Yeah", Ralph pressed him against his chest again, so he wouldn't see his hurt expression.