

Awaking without him

8059

Von Abschaum

Kapitel 1: Chapter 1

It was the night of Halloween when the cold light of the moon fell through a window in Namimori and met the naked body of a boy who was only partly covered in the messy sheets of his bed. The place where his partner had lain before was already empty, but the outlines of the person could still be seen. The boy moved, not being able to relax anymore, now that the warmth of his partner was gone. "...Moto," he mumbled in his disrupted sleep and turned around, his hand stretching out to touch the dark-haired boy. When he couldn't find him he finally jolted awake.

Puzzled Hayato Gokudera looked around. Where was Yamamoto? He reached for the switch of the lamp on his bedside table and turned it on. But that didn't help much, Yamamoto was still gone. Confused he got up and walked through his flat. There was no sign of the baseball player to be seen, it just looked like he had never been there, except for the fact, that Gokudera's clothes still lay on the floor where he had dropped them earlier, or rather where he had lost them to Yamamoto's hands.

Sighing he let himself slide down the wall next to the door of his bedroom. He found his T-shirt there, lying in the hallway. He wondered how it had survived so long. Or maybe it hadn't and Yamamoto had just thrown it there? He didn't know, like he didn't know many other things that had happened this night. Most of it was just a blurred memory of two bodies mingled together. How had it all started? All the things that happened this night. How had Yamamoto and he ended here? He tried to remember the facts and found a memory buried beneath the blurry ones of Yamamoto and himself.

It had been Lambo. The annoying cow had wanted to play Trick or Treat this Halloween. And since Gokudera wouldn't let Tsuna go alone and Yamamoto had thought it a fun idea they all somehow ended up going. The night was starlit and Lambo and I-Pin had been very eager to get sweets, especially the stupid cow. However, they ended up being disappointed. After all, they still were in Japan and playing Trick or Treat wasn't that much of a tradition here.

And then somehow he and Yamamoto had been alone. Why? The memory was unclear, like it was something that he wouldn't want to remember, but he tried anyways.

There was Lambo, crying because he didn't get his way and then the others who had tried to calm him down, without success of course. And then the annoying kid ran away and they ran after him. He still remembered how he ran after Tsuna, but then... a total blackout.

He guessed it had been Bianchi, who suddenly appeared out of the dark, knocking him out by the sheer sight of her face.

This would mean, that Yamamoto had been the one who stayed behind with him, once again.

The first thing Gokudera remembered after awaking was that baseball guy leaning over him and the empty street. And then how Yamamoto had managed to convince him to go home and the end of it, how they slept together. And still after that, he, alone again. Sitting naked in his hallway, already knowing that he wouldn't be able to look at Yamamoto the same way as before.

He pulled his legs to his body, shivering because of the cold and rested his chin on his knees. Silently he stared into the darkness. This night had been something unique, it would never happen again, would it? And even if Gokudera wanted it to happen again there was no second chance for him. Yamamoto was gone and he wouldn't come back, at least not in this special way. When they would meet the next day they would be back to normal, business as usual. This night had changed him; he had risen to the heights of pleasure and fallen down all the way to the ground again. Being left alone with a yearning deep inside him. A yearning that wouldn't end as long as Yamamoto was within his reach. "Stupid baseball player!" he muttered and buried his face in his arms.

And then Gokudera cried....