

# 100 themes

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## Kapitel 3: sunset (RxR)

A sunset is always beautiful.

Even here, at this stinky, rotten fishpot of a harbour, where the industrial smog polluted the air, where the rattling and hissing of the huge factories could be heard, a sunset was still beautiful.

Rubbing his palms against one another to get the cold out of them, Takanori stared out onto the silver waves of the ocean. The sky was a pastel mix of yellows and oranges and pinks through a crack in between the thick black lines of smoke and dirt. He didn't mind, though.

This place was his home, always had been since he could think of it, and even if for some it seemed like the ugliest place in the world, he was still bound to this place, bound to these people who worked as substitutes for a family he did not have, and love was what made him rather not be someplace else.

A thick, woolen scarf found its way around his neck and two strong arms encircled him from behind, pulling him back against a taller figure. Still, his eyes laid on the sky's painting before they briefly fluttered shut as soft lips caressed his temple.

"What'cha dreamin' of, eh?" were the words directed at him through thick, rough workers' dialect.

"I wonder what's behind the smoke.", he answered and this time kept his eyes closed.

"Wanna find out?"

The taller male behind him shifted a little on his boot-clad feet, soiled hand pulling closer around the equally soiled jacket the other was sporting. Work would start soon, the night being their time for fishing out on the rough waves but, like so often during these cold winter days, Takanori was more than willing to find a way to skip work.

Thus, he turned around in the other's gentle hold and put his arms around that stout neck and pecked at his lover's lips.

"I'd love to.", he murmured, face now nuzzled in the crook of the other's neck.

"If we leave now, we'll make it before nightfall."

Takanori knew what this meant.

If they left now, they would not come back. But with the faithful presence next to him, he was not afraid of what awaited them behind that smog.

If what waited for them was a threat or a promise he did not know.

Facing the sunset again, he grabbed the tall hand of his lover, squeezing it.

"Let's go."