

100 themes

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 6: truth (RxR)

*»There's always four sides to a story.
Mine, yours, the truth,
and what really happened.«*

They say, you are into me because of my bike.
They say, you are into me because of my looks.
They say, you cling to me because of a rebellious idea you fancy somewhere in the back of your head.
They say, I am a pervert for dating a guy four years younger than me – a student.
They say, I am no good for you because of my bike and other dangerous things I represent.
They say, I am no good for you because of the bleached, spiky hair, the jewelery, and the leather jackets.
They say, I am no good for you because I do how I please.
They say I am no good for you because they don't have an idea about us.

They don't know how gently I treat you when we're together because you're precious to me.
They don't know I go to evening classes to catch up on my degree besides work.
They don't know that you are my soft spot and that you are the one in control in this relationship because your charms cast a spell on me that makes me indulge your every whim.
They don't know how you snuggle up to me at night, and how I will hold you in my arms to keep you safe and warm.

The first time we met was at the motorbike shop I work at as a mechanic.
You were casually walking through the rows of neatly polished bikes as if you'd been here a hundred times before. Briefly, the tips of your index and middle finger ghosted over the sleek surface of a black-painted Harley Davidson, as our eyes met.
A smile, and you walked out of the shop.

From then on, you would come every day at the same time, always looking at the

different bikes with a gleam in your amber eyes.
After a week, I finally had it in me to approach you.

"You come here often.", I stated casually, wiping my greasy hands on a piece of cotton. I had just finished fixing the bike he was currently looking at.
"I'd want to ride a bike, actually. But my parents say I can't get a license before I graduate.", you said and your smile faltered a little.
"I just fixed this one, so it needs a test ride. Wanna join?"

We didn't go exceptionally far or long, just a stroll around the block, but behind me, you were laughing in joy, squeezing my stomach tight with your arms around me. Around the corner of the shop, I let you hop off the bike because if my boss saw me taking a stranger along on a customer's bike, I'd lose my job right away. You took off your helmet but I refused taking it right then.
"It'd be strange, if I came back alone but with two helmets. You can give me that one back tomorrow.", I said and saw a flash of understanding in your eyes.

Please come again tomorrow.

"Will do."

And you did just that.
Coming every day, and I would take you for a ride on my own bike when work was over.
We took tours outside the city, and on the weekends, when you were off school, we went for such long trips that we always stopped somewhere to get lunch together. After one of those trips, I let you off at the end of your street. It was late and dark already, and I don't know why but suddenly you took my helmet off and kissed me.

"Thank you for the wonderful day. Good night."

From then on, I picked you up right after school but we didn't go on trips anymore but on dates. And until now – contrary to popular opinion – we kept things nice and innocent but today was your graduation ceremony. I was sitting on my bike, ready to leave, because instead of joining the graduates' party later, I would take you on a trip outside the city to a nice, private hotel we'd spotted a few weeks ago.
Right after you received your degree, you hugged your parents, kissed your mother on the cheek – and told them you were gay.

"Aki! Let 'er rip!"

You spurt towards me with long steps, a bright smile on your face, the neatly folded degree in the clasp of your hand but you carelessly stuff it under your jacket a moment later.
Your Dad is coming closer, his face red and angry, as you put on your helmet and just in time I kick the engine and we rush off.

Once again, I feel the heat of your breath tickle the back of my neck, your arms around my stomach, and your joyful laughter rings in my ears as we pace down the road.

