

The Colors Of The Sky

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Kapitel 1: Chapter 1

Silence. Complete silence like every morning.

Well, not exactly complete silence, you can still hear the birds chirping outside even though the window is closed.

Warmth. Warmth that comes from a body that lays beside me every morning.

What? Wait a minute...that's not normal, usually it's cold when I wake up.

I opened my eyes to see my body pressed tightly against Souma's tanned one. I looked up at his face, and only then I noticed that he was awake and gently playing with my hair with this gorgeous smile on his plush lips that made his blue eyes glimmer like cristalls in the sunlight that let itself into the room through the window.

"Morning, love" his voice was deeper than usual and you could hear that he wasn't awake for long.

"Good morning" I sleepily smiled back. I rolled over to lay on top pf him, my stomach on his. "What are you doing here? What about soccer practice?"

His hand wandered from my hair to my cheek, his thumb gently caressing it "Cancelled. So I didn't bother standing up early". My smile grew wider, nestling my face into the crock of his neck, taking in his body heat and scent. We both enjoyed the silence and each others company a bit longer, then deciding to take a shower together before going to our classes.

Just so you all understand, we're in college now, Souma's 21 while I'm 20 years old. Of course we're going to the same college, *Victoria Sophie College of Sports and Art* is what everyone calls it, so the perfect school for us. But that also means that we have only one class together. Sometimes it's really hard not to se him all day, he has practice in the morning and afternoon after classes are over as well, which means I only see him when he gets to our room in the dorm around 6-7pm.

I always try to do something while he's gone, drawing or something like that, sometimes I just watch him practice, to be honest I really like it when he's sweating like that. But most of the time I just wander around alone, I don't really have any friends, just some people I talk to now and again. I wouldn't call them friends considering they only talk to me when they need help with their work for their classes.

So now we have arrived at the point in the hallway where we both go our own way to our first class. We stood opposite each other and looked us in the eyes. I always see some kind of sadness in his which I try to lessen with a reassuring and happy smile. His arms swung around my waist while my hands slip themselves behind his neck. "I'll see you at lunch, okay?" he whispered softly into my ear.

"Yeah" I smiled at him brightly when we put just a bit of space between us, my hands wandering into his brown locks.

He leaned down, Souma grew quite a bit these past few years while I'm still as short as ever, but that doesn't matter, and pressed his lips gently against my own for a few seconds.

It's not really embarrassing or anything because everyone knows we're a couple, and they don't care.

We broke apart and looked at each other with a smile before he turned around to walk to his first class. And like always he spun around halfway down the hallway to shout an *I love you!* my way with a big grin, which I happily returned.

That's a bit embarrassing but I'm kinda used to it by now. It's great to have someone who openly admits so loudly and in front of everyone that he loves you.

We both turn around at the same time to head to our first lessons. It's kinda lonely without Souma but it's bearable because there's actually someone who has nearly all classes that I have so it's kinda fun-

"SHIRO!"

'Oh there he is' I turned a bit in the direction where the voice came from only to be nearly knocked down to the ground by the taller boy. "G-good morning, Joe".

Joe's actual name is Jonathan Queen, he's from America, and that's how he looks like too, ash-blond hair, tall, blue-green eyes, some freckles around his nose and very well built with tan skin, not as tan as Souma's but nearly. He plays soccer with Souma so they are friends as well, we three often eat lunch together.

"So how are you doing today lil' boy" he chirped, always calling me that because I'm so much shorter than him, he's even two onches taller than Souma.

"I'm really great today" I told him with a big smile on my lips.

"Oh?" he raised one eyebrow, a smirk forming on his face "Something happened" leaning down to my face we both stopped walking "It's because Souma was in bed this morning, right?" An answer wasn't necessary, he could easily tell he was right by my red cheeks and the fact that my eyes were looking everywhere except his face. "HA! I knew it !" he exclaimed loudly, jumping up and spinning around himself one time to face me again.

"Would you please be a little bit more quiet...?" I tried to calm him down, and surprisingly it worked.

He continued to walk quietly beside me, staring ahead with a smile on his lips. "It must be nice to wake up next to someone you love dearly and who feels the same for you"

Joe suddenly mumbled catching my attention.

Looking up at him I could see how his happy smile from a few seconds ago had turned into a sad one. "Joe..." I spoke softly, gently grabbing his forearm to stop him from walking any further. He turned to look at me and I could see the sadness and... loneliness written all over his face. "What's wrong?"

He bit his lower lip before looking away and answering "Nothing... I'm fine... really" and with that he walked into the room for our first class, not once looking back at me or even away from the floor.

Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

Lunch time.

I finally get to see Souma!

I was alone in my last class so I'm happy to see both of them actually.

I got my food and looked around the big room to spot either Souma or Joe. But...that's weird. I spotted both of them but at two different tables. Confused I walked over to Souma who had waved at me happily, however, my gaze was still focused on Joe. Sitting down I finally looked at Souma and we kissed, a sweet little kiss. Worried I looked back at Jonathan, sitting alone at another table.

"Do you know what's wrong with him?" Souma leaned in to my ear also staring at Joe now.

Shaking my head I answered him quietly "No...but I guess it was actually something I said" I paused, thinking back to our conversation for a moment "We were talking like always, he made fun of me about this morning and suddenly he was down and didn't talk to me anymore..." My gaze went to the ground.

"Don't worry too much about it" he patted my head and gave me a reassuring kiss on the cheek

"Just give him some time to sort it out on his own".

I fixed my gaze at Souma's blue eyes, a small smile lingered on his lips. "Yeah... I guess you're right" I smile back and concentrated on him instead of Joe, well at least for the rest of lunch. I tried to talk to him after lunch, but he still didn't respond. And that's how it went for the rest of the week, even Souma tried to talk to him, nothing.

Usually Joe would have a smile on his face and gave long and mostly funny answers, but now he talks in really short sentences, with an emotionless expression or a sad smile. That sad smile, I was always thinking about where it came from or what could've caused it, I didn't find an answer to that.

It was Sunday now and I've decided to finally talk to him, asking him directly what's wrong. I was worried sick, and Souma noticed, too. Always being in my thoughts and drifting off while speaking to him. "Are you sure?" Souma started while I put my shoes on to go over to Jonathan's room "If he wanted to talk about it he would've come towards you. He-"

"No, you're wrong" I interrupted him "He always tries to solve it himself, but it looks like he can't this time. I just can't stand to see him like this anymore". My head hung, eyes staring at my shoes and one hand resting on the door handle.

Souma heaved a heavy sigh, putting a hand on my shoulder which made me look up at

him, an encouraging smile on his face. "Okay then go" with a soft voice he started "however, please be careful and don't be gone too long". Now his smile had turned worried.

I kissed his lips gently, my lips turning upward after "I promise". With that I was out the door, on my way to my only and best friend.

Joe's room was a floor below ours, so I walked down the stairs and was now standing in front of his door. Taking a deep breath to calm my fast beating heart, I knocked on it, hearing a faint 'come in' in response from the other side. Slowly I opened the door, walked in and closed it softly behind me again.

On one of the beds was something under the blanket, which was slowly lifted and lowered again, like someone was breathing under there. Of course it was exactly like that, the thing beneath the covers being Joe. His head was the only part of his body you could see, his face looked horrible. I know that sounds mean but that's how it is. "Hey Joe" I knelt down beside his bed, my lips turned into a gentle smile "I won't ask how you're doing 'cause I can see you're not doing good" I paused for a minute "But would you maybe tell me why you're feeling like this...?"

He stared at me for a while before sitting up, his legs criss-crossed and blanket draped over his shoulders. 'I guess he finally decided to talk to me'. Lifting his hand he pointed with his finger to the spot next to him, motioning to me to sit down there. So I stood up and slowly sank down in the spot he told me to sit on.

His gaze was downcasted, looking at his hands in his lap. A few minutes of silence past before he finally looked up at me, red nose and cheeks, lips chapped, his hair a mess, eyes swollen, 'So he cried...', and didn't have any light in them anymore, and tear stains still on his cheeks.

He sighed, then opened his mouth to speak "I guess you won't leave me alone" his voice was broken and sounded so wounded "so I might as well tell you". With that sentence I got nervous, also because he stared right into my eyes, his expression dead serious.