

# Behind Walls of Glass

Von abgemeldet

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Prolog: Prolog</b>	2
<b>Kapitel 1: Chapter 1</b>	4
<b>Kapitel 2: Chapter 2</b>	6
<b>Kapitel 3: Chapter 3</b>	8
<b>Kapitel 4: Chapter 4</b>	10
<b>Kapitel 5: Chapter 5</b>	13
<b>Kapitel 6: Chapter 6</b>	16
<b>Kapitel 7: Chapter 7</b>	19
<b>Kapitel 8: Chapter 8</b>	22
<b>Kapitel 9: Chapter 9</b>	25
<b>Kapitel 10: Chapter 10</b>	27
<b>Kapitel 11: Chapter 11</b>	30
<b>Kapitel 12: Chapter 12</b>	33
<b>Kapitel 13: Chapter 13</b>	36
<b>Kapitel 14: Chapter 14</b>	39
<b>Kapitel 15: Chapter 15</b>	42
<b>Kapitel 16: Chapter 16</b>	45
<b>Kapitel 17: Chapter 17</b>	47
<b>Kapitel 18: Chapter 18</b>	48
<b>Kapitel 19: Chapter 19</b>	50

## Prolog: Prolog

### Prologue

Toma had been a sickly child ever since he was born. Raised as the oldest of two sons, he was taking responsibility for everything. His parents argued every time he saw them and they didn't care about the two boys like parents should.

When he was seven, they separated and he and his brother Ryuseii left the house with their mother.

However, Ryuseii was sickly, too, and by the years he became weaker and weaker. They didn't have much money since their mother wasn't able to work. And so they weren't able to send him to a proper doctor.

The year Toma turned 13 his brother passed away. It was a shock for Toma, he had loved his brother dearly. Since their mother didn't care, they practically had had no one other than themselves. Soon his mother found another man and got married again.

But for Toma there was no place in her life, as she decided she wanted to start anew. And so she ran away one night and left Toma in the small, dirty room they were living at.

Toma couldn't understand how all of this happened. Suddenly everything he had was lost. First his father, then his brother, whom he had cared for all his life, and then at last his mother, who didn't want him.

He was alone. Lost in this big city. Without money, without anything.

The first few days Toma felt empty and hurt beyond repair. Not only physically but also mentally.

But soon he realized that he couldn't go on without doing anything and so he did what he had to do: He began to steal in order to survive.

His body was still weak but he was clever and almost never caught. Just once or twice it was a close call.

One day he strolled through the town. He hadn't eaten much for 2 days already. His head felt dizzy and his body began to get heavier.

If he didn't find something to eat soon, he would be done for it.

He thought of stealing something at the next bakery but he couldn't think straight for a plan and suddenly everything around him went black.

Toma heard a voice. He couldn't understand what it was saying. He couldn't move, his body felt all stiff. Slowly, he tried to open his eyes. Bright sunlight hit him. And above his head there was someone looking at him. He opened his eyes more and he saw a face of a young boy. His face brightened when he saw that he was awake. The boy looked young, maybe the same age as Toma.

"Are you alright?", asked the boy.

Toma tried to sit up but his body felt still heavy, he looked around and saw a bright room. He was lying on a bed. He looked at the boy again, who observed him curiously.

"Where am I?", asked Toma. "I brought you to my house. You laid on the street unconscious", answered the boy.

So he had really fainted.

Suddenly his stomach rumbled loudly.

"Are you hungry? I'll get something to eat, wait", spoke the boy and hurried out of the room.

Toma observed the room further. It looked nice, not quite expensive, but also not cheap. Maybe he could steal something valuable...

He couldn't end his thinking because the boy came back again with a tray full of food. It smelled delicious! „Here eat as much as you like“, offered the boy. „Thanks!“

The boy watched Toma as he tucked in the food. „My name is Tomohisa by the way. And yours?“

Between two bites Toma managed to answer. „My name is Toma.“

After the meal Toma talked to Tomohisa till it was getting dark. Soon his parents came back and Toma was set back on the street again. Of course they didn't want to have a dredger in their house. But when they left, Tomohisa winked at him. „We will meet again! I am sure!“, he shouted.

Toma smiled and winked back.

He watched how Tomohisa's small figure faded in the red sunlight and he felt his heart aching. After his brother he was the only person who had been nice to him. He had helped him, although he didn't know him. Again he felt like he had lost something precious.

12 years later...

Toma woke up in his bed with a sigh. He had dreamed of that day again. The day he had met that boy. Tomohisa.

He still could hear his voice calling out to him. He wished that he could still believe in his words. That they would meet again.

But Toma wasn't 13 anymore, he knew that it was almost impossible to ever find him again. And even if he did, would he even remember?

Probably not.

Life was cruel and Toma knew it, he had experienced it first hand.

So he tried to banish this face out of his head and got up for work.

# Kapitel 1: Chapter 1

## Chapter 1

A/N:

what the heck?! +Ö+ you freaks xD 10 comments only for the prologue? XD  
[no offense to carry-chan, she did a great job again <3]

Yamashita was chasing him. He ran and ran and when the guy finally headed towards a wall, he knew he had him. There was no way the guy could escape him any more.

Yamashita stopped some meters in front of the guy.

"It's over. Give up or I have to hurt you.", Yamashita warned the guy.

"No way!", the other one replied and pulled a knife out of his pocket. But was nervous. And Yamashita wasn't. He approached the guy, kicked the knife out of his hands and nailed him to the ground, pressing his knee into the guy's back.

Then another guy came around the corner.

"Well done, Pi!", he said and grinned. "We've been tracking him for almost two weeks now."

"Thanks, Hasegawa." Yamashita answered and put his handcuffs around the first guy's wrists. "And don't call me 'Pi' at work. How often do I have to tell you?"

Hasegawa Jun laughed and said: "Oh my, I'm sorry, Ya.ma.shi.ta-san."

Hasegawa approached Yamashita and the guy on the ground and helped his friend bring the other one on his feet again. Together they returned to the office and put the guy in charge of their colleagues.

"Ah, chasing gangsters all day long is so exhausting.", Hasegawa moaned.

"Why are You saying that? It's me who's been running all day long. You just watched and cheered at me.", Yamashita answered, frowning.

"Cheering and watching is exhausting as well, you know?", Hasegawa said while they were changing in the dressing room. "Well then, how about we grab something to eat now? I'm starving!"

Yamashita unbuttoned his shirt and changed into a new one.

"No objections on that. The usual place?", he asked while getting into another pair of trousers.

"Um... yeah, sure." Hasegawa seemed a bit out of order for a moment, but then switched back to normal again.

When they'd finished changing, they greeted their colleagues good-bye and went to the restaurant they went to every once in a while. They would visit that place more, since it served delicious food, but it was also not that cheap and they didn't earn enough money.

The restaurant was quite empty tonight and so they were able to choose a place they liked and sat down.

Only 3 other men were sitting at a table across the room. Two of them had gray, thin hair and were dressed in brown suits, one wearing glasses. The third guy was quite

young still, maybe about Yamashita's age, and wore a black suite with gray vest.

But Yamashita's observations were interrupted by the waiter who took their orders and left them alone again.

"It's been a while since we were here last time, right, Ya.ma.shi.ta-san?", Hasegawa stated.

"It's okay, you can stop calling me that now, okay? It's annoying.", Yamashita frowned once again. His friend loved to tease him, but Yamashita just wanted him to be polite on work. Since they'd been friends since kindergarten, Hasegawa had given Yamashita a special nickname.

"Okay, Pi~!", Hasegawa grinned and sipped at the glass of wine the waiter had just brought.

Yamashita grinned back and again saw the three men at the other desk. The young one was watching him. Then it seemed as if he was asked something and looked away again, laughing. Yamashita thought that he looked familiar to him, but then again he didn't.

He didn't know that person.

Yamashita and Hasegawa were soon finished eating, since they'd only ordered small dishes, which were not so expensive. But Hasegawa still had his drink and so Yamashita excused himself and went to the toilet. He'd watched that other guy while eating, and the guy had been watching him. Did this man probably hold a grudge against him because he was a police officer?

Still he didn't know the answer, so he sighed, washed his hands and stepped into the luxurious hallway.

"E-excuse me... Are you... Tomohisa?"

## Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

Soundtrack: EXILE - Futari no Kuchibiru

Yet another business lunch he had to hold. It wasn't easy to be employed at one for the largest trading companies in the country.

So Toma sat there with those two old men and buttered them. He knew perfectly well what he had to say, how he had to act to make them buy everything he offered to them.

So it was quite boring, listening to those old men's stories and old fashioned jokes. Instead his gaze wandered about the room and found a pair of eyes watching him. As he looked carefully, he saw 2 men sitting across the room at a table and the first was watching him out of sheer curiosity, he supposed.

Toma almost wanted to find something different to entertain himself when he found something in this face that was familiar to him. The young man had already looked away but Toma observed his face further. And suddenly it hit him... it was the same face he had seen tonight... only about 12 years older.

Suddenly he got nervous, something what was rare, no, something that never happened to him. He usually was totally focused on what he was doing and never doubted himself. He never got nervous. After all he had spent his whole life using people for his own good, that was also the way how he had managed to get such a high position in the company. He was able to endear himself to others easily. But now he got unbelievably flustered...

The man looked at him again and for a brief moment their gazes met. Toma felt his heart skipping a beat. It couldn't be...

But then he had to pay attention to his comrades on the other side of the table again, who had asked something. He excused himself for his negligence and turned a bit to face them again, but still he watched the young man out of the corner of his eyes.

Soon his clients finished their meals, the deal was save and Toma bid them farewell. Then he struggled with himself, should he check if it was really him or should he just let it be?

The fight was uneven, his curiosity won and so he followed the young man into the hall he had been disappeared in earlier. He saw him coming out of the men's restroom, so he approached him, his heart still beating hard against his chest. He didn't really know why, it didn't mean anything if it was really him, he thought. But then at the same time it did mean so much...

"E-excuse me... Are you... Tomohisa?", he asked trying to sound as cool as usual. The guy looked at him suspiciously. "Who wants to know this?", a man behind Toma asked and went to the other man's side.

Toma looked at the interference, his look as cold as he could. "I could ask the same, I am talking to him", answered Toma slowly.

The interference looked at him angrily and seemed to be about to say something

when his companion spoke up. "Who are you?", he asked with a frown, his voice sounding intense.

Toma looked at him again for a second, he could see on his face that he was trying to remember if he had seen him before. He cleared his throat. "I am Ikuta Toma", he answered back, emphasizing on the first name.

He felt stupid, stupid for trying to make him remember, not knowing if it was even the right man he was talking to.

But then the face of the young man turned brighter and he smiled at him. "Could it be? It-it's been years... how have you been? It's ...wow...", he said, seeming kind of relieved and happy. Now Toma smiled as well. It was him... he wanted to laugh at himself for not trusting his eyes, he had known it when he first saw him that night. Suddenly the other guy barged in again. "Wait, you know him? And he even calls you like that...", he said, rather angry and confused.

"Shut up, Jun. I'm sorry, sometimes he doesn't know how to behave", Yamashita said, smiling at Toma with an apologizing look. Toma shook his head and smiled, but it didn't go unnoticed that Jun wasn't very pleased with him. He wondered why.

"Well...", Toma said. "I would like to talk to you for a bit... if you don't mind." He looked at Tomohisa, he must sound so unsure and nervous, he thought. It bothered him, that he wasn't as calm as ever.

Tomohisa seemed to think about it for a moment and then agreed. "How about going to a bar I know? It's still early so...", he offered.

"If it isn't too much trouble, I would like to go there", said Toma politely.

"Sure... no problem. Sorry, Jun, I'll go ahead, ok? See you tomorrow at work!", he said and so the two men walked off.

The walk to the bar nearby was quite awkward. After all they didn't really know each other. It had been much easier when they were children. You didn't have to be polite with each other. However, now, years later it was weird and uncomfortable to think of talking that way to each other.

As they reached the little pub they sat down on one of the tables in the back and ordered some scotch. "So... funny, isn't it? It's been years... I..", began Yamashita.

"I just... wanted to thank you ... I mean... back then.. you saved my life. You really did. If you hadn't helped me that day, I wouldn't be sitting here now... ", he murmured embarrassed and blushed lightly. But this was what he'd wanted to say ever since that day. The only person who had been kind enough to help him. He already had lost hope to ever see him again. He owed his life to that very man opposite of him, no, more than that. He owed him everything he had...

## Kapitel 3: Chapter 3

### Chapter 3

Yamashita didn't know how to react. This guy was suspicious. And why did he know his first name?

He wanted to ask the guy but then he saw Jun approaching and asking who the guy was.

Probably the guy wasn't very pleased by that interruption as he answered in a merely polite tune.

And all the time Yamashita was wondering if he knew this man. There was something familiar in his face, like from years ago when he was still a child.

"Who are you?", he asked.

The guy cleared his throat and answered: "I am Ikuta Toma."

Toma? He knew that name. But that was really... ages ago. When he was 12 or maybe 13 years old. He'd found him on the streets, brought him to his house and gave him some food because he said he was starving.

He'd wanted to meet him again, also since he'd promised him to meet again someday but his family moved away and so they had no chance to meet each other again.

"Could it be? It-it's been years... how have you been? It's ...wow...", Yamashita said, smiled brightly and took one step towards Toma. He was so happy that he was about to touch his shoulder but then Jun barged in again.

"Wait, you know him? And he even calls you like that...", he said in a very impolite manner. But Yamashita didn't really want to tell him right now. He'd just met Toma after so many years and he wanted to talk to him.

"Shut up, Jun. I'm sorry, sometimes he doesn't know how to behave.", Yamashita said, slightly embarrassed by his old friend.

Excited, he asked Toma if he wanted to go and drink something with him in a bar he know and since Toma agreed, he said good-bye to Jun and left with Toma, heading towards the bar.

During the whole walk Yamashita wanted to talk to Toma but he didn't know what to say. It'd already been so many years and he didn't want to scare him off.

When they reached to pub, they sat down and ordered some alcohol since this was probably the only safe method to get more relaxed.

"So... funny, isn't it? It's been years... I...", Yamashita began.

"I just... wanted to thank you ... I mean... back then... you saved my life. You really did. If you hadn't helped me that day, I wouldn't be sitting here now... ", Toma interrupted him and sounded so serious.

"N-no, I didn't... I... I was just a kid back then. I didn't even know what I did. Really, you don't have to...", Yamashita answered rather embarrassed.

"Yes, you did... you..." "No, I didn't!" "You did!"

And they would have continued arguing like that if Yamashita hadn't suddenly burst



out into laughter. And after 3 seconds of obvious confusion Toma started laughing as well.

"Feels like back then, doesn't it?", Yamashita asked, still grinning.

"Yeah, it really does.", Toma said and smiled. Yamashita felt his heart skip a beat when he saw Toma's smiling face. He imagined how his face would have looked like when the child-Toma would have smiled like that.

"S-so~... what are you doing now? Work? Your suite looks expensive.", Yamashita said. Toma looked down at himself and said: "I'm working for the East India Trading Company. Those old guys just now were new clients. It's not really fun buttering them, but hey, somehow life has to go on, doesn't it?" And he smiled again. But this time it was a business-like smile that didn't seem really convincing.

"Yeah, somehow.", Yamashita said, leaning back and sipping on his scotch. "I'm a police officer now." He wanted to say something, a comment on his work, that maybe it was tiring or exciting, but after all it was just normal work to him. Nothing you would chat about in a private conversation.

"I'm glad I met you again.", Yamashita said. And he really was. Sometimes he'd imagined Toma had already died. He'd been a dredger back then, after all.

"Me, too, Tomohisa.", Toma replied, and again Yamashita could see one of his true smiles. But then he realized that Toma'd just called him by his first name, which was quite embarrassing since nobody had called him like that for almost 5 years. Since he'd moved out they only called him Yamashita (and Pi of course, which didn't please him, but there was no chance to get that out of Jun). But it felt good, hearing his name again after such a long period. He somehow wanted to hear it again.

"And I'm glad you've got such an amazing job. I remember you telling me about stealing everything in order to survive, and now... You're doing this honest job and stopped doing illegal stuff. That's amazing. Somehow I'm... proud seeing you like this.", Yamashita said and smiled, too embarrassed to look at Toma.

"Hey, let's... let's exchange our current addresses so we can meet again! I won't be moving in the near future, so let's not wait 12 years again, okay?"

Toma looked at him with a neutral expression on his face.

Then he said: "Sure. Let's never wait again." Then he lifted his glass and spoke an old toast. "Kanpai, Tomohisa."

## Kapitel 4: Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

"And I'm glad you've got such an amazing job. I remember you telling me about stealing everything in order to survive, and now... You're doing this honest job and stopped doing illegal stuff. That's amazing. Somehow I'm... proud seeing you like this.", Yamashita said and smiled.

Toma's face stiffened as he heard Tomohisa's words. Yes... honest job indeed. He was glad himself that he had it. It had been a hard time for him to get it... and he was somewhat proud himself.

But his heart still itched with pain when Tomohisa said he stopped doing illegal stuff, because he was so utterly wrong. It was right that he had this job now, but still he couldn't get rid of his old habit. He was a thief. He knew he wouldn't have to do it anymore. Because he was now kinda rich, but what made him rich?

He never felt that it was wrong what he was doing because no one had ever cared for him, all the victims, they deserved no other treatment than to be robbed by the man, whom they once treated like shit.

But still he felt ashamed to face Tomohisa and got told by him that he was proud of him. Ashamed because he was fooling him the same way he did fool anyone else. Ashamed that he wasn't the good boy he thought he was. Ashamed because he knew he should stop this right away, at least when he wanted to meet Tomohisa again. After all he was a cop.

"Hey, let's... let's exchange our current addresses so we can meet again! I won't be moving in the near future, so let's not wait 12 years again, okay?"

Toma looked at him with a neutral expression on his face. Guilt. Why was he feeling guilty for wanting to meet him again too? Was it because he knew that he wasn't who he pretended to be and Tomohisa seemed to like him that way? He wished he could be the man he wanted him to be....

"Sure. Let's never wait again." he finally said. He would try, he told himself. After he finally found the someone he searched for all his life. He wanted to become someone who Tomohisa could truly be proud of.

He lifted his glass and spoke an old toast. "Kanpai, Tomohisa."

After that they drunk a bit more and talked about random things. Toma tried to avoid topics which would force him to lie to Tomohisa.

Later they exchanged addresses and went their different paths.

It was the very first night in which he dreamed of his childhood again. Not that dream about Tomohisa, which was persuading him ever since. But dreams about his parents and his brother. Things which he had banned into a tiny space of his mind, carefully sealed up.

Why was it now that everything came back to him?

He woke up with a scream and shook his head as he tried to get the picture of his dead brother out of his head. Cold sweat was running down his skin and he stared at the wall for a moment.

He sighed as he buried his face in his hands and wiped the sweat away.

He knew he wouldn't find any sleep this night, so he tossed the blankets away and dragged himself into the dark living room. He lightened a candle and sat down in one of his leather armchairs. He would try to read a book to distract himself. But he couldn't focus on it. The cruel picture was replaying in his head again and again. Tears started to pile up in his eyes and soon were running down his cheeks. His brother...

The next morning Toma woke up in his bathroom in the bathtub. He groaned as he felt the pain in his neck. It wasn't the most comfortable thing to sleep in the bathtub. As he looked around he found that he was also lying in water, not much deep, but deep enough that if he would slide down into it, he would drown...

Confused he lifted himself up hastily and climbed out of the bathtub. How had he gotten there?

Why was he laying in water, fully clothed? He looked around scared and found broken glass on the ground, one bit covered in blood. Then he felt the pain in his face, he looked into the mirror and found a large cut on his cheek. The wound had already closed but it still hurt.

He looked at his reflection questioningly. What had happened last night? Why the hell was he in water, why was there broken glass on the ground, and that cut?

The scotch, he thought... he must've been too drunk, he didn't even remember.

He dried himself up and went into his living room. But he stopped at the door. Something was different. He just knew it. Everything looked like always but something was not right. His senses were telling him that.

He walked through the room slowly and with caution. Maybe there was a burglar? He laughed at his thought. How was this possible, he had arranged enough safety measures in his own home as possible. No one would ever get into here without being noticed by him.

Then he found where the broken glass came from. His kitchen was over and over covered with broken glass. In his drunken state he seemed to have pulled all the glasses out of the cupboards.

He sighed and began to clear up this mess. Fortunately today was Sunday, so he had no work.

As he had finished he dressed himself in his coat and went to the door in order to buy some food on the market. But as he opened the door he found Tomohisa in front of it with his hand raised, ready to knock on he door.

Toma looked at him in surprise. Tomohisa smiled like a little child who was caught doing forbidden things. Toma felt his heartbeat speeding up immediately as he saw his smile. An action, which he couldn't really explain.

"Good morning", said the cop, still smiling. "I thought I would pay you a visit on this sunny day. I hope I'm not bothering you?"

Toma's gaze wandered to the sky. Indeed it was nice weather. Perfect for a walk. He smiled at Tomohisa. "Not at all. I was just about to get something to eat. Wanna come along?"

"Sure.", answered Tomohisa. Then his gaze went to the cut on the other man's face. "What happened to your cheek?", he asked and reached with his hand out to Toma's face, carefully touching the skin. But he drew away as Toma twitched in pain. "I-I'm sorry!", said Tomohisa.

"Don't worry", told Toma and cupped his hand around his cheek, ignoring the prickle on his skin, where Tomo had touched him.

"I don't really know what happened, must have cut myself on glass tonight. I guess I was a bit drunk", he answered and shrugged. "Should we go then?", he asked Tomo.

He nodded and they went off to the center of the city.

## Kapitel 5: Chapter 5

### Chapter 5

When Yamashita came home that night his thoughts were a total mess. On his way back he'd been thinking about Toma. When he took off his clothes, he thought of Toma. When he lay in his bed, awake for several more hours, he thought of Toma. It felt like a miracle to him, meeting him again. That guy was doing so great now, having an ordered life and doing a very successful job. And he also looked great. He'd really become a handsome man. For sure he'd have a girlfriend right now. Or maybe he was already married? They hadn't talked about that in the bar.

Anyways, Yamashita wanted to know a lot more about Toma. He'd already learned a lot about him but somehow it still wasn't enough. Maybe he should pay him a visit tomorrow? Maybe he shouldn't. It was strange, wanting to meet him the next day again, wasn't it? Then he'd better not go. He didn't want to bother him after all. Or maybe... if he found an excuse? It must be a good excuse of course. Yeah, he could do that. So he decided this would be his ultimate plan for tomorrow and finally he fell asleep.

When he woke up the next morning, his head was aching and so were his eyes when the bright daylight reached them.

"Oh, dammit...", he murmured and pressed the pillow on this face.

But then he remembered who he'd met last night. And suddenly he sat in his bed, fully awake and also his headache was gone. But he was too excited to notice. He got up, made some coffee and in the meantime washed his face and got dressed. Actually he didn't need coffee today, since he was already fully awake, and so he decided he wouldn't drink it and emptied his cup into the basin. Then he wanted to head towards Toma's house, but as he stepped onto the streets he noticed he had no idea where to go and so he went back and got the paper with Toma's address written on it. And if he'd looked at the clock in his kitchen, he would have noticed that it was still half past 7. In the morning.

Standing in front of the building Yamashita looked up. It was a big house that looked like some art nouveau or something. How was he supposed to know about those periods or art? He was just a cop after all.

While he stepped through the entrance of the building his heart started beating faster and his hands and face became warmer somehow.

The stairs led up the outside wall of the building and it was nice walking them on a sunny day like this. As he took the stairs he heard people talk.

"This young man, Ikuta seems somewhat suspicious, don't you think so? Tonight, you heard it as well, didn't you? The scream and the rattling. I was so terrified."

Ikuta? That was Toma's name, if Yamashita remembered correctly. What did those old ladies talk about? Yamashita wanted to listen some more, but the grannies had already disappeared and so there was silence again.

He was worried. What had been going on in there? Yamashita hurried up the stairs

until he found the door with the name 'Ikuta Toma' written on it and just as he wanted to knock the door opened.

Toma was standing on the other side and looked at him in surprise. But he was alive and looked quite well. 'Yokatta...', Yamashita thought and smiled.

He wanted to say his little excuse why he'd come here but the moment Toma had opened the door Yamashita had already forgotten.

"Good morning", he said, still smiling. "I thought I would pay you a visit on this sunny day. I hope I'm not bothering you?"

He was somewhat excited so he was surprised he hadn't started stammering.

Toma took a short look at the sky and said: "Not at all. I was just about to get something to eat. Wanna come along?"

"Sure.", Yamashita answered, grinning. But then his gaze fell on the wound on Toma's face.

"What happened to your cheek?", he asked worried and reached out for the dry blood on Toma's face. Was this what the old women had been talking about before? Had Toma had a fight tonight?

As Yamashita caressed the soft skin around the wound, Toma shortly twitched in pain. "I-I'm sorry!", Yamashita said and immediately took a step back, still looking at the wound.

"Don't worry.", Toma said with an even voice. "I don't really know what happened, must have cut myself on glass tonight. I guess I was a bit drunk." He shrugged.

And he seemed to tell the truth. The drunk part was more than sure and so maybe the accidentally-cut part was true as well.

"Should we go then?", Toma asked.

Yamashita nodded silently and so Toma stepped outside and they took the stairs down again.

"Where are we going by the way? Shops are closed on Sunday, aren't they?", Yamashita wondered, always a step behind Toma.

"Yes, the shops are. But I want to go to the market. I love smelling fresh food and air mixed together."

"Oh, I see.", Yamashita said. "I hadn't thought of that."

They wandered over the market and Toma bought various vegetables like onions and potatoes and stuff tastier than that.

Then suddenly Toma said: "Oh, look here."

They headed towards a table loaded with strawberries.

"Those are the best strawberries in the whole town.", Toma said. He took one of them and offered it to Yamashita, holding it right in front of Yamashita's face. "Try it."

As Yamashita looked at Toma, he thought that this man looked like a creature from heaven, so beautiful was he with the light in his back. And so he just opened his mouth, wanted to say something, but instead of words strawberries were filling up his mouth.

Yamashita hesitated in surprise, but then bit into it and had to admit that this was really one of the best strawberries he'd eaten so far.

"It's delicious.", he said, still chewing.

But then Toma laughed at him.

"What's so funny?", Yamashita asked, pouting.

"There's something in your face. Let me do it.", Toma said and took a step towards Yamashita. He slowly lifted his hand and brushed away a drop of strawberry juice in the corner of Yamashita's mouth. The instant Toma touched his face Yamashita got goosebumps. Toma's finger was cold against his skin plus his face was so close and both made Yamashita nervous.

He wondered why.

## Kapitel 6: Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

Soundtrack: Backstreet Boys: Bigger

They walked around the market and Toma bought a few fruits and vegetables here and there. Then he found his favorite stall with strawberries.

"Oh, look here", he said and approached the table.

"Those are the best strawberries in the whole town.", Toma said cheerfully. He took one of them and offered it to Tomohisa, holding it right in front of Yamashita's face. "Try it."

Tomohisa looked at him confused and as he opened his mouth, Toma just put the strawberry in it.

He observed him as he bit in the sweet fruit and seemed to enjoy it. But then Toma noticed how some of the fruit juice stole its way out of the corner of Tomohisa's mouth. He almost stared at it but got back to reality as Tomohisa said: "It's delicious." Toma laughed.

"What's so funny?", Tomohisa asked and showed the most adorable pout Toma had ever seen.

"There's something in your face. Let me do it.", Toma said and took a step forward.

He reached out for Tomohisa's face slowly and brushed the juice away gently. He couldn't believe how smooth the skin was under his finger. He wanted to continue touching it, but realized that it would be weird, so he pulled back and also stepped back a bit.

He looked at Tomohisa cautiously, hoping that he wouldn't think weird of his action, but he just couldn't help himself.

Tomohisa himself looked confused and the whole atmosphere felt a bit awkward now. But Toma decided it was best just to act as if everything was normal. So he turned around. "How about we get a coffee or stuff?", he asked as he looked over his shoulder. "There is a nice cafe near the River Thames."

"Why not...", said Tomohisa and followed him.

Neither of them noticed the person in black that was standing several meters away, watching the whole scene.

They walked next to each other and began to talk about random things again.

As they sat down on the outside of the cafe they came to the family topic. "And are you married?", asked Toma. "Uh- no, I'm not. I guess I don't have much time. My work's filling me up pretty much", answered Tomohisa.

Toma was somewhat relieved to hear it, although he knew, he shouldn't be. "What, a good-looking boy like you? The girls must be crazy over you!", Toma mused and laughed nervously. "No-not really. What about you?", countered Tomo.

"I'm also not married. Like you I don't have much time for that... maybe I'll come



around it later..." 'Or maybe not', he thought. After all he knew how bad a marriage could end. And he never would want something like that to happen. So wasn't it smarter not to marry and not to get kids?

After sometime, which felt like just some minutes the tower clock announced the time. It was already evening and Toma had to finish some things for work tomorrow. Both raised out of their chairs and paid the bill, then they walked a bit to a place where they had to go into different directions. "Well, it was a nice day. Thanks for that. It feels good talking to you", said Toma, slightly embarrassed. "Yeah really, we should do that more often!", answered the cop.

Toma raised his hand for farewell and was just about to turn around when he suddenly got pulled into a light hug. Immediately everything in him heated up as he felt those strong arms around his back. Not knowing what to do, he patted Tomohisa's back and then they drew apart again and looked at each other for some seconds. "See you!", said Tomohisa, turned and left. The salesman stared after him and then left as well, trying to point out the feeling of emptiness in his chest.

As he arrived home, it was already dark. He unlocked the door and switched on the light.

"You are late", said a voice from the armchair in front of the chimney.

Toma got startled at first but then recognized the voice and stepped into his flat, carefully closing the door behind himself.

In the meantime his guest had raised out of the armchair and was now leaning his back against it, his arms crossed in front of his chest.

"You know, your safety measures aren't half as good as they should be", said the man and smirked ironically.

Toma sighed and brought his vegetables and fruits into the kitchen, as he came back he said: "Could you please stop sneaking in here like that? I don't like it much, Kazama."

Kazama still smirked. "Toma, don't be so distant. You see I got information about a new coup and-"

"I will stop.", Toma butted in.

"What?", Kazama looked at him in disbelief.

"I will stop stealing. I just.. can't handle it anymore.", Toma said, avoiding Kazama's gaze completely.

"Is it because of that brat?", he spat angrily. "Which brat?", said Toma alarmed and looked up at him. How much did he know?

Kazama laughed without any sign of happiness.

"Oh, come on, Toma, you know pretty well who I mean. The detective of the first division. Yamashita was his name? You know, I saw you two together today. Since when are you his puppy-dog?"

Toma didn't want, under any circumstances, to get Yamashita involved in his activities.

"It has nothing to do with him. I just... don't want to be a criminal any longer. You see I have that job now. I can stand on my own feet and-"

"Oh~ I see, you don't need me anymore, Toma? Now you feel that you're better than all of us? Because you got that job? Bullshit. You know it isn't that easy, Toma", he said

in an threatening tone and approached him until he stood right in front of him.

Toma didn't know what to say. He knew damn well, that it wasn't that easy, but he had to quit this actions, if he wanted to continue meeting Tomohisa.

"See, I still need you. We're a perfect team, and you know it as well. This coup is really something, it will make us millionaires!", said Kazama now more softly.

Then he took the last steps to Toma and whispered into his ear: "So, think about it."

Toma stood like a statue as the door fell into it's frame with a loud 'bang' sound. Suddenly his knees gave in and he collapsed onto the ground.

He clenched his fist.

"Damn!", he shouted as he punched his fist hard on the wooden ground.

Outside of the building, Kazama stood on the street and heard Toma's scream through the open window. He smirked and vanished into the dark.

A/N: As many of you guessed Kazama is there too lol. Of course he is >D 4Tops runion  
\* coughs \*

## Kapitel 7: Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

Soundtrack: Simple Plan – I Miss You

Toma's idea to go and get a coffee was just what he needed right now. Something to clear his head after this more than confusing scene.

When they sat there and had a coffee and an actually pretty normal conversation, Toma suddenly asked: "Are you married?"

Yamashita looked at him in surprise. "Uh- no, I'm not. I guess I don't have much time. My work's filling me up pretty much."

Toma laughed. "What, a good-looking boy like you? The girls must be crazy over you!", he said and looked at him grinning.

Somehow Yamashita felt as if Toma had just complimented him and his face turned a bit red. He shook his head. 'Stop thinking, silly.', he thought.

"No-not really. What about you?", he asked in a low voice and sipped on his coffee.

"I'm also not married. Like you I don't have much time for that... maybe I'll come around it later...", Toma answered and his expression went a bit more serious, like Yamashita's did when he heard those words. Although he didn't know why.

After some time, and it felt too short to Yamashita, they decided to go home.

"Well, it was a nice day. Thanks for that. It feels good talking to you.", Toma said.

"Yeah really, we should do that more often!", answered Yamashita, smiling.

And as Toma rose his hand and was about to turn away, Yamashita couldn't help but pull Toma into a hug. During the act his face went all red, his heart rate increased to a maximum and he knew his knees would give in if he let go now.

When he felt Toma's hand patting his back and then him drawing away, he actually didn't want to let go but had to. With a little space between them, Yamashita looked into Toma's eyes and immediately knew what had been bothering him this whole time. He'd fallen for Toma. In a way he shouldn't have. And he knew Toma didn't feel the same.

And so Yamashita didn't know what to do but say "See you.", and so he turned and hurried away.

What the heck had he done there?, was all he could think about when he came home. His mind had gone crazy thinking about Toma although they'd just met after 12 years. And anyways, how was this possible, him falling for a guy he hardly knew?

He had to get this man out of his head somehow. But how? Maybe... yes, this must be it. He would just stop seeing him and everything would turn back to normal again. Maybe this was only temporary and as soon as he stopped seeing him he would also stop thinking about him, especially in that particular way.

He went into the kitchen, got a glass out of the cupboard and filled it with water. He saw his hands shaking which really upset him and so he downed the water, got ready and then lay down to sleep. Even if he didn't get that much, but still.

Ten days later it seemed like Yamashita's life had turned back to normal again. His work was great as always and also Hasegawa was annoying as always.

He'd just come back to the office from a case that was really difficult and after chasing the criminal he'd finally caught him, like he always did.

"I knew it.", he told himself, standing in front of the mirror while looking at his wet face.

Everything was normal again, and he hardly thought of Toma.

Only in the night, when he was lying in his bed, awake, he thought how nice it would be to talk to him now and also caught himself thinking of Toma's gentle fingers touching his face again.

But usually he could successfully banish those thoughts out of his head again.

"You knew what?", Hasegawa said, standing in the door frame right behind him.

Yamashita looked at him. As expected he'd crossed his arms over his chest and grinned.

"Erm... nothing. That this case was quite easy to solve after all."

Yamashita dried his face with a towel and changed into another shirt. Hasegawa watched him and as Yamashita was finished changing Hasegawa turned and left again. As Yamashita came back to his desk his mate came in and said: "New case already. Those criminals nowadays are fast."

"What is it this time?", Yamashita asked and looked at the paper Hasegawa gave him.

"It's murder.", he said in a shallow voice. "Someone was murdered while working, a knife in his back. Somewhen in the middle of the night, it seems."

"Witnesses?"

"Nope. Not even someone who heard him scream. His secretary found him this morning. Nothing broken, not even the door. And as the woman came to the office this morning, everything was locked. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Indeed.", Yamashita mumbled. Must be someone who's got the keys. Maybe the secretary? He got up. "Let's go."

"Yes, sir!", Hasegawa said loudly and held the edge of his hand on his forehead, grinning.

"But wait a second, I have to go somewhere before we leave. I'll be back in 5 minutes, okay?", he said and left without waiting for Yamashita's answer.

In the meantime Yamashita got his gun and the handcuffs and took his jacket from the chair.

"Okay, let's go.", he said when Hasegawa came back.

"Sure.", Hasegawa responded, seeming a little bit slowed down on every move he did.

"What's up?", Yamashita asked and looked at him questioningly.

"Oh, it's... it's nothing. I'm tired, I guess.", he answered and stretched his neck.

When they reached said office the two stepped inside, watching their colleagues doing the usual process.

There were two people in the office that didn't belong to the police staff.

A young lady, maybe 27, small, blonde and looking utterly thin. She was talking to an officer who was interviewing her on the case.

The other person was a young man, same age as Yamashita himself, dark hair and his name was Ikuta Toma.

As soon as Yamashita recognized him, he stopped walking and stared at him in

confusion.

"What's up, Yamashita?", Hasegawa asked.

"N-Nothing...", Yamashita mumbled and shook his head.

"You interview the woman, I'll take the guy.", he said and stepped inside the room. He didn't bother to greet anyone, but grabbed Toma's arm and dragged him into another room.

"I... you... why..."

Yamashita tried to talk but failed and so he paused, collected the words and spoke again.

"Why... are you here?", he asked, his voice slightly shaking.

"I'm working in this office. Of course I'm here." Toma sat down on a chair. "This is my desk, by the way."

Toma smiled.

"N-Nice...", Yamashita said, slightly stunned by how calm Toma was.

"Anyways!", he said a little bit too loud. 'Stay calm already', he thought. 'It's just Toma, nothing to worry about.'

"You... you know about the murder, of course, don't you? Who was the dead person?", Yamashita asked in a police man-like manner.

"Kitagawa was our boss. He wasn't an easy person to get along with but he did a great job. I don't know who would do such a terrible thing.", Toma said, watching people on the streets.

'It must be someone from the office.', Yamashita remembered himself thinking only half an hour ago.

"You... you know, I... have to ask you this. What did you do last night?" Yamashita really didn't want to ask this, because he believed in Toma's innocence. After all he'd stopped being a criminal and led a normal life now.

Toma looked at him in disbelief.

"You don't think that I did it, did you? You... You know, I wouldn't. Tomohisa."

"I... I know, but still... I need you to confirm it with your own words."

Yamashita looked at Toma with a serious face.

"I didn't do it."

## Kapitel 8: Chapter 8

### Chapter 8

Soundtrack: Yamashita Tomohisa – After the Rain

It had been several days after the meeting with Tomohisa. Work had been quite hard on Toma lately. He came home late in the evening and left early in the morning. But that wasn't the only thing which was bothering him. He hadn't seen Tomohisa since days. He got kinda nervous already. He had expected him to show up after work somewhen, but he didn't.

After the encounter with Kazama that day, he was afraid that his former companion had told Tomohisa about him. It would explain the lack of communication between them. But Toma doubted that Kazama would actually go that far, since he would be in danger to blow his own cover, too. Another thought was that Kazama had maybe done something to Tomohisa. This thought was so frightening that he ran around in circles in his flat for hours, trying to calm down. But he came to the conclusion that he would have heard if a detective was missing or worse, murdered. He also doubted that Kazama could be so cruel. Sure, they were criminals, but not in that terms.

He was pretty much sure that Kazama wouldn't hurt someone without any reason.

Still he was somewhat scared and worried about Tomo's well-being.

And he missed him.

He didn't know when he had noticed it, but he had started to think about the young cop more often recently. He always wondered what he might be doing. Imagined himself being at his side.

He missed talking to him, missed his whole presence.

Toma wondered how he had managed to live without him all those 12 years, because he began to miss him like that already after more than a week.

But then he thought that he had always missed his kind presence. Throughout the 12 years he had always thought about him more or less often.

One day he decided to visit him, just to make sure he was ok. But as he knocked on the door no one would open. He must've been on work still. On the way home he thought about everything again. 'What am I doing?', he thought and sighed. It was indeed weird to miss a guy, even a friend that much like he did.

The evening on the 9th day, yes he had counted them, he was so frustrated that he got himself drunk with cheap wine he had bought at a store nearby. He was sick of worrying and thinking about the young cop. So he drowned himself in alcohol and soon found liberating sleep, the empty bottles lying in front of his bed.

But it wasn't for long, because he woke up due to a nightmare again that night. The same dream of his parents and his dead brother again. Why was it that everything was coming back to him now? And only when he was alone at night. Toma already got scared to go to sleep.

The next morning he woke up in his bed with a major headache again. But he still had

to go to work, today was an important meeting with his boss. He totally couldn't miss it. Although he didn't feel like arguing with his boss over sales quotes today. But he knew that that old man wouldn't give in till they promised to raise the quotes for next month a bit higher again. Sometimes he could be a pain.

Sighing, he got out of bed and went through his living room and almost stumbled over the empty bottles near the armchair. He decided to clear up later. First he took a nice hot shower and got dressed.

Without great delight he went to work.

He took the stairs up to the office. Much to his surprise the secretary was standing in front of the door and looked utterly pale.

"I-Ikuta-san!", she said and ran to him. "What's the matter, Yuriko-san?", he asked a bit annoyed. She pointed at the door with shaking hands. Toma frowned and opened the door to the office, stepped in and looked around.

Suddenly his foot bumped against something and he looked down, only to find someone lying on the ground with a knife in his back, motionless. He recognized the man immediately and held his breath in shock.

"Ki-Kitagawa-san!", he said with shaking voice.

The next few hours went by in blurry vision. The police arrived and observed the scene of crime.

And Toma had a hard time to calm the secretary down. It was terrible what had happened to their boss. It was right that he was strict with his subordinates and sometimes just a pain in the ass, but he didn't deserve something like that. Toma was disgusted by the action.

Sometime the door opened and Tomohisa and his partner stepped in. Toma was more than relieved as he spotted him. Somehow everything didn't seem so bad anymore. It felt so good to finally see him again, even under such circumstances.

As soon as Tomohisa saw him he seemed shocked. Toma didn't really hear what, but he said something to his partner and then grabbed Toma's arm and pulled him into his very own office room.

"I... you... why...", began Tomohisa without any proper greeting. He seemed to need some time to collect his thoughts and then said: "Why... are you here?"

Toma looked at him confused.

"I'm working in this office. Of course I'm here." he sat down at his chair. "This is my desk, by the way.", he said and smiled proudly.

"N-Nice...", commented Tomohisa and Toma could tell that he didn't mean it. Somehow he was disappointed in how Tomohisa acted.

"Anyways!", the cop said then.

"You... you know about the murder, of course, don't you? Who was the dead person?", he got asked.

Of course this had to come, after all he was a detective.

"Kitagawa was our boss. He wasn't an easy person to get along with but he did a great job. I don't know who would do such a terrible thing.", Toma said, watching people on the streets with a bad feeling what would come next.

"You... you know, I... have to ask you this. What did you do last night?"

Toma looked up to him again, thinking that he might've misheard. He looked at him disappointed. How could he just for one second think that he had something to do with the murder?

"You don't think that I did it, did you? You... You know, I wouldn't. Tomohisa", he said with hoarse voice.

"I... I know, but still... I need you to confirm it with your own words." Tomohisa's voice was so dead serious. They looked at each other for a moment, then Toma opened his mouth slowly.

"I didn't do it", he said with all might he could come up with.

He could see how Tomohisa's body relaxed and his face went a bit softer again.

"You know I believe you, Toma? I just have to ask that again: What did you do last night? Just for the record, ok?"

"Just for the record... ok... well, last night I... was at home and thought... about a few things", he said and avoided Tomohisa's gaze.

"Do you have anyone who can attest that?", Tomohisa asked. Toma looked at him again and gulped. He knew immediately that it didn't look good for him, because he'd been alone, no one had seen him.

"God, no, I was alone. I drank some wine and went to bed after that", he said in a low voice, he could see something in Tomohisa's face that he didn't like. "I'm sorry to say that... I really am, but would you accompany me to the headquarters?"

Toma looked at him with his mouth open, he couldn't believe it. He got up and walked around the desk, locking his gaze into Tomohisa's. "Tomohisa...", he said very slowly. "I didn't do it! I swear! How... how can you not believe me?"



## Kapitel 9: Chapter 9

### Chapter 9

Soundtrack: [Leona Lewis Cover] Popstars 2009 - Run

Yamashita had hoped for a good alibi, something he really could believe in. But all he had was Toma drinking all night. He somehow knew Toma hadn't killed Kitagawa but he had to make Jun believe it as well. How could he do that with a drunk-alone Toma?

"I'm sorry to say that... I really am, but would you accompany me to the headquarters?"

Yamashita didn't know how he was able to say that since he didn't want to do this by all means, but there was no other possibility than that.

He could understand Toma getting angry over this.

He saw Toma approaching him and then looked into his eyes.

"Tomohisa...", Toma said very slowly. "I didn't do it! I swear! How... how can you not believe me?"

"I-I know. I believe you. But that's my job. I'll try to get you out as soon as I can, but first we have to interrogate you and I'll think of a way to get you out there as soon as possible, okay?" Yamashita looked at him, trying to find any trust in his eyes. "I believe you, and you believe me, don't you?"

Toma stared at him for a while. He maybe tried to figure out if he spoke the truth.

Then finally his expression softened.

"Yes. I believe you. And thank you for believing in me.", Toma said, smiling a little.

And again Yamashita's heart skipped a beat as he saw him smiling like that.

"You know, I... I'm sorry about... hugging you last time. I don't know why I did that.", Yamashita said, looking to the ground.

"Oh... is that why you didn't come to meet me since then?" Toma grinned. Then he took a step towards Yamashita and laid his arms around the officer.

"Now we're even, right? So no need to worry about this any more."

Yamashita wanted to see Toma's face but he already felt like falling if Toma let go of him now.

"Why's life so complicated?", Yamashita asked, sighing.

"What do you mean?", Toma asked.

"N-Nothing. It's nothing. Can I... stay a little longer like this? I don't feel well.", Yamashita said. He was lying, but whatever.

"Sure.", Toma whispered, tightening his arms around the other guy.

Suddenly the door opened and Jun stepped inside.

Yamashita turned around and looked at him, uncomfortable that Hasegawa saw them like that. Thought there was actually nothing going on.

Jun looked like he'd just seen a ghost or something.

"What the fuck are you doing here?!", he said, his voice shaking in anger.

"N-Nothing...", Yamashita said and drew away from Toma again. "I didn't feel well

and..."

"Stop this!", Jun cried. "O whatever..." He paused. "So?", he asked, looking really angry.

"So' what?", Yamashita asked confused.

"So, did you at least talk to him?"

"Yes, I did. We'll... take him with us.", Yamashita said in a low voice.

"Is that so?", Jun said, smiling for an instant before his face went all serious again.

"Then let's go.", he said, turned and left again.

"Seems like he doesn't like me. Well, I'm suspected, am I not?", Toma said.

"Y-Yes, you are, but... I will fix that for sure. So... please come with us now.", Yamashita said with a serious expression on his face.

In the headquarters Yamashita and Hasegawa took Toma to an interrogation room and Yamashita closed the door behind them for he was the last one to go inside.

"Have a seat, please.", he said and all of them sat down.

"So, you did it, didn't you?", Hasegawa said with an evil grin on his face.

"Hasegawa! Stop it!", Yamashita demanded.

"But that's why he's here, no? Because he's a suspect. So, what did you do last night?" He turned to face Toma.

"I was at home, alone. I was drinking some wine and then slept all night.", Toma answered calmly. Yamashita watched their strange fight. He could feel the tension between them. He had to do something about it.

"So, Ikuta-san...", he began. "The murderer is suspected to have found a way into the office without breaking anything. Which means Kitagawa knew him and opened the door for him... or her. Or the murderer himself has a key. Which is quite certain since the victim still had the key in his pocket and the office was locked when the secretary arrived and found him. So the victim knew said person and the murderer also was in possession of a key. Do you call a key to the office your own?"

Toma looked at him for a second, then said: "No, I don't. I only know of the boss having a key."

"Did you like your boss?", Hasegawa asked.

"Well... he did a great job..."

"I asked if you liked him.", Hasegawa said angrily.

Toma sighed, then said: "No, I didn't. He was hard to get along with and shouted a lot at everything we did. Sometimes he was a real pai-" But he stopped talking when he saw Yamashita's shocked face. How could he say something like that when he was suspected for murder?

"It's the truth, Tomohisa.", Toma said. "But still I didn't do it."

"Okay, but that doesn't mean he did it.", Yamashita said to Hasegawa.

And just as Hasegawa wanted to speak up: "AND there is also no evidence yet, so we have to let him go now." He turned to Toma again. "Thank you for your time and please stay in town, so that we can contact you."

"Sure...", Toma said, looking somewhat relieved.

"But...!", Hasegawa tried to go again, but he was cut off by Yamashita's gaze.

"No evidence, no jail."

## Kapitel 10: Chapter 10

### Chapter 10

Soundtrack: Greenday – One 21 Guns

Toma couldn't do anything but smile as Tomohisa apologized for hugging him, and almost as if his body acted on it's own, he laid his arms around the others back and embraced him softly.

In this moment it felt like the only right thing to do. Even if he knew they were in the middle of a crime scene.

"Now we're even, right? So no need to worry about this any more.", he said and still smiled. He enjoyed the emotions which were running through himself right now so much. Why did it feel so damn good to hold him?

Then he heard Tomo say the words. Yes, he thought for a second, why was life so complicated?

"What do you mean?", he answered wondering what HE would mean.

But he didn't get an answer, instead he got asked if they could stay like this longer. Something in his stomach felt weird, when he heard his words. But weird in a nice kind...

"Sure", he whispered, held him even closer and closed his eyes. He laid his head on Tomohisa's shoulder and smelled his scent. His heart pounded hard against his chest already and he was sure his face was as red as a tomato. But right now he didn't care. All he cared for was Tomohisa.

But suddenly the door opened and Toma opened his eyes in shock as the other cop came in.

He was sure that other man didn't like him at all, he had already disliked him at their first meeting...

After a short heated conversation between the two detectives Tomohisa asked Toma to come with them.

In the headquarters he got asked the same questions again, with the slight difference that that Hasegawa-guy was with them. And he didn't seem to be happy about the outcome of the situation because Toma had to be released again. There was not enough evidence to arrest him completely. So Tomohisa held his word and got him out of the bad situation.

After the interrogation ended, Tomohisa accompanied Toma to the entrance of the headquarters. Somehow the mood was quite awkward between them. Neither of them said a word until they reached the door.

"Well.. thanks", said Toma, not quite knowing how to act . "It's nothing, I just did my job", he answered and waved it away with a gesture of his hand.

Toma smiled at him awkwardly. "Well I guess I can forget work for today... I'll go home then... See you! Ah, and please let me know if you know something new, ok?"

Tomohisa nodded and Toma turned around to leave, when Tomo was suddenly next to him. "If you don't mind I would like to accompany you to your home. You know..."

just to be sure... since the murderer could be after you, too...", he spoke. Toma was somehow happy that he had decided to go with him. "Okay", he answered simply. And so they walked next to each other, they didn't really speak, but Toma felt as if there didn't have to be words between them now. He himself just enjoyed Tomohisa's very presence and the fact that he seemed to be worried about him.

As they walked Toma began to think about the whole murder, something was wrong, terribly wrong. Why was the door locked? Who could've done it? Now that he was out of it, there were a hundred thoughts running in circles through his mind. And he always just found one answer: Kazama. But why should he do something like that? Something was bothering him, but he couldn't grip it. It was like something slid past him like a shadow.

Toma didn't even notice when they arrived in front of his house. He just recognized it when he felt a hand on his shoulder and he turned to see Tomohisa looked at him. "Oh sorry, I-", began Toma. "Don't think too much. We will for sure catch the culprit, ok? So don't worry. And... if anything bothers you... you can always come to me, ok?", he said. Toma smiled at him. Tomohisa was just too good, he was so kind and caring. Toma was sure that he could always rely on him if he had to. He was so thankful for him being there. He treasured their friendship so much.

As he looked into the cop's eyes he felt something else. He looked away hastily. "Well... thank you... really", he stammered and looked to the ground. Then he risked another glance at Tomohisa's face. How much would he give to know what he was thinking right now. What he was thinking about him, to be precise. "Well, do you want to come in and have a cup of coffee or so?", Toma offered. Tomo seemed to think for a second. "I'd... love to... but I have to get back. Another time, ok? I want to catch the murderer as soon as possible...", he answered slowly. Toma was somewhat disappointed, more than he should be, as he noticed. "Ok... then see you. And be careful... ok?", Toma tried not to sound so sad, but he failed badly. "Don't worry, I'm a cop after all, you should be careful! Well... I'll see you, I guess?", he said. "Haha, yes, I will. Sure... I'll visit you next time...see you then..", answered Toma. And with a last smile Tomohisa turned and walked down the street. Toma looked after him and felt something in his chest twitching as Tomohisa's back got smaller and smaller. He sighed, got into the house and unlocked his door.

He stepped into his apartment and hung his coat on the wardrobe. Since he hadn't eaten anything, he decided to cook a fast meal. During the preparations he thought about everything, especially Tomohisa. Every time he saw him, his heart began to race. When he smiled his heart skipped a beat. And as they had hugged ... he had felt like doing it until eternity... It was weird.. They were friends, weren't they? But somehow, there was another thing growing in his heart. And now that he thought about it calmly, he knew it was more than friendship. It was so much more...

Toma shook his head, he didn't want to think about him that way... it was ridiculous. He was a guy and Tomohisa as well. And if he continued thinking that way he would probably lose him if he noticed it. And Toma didn't want to lose him again...

"Damn", he whispered to himself. He just couldn't stop thinking about him. And he knew he couldn't deny his feelings anymore... No matter how often he tried to tell himself that he just felt normal friendship for Tomohisa... he knew he lied to himself. And this day made it painfully clear. Toma was so absorbed in his thoughts that he cut himself with the knife he was using for cutting the tomatoes. "Damn", he said again

and held his finger under water. Then he searched for a band-aid. He opened several drawers and finally found the right one in an already half open drawer. He was just about to pick one of the band-aids out when something caught his attention.

It was a little shiny key. Toma frowned. He took it out and then saw a little tag on it. It said: "Office".

Toma was so surprised that he dropped the key to the ground. He looked at it in fear and suddenly he remembered: His colleague, who was on vacation right now had given him the key in case the office was still locked when he arrived, because usually his colleague was the first one there and therefore had a key...

"No", he said breathless. "No...", he said again and then another memory hit him. It was the one where he woke up at night due to a nightmare. He had stepped out of bed, because he was afraid of another dream and didn't want to fall asleep again. But he couldn't remember what he had done then...

As he tried to remember his head hurt, his knees gave in and he sank to the ground. "Argh~", he shouted in pain and held his head. His gaze fell on the key again. And as fast as the pain came it faded again. Now there was just fear in his head...With his knees on the ground and his eyes wide open from the shock he looked at the key. "No way...", he said again. "No...", he repeated over and over.

But he couldn't deny the fact that he had damn lied to the cops, to Tomohisa. He had a key, and he was awake at night...and he couldn't remember... "NO!!!", he shouted desperately.

## Kapitel 11: Chapter 11

### Chapter 11

When the interrogation was over, Yamashita accompanied Toma to the exit. On the way there he wanted to say something to him, but he didn't know what. So they reached the door without exchanging neither words nor glimpses.

"Well... thanks.", Toma said when they were about to part.

Yamashita was a bit surprised when he suddenly heard his voice. "It's nothing, I just did my job...", he answered and waved his hand, embarrassed.

When Toma smiled again, his heart nearly stopped beating.

"Well I guess I can forget work for today... I'll go home then... See you! Ah, and please let me know if you know something new, okay?", Toma said and was about to turn and leave, but then Yamashita found himself standing beside Toma, about to grab his arm, but he didn't touch him.

"If you don't mind I would like to accompany you to your home. You know... just to be sure... since the murderer could be after you, too...", he said, getting more excited with every word he spoke. He actually still had work to do but he was worried about Toma and wouldn't be able to concentrate until he knew Toma was home safely.

"Okay" was Toma's only answer and so they started walking side-by-side towards Toma's home.

While they were walking Yamashita wanted to talk to Toma about so many things. Things that happened to Toma when he was still young. Things that would help him solve this case. What was Toma's favorite food or how long did he use to take a shower? Things like these were circling in his head when he was actually supposed to think about the case.

When they reached Toma's home he waited until Toma got the key out and opened the door, but he just stood there and looked at the ground, worried.

Yamashita wanted to hug him again, to blow away his worries with soothing words but all he was able to was placing his hand on Toma's shoulder.

When Toma noticed it, he said: "Oh sorry, I-", but Yamashita cut him off and said: "Don't think too much. We will for sure catch the culprit, okay? So don't worry. And... if anything bothers you... you can always come to me, okay?"

Toma smiled at him again and Yamashita's heart skipped a beat.

Toma looked him in the eyes, but suddenly he looked away again and said: "Well... thank you... really"

Yamashita wondered what had made him look away, but then Toma spoke again.

"Well, do you want to come in and have a cup of coffee or so?", he asked, looking at him again.

He wanted to say yes, had already opened his mouth to do so, but then he remembered he still had some work to do, and so he answered: "I'd... love to... but I have to get back. Another time, okay? I want to catch the murderer as soon as possible..."

"Okay... then, see you. And be careful... okay?" Toma looked disappointed.

Yamashita didn't want to see him like that. It made his heart ache.

"Don't worry, I'm a cop after all, you should be careful! Well... I'll see you, I guess?", he said with a cheering smile on his face.

"Haha, yes, I will. Sure... I'll visit you next time... see you then...", Toma said, smiling a little.

So Yamashita smiled as well and turned around to leave.

He felt a ridiculous urge to cry. He didn't know why but he knew he would start crying if he would say just one more word. He wanted to look back, but what then? Maybe he would just find an empty entrance. Maybe he would find Toma looking at him as well. But he didn't want to know. He would be disappointed if Toma wasn't there any more. So he left without looking back again.

Back in the headquarters the examination team came back from the house of the victim with tons of stuff that had to be inspected.

"We're done in the house.", one of them said.

"Thanks.", Yamashita answered. "The boss told me to send you home, when you're done. Good job today. See you guys tomorrow."

He waved them good-bye and when they closed the door of his office again, he sat down on his chair, leaned back and closed his eyes. Why did Toma have to be involved in this case? Even if it was just as an employee, he didn't want him in this case or any other.

He wondered what Toma was doing right now. Maybe taking a shower or going shopping again? What if he was the next target of the murderer? If this person was actually about to go on killing people. What if there'd been someone in his room already when they'd arrived there?

In an instant Yamashita'd gotten up and was about to approach the door when his mind woke up from its daydream.

"Forget it, Yamashita. Stay here and do your work, dammit!", he swore, went back to his chair again and let himself fall in it.

When he looked through the stuff the others had brought here, he found some letters which didn't look like they were business letters. There was only Kitagawa's name written on it and there was a faint smell of roses.

When Yamashita opened it, he saw a beautiful handwriting on the paper which said lovely words that made Yamashita's heart flutter a little. He read about secret meeting, about love-making and keys they had exchanged. And he read through some more letters when he suddenly found one which wasn't as lovely as the others. Horrifying, to be precise.

The woman wrote about how much she hated Kitagawa for breaking up with her and that she would not forgive. There were more letters like this and when Yamashita looked at the name he found the initials 'I.Y.' under it.

Yamashita ran through Kitagawa's address book until he found what he was looking for: Ishida Yuriko.

The secretary. She'd seen him first. She had a reason. And when she'd written about the key it was probably about a key to the office, since Kitagawa was married. And just in this moment Hasegawa stepped into the room.

"Jun!", he cried out, a bit too excited, because he knew that Toma wasn't in danger.

Hasegawa stopped on the doorstep, startled. "What's up, Pi?", he asked.

"The secretary! It's her, she did murder the old man!" Yamashita got up, grabbed his jacket and walked towards him. "Let's go."

"O-Okay.", Hasegawa said. "Just wait a second. I'll just get my gun and everything." So he walked off to the lockers and Yamashita waited in front of his office. After some time he came back again.

"What took you so long? We have to hurry up or she'll get away.", Yamashita said, already walking off.

"Sorry, toilet. And one of the other guys used up the toilet paper.", Hasegawa answered in a rather annoyed voice.

So they headed towards Ishida's home but found it unlighted. Just when they wanted to leave again, the wind blew open the front door, which swung open with a creak.

"Something's way off, Hasegawa.", Yamashita whispered. Both of them got their guns out and cautiously walked inside. They didn't dare to say something. If the culprit was still inside, they could be discovered in an instant. They checked each room and suddenly Yamashita heard Hasegawa shout "Yamashita! Come here, quick!"

When Yamashita came to the room where Hasegawa had shouted from he saw a small silhouette on the floor.

"What the..."

He got on his knees and moved the small figure to its back.

It was Ishida Yuriko, eyes half open, dead. But she was supposed to be the murderer of Kitagawa, wasn't she?

What now?



## Kapitel 12: Chapter 12

### Chapter 12

Soundtrack: Die Toten Hosen – Bonny & Clyde

Toma woke up in his favorite armchair, he opened his eyes lazily and gazed around. It was still a bit dark, he supposed it had to be early in the morning.

For some reason his head ached a bit.

He stood up slowly and walked into his kitchen to get some water. As he stepped into it he recognized how the ground was full of crushed vegetables.

At first he frowned, then he remembered suddenly and pain struck his body and his soul. He looked at the key on the ground and he bent down to pick it up with shaking hands.

'No', he thought.. Was he really the murderer? 'No', he thought once again in panic.

He tried to remember what he had done that night, on which the murder had happened but he couldn't remember, no matter how hard he tried. He just remembered the pain from the loss of his brother.

"It can't be", he said out aloud as he stepped back into his living room. Just then he recognized how several things were out of the cupboards they had been in. But he didn't really care right now. He looked into the mirror in the living room and saw his pale, grayish face. The face of a murderer. . He was scared, scared like never in his life. Maybe he was getting crazy?

As he was deep in his thoughts, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Toma didn't want to open. Maybe it was the police already? Maybe Tomohisa? Right there to arrest him?

Toma got more and more nervous when the knocks got louder and more demanding. 'God no...what have I done?', he thought and was near tears.

Suddenly his door opened, it was Kazama. "Good morning Toma. Why aren't you opening the door?", he asked frowning. Toma stared at him in disbelief. Then he sighed in relief. It was just Kazama... what would he have done if it was Tomohisa?

He couldn't, under absolutely no circumstances see him again. He was a murderer, unconsciously, but still so dangerous. What would he do to Tomohisa when he tried to arrest him?

Maybe he would even hurt him, kill him?

Toma shivered, he couldn't stand the thought of hurting him. Even though it was hard, he couldn't see him anymore...

"Are you even listening to me?", asked Kazama and shook Toma a bit. "What? Sorry, I was in thoughts", he answered absentminded. "I see that", Kazama answered in an angry voice, closed the still open front door and then looked at him with a serious face. "Toma, did you think about what I said last time? Or do you have other things to deal with right now?", he asked slowly. Toma looked at him, not really getting what he was saying. "What?", he asked confused. He couldn't really focus on Kazama right now, but then a thought crossed his mind. He had thought about this earlier, although he didn't want it to be true, he still felt a bit relieved at the thought.

"You! You did it, didn't you?", Toma shouted angrily and approached him. "I don't know what you are talking about", Kazama smirked.

"You know very well what I am talking about", Toma cried desperately.

But suddenly it knocked again. Both of them stared at the door in surprise. "Who's this?", asked Kazama. "Like I would know", growled Toma angrily.

He approached the door, not letting Kazama out of sight. He opened the door with care just so wide that he could look through a small split.

His eyes widened as he saw Tomohisa standing there, looking terribly stiff for some reason. 'He knows', thought Toma in despair.

"Toma?", asked Tomohisa. "Uh, yeah?", answered Toma, avoiding his gaze. "Can I come in? There's something I want to ask you", his voice was so serious, it made Toma's stomach drop.

He felt like crying. What should he do? "Actually I don't feel quite well, so...", began Toma but got cut off as Kazama opened the door wide and smiled at Tomohisa politely. "Sure, come in officer, I was just about to leave.", he said politely. Both Toma and Tomohisa stared at him, frowning. "Who are you?", asked Tomohisa. He passed Toma and stepped into the flat. "I am Toma's friend, Kazama is my name", he answered and smiled nicely. "I see. Well if you were about to go, then I don't want to hold you. I have to ask him some questions anyway, so if you wouldn't bother...", answered Tomohisa politely and eyed Kazama. "Oh, of course. I don't want to disturb your... conversation. Well Toma, we should do that more often. Next time I'll invite you over for a drink, ok?", he smiled at Toma in best-friend manner and stepped to the door. "Um, sure", said Toma confused. Just what was he up to?

"Well, it was nice to meet you officer. See you, Toma", he waved and disappeared around the corner. Toma looked after him and frowned, then he closed the door and looked at Tomohisa cautiously. Afraid of what would come now.

Somehow his face was more relaxed as it had been just seconds ago. "You were with him this night?", asked Tomohisa without any further explanation.

What should he say? He couldn't really remember the last night, and since there were so much things broken, it was possible that they had drunk together. Kazama used to get violent and reckless pretty easy when he's drunk.... "Well, yeah. I didn't really have the time to clean up, since we just woke up some time ago", he answered fully aware how it must sound.

He could see Tomohisa's brow twitching but he looked relieved. "Why... are you asking?"

"Well... I'm sorry to say this, but the secretary, Ishida Yuriko. She was murdered this night in her house...", said Tomohisa in low voice and looked at Toma. Toma stared at him in shock. "No", he breathed, his palms got wet in an instant and he began to tremble. It couldn't be.... first his boss, then the secretary...

He tried to get to a chair, but his feet wouldn't do what he wanted them to do and so he stumbled and was about to fall to the ground. He already felt his knee on the ground and was prepared that his head would follow soon, when suddenly he felt himself held by strong arms, his face against the fabric of Tomohisa's shirt. His heart stopped beating for a second.

"Are you alright?", Tomohisa asked worried. Toma nodded into Tomohisa's chest. He could feel his pulse speeding up from the contact.

Although he didn't intend to, didn't want it, he was closer to Tomohisa than ever before.

But somehow his body relaxed and a nice warmth flooded him. The touch had

something reassuring. Toma closed his eyes and just wanted to enjoy this moment, although he knew he shouldn't, mustn't.

He smelled Tomohisa's fragrance and felt the warmth his body was radiating. "I'm sorry", he said finally. And he didn't mean that he almost fainted right here.

"It's ok...", whispered Tomohisa in a low, gentle voice. "I know it's a shock for you."

'You don't know how much of a shock it is', thought Toma desperately.

And all at once tears began to tingle in his eyes. Not only for the two dead people, who clearly didn't deserve something like this. But also because he was the one who had taken their lives away. He couldn't hold it any longer and began to cry into Tomohisa's shirt.

Toma could feel how Tomohisa tightened his hold around him and whispered reassuring words into his ear.

'Why', he thought. 'Why is it like this? How could all that happen? How could I-?', he sobbed.

He gripped into Tomohisa's shirt on his back and cried and sobbed a little longer.

Sometime he lifted his gaze a bit to look at Tomohisa. His gaze was so soft... and caring... if only he was allowed to see it until eternity...

Then he could feel how Tomohisa let go with one hand and lifted it to Toma's face to wipe away the tears. Toma could feel the heat in his cheeks as the cop touched his skin gently.

It was salvation and perdition at the same time...

He was torn apart by the feelings which were caused by Yamashita and by the feelings of guilt in his chest.

## Kapitel 13: Chapter 13

### Chapter 13

Soundtrack: Ryan Cabrera - On the way down

Yamashita was confused. Like in really confused. The supposed culprit was dead and again he had to find the real one. But now he had nothing. He didn't even know if it was the same person who'd done the murders. But he supposed them to be the same person because both victims were stabbed into the back. What if that person went on killing? Toma was in danger.

"Hasegawa, tell the team to come here and clean up. I'm going to check something.", Yamashita said and got up.

"Wha-? Wait! Were are you going?", Hasegawa said, startled.

"I'll be back in the headquarters soon, so wait for me there, okay?", he said while running down the stairs.

"Okay... I'll wait for you!", Yamashita could hear Hasegawa say, before he stepped out of the house and hurried towards Toma's home.

It was already late at night or early in the morning, Yamashita didn't know exactly. All he knew was that it was dark outside and a cool slow breeze blew through the small bushes that grew at the side of the road.

When Yamashita reached Toma's home he looked up and found a faint light glowing in Toma's apartment. Yamashita didn't know if this was a good or a bad sign, but he hoped that Toma'd just woken up and wanted to drink something before he went to bed again.

Yamashita hurried up the stairs to said apartment and knocked at the door. He had to ask him if he knew something. Maybe something he hadn't told him before. And even if it was just an alibi.

After a moment Toma cautiously opened the door. But he stopped after one hand-width and looked at him in surprise, not even greeting him.

"Toma?", Yamashita said, trying to break the strange atmosphere.

"Uh, yeah?", Toma answered, avoiding his gaze.

"Can I come in? There's something I want to ask you.", he said in a business-like tone, although he didn't really want to.

Toma still looked terrible as he said that he didn't feel well, but then he was cut off by a person inside his flat, who opened the door entirely and smiled at Yamashita. He felt his heart ache as that person stood right next to Toma. Yamashita wondered who he was but somehow he didn't like him. Maybe he wouldn't want to know who he was.

"Sure, come in officer, I was just about to leave.", he said politely.

Yamashita frowned. The other man said his name was Kazama and that he was a friend of Toma. Yamashita didn't really know what he talked about with this Kazama, but he heard that Kazama was with Toma that night. At the one hand he felt his heart ache, because he was so jealous. On the other hand he was relieved because Toma couldn't be the murderer this time. He had an alibi.

So, after a short conversation Kazama left and Yamashita stepped inside the flat. As Toma closed the door he looked at Yamashita cautiously.

"You were with him this night?", Yamashita asked, wanting Toma to reassure his alibi.

"Well, yeah. I didn't really have the time to clean up, since we just woke up some time ago.", Toma answered.

'Woke up'? From what? There were a thousand thoughts popping up in Yamashita's head, but he tried to get them out of there again.

"Why... are you asking?", Toma asked.

Right, he hadn't told Toma about the murder yet.

"Well... I'm sorry to say this, but the secretary, Ishida Yuriko. She was murdered this night in her house...", he said in a low voice, looking at Toma.

"No...", Toma said, looking terribly shocked with wide open eyes. Toma moved towards a chair, but then stumbled and was about to hit the ground as Yamashita jumped forward and saved Toma from crashing on the floor.

"Are you alright?", Yamashita asked worried. Toma nodded slowly and closed his eyes.

"I'm sorry.", he said weakly.

"It's okay...", Yamashita said, patting his back. "I know it's a shock for you."

Suddenly Toma burst out in tears and started crying so terribly that Yamashita didn't know what to do. He tightened the hug a bit more and started whispering.

"Daijoubu dayo... Everything's going to be okay, ne. You don't have to cry. Come on... seeing you like this makes me cry as well..." But Toma didn't seem to listen. They sat on the floor for a while, Yamashita not knowing what to say anymore and Toma still crying. When Toma's sobbing faded a little, he looked up. His eyes were all swollen and red from crying his eyes out and he looked so pitiful Yamashita almost couldn't bear it. He lifted his hand and softly wiped away Toma's tears, though there were still some following.

"Do... do me a favor and close your eyes, will you?", Yamashita said, still unsure if he should do it.

Toma looked at him confused, but then nodded silently and slowly closed his eyes.

Yamashita took a deep breath as his heart started beating faster and faster. Then he slowly approached him, lay his hand on Toma's cheek and shyly touched Toma's lips with his own. He tasted like salt from crying the whole time, but Yamashita didn't care. He liked it after all. Patiently he waited for Toma's reaction, but there was none. So he kissed him again. Still no reaction.

"Toma?", he said, getting nervous.

"Don't stop... onegai...", he heard Toma say in a silent voice.

"Okay...", Yamashita whispered and kissed Toma once again. But this time they didn't part again. Yamashita felt Toma's hand grab into his shirt a little harder and so he started caressing Toma's neck softly. His other hand slowly stroked Toma's thigh and he felt Toma trembling the whole time.

"Don't cry, Toma...", he whispered and kissed him again, but this time his lips caressed Toma's neck with light kisses. He slowly laid his hand around Toma, touching his back, and slowly pushed him to the ground. Toma's gaze was somewhat empty, which confused Yamashita. He sat on Toma's thighs, not putting his full weight on him and looked at Toma.

"If you want me to stop, then..."

"No... no..."

"Then... just think about me right now, okay? There's nothing but you and me in this room and I won't let anything make you cry again tonight.", Yamashita said, his gaze

locked to Toma's.

"As if there was anything I could think about but you...", Toma said, getting up a bit and pulling Yamashita closer again. Yamashita leaned forward again, his hands beside Toma's chest on the floor. This time Toma kissed him. The kiss was comfortable and warm, claiming and supporting. If only he could kiss Toma like this forever.

They kissed a whole bunch of time, until Yamashita realized that Toma had fallen asleep.

First he was shocked, then kind of relieved. At least he didn't have to cry any longer. Yamashita got on his feet again, carefully lifted Toma from the floor and carried him to his bed. He opened the first two buttons of Toma's shirt and buried the sleeping man under the duvet.

He looked at his sleeping face, which was so much softer than when he'd cried. He wished he could look at him forever.

## Kapitel 14: Chapter 14

### Chapter 14

Soundtrack: Rihanna – Unfaithful

“Do... do me a favor and close your eyes, will you?”, said Tomohisa. Toma looked at him confused but nodded and closed his eyes. If his heart wouldn't had already pounded so fast it would have sped up now. He was nervous what would happen next, even afraid a bit.

Then he felt a warm hand on his cheek and a second later, warm lips on his own. Toma's heart skipped a beat. It felt so good. But the fact that it was wrong was still in his mind and he didn't know how to react.

After a few seconds Tomohisa parted. Maybe it was better he thought, but just then he felt them again. All feelings inside of him were messed up right now.

Then Tomohisa parted again and spoke up: “Toma?”

He sounded nervous and Toma couldn't say anything but: “Don't stop... onegai...” He knew that it sounded desperate.

Even if he was about to go to hell because of it. It felt so good and he needed this touch so much right now.

“Okay...”, Tomohisa whispered and kissed him again. This time it was not so cautiously. Toma grabbed deeper in Tomo's shirt and tried to enjoy the kiss. Tomohisa was so gentle and careful, he could feel him everywhere and it was what he had wanted so much.

But he still couldn't stop shivering because of the guilt. His heart still ached because of what he had done...

Tomohisa seemed to notice that something wasn't right. “Don't cry, Toma...”, he whispered and began to kiss his neck.

Toma laid his head back as he felt those sweet kisses and it felt so damn good, so damn right.

Then Tomohisa slowly laid him down on the ground and sat down on his thighs and looked at him.

“If you want me to stop, then...” But he didn't want him to stop even though he knew he would regret it sooner or later. He just wanted too feel this at least for once.

“No... no...”, he said hastily.

“Then... just think about me right now, okay? There's nothing but you and me in this room and I won't let anything make you cry again tonight.”, Tomohisa said and looked at him.

Those beautiful eyes just looked at him. How he had wished that they would only look at him...Toma had never felt like he had belonged to somewhere, but now, here, with him it felt as if he had a place in life which he belonged to and he wanted it to be true so much.

“As if there was anything I could think about but you...”, admitted Toma and he knew it was true. All those years his heart had been with Tomohisa, even if he had not recognized it at that time.

He got up and pulled Tomohisa closer and kissed him like he always had wanted to.

Somewhen he felt that his head got dizzy and it got hard to hold himself and soon he drifted off to sleep. A sign that he really felt comfortable and secure.

Later the sun woke Toma up. He opened his eyes sleepily and yawned, then looked around. He was in his bed, but he couldn't remember how he had got there...then he remembered the last thing before he had fallen asleep: soft lips on his, a comforting warmth...

He looked around hastily, hoping to find Tomohisa somewhere, got out of bed and checked every room, but there was noone except him.

Come to think of it, it was too good to be true, right? Never would Tomohisa do something like this...

'It must have been a dream.', he thought and sighed in frustration.

So it was that far that he was already dreaming things like that of him? He really needed to stay as far away from Tomohisa as possible...even if it hurt him... he deserved it...after all he had killed another person... Toma frowned at the thought... had he really? He couldn't tell what was real and what was dream anymore....

He walked into his bathroom and splashed some water on his face, then he grabbed for the towel, but instead his hand felt something other.

He opened his eyes in confusion and looked at the fabric, he recognized it as one of his shirts. He just wondered why it was there when he saw a large red taint on it... blood...

Toma dropped the shirt and stared at it with wide eyes. He stepped backwards, first slowly, then hastily and then stumbled to the ground, still in shock. So it was true... he HAD killed the secretary...

He held his head with his hands and shook it fast. It couldn't be... What was happening to him? How could he do something like this?

And all at once he realized what he had done... 'I am a killer', he thought scared. 'A killer without recognizing it'.

He was dangerous... he couldn't go outside the house anymore... no, that was not enough, he had to do something about it.

Toma got to his feet shakily and walked into the kitchen. There was still the knife on the cupboard. He looked at it for a few seconds and then picked it up... he would end this, he couldn't live anymore. He couldn't take the guilt anymore... 2 lives... still so young...

He closed his eyes and lifted his head to the ceiling, holding the knife already near his throat.

'I am sorry, Tomohisa....', he thought, a single tear running down his cheek. 'I wish I could've told you that I love you... but you wouldn't accept it, right? You would never love a murderer. I'm sorry...'

With that thought he raised his arm and was ready to cut through his flesh when suddenly a hand drew his own away forcefully. "What the hell are you thinking what you're doing Toma?", asked an angry voice, which sounded like Kazama's.

Toma opened his eyes confused. "Kazama?", he asked and looked at his 'friend'. Kazama took the knife out of his hand and placed it back on the cupboard behind his back.

"Stop this shit Toma! Why do you want to kill yourself?", he asked in rage, but as Toma looked into his eyes he also saw another thing... worry.

"Kazama .. I-" "Shut the hell up, Toma! What are you thinking... god, killing yourself? Are you stupid? You can't mean it...", he shouted. "Kazama, I killed two people!", Toma



cried. "I can't live like that... I... god....", he said and looked at his hands... they were shaking.

What had he become? A murderer, a suicide....

"So what?", shouted Kazama again. "If you regret it, then atone for it properly, you jerk! Don't do things like that!" Toma could now see it... tears were in Kazama's eyes.

Would Tomohisa also have cried if he'd found his corpse? Would he have understood?

"I don't know... what to do anymore...", Toma stated with tilted head.

"Then... come with me... we can run away somewhere... to a place where no one knows us."

"No... I can't live like that... I have to confess that I am the one...", spoke Toma and turned around. "Wait", said Kazama and held him on the shoulder. "Where are you going?"

"To Tomohisa... I have to tell him..."

"I think it's no good to go to Yamashita... you know... I think it would hurt him too much... if he found out and also you... You'd rather go to Hasegawa. I know him since childhood... he will make sure that Yamashita won't hear about it... you don't want to disappoint him, right?"

Toma seemed to think about it for awhile and then agreed. He wouldn't be able to stand Tomohisa's disappointed face...

And so they headed off to the police headquarters. By the time they arrived it was already late in the evening and everything was dark outside. Toma didn't really care at all... he didn't care about anything anymore. He just wanted to get over with it and then go into jail for the rest of his life...

Kazama led Toma to the office which seemed to be the one from Hasegawa. Kazama stepped in first and the two men had a short, fast conversation.

Toma didn't bother to listen to them, and as they were finished Hasegawa stood up and approached Toma. "So, you did it, right? I knew it all along...", he smirked. "Well, I'll make sure that you'll get a nice little cell in jail", he said, still smiling. "Ok", Toma just said monotone.

Hasegawa smirked a bit more and got the handcuffs out of his pocket and went over to Toma. "Well then..", he said and Toma raised his hands to get what he deserved.

Just then the door opened...

## Kapitel 15: Chapter 15

### Chapter 15

Soundtrack: Owl City - Fireflies

Early in the morning Yamashita woke up. He looked around, because he had no idea where he actually was. He was sitting on the floor, his arms and chest on a bed. Then he saw Toma, still sleeping in the large bed. Suddenly Yamashita remembered the kiss. He blushed but then smiled.

'As if there was anything I could think about but you...' Toma had said. Just thinking of him made Yamashita's heart skip a beat. And now seeing him sleeping peacefully after crying the whole night made Yamashita smile. He wanted to wake him up to talk to him, eat breakfast with him or just look into his eyes, but he knew it was better to let him sleep. The news of another murder had hurt him badly and he needed to recover from this. And since neither his boss nor the secretary were alive anymore, he didn't have to work either.

Yamashita got up, but his legs gave in and fell on the bed instead. Nervously he looked if Toma was awake now, but Yamashita was lucky, Toma was still silently lying there, looking like a small child. He'd huddled up under the blanket and looked like a embryo in that position. Yamashita still smiled as he tried to get up a second time. After succeeding he went to the secretaire that stood in a corner of the room and sat down in front of it.

He took a piece of paper and a pencil and started writing:

'Dear Toma,'good morning! How are you today? I'm fi' but then rumbled the paper and tossed it into the waste bin.

He started to write another one:

'I want to be your boyfriend. O Yes, O No, O Maybe. (Set tag)'

He laughed at himself and again threw the letter into the waste bin.

It took him a couple of tries until he was satisfied with his work, and so he read through it a last time:

'Dear Toma,

good morning! I'm sorry I couldn't stay until you wake up. But I wish I could. I have to go to work and catch the culprit, but please don't worry. I'll definitely come back. About last night: I want you to know that I didn't regret it and I hope you won't as well. I'm sorry you have to suffer that much but I want to be by your side and support you. That's why I will hurry up and catch the culprit as soon as possible. And I want to stay with you forever. If you let me.

I love you.

Tomohisa.'

Yamashita wasn't really satisfied but he guessed he couldn't do it any better, so he put back the pencil, took the paper and set it on the little desk beside Toma's bed. When Yamashita looked at Toma, he thought about staying longer, but he couldn't do

that. He had promised Jun to come back, but he still hadn't, and he wanted to catch the murderer as soon as possible.

He sat down on the bed one last time, stroking Toma's sleeping face.

"I love you, Ikuta Toma.", he whispered, bent down and gently kissed Toma's lips. He didn't want to part, but something inside him pulled him back from caressing Toma's lips any further. So he got up, still smiling, and returned to the headquarters.

Jun didn't smile as brightly as Yamashita as he got back.

"Where have you been? I've been waiting for you the whole night, dammit!", he shouted.

"I'm sorry, Jun. I... I've been at Toma's and I... guess I have to tell you something?"

Jun looked at him, confused. "What? Caught the murderer again?"

"N-no... Something else. I've... fallen in love. With Toma."

Yamashita looked at Hasegawa cautiously. Hasegawa seemed to think about something for a moment, but then smiled a little.

"I'm happy for you... Maybe even for both of you. I guess that's why you've had me wait here the whole night, right?" Hasegawa leaned back in his chair and looked at Yamashita.

"I... guess so. Will you forgive me?", Yamashita asked, grinning.

Hasegawa sighed. "Maybe, sometime. But now let's go to work. The team said she was stabbed into the back with the same kind of knife that was used for killing her boss. Or lover, whatever. Furthermore they said that the culprit didn't have a key because the door lock's broken. And she wasn't dead for long, when we arrived. They said maybe for about an hour."

They went on talking about the case and went through the stuff the team had brought from the secretary's house. But nothing they could build any hunches on. They decided they'd wait for the results of the forensic tests to go on with their theories.

"Let's have a break, Jun. I'm tired of looking at papers.", Yamashita sighed.

"You're right. So, go and get some coffee, will you?", Hasegawa said, grinning. After all this was his office.

"Oh, you still haven't forgiven me for tonight, have you?", Yamashita whined.

"No, I have not."

Yamashita sighed again. "Okay, wait a second, I'll go and get some."

He got up and went to the small kitchen in the back of the building. But as he looked inside the can, he realized that it was all empty. So he had to make some new coffee. As he waited for the water to get hot, he thought of Toma again. About last night. About Toma's soft lips, his peaceful face while he was asleep. He wished he could see him like that every night. He wanted to stay awake while Toma was sleeping by his side so he could watch him all night long. Watch over him.

Just as he thought so a hot water drop woke him up from his lovely daydream. He quickly finished making the coffee, poured it into two cups and went back to the office.

Just as he wanted to open the door he realized that there were people inside. And as he heard the voices he couldn't believe his ears. Toma was inside. And they were talking about the murders.

"So, you did it, right? I knew it all along... Well, I'll make sure that you'll get a nice little

cell in jail.", Yamashita heard Hasegawa say. But finally hearing Toma's voice did it. He pushed open the door and stared at a handcuffed Toma in shock.

"Toma... you...?"

Toma returned his stare but wasn't able to say anything else but "Tomohisa..."

"B-But... wait a second..." He felt his hands trembling as he spilled hot coffee over his hands. Without thinking he let go of the cups and so they splintered on the floor, the coffee spreading in every possible direction on the ground.

Suddenly Yamashita realized that Kazama was moving towards him, a strange expression on his face. And after Toma cried out Yamashita's name, everything went dark.

The next thing Yamashita knew was that he woke up in a dark and cold room. As he tried to move he felt another body. As he turned his head to the side he saw Toma lying unconsciously beside him.

What was going on here?

## Kapitel 16: Chapter 16

### Chapter 16

His worst apprehensions became reality as Tomohisa stepped into the office handed with two coffee mugs, staring at him in shock.

It was exactly this kind of face which he didn't want to see, the face when the realization hit Tomohisa's face.

"Toma... you...?", he said breathlessly. And it cut Toma's heart.

Toma wasn't able to say anything else than: "Tomohisa..." He looked at him desperately, not knowing what he had to expect.

"B-But... wait a second...", Tomohisa said. And Toma saw how he spilled coffee over his hands and then let the mugs drop to the ground. Toma was afraid that he burned himself with the coffee.

Then out of the corner of his eyes he saw Kazama approaching Tomohisa. 'No', he thought. He mustn't hurt Tomohisa. He wanted to run to him, but Hasegawa held him and so all he was able to do is shouting to Tomohisa, hoping that he would run away.

"Tomohisa!"

Just then Kazama knocked him out. Tears came into Toma's eyes.

"What are you doing Kazama. Why?", he cried out. The last thing he saw was Kazama's evil smirk when everything went dark around him.

When he regained consciousness, he felt that he was lying on hard ground. It took Toma a while to be able to move and open his eyes. But as he did so, he saw another figure sitting in his reach.

He recognized that it was Tomohisa, he looked at him but didn't say a word.

"Tomohisa. Are you ok?", he asked in panic and wanted to approach him, but then he recognized that his hands were tied to the wall with heavy, metal chains.

"I am.. you?", answered Tomohisa, avoiding his gaze completely.

Toma gulped and nodded silently... Tomohisa didn't want to talk to him, of course...who would want to talk to a murderer...

Toma didn't understand what was going on. Where were they and why did Kazama knock them out? What was this all about?

But his thoughts got interrupted when Tomohisa spoke up to him: "Did you really do it? Did you murder them?"

Toma looked to the ground. "I-i don't know.. I can't tell what's what anymore... I have those dreams, cruel ones and then I wake up in the morning and can't remember what I did the night before... but... I found evidence... I must be the... murderer...", Toma said with low voice.

"Evidence?", Tomohisa finally looked at him and frowned.

"Yeah... I found that key for the office... I forgot that I had it... and then after the second murder I found... a bloody shirt... MY shirt..."

He could feel how hot tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke. "I didn't want to do it! I didn't mean to, I swear... I... would never want to kill a person! But... I must have done it without knowing... I..."

He sobbed and refused to look at Tomohisa. He felt so miserable like never in his life. How could it come this far?

"I think.... you didn't do it...", Tomohisa said slowly. Toma looked up in surprise. "What?"

"You didn't do it... Toma, you're too good to do something like this, I don't think that you killed them..." Toma looked at him and the tears still ran down his cheek, but now for another reason. The trust that Tomohisa had towards him. If only he was right, he wanted to believe what he said, but he knew better... "Tomohisa... you don't know anything about me... I am a thief... I didn't stop after I got this job... I just stopped shortly after I met you again... I am a bad man, I've always been... so-", he said with hoarse voice but got interrupted by Tomohisa who embraced him carefully.

"So, what if? What if you were a thief... I don't care... All I know is that you're not a bad person. Toma, you never were, you were just dragged into this without any other possibilities... You are not a murderer." Tomohisa said and Toma felt that he hugged him a little tighter.

Toma closed his eyes and the tears still ran down his cheek. "Tomohisa...", he whispered into the other man's neck.

Then the cop let go off him and locked his gaze into his. Never had someone looked at Toma with such a gaze. Toma could feel his heart beating faster against his chest.

The other man wiped Toma's tears away and continued to look into his eyes deeply. Then he opened his mouth slowly. "Toma", he said and took a deep breath. "I love you.... And I will take care for you, we will get out here safely... I promise."

As he heard his words, Toma held his breath. It sounded so heavenly that he thought he would have misheard him. But then Tomo leaned forward and kissed him softly, when he drew away Toma started to cry again. But this time out of happiness, even if it wasn't meant to last for long... "I – love you, too..."

## Kapitel 17: Chapter 17

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 18: Chapter 18

### Chapter 18

Soundtrack : Goo Goo Dolls - Iris

A/N: No need to repeat something of the smutty part right? XD

Toma looked up as the door opened and saw Hasegawa and Kazama stepping into the room, both smirking in a creepy way.

Yamashita looked at the two figures in surprise, but immediately surprise turned into fury and he shouted an angry "YOU!" at Jun. He tried to get up and run to him to hit him across the whole face, but as he got up he felt his butt burn and he itched in pain and so stumbled back to the ground again.

"Jun! What have you done? How could you? I... I thought you were my friend!", Yamashita cried out desperately.

Jun looked at him in disgust. "That was before you began to play with little criminals", he answered.

"What? WHAT? And what did you do? You kidnapped us? WHY?"

But Jun just laughed at him in a frightening way.

He had trusted Jun. He had trusted that son of a bitch for almost his whole life now. How could he do this to him? Yamashita was so sad and angry at the same time that he got up again, ignoring the pain.

"Tomohisa!", shouted Toma as Yamashita ran towards Jun and tried to hit him. He tried to get his hands out of the chains but couldn't. "Damn!", he shouted as Kazama punched his fist into the cops stomach and the latter fell to the ground wincing.

Kazama handcuffed him, then walked to Toma.

Toma looked at him with fear and disgust. Kazama knelt down in front of him and smiled at him. "I hope you learned your lesson Toma. Never try to be someone who you can't be", he spoke, still smiling. But he freed Toma's hands and stretched out a hand to help him up.

"What the hell, Kazama!", shouted Toma angrily and got up and gripped the collar of his shirt. "Who do YOU think you are, you bastard?", shouted Toma and hit him in the face. "You did it, right? You were the one who had killed Shachou and the secretary! That's why... that's why you were there that morning... you hid the shirt in my flat. You knew I would think that I did it... because you know me..."

"You're wrong, Toma, as always", smirked Kazama and licked away the blood in the corner of his mouth.

"I didn't murder them, but yes I did hide the shirt. You had to come to your senses, to realize that you are a bad man, that you are the same as me. You can't be the little pet



of that cop, Toma. But it went too far, I didn't know that you were that...fragile. I didn't want you to kill yourself...", spoke Kazama. Toma couldn't bear to look at Tomohisa right now, so he looked down to the ground again.

As Yamashita heard the last sentence he breathed in hard. Toma killing himself? What was all of that about?

He looked at Toma, but said avoided his gaze and so Yamashita guessed that Kazama had spoken the truth. That this was no lie. What why had Toma not told him about this? Right, because they'd had sex to distract themselves from facts like this.

And the more Yamashita heard, the angrier he got. Didn't anybody think it was necessary to talk to him? Neither Jun nor Toma had kept their problems secret from him.

"It's no use, Kazama... I won't ever come back to you. I don't want to fall as deep as you again. At least I try to get on my way again! And I will tell the police, about everything!" He gazed at Kazama seriously, showing him that he meant every word.

"Oh no, you won't!", shouted Jun suddenly. Everyone looked at him as he pulled out his gun and pointed it at Toma.

Kazama approached him. "No, Jun, put the gun down! I won't allow you to murder him as well... you know... he... is all I have..", said Kazama slowly.

Jun looked at him for a slight second and his hand on the gun trembled. But then his face stiffened again. "I don't care!" and with that he pulled the trigger...

"NO!", Yamashita shouted as he saw Jun, ready to shoot at Toma every moment. He pushed himself off the ground, jumping in front of Toma and spreading out his arms to protect Toma. As Jun pulled the trigger, he closed his eyes, afraid of the pain that would hit him, but after a moment he opened his eyes again and saw a figure in front of him.

It was Kazama.

Toma saw how Jun's eyes grew wide. He let the gun drop and his knee gave in. "Why? Kazama...", he asked with shaking voice.

Kazama also dropped to the ground, the blood hastily spreading under his shirt. "I-i didn't want you... to murder another person.... Jun...I... I ...love you... but you were so full with hate that you... didn't notice... I just... wanted to help you... but... you can't kill Toma... he is the only one who cared for me.... and I knew... you never would love me... because...", he coughed. "Because... you love Yamashita..."

## Kapitel 19: Chapter 19

### Chapter 19

Soundtrack: Sascha feat. Maria Mena – Wide awake

A/N: This chap is written in kinda neutral view, so don't wonder ne

It was Kazama.

They saw how Jun's eyes grew wide. He let the gun drop and his knee gave in. "Why? Kazama...", he asked with shaking voice.

Kazama also dropped to the ground, the blood hastily spreading under his shirt. "I-i didn't want you... to murder another person.... Jun...I... I ...love you... but you were so full with hate that you... didn't notice... I just... wanted to help you... but... you can't kill Toma... he is the only one who cared for me.... and I knew... you never would love me... because...", he coughed. "Because... you love Yamashita..."

Yamashita pressed his hand on his mouth at that sentence, breathing in hardly and looking at Jun. They saw Jun crouching to Kazama, lifting him from the ground carefully and hugging him.

"That's... that's not true. Toma wasn't the only one who cared for you... and... I don't love Yamapi... not any more... because..." His voice broke off. Tears were flowing down his cheeks.

"Because... I love you... I just didn't realize it soon enough. You hear me? Don't leave me, okay?" He was shaking Kazama lightly.

Kazama was listening carefully, holding back from coughing as far as he was able to. As Jun had finished talking Kazama lifted his hand slowly, touching Jun's cheek carefully.

"Don't... don't cry... It doesn't hurt... If just you... had said that earlier..."

"It wouldn't have changed anything, would it?"

"No... I guess not..." Kazama smiled.

Jun smiled as well, but then his expression turned serious again.

"I love you... don't leave me...", he whispered.

Yamashita grabbed Toma's hand and held it tightly.

"I love you, too...", Kazama responded, still smiling. "And I will always be by your side."

"Okay...", Jun said, tears still flowing down his cheeks. And so he went silent and bent down to kiss Kazama lovingly.

They stayed like this for a moment, both of them closing their eyes, until Kazama's hand slowly slipped off Jun's cheek and sank down to the ground, a single tear leaving his eye.

But Jun didn't open his eyes. He still clung to Kazama's lips, hugging him even tighter and rocking back and forth, shaking lightly.

As he broke their first and at the same time only kiss, he threw back his head and cried badly.

He then buried his head in Kazama's neck, whispering: "Come back, Shun... I love you... don't leave me..."

Meanwhile Toma was squeezing Yamashita's hand tightly, so Yamashita turned to face him and hugged him, whispering: "It's okay... Everything's going to be okay..."

But just as Toma wanted to say something, he saw Jun reaching out for the gun again, dragging it towards Kazama as if it were the heaviest thing in the world.

"Hasegawa...", Toma began, causing Yamashita to turn his head. He saw Jun taking the gun and leading it to his head.

"Jun! What are you doing?", Yamashita cried, stepping towards Hasegawa.

But as fast as Yamashita had turned around, Jun had pointed the gun on him, screaming: "Don't move!"

Yamashita instantly froze in his move and looked at Hasegawa in shock. "Jun... please... drop the gun... Everything's going to be okay ag-"

"Shut up! Nothing's ever going to be okay again! Maybe for you! You didn't shoot Toma, did you?", Hasegawa cried, his hand shaking terribly.

Yamashita looked at Toma shortly, then his gaze went back to Hasegawa again.

"No, I didn't, but..."

"See? You won't understand... nobody will... And how am I supposed to go on like that?"

"Jun... please..."

"No...", Hasegawa whispered, smiling. "I'm sorry, Pi... Take good care of Toma, will you?"

"Jun... don't... please..."

"Promise!", Hasegawa cried, his face turning serious again.

Yamashita hesitated for a moment, then said: "I... promise... Jun... I can't stop you, right?"

Tears were about to leave his eyes.

"No...", Hasegawa answered, smiling.

"Then... take good care of... him... okay?"

Hasegawa nodded with a loving smile on his face as he lifted his hand again, launching the gun into his temple.

"Good bye..."

Yamashita didn't hear the noise as Jun pulled the trigger. He saw his torso slowly sinking onto Kazama's dead body, a tiny line of blood running down Kazama's white shirt.

Yamashita turned around, not able to look at them anymore and found himself instantly hugged by Toma. He laid his arms around the older one and pulled him closer, both of them crying dearly.

"I'm sorry...", Toma said.

"No... don't be... please... don't...", Yamashita whispered, pulling Toma closer.

"They're okay... together... forever, right?", Toma asked, caressing Yamashita's back.

"Right...", Yamashita answered, pulling back a bit, and kissed Toma's lips.

Hours later they found themselves at the police headquarters once again. The place where the whole misery had started. They sat in the office of Yamashita's chief, holding hands silently.

They had told his chief everything, it had taken them hours and hours, but after all it was clear now. The murders, the kidnapping, the suicide... everything.

Everything had felt like a long night that would never seem to end. But the nightmare was over now, even if the end had not been as liberating for Toma and Yamashita as it should have been. Both of them knew that there would always be a bad aftertaste, but neither of them wanted to forget it.

The chief stepped in and looked at them, massaging his nose bridge. "Ikuta-san, we've searched through your flat and indeed there were Kazama-san's fingerprints on the bloody shirt. So we took it to use it as evidence. It's over now, you can go now, we will write a report about this.

"Yamashita I think it's better for you to take some time off", he said and patted Yamashita's shoulder.

Yamashita nodded and they stood up. But then Toma remembered something. "When is the funeral?"

"Tomorrow... You intend to go?", asked the chief and raised a brow. "Yes, I... have a request. It's a bit weird but would you please... bury them together? I want them... to be together forever...", asked Toma hesitantly and Yamashita squeezed his hand.

The chief looked at him in surprise but just said: "That can be arranged."

Toma and Yamashita bowed and left the headquarters. In front of the building Toma stopped. Yamashita turned around and looked at him questioningly. "Can you come with me? I... don't want to be alone...", Toma asked in a low voice. Yamashita smiled at him. He could be so cute...

"Sure. I don't want to be alone either." Now Toma smiled, too.

"Thanks... I don't know... what I would do without you...", answered Toma slightly embarrassed, but he knew that it was true and Yamashita knew it, too, because he felt the same.

As they arrived in the flat they went straight to bed, it was late already and they were tired, mentally and physically.

They laid close together, hugging each other and just enjoying being together. Finally. After some time they drifted off to sleep and finally found some peace.

The next morning Toma woke up, feeling fresh and better than any morning before. As he looked up, he found Yamashita still sleeping, his arms wrapped around Toma as if for dear life.

He smiled lovingly but still untangled himself out of Yamashita's grip and slid off the bed.

He crossed the room quietly, trying to make no loud noises, but failed as he knocked the paperbin over. He turned around hastily to check if Yamashita'd woken up, but he still slept, hugging a pillow as alternative of Toma.

The older smiled and turned around again to pick up the trash. In the process he found a piece of paper, crumpled but he could see some letters of a handwriting which was not his own. He unfolded the paper and looked at what was written on it.

It said: 'I want to be your boyfriend. O Yes, O No, O Maybe. (Set tag)'

Toma chuckled and looked at the sleeping man on his bed lovingly. Then he took one of his pens and made a cross into the 'yes' circle.

Then he stood up, folded the paper and put it into the pocket of Yamashita's coat.

He went to the bathroom and then back to the bed and watched the sleeping face of his new boyfriend.

Later when Yamashita was awake as well they dressed themselves and went to the graveyard where the funeral would be held. The ceremony was short and Yamashita and Toma were practically the only people there besides the priest.

But the chief had held his word, Kazama and Hasegawa got buried next to each other. Both Toma and Yamashita lay a Vinca flower on their coffins, which stood for eternity and memory.

They would never forget them.

After the funeral they went different ways, because both felt like dealing with their own feelings and business for the meantime.

But they agreed to meet the next day, after all they couldn't live without each other for long.

On the way home Yamashita tried to warm his hand in his coat pockets but found some strange paper in one of them. He pulled it out and opened the neatly folded piece.

His eyes grew wide as he saw his very own silly letter and the cross in the place he hoped it would be.

Immediately he turned around and rushed to Toma's flat. He caught his breath before he stepped in and knocked on Toma's door.

When the door was opened, Yamashita rushed forward and kissed him without any kind of greeting. At first Toma was taken aback a bit but soon he didn't care why Yamashita was here and kissing him out of the blue like that.

After a long time they parted to catch their breaths. Toma smiled at Yamashita and the latter just showed him the letter he had found. Toma understood and kissed Yamashita again, closing the door behind them as they made their way into the living room, never letting go of each other.

"If you still know where you will go. You can count on me all the way.

Like a shadow I'll be with you.

Right beside you. And wide awake "