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Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 1:

His name was Akira.

He had something to do with music industry and PR and shit, at least that's what I remember. He was handsome, bleached hair that was slightly ruffled, a muscular figure and almost feminine eyes and lips, and his dialect showed he must have come from the same place I was born at.

But the most important thing: I liked him.

After a handful of shots and some beer we ended up making out at my place.

I don't remember how long we fucked but I remember having come twice already when we switched positions for the umpteenth time.

He breathed against my ear as he took me from behind, the rhythm of his hips made me go mad and his touches brought me close to the edge again, before I came one final time, cursing.

I woke to the smell of coffee and sex.

I got used to that smell during my time at university, so now I felt a little like I had traveled back in time and was now being a twenty year old first-semester again.

The sound of the front door being pulled shut made me finally open my eyes and look around. Obviously, I had been asleep long enough to automatically get rid of the stray creature I had taken home last night but that was all fine with me.

I sat up and swung my legs out of bed to get a hold on firm ground, my stomach twisting in an unpleasant twitch and my butt sore from the night before, and stalk over to my kitchen where, oh wonders, coffee was ready.

Straying through the space in between the four walls and the roof I called my home, I found no sign of anyone having been here the night before. Even the bedroom was tidy and neat; not the slightest hint of the events that had taken place.

I took a cup from the kitchen cabin to fill it with the steaming hot, black liquid which was kind of a life elixir to me ever since I started my work as an art teacher. Taking the first, bigger sip from the mug in my left hand, the right one fumbled a cigarette out of the paperbox on the kitchen's windowsill before I put it between my lips to light it with the zippo lying close to the box.

Armed with coffee and a cigarette, I made my way over to the dining table in the livingroom where my laptop was placed, a small note sticking to the screen caught my

attention as I was about to switch it on.

rock_beast@msgme.co.jp

Oh God, no.

Welcome to the generation 2.0 - the cellphone number was obviously an old hat already, today people exchanged their messenger addresses.

Taking another drag from the cancer stick in my hand and sitting down in front of the table on one of the comfortable, fancy chairs I had chosen, I switched on the device in front of me. Why not?

After all, he was a nice guy - even though I already grew sick of the smell of his cologne lingering in the whole flat, so I'd have to open a window soon - so I started my messenger and added that guy named Akira.

The program found someone named but the person was currently offline.

So I would wait.