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Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

Kapitel 10:

"Uhn... moshi moshi..?"

I didn't know the number calling me.

"Hey Takanori-kun, this is Kouyou!"

Oh God.

"Hey Kou..."

"Nah~ So happy to hear me, I already guessed that", he said with a sarcastic note, "but anyway. I wanted to invite you for coffee. Half an hour?"

No.

"Sure."

Damn!

"Okay. Then I'll see you and your cute little piece of ass in half an hour, Delight Café. Bai bai!"

"Bye..."

Said time later I was standing in front of that café I'd already been at once. With *him*. Rolling the glowing cigarette between my fingers I knocked some dead ashes off the end before I took another deep drag to calm myself. The sky was grey, fitting my mood, and I didn't feel like talking to anyone right now. Needless to say that I had really no idea why exactly the cheerful brunette had called me earlier, since he didn't seem to be mad at me.

I just hoped he wouldn't bring Akira here.

"Hey hey!"

A slender arm captured my waist and I was pulled into a tight hug from behind. Turning around, I faced a grinning Kouyou and somebody else.

Well, at least it wasn't Akira.

Definitely not Akira.

"Hey."

The tall guy with jet black hair greeted me with that short sound and a raise of one of his almost fragile hands. A black titanium ring stuck in the right corner of his bottom lip, his other hand rested at Kouyou's hip.

"I'm Yuu."

"Takanori.", I mumbled and stretched out my hand to shake the one he had offered me.

He was pretty when he smiled.

Aoi

Even without makeup, I had to admit he was quite handsome. But nonetheless a bit too old for my own taste - despite, he seemed to be taken. And I still somehow felt like I belonged to a certain blonde, headstrong creature I was recently missing.

We spent a fair amount of time at the café.

As always, Kouyou was talking and talking and talking, but somehow I got the intention he was still avoiding a theme he actually wanted to speak of.

Anyway, he was spitting it out.

"You know, Taka-kun,... Aki's...", he seemed to struggle for the right words. Yuu jumped in.

"He's kinda weird, recently. He doesn't talk at all."

What.

"As soon as he comes to work, he'll grab his stuff and work but he won't lose a word all the time through. And that's shit because we'll soon have this... *presentation*. And we need to co-work as a team or everything will be fucked up."

"So he's being a twat.", I said.

"Actually, yes."

"Yuu!"

"What? Don't go fuzzy about him now just because he touched your dick when you two were still playing in the sand box together.", Yuu snorted and choked a little on his coffee as a soft punch hit his arm.

"Asshole."

"I love you too, honey."

Oh God.

Watching the lovebirds became almost too much.

"So.. what do you intend to do?", I managed to ask and cocked my head a little to the side in question. Anyway, what did I have to do with it after all?

Okay, to be honest, it was probably my fault he wasn't talking. But what could I do? Make him hate me even more?

"You two have to get back together.", Kouyou nodded and crossed his arms, pushing his bottom lip forward in a ducky pout to show how important his decision was.

"Definitely.", Yuu agreed and made me stare in disbelief.

"What?"

"You heard us. You two need to get back together."

"The fuck we will. He fucking hates me.", I cussed and turned my gaze away, feeling the tension going through both of them.

"I can't do anything about it. Sorry.", I mumbled and pulled my wallet out to flip a few notes onto the table.

"If he hates you that much..."

I looked up.

"..why does he keep your picture in his wallet?"