Behind Walls of Glass
TomaPi

Von abgemeldet

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, bu 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.