

Behind Walls of Glass

TomaPi

Von abgemeldet

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.