

# Behind Walls of Glass

TomaPi

Von abgemeldet

## 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.