

# Little Thing Called Love

Takagi Manpei x Shinpei

Von Mai-Chan

## Little Thing Called Love

**Title:** Little Thing Called Love

**Author:** Mai-Chan (Mai Minzgruen)

**Rating:** P12 Slash

**Warnings:** Slash, light twincest

**Pairing:** Manpei x Shinpei

**Note:** Meine erste Englische Fanfiction =X Ich habe sie deshalb in Englisch verfasst, weil ich viel mehr Englischsprachige Leute kenne, die Takagi Manpei und Shinpei lieben ... und ja, sie ist nicht perfekt und etwas kurz ... aber für den Anfang ganz okay!

### Little thing called love

There was this little, almost silent noise that flew over his curled up lips every time he smiled. And yeah, Shinpei liked that. Nearly too much. He knew he was supposed to think that Manpei's laughter looked the same as his. Sounded the same. But he just couldn't. It just didn't.

There was this sparkling in his brother's eyes that caught his attention. Every freaking time. The way the sunlight let his pupils glow until they seemed like a dark red. Sweat all over his beautiful face. Yeah, sweat actually wasn't the best thing for an actor at all. That meant: more make-up, more stress for the make-up artists and just for all the other people involved, too.

But hell, these little pearls on his skin...just looked so adorable and made him way more attractive than he already was.

"What are you looking at?", mumbled the light brunette with a full mouth. Without barely looking at his twin, who was now desperately trying to hide his happiness, he took the bowl into his hands and covered his whole face with it, acting like he just didn't know what he was saying.

"Nothing, really," came the very late response from the younger brother, still trying to avoid his damn looks. It just wasn't fair at all. He was supposed to think of him as his older brother; as his twin and maybe also as his soul-mate. But he wasn't dumb or anything like that. He knew the kind of feelings he had for his brother. And these weren't some kind of a platonic thing. "I just thought...maybe we should get a rest sometime. You know, all this Ouran stuff, it was kinda exhausting these days." Just to say something. Even if it wasn't like that. Even if he loved what he did. Even if he wasn't exhausted at all.

Jesus, if it wouldn't be such a big deal. If it wouldn't be so damn complicated. Yeah, then what? Would he tell him?

Then again, that cocky look of his. He wasn't able to protect himself from it. "Staring at me, just in case you'll forget how you look like, little brother?" And yeah, this time his laughter sounded horrible in his ears. He didn't want to remember this. But he did, every time he looked in the mirror. It would be so much easier if they didn't look so alike. If he didn't see his eyes in the damn thing. Every morning he woke up; every night he went to bed.

"Just kidding", he said, a bit confused when Shinpei didn't show any intention of smiling or laughing at his joke. He even was in the mood to actually say "Haha, that's funny" – with a lot of sarcasm of course. But he just remained quiet. Because it wasn't funny at all. No more.

"It would be weird, if we didn't look alike, nee—" He actually poked him with his chopsticks! And at that very moment, he wasn't even sure if he was trying to be funny – again –, trying to cheer him up or being totally a pain in the ass on purpose. He wanted to leave the room – screaming. But the boiling volcano in his stomach kept him right there on his chair. And he hated himself for not escaping the situation instantly.

There was the look again, he focused his eyes so concentrated he just couldn't look away. Sun burning in his eyes. Scenery would seem totally bizarre observed by a stranger. Chopsticks still turned towards him like freaking guns. By the way, that was exactly the way he was feeling about it. Like a criminal; no options to get away. "Did you know that...you actually don't look the same as me?"

He pointed one more time at him, then laid the chopsticks on the table. "You're eyes are bigger, so is your mouth. Almost...sensual. Your face is not as skinny as mine. You even have a brighter smile. And last but not least: your attitude! You're much more sociable than me. I wish I could be just like that. But I can't. That's you. That's Shin-Chan!"

Seconds just flew by like dozens of alarmed pigeons. He couldn't help but smile. He

really couldn't. His brother has always been so kind to him. Nice and comforting. He always said the right things at the right time. But these words were just overwhelming him. He was feeling the hot lava streaming through his entire body, filling his veins with it.

What was he going to say?

"Erm ...", he stutters, "such a good observer." He couldn't look him in the eye. Not even able to steal one glance.

"Didn't want to embarrass you", he laughed and beamed. And yeah, Shinpei turned a light pink. Just like his brother said: wasn't he the one more sociable? It was apparently his turn to act like that. To get a hold of this situation. But now it was Manpei who reached out for his brother's hand lying on the table.

Shinpei's lips shivered. He was used to his twin's jokes and not-seriously-meant insults. They used to prank each other all the time. But those kind words? Was his brother ever was SO kind to him?

Was being this near still allowed? Still normal? Was it common to touch your brother like this? Or was it just abnormal because of the feelings he had? Just because of the awkward shivering? He couldn't think straight anymore. There were so many thoughts running through his head.

Felt his twin's palm stroking his hand, reaching out for it again and – interlacing their fingers?

"What do you think you're doing, man?" A nervous laugh. Almost silent. Shinpei couldn't stand it anymore. He pulled away his sweaty hand and stuffed it under the table like he was scared his brother would reach out for it again. He knew he sounded suspicious, let alone the loud swallowing of the saliva he had in his mouth. He knew that he should leave. Or at least fight this situation with all he had had.

"Nothing, really...I just thought, maybe we should get a rest some time."

Time stood still. Even a single strand of hair could be heard falling. Then Shinpei's irregular breathing. Was he kidding again? He didn't feel like laughing, honestly.

"Don't gimme that. What's with you?"

Yeah, hopes were all up again, after such a long time. Those tiny bastards, who used to be his constant attendants. Didn't he wash them all away? Banned them; told them to never bothering him again? It worked for a while, he had to admit that. But was this nightmare really coming back again for haunting him in his dreams?

Manpei wasn't supposed to say something like that or touch him in a more than brotherly way. It just shouldn't be like that.

This little, nasty thing called love. Why was it so fucking complicated?

That smile of Manpei's that was followed by a heavy breath. He almost seemed disappointed; sad ... didn't he? Shinpei shook his head. "You wouldn't understand."

"I would", Shin shot without thinking.

Biting his lips, taking in all his courage he had managed to find, Manpei stretched out one finger, let his brother come a little closer. This was it, wasn't it? The one day he prayed for so long, and yet hoped would never come. Caught between two stools. But that was the meaning of hope. That was what people did when they had hope.

Heart beating fast, Shinpei followed his brother's instructions. Tried to swallow all his optimism and every unshed tear he had collected in all these years. Even if he was going to kiss him...so what? Didn't mean that he actually loved him, well, loved him in this way ... right?

"Don't make such a fuss", Shin thought in his head, closing his eyes almost desperately, as their lips touched for the first time.

Was this even real? He nearly collapsed, shaking and couldn't even breathe. It stuck in his throat like a giant fishbone. He felt like coughing, but it wouldn't come out. He couldn't open his eyes, couldn't move. Lips so soft and ... was he going to admit it finally? Yeah, it was all he had desperately and secretly needed. Everything. The world seemed to rush in the right direction, at least.

And as his brother moved away from him a few centimeters, thoughtfully biting his lips, eyes still focused on Shinpei's, he finally let out all his breath. He was almost about to suffocate.

There were too many feelings he had. Couldn't decide which of them was the right one to show. But his brother's face lighted up so fast, that he didn't leave any doubts at all.

"I understand", Shinpei said, letting a smile spread over his whole face. And yeah, he really did. Now overwhelmed just by one single emotion. Love. And all he saw in his brother's eyes was also love. This was for sure.

Manpei nodded with a large smile, too. And that was all they needed to tell each other. Everything already figured out very well. Was there even a single word left to say? Shinpei couldn't remember. It was like ... it was meant to be, wasn't it? The most natural thing in the world. Love. It felt so right to love each other. Just the next step on their stairs. They were already so close that even one tiny millimeter would drive them further away as the two of them previously were.

This little, nasty thing called love ... wasn't so complicated after all, was it?