

# Unexpected

Von abgemeldet

This is the first time he is in my apartment.

Of course, I was nervous as hell when I opened the door only to find him standing there, smiling shy at me, asking if he could come in. He had never done something like this before and his visit comes sudden and overall unexpected. Everything in my livingroom is laying around. To say my home is untidy wouldn't exactly fit. It is far beyond untidy.

I wonder what he is thinking of me now.

He looks around carefully, then raises one eyebrow.

„Well... where do you think is it the best to sit down?“

I jump and nod, excusing: „Sorry! I know it's a bit messy hier... wait a moment please, I put the clothes away....“

I hurry to tidy up as fast as possible so that he can take place on my couch. Why haven't I tidied up yesterday? If I weren't that lazy then I'd never be in such an awkward situation. But fuzzing about it will not help now. He's here and I have to make the best out of it.

When I am done I look up to him pointing at my couch: „Here we go. Make yourself at home“

But he doesn't look at me. He is staring at the pictures I have pinned on my wall next to the Tv.

„You sure have... a lot of photographs of me.“

Oh crap!

Of course I have lot of them, I mean... HE is my favourite modell! I love to take pictures of him. He's always beautiful and sometimes the cutest thing I've ever met. Who'd not like to take pictures of him? And to take pictures of him, with he doesn't noticing is like an adventure. Everytime I succeded in taking a photo of him I feel like a little kid doing something forbidden. All the time I kept my passion a secret, and now that he visites me at home he finds out.

„Well I... I...“ I stumble, scratching my chin feeling extremely awkward in that situation „I don't know... are there so many? Really?“ I try to look clueless but I think I only look dumb.

He shakes his pretty head pointing at the countless photographs of him.

„Well If that aren't many... have you even pictures of someone else on this wall?!“ he searches for someone else between the ones I have from him and I admit I have to

search for some seconds, too.

He finds not many and this is the first time I'm realizing how many pictures of him I have actually. He looks questioning in my eyes but I am not able to say something. I just smile sheepishly in his damn pretty face.

Again, he shakes his head and then he walks towards my couch to finally sit down, expecting me to sit next to him, what I do, even if I keep my distance. Too close to him in this sexy outfit he's wearing today and I can't guarantee for anything.

My hands are shaking. Damn.

He clears his throat and takes a deep breath before he starts speaking to me.

„I'm sure you're confused about my visit?“

„Uhm... yeah, kinda“ I reply, nodding like a totally idiot.

„You have any idea what might be the reason I'm here at yours?“

„nope...“ I'm shaking my head now. Again, like an idiot.

„Well...“ he's pushing a strand behind his ear and I'm driving totally crazy because of the sight of his delicious looking jaw „... the truth is“, he continues „I have no certain reason. I only wanted to see you. To speak to you. Do something with you... whatever... just be with you.“

He's looking straight into my eyes now and I can tell he's getting as nervous as I am. But unless me he's not confused.

I \_am\_ confused now. Why does he want to see me, when he is always busy to ignore me during our practise?

He is looking away, now that he sees me frowning. He's uncomfortable with that. Just like me.

I cough twice and slide over to him a little „What do you exactly mean with... just be with you?“

He shrugs and mumbles something I can't understand. But then he speaks louder: „I don't know. I just wanted to. Besides... I had the feeling that you wanted to approach me during the past weeks so I thought: Hey! Why not visit him? And here I am...“

„I see...“

„Yeah...“

It's silent for a while. Nobody is talking and the silence is far from comfortable.

I don't know what I shall do now. All I can think of is to tell him the truth. All I want at the moment, is to jump off the couch and scream it into his damn beautiful face to make things clear. But I know I can't. And I somehow know I never will.

He lifts his head and speaks in a low voice: „Jiro?“

„Yes?“

„Can I ask you something?“ it's merely a whisper.

I nod twice and look at him expectantly. He again clears his throat and looks at everything in my living room but me while he is speaking again: „Is it true that... that... uhm... that you're not straight?“

I'm stunned at this question so I can't answer at first. But after a short breath I nod:

„Yeah... I guess so... who told you?“

„Teru did. A while ago.“

„I see.“ I'm nodding again, at the same time swearing to never tell Teru a secret anymore.

„You know, I was really surprised when I heard it and I couldn't really believe it at first.

I thought this was meant as a joke, but..."

I'm sighing and I nod: „I know I should've told you all about it. Sorry."

„Don't bother with things like that. It's okay I guess." He's smiling now and I feel as my lips are creating a small smile, too.

„To tell you the truth..." He continues, stammering a bit „I was glad to hear it..."

What? But why...? Could he really...? I am too stunned to say something while my heart automatically begins to beat stronger and faster. Am I expecting too much now? Probably. But my brain is out of order at the moment. The only thing that leads me at the moment are my emotions.

I wait for him to say something. Anything.

But he doesn't open his mouth again.

My turn I guess. Okay... Jiro... do it! Just do it! You've imagined this so many times, now is the chance to make your dreams come true! Just move!

I slide over to him even more, so that I'm sitting the closest to him as possible. He slowly leans on me a little bit as if in slowmotion and I notice that my arm wraps itself around his shoulder on its own accord.

We sit like that for a while. Nobody dares to say something, afraid to break the moment.

He's cuddling against my chest and I'm sure he can hear my heart beating stronger and faster as any time before. I'm closing my eyes holding him tight against me. He takes my other hand playing with my large fingers, drawing circles with his fingertips on it. When I start to fondle him he even sighs in pleasure cuddling even more against me.

This is a dream.

No... this is *my* dream. This is what I've dreamed of every night and day since the day I met him.

And hopefully this dream will never end.