

# Bedtime Stories

Shinji/Akihiko

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## Kapitel 2: The Chill Of The Night Air

### The Chill Of The Night Air

Sitting in his room and staring out of the window without seeing anything, Akihiko considered his relationship to Shinji for the first time.

It was sometime very early in the morning, about five AM, Akihiko assumed. He had spent the night at Shinji's room, like nearly every other night throughout September. It was beginning to become cold outside and the chill seemed to seep through the wall and into his room. Akihiko shivered. He desired a warm bed but he could impossibly go back to the only one available to him right now.

Because that one was inside Shinji's room.

They had made some kind of an unsigned contract: They would spend the night together, meeting in Shinji's room after the Dark Hour and parting before sunrise; or rather before everyone else got up. It was the only possible solution to meet, because this way there was no chance to be seen or even get caught by another SEES member.

Akihiko loved the nights and hated the mornings. There was no time to sleep, to just lie in bed with Shinji and enjoy their time together.

It was always the same and he hated it.

But at the same time Akihiko knew that he would never get anything else from Shinji. Every night when they returned from Tartarus exhausted and beat up he would tell himself to talk to Shinji about it, to tell him he just wanted to relax together with him, that he didn't want to sleep with him tonight. But the moment the door closed behind them there was no chance for Akihiko to say anything at all.

There was and always would only be that kind of relationship between the two of them, Akihiko was certain of it. He accepted it, telling himself over and over that it was better than having nothing and somehow he knew that Shinji didn't only desire him on a physical basis.

The next night Shinji stayed at the dorm, because his coughing had gotten worse. When they were fighting a very strong shadow on one of the countless floors of Tartarus, Akihiko realized how much Shinji's absence weakened the group. The challenge to become so strong that it didn't matter anymore if some of the members were missing the practice in Tartarus only made Akihiko fight harder, so he allowed himself to take more damage in as well.

When he returned in the dead of night he didn't even bother to check up on Shinji; there was no possibility Akihiko would do anything but sleeping that night anyway. Only when he lay in his bed staring up at the ceiling he realized how much his body hurt. Trying to ignore it he turned to the side, but putting weight on his arm only made him wince in pain. He turned on the lights just to find the edges of the sheets stained red.

"Damn...", he muttered under his breath. Fussing through his room and creating a total disorder in search of his medikit, he realized that it wasn't inside his room.

Well that's even better...

Cursing himself he left his room to get his medikit back.

He entered the door and there it was again: the angry stare.

Akihiko felt some kind of a déjà-vu.

"You're late."

"Yeah sorry, I'm just here to get something I seem to have left in here."

Akihiko scanned the room with his eyes to find what he was searching for, but it was so damn hard to see in the darkness. On the other hand it was impossible for him to turn on the light, because the last thing he wanted Shinji to see were his bruises and especially his bleeding, slashed up arms. He didn't even want to think about Shinji's comments about him being hurt that badly by a "cute little" shadow.

So he searched the room with his back constantly turned to the other.

"What are you searching for?", Shinji asked sounding bored.

"Nothing."

"Well, for 'nothing' you seem to be fucking desperate." Akihiko could here the smug smile in his friend's voice.

Then the room was illuminated all of sudden.

Akihiko cringed as Shinji had abruptly turned on the light.

"Damn, Shinji...!" Akihiko turned around, again showing his friend only his back.

"So it's nothing, huh?", Shinjiro said seeing the bloodied, torn fabric that had once been Akihiko's sleeves.

"You don't have to be worrying about that you know? I just came here to get that damned medikit. Seem to have left it in your room when we last needed it."

Shinjiro still stood behind Akihiko, now leaning in closer and smiling into his ear: "You mean that thing here?"

Akihiko made some kind of an half annoyed half surprised noise as Shinji held the box in front of his eyes.

"Give that to me."

"Sit down on the chair.", Shinji stated and retreated to his bed to rummage through his drawer.

"What are you still standing there? Are you deaf or what?"

"Just give me the medikit and let me handle this myself. The wounds are not that severe."

"You sulking, little Aki?", Shinji smirked at him.

"Tch." Akihiko was mercilessly pushed down on chair and Shinji took another one to sit behind him.

Reluctantly, Akihiko let Shinjiro rip off the rags that had once been his shirt, just concentrating on not showing any signs of pain. Never had he been happier that Shinji couldn't see his face.

Shinjiro got some water from the sink to wash the wounds free of any dirt and cloth. When he finished he began to bandage his arms up.

Throughout the whole procedure, Akihiko couldn't make sense of his friend's behavior. He had expected nasty comments and a careless treatment of his wounds. But in contrast, Shinji didn't say a word while cleaning the gashes and stopped every time he saw any signs of pain on his friend. There was an unfamiliar gentleness in Shinji's movements. It made Akihiko wonder what had caused the sudden change of attitude.

"Don't you think you can come crying to me every time you cut your finger.", Shinji announced as he finished.

Akihiko only smiled at that. Shinji simply couldn't be just nice.

As he sat there some of the water still coating his naked torso, he began to feel the cold really get to him. It was by no means warmer in Shinji's room than it had been inside his and the water on his skin didn't make it any better.

When he couldn't suppress another violent shiver, he suddenly felt a warm hand on his back, then two hands on his chest and then Shinji's body pressing to his back and his hot breath striking the crook of his neck. Akihiko leaned into the sudden warmth.

"You cold?"

Well, at least the shivering had stopped. And Akihiko couldn't quite say that he disliked this position. He just had the slight feeling that this was not to last long...

"You know, I could make you wa—"

"Oh, just shut up!" Great, and there he goes again.

Shinji turned his head down as for encouragement and began to kiss the skin of Akihiko's shoulder. He bit his lip.

Sitting there in an embrace with Shinji, Akihiko wondered if his friend would let him off the hook because he seemed to be in such a gentle mood today, so that Akihiko would finally be able to get what he wished for.

"C'mon" Akihiko stood up, walked up to the bed and slid under the covers as fast as possible to avoid a clash with the chilly night air.

He turned around facing the wall as he heard Shinji follow him. The mattress creaked as the other slid down next to him. Akihiko turned around before Shinji could start anything. He laid his hand on the other man's neck and kissed him on the lips, quickly pulling away.

Shinji had a puzzled yet demanding look on his face as Akihiko opened his eyes again. He pretended not to notice and rested his head on the pillow, smiling.

Then there was that damned hand on him again. It wandered up and down his back, along his collarbone, over his chest, across his ribcage and at last over his bellybutton down to the waistband of his pants, staying there, gliding over the skin. Biting at his neck was added to the fumbling. It finally became quite hard for Akihiko to keep a straight face with all that. Shinji really did his best to coax him.

Akihiko just tried to keep his composure and ignore everything he tried.

"As if you would fucking get away with that...", Akihiko heard Shinji hiss after some time.

He sighed inwardly. There would be no getting away, not even by trying to pretend to be tired or that his arms hurt unbearably. He would have to surrender.

Shinji bit his neck again because he still didn't respond.

"Now get off my shoulder and take off your fucking pants!"