

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Reunion kiss

They had been locked up in different places for a different amount of time, but it was equally agonizing for both of them. Yosuke did get out a few years earlier, but wasn't allowed to visit his old complice, for various reasons (one of which was that Masaru wasn't allowed visitors other than blood-related family).

The remaining five years Yosuke spent thinking about his first boyfriend ever way too much, then less and less, until he occasionally forgot the date on which Masaru was supposed to get out. He was thirty-five, so he had a lot of other things to care about, mind you. While a lot of stuff happened and he did have a few flings, he did not really feel more than a faint attraction that also never lasted longer than a month toward any of those people. It was nice to have someone to care about you, but he couldn't really give that feeling back to them. He figured he must have still been in love with Masaru, which was weird, since they hadn't talked or even seen each other in fifteen years. And when he thought of him it was without that throb of his heart, or bugs in his stomach, but more like a "I guess he exists" kind of feeling. Quite indifferent. Which in return made him sad, because back then he loved him so much, it was almost disgusting.

It was Masaru's brother who called Yosuke on The Day, asking him if he still wanted to come with him. Yosuke did have made other plans that day, because frankly, he had forgotten. But he quickly cancelled his lunch date with his sister and mother, suddenly more eager than he had been the last years with anything involving Masaru.

He walked in circles while waiting for Akio to pick him up, and his neighbour eyed him suspiciously. Soon Akio finally arrived and Yosuke climbed onto the passenger seat, finding himself smiling the whole ride. When they stopped in the parking lot, Akio spoke for the first time since they had set off.

"He will probably be rather indifferent toward you, please don't be upset."

For some reason, this scared the younger one, which was ridiculous, since he himself had felt that kind of indifference the last few years toward Masaru as well. A lot (a lot!) of time had passed after all, and they were forty now. Not those clumsy, stupid teenagers that felt every emotion too intensely. It probably hadn't even been real love. An overwhelming attraction to a person that was actually friendly for a change. At most. They got out of the car.

The two men had to wait in the visitor room for a while, and Yosuke couldn't help but still feel very nervous. When the door opened he almost fell off his chair. In came an officer, followed by a tall, darkhaired man, with a very wrinkled face. Akio stood up, greeted and thanked the officer and embraced the man. Yosuke's eyes widened. That... that was Masaru!? He watched the brothers talk for a minute before Masaru

noticed the fourth person in the room, still sitting on his chair, and threw a shocked glance at his brother, then a scared one. There, just for a fraction of a moment, Yosuke saw that same eighteen year old boy with the sad eyes and timid but endearing behaviour, and got up from his seat, walking straight toward the group, and ended up facing Masaru for the first time in twenty years.

He looked tired. Yosuke was tired, too.

He was forty. They were old. Not necessarily wise, but old and very, very tired. Of waiting. Yosuke stood up on his toes (that bastard had grown a bunch), closed his eyes and pressed his lips on Masaru's. They were dry and chapped. He didn't care. He moved his lips against the other's, felt two hands cupping his head, smiles against the lips, hearts beating, legs weakening, chest clenching. He loved him. He loved him so much, for more than twenty years of his life, and that had never changed. He loved him. And he was loved. Tears rolled down his cheeks, but he didn't care. He loved him so much. And he finally got him back.