

Mayo ficlets

Von Toshi

Sorry kiss (2)

When Yosuke got a new text message that afternoon he didn't think much of it. It happened, occasionally, but they were always coming from family members and usually only when he was out and they wondered if he would even come back the same night or if his brother could take his share of dinner today.

But he wasn't out (with whom, anyway), so with a puzzled look on his face he checked the message and almost fell off his chair when he saw who had sent it.

"From: Masa

Can I talk to you tonight"

What even did he want to talk about. Why he just dumped him like a used tissue a month ago and then never talked to him again? Yosuke was still pretty salty about that to be quite honest, and he wasn't sure he wouldn't beat the shit out of him if they'd meet. He contemplated replying at all, that jerk didn't deserve it, but he wanted to give him a chance. One chance.

"From: Yosuke

About what"

The next message took quite a while and Yosuke thought Masa had chickened out.

"From: Masa

Us"

Alright, his heart might have clenched at that, just a little bit. So Masa wanted to clear things up, apparently. Well then, he would let him have that. Yosuke typed in his agreement and they settled for a place to meet later. A moment after that he regretted giving in so easily, just kind of running back to him as soon as he snipped his fingers. For all he knew he could just want to cut the ties permanently and get rid of him forever. Damn, that was probably the reason. Yosuke, why are you so dumb and gullible.

His phone's screen lit up with another text message.

"From: Masa

Thank you"

His ears turned red.

At seven in the evening Yosuke showed up at the bridge they had agreed to meet up. Could have been two or twenty minutes later than seven, who knew.

Masa was already there, sitting on a bench, and he looked quite... fidgety? He must have waited for quite some time. Well, served him right.

Yosuke walked up to him, not sitting down, though.

"Hi."

Masa stood up instead.

"... hi."

A pause. Yosuke got impatient already.

"So, what did you want?" he asked in a demanding tone. He would not have this beating around the bush today.

"I, um..." He hesitated. Fuck this.

"Do you want to talk now or not, because I sure as hell got other things to do, and-"

"I'm sorry."

"- I don't... what"

Yosuke was a little taken off guard by that, and he just stared for a moment before he found his words again.

"Sorry'? You put me through what quite literally classifies as the worst month of my entire life, and all you got to say is a lame 'sorry'?! No, dude, fuck that."

He was already turning around when a strong hand grabbed his arm and forced him around to face the other.

"You didn't even let me talk."

"Well, then *talk*!" He was glad they were basically in the middle of nowhere right now, because he was already yelling at him.

"You... you mean a lot to me, you know."

Yosuke frowned at that.

"Don't believe me, alright." Masa ran a hand through his hair (it was shorter than before, not much, but Yosuke noticed) and let it rest at his forehead.

"I do... I mean, I want to be with you, and the past month was hell for me, as well,-"

"Then why the fuck did you break up with me?" This didn't make any sense, this guy was contradicting himself back and forth. The grip on his arm got tighter.

"I... wanted to protect you."

"From what?!"

Masaru let out a shaky breath.

"The Reds... have been tracking me down, and if they'd found out I was still involved with you, they would have come for you first."

Oh.. That... "That's bullshit. We have taken care of them back at their headquarters, there is no-"

"Do you even have any idea of how dangerous those fuckers are."

Masaru let go of his arm to pull down the collar of his shirt covering his chest to reveal what looked like a burn wound.

Wait.

"Oh my god, what happened to your tattoo?!"

"They dropped acid on it." He let go of the fabric, putting his fists in the pockets of his pants.

"I'm done with them now."

Silence. Yosuke looked at the ground, feeling the strong urge to hug him, but he couldn't move a muscle. He didn't notice the tears streaming down his face until Masaru wiped at them with his thumb.

"It's okay. I'm sorry."

Yosuke's lip trembled, and he wanted to say so many things, that no, *he* was sorry, and that he wanted to be with him, too, that he loved him, and that Masa still deserved a punch in the guts for not reaching out for help. But nothing came out his throat, other than violent sobs.

Masaru hesitantly pulled him into his arms, petting his head with slow strokes for what felt like an eternity. By the time he calmed down, Masa's shirt was soaked with tears and snot, and he pulled away slightly, but Yosuke was quick to close the distance again with his lips on his, pulling him into a deep, and very salty kiss.