

In the pale light of moon

Von Harley_Quinn

Title: In the pale light of moon

Author: _Asagi_

Fandom: Hakuei ; Shônen-ai

Pairing: Hakuei x ?

Warning: allusions to man x man /drippy

Summary: *"...Sometimes Hakuei gained the feeling that nothing in this world would be capable to torn him away from the other, that he would stop breathing in the moment they would be partend..."*

Devotement: To everybody who's suffering..

1. In the pale light of moon

The full moon shown through the window, the curtains only half shut, the cool light flowing over the interior, clothes, left somewhere on the ground in a slight hurry, the door nearly closed, and the bed, occupied with two limb bodies.

Hakueis eyes traced the relaxed expression of the other, lying half atop of him, the head resting on his chest, one arm over his stomach, the body curled up against his own, still asleep, while he watched over him.

He shoot a look at the clock on his drawyer, sighning softly. It was far to early to wake up, even if the light of the moon was almost bright enough to read without another source of light.

His view trailed back to the other. He could feel his breath ghosting over his skin, observing the familiar features of the face, the closed eyes, surrounded by long lashes, almost to thick and long for a male, his gaze following the line of his nose to his mouth, the lips slightly partend and a smile hovered around his own.

Like this, he looked as innocent as an angel, escaped from heaven to bewitch him with his beauty and comeliness, to dye his days with bright colours and to overflow his life with pleasure and joy. Sometimes Hakuei gained the feeling that nothing in this world would be capable to torn him away from the other, that he would stop breathing in the moment they would be partend.

His fingers had carefully removed a strand of hair from the eyes of the smaller one, exerted not to wake him. Warily he ran his fingers through the dark hair, enjoying the sensation of the softness and smoothness between his fingers and the scarcely appreciable scent of citrus.

The simper on Haku's face turned into a caring smile, when the other snuggled even closer, curling up a bit, but remaining asleep. His fingertips shifted gently over the neck, hushing the other, touching the pale, tender skin, still sensing the tingle excitement of the unknown, though he touched, stroked, kissed it reams of time.

His eyes trailed over to the moon again, sighing softly. These moments were those, he struggled, he fought for. He cherished every second, maybe even sanctify them. He was addicted to the feeling, having his arms around the one he loved, somewhere alone with him, exchanging caress and forget everything around. Forget about their problems and their embarrassments, the circumstances, the world they lived in, the expectations they have to live up to.

During those moments, those nights, he was able to free himself and to escape. To elude into the a soft utopia where nothing could cloud their togetherness, where nobody could remind him of social status and reputation, a place where they both would be capable to forget about sorrow and prejudices and finally could start breathing, living, loving...

A soft sigh escaped his lips, when he slightly shook his head to himself. Would he never stop dreaming like that? Like a child who watches the moon and waits for the fairies to come?

His view trailed over the handsome face again, a doleful smile traced over his lips, his hands still caring the other's neck.

No, he wouldn't stop. As long as those wonderful eyes would look at him with this admiring intensity, as long as he would be greeted with this loving expression, would be touched by this tender care and affection and as long as the other would believe in him to be the one to change the world and let the sun always shine on them, how could he dare to stop?

It would be a struggle – always - but they would fight it. He would fight it, only to see the other smile, see him laugh and make those wonderful deep eyes sparkle with excitement and joy. To make him feel comfortable, to affirm safety and security, to just make him happy.

He stared at those features he adored so much, it almost hurts. He didn't believe that he would love someone so deeply and honestly one day, he never did. And he never believed that it would be so difficult and aching.

His arms tightened around the other body, while he had to swallow thickly. He didn't realize the other was awake until the soft voice reached him, a little bit hoarse from sleep. Those soft lips kissed his chest.

"What are you thinking about...?"

"Nothing.. just dreaming..."

A soft chuckle ran through the smaller body before he turned his face to Hakuei, gazing at him with half-closed, sleepy eyes. In the pale light of moon they almost appeared like two taws of glass, clear and unsealed.

"No, you're not", he wispered with a tender smile, his fingertips reaching for one of the bangs, touching his cheek, looking at him trustfully and adoring. He leaned up and softly brushed Hakuei's lips with his own.

Hakuei lowered his eyes sheepishly, the smaller one always noticed it when he didn't tell the truth. The most embarrassing thing about it was the fact, that he never grew angry. He always discovered it immidiatly – and only smiled softly, not touching the subject anymore.

"I was just... thinking...", he trailed of, incapable to tear away his eyes from the comley face.

They both looked at each other for a moment, silently.

"You should sleep some more... it's still early..."

Still, the other observed him, a sad smile crossing his features, before he noded, laying himself down on the other chest again. They both knew, what Hakuei had been thinking about, and he feld guilty for causing the aggrieved expression in the other one's eyes.

The slender fingers softy stroked his skin, he could feel the long lashes of the closed eyes, could hear the muted breath, ghosting over his skin, making him shiver slightly.

"...I love you..."

The soft susurraton seemed to hover through the room, plain and candid. Again, Hakuei had to swallow, before he closed his eyes, kissing the soft hair, absorbing the familiar scent. "I love you, too, baby...", he murmerd softly.

More than you might imagine..more than might be good for us..