

He's searching for you

Von Shivers

“He’s searching for you”

That was the only thing Matt had said to Near, when they met at the shaded floor of Wammy’s House. Not by accident. Matt had been searching for him. Not on his own of course. This boy seemed to not really care about anyone at Wammy’s except from ‘him’.

That was the only thing he and Near had in common. Caring for ‘him’.

Caring for Mello.

Although in Near’s case there was also a not too small sting of fear in it! Just like it was now. Which other reason should drive the Blonde into searching for his chosen rival, except for being mad at him? ...but why? There hadn’t been any tests or projects lately where Near could have had the chance to be the better one. Not even a worthless praise from a teacher which meant nothing about being number one or not. Even if Mello was the kind of person who explodes because of the tiniest things... He always *had* a reason! But right now Near couldn’t imagine any. And that was why he was aiming to Mello’s Room to victimise himself and get over with whatever illogical occasion his selfproclaimed rival had encountered, to be mad at him.

Soundless he was scuffling over the long and deserted corridor, his index finger acutely twirling in one solitary lock of silverwhite hair and nervously nibbling on his lower lip. Something he never did... except for being extremely stressed – what also hardly ever happened.

Finally he arrived at Mello’s door and just stared on it for some minutes as if it was going to open by itself without giving it any good reason. Then he knocked shyly and entered.

Mello was sitting on his bed and looked like a wild animal being trapped. It was a quite strange occurrence to Near as this was usually his own way to act in such situations with the Blonde. When Mello didn’t make any move to release his presumably abound sulkiness, Near chose an imaginary point next to Mello’s left ear to look at and rang for air.

“Matt told me you were looking for me...”

He suppressed the urge to finish his sentence. It wouldn’t have been wise to add the ‘...though I can’t see the sense in looking for me in your own room’ part.

Mello cursed in a language Near didn't understand and which must have been the Blondes native language. The reaction made it quite clear, that Mello was definitely *not* searching for him, but was rather trying to hide *from* him.

"Whatever..."

The Blonde sighed, grabbed under his pillow and jumped onto his feet, still not looking at Near... or the 'walking cauliflower' as he had nicknamed him once at the dining hall.

"I had some free time while being in detention at Roger's office today and was able to get some... delicate information..."

Near felt much more than just 'uncomfortable' right now and tried his best to stay calm on the outside, while Mello decided to shorten the gap between them to nearly zero. Though he began to feel a sting of fear, Near was determined not to show any weakness right now.

"And... because of this information I am practically forced into doing this..."

Near shuddered inwardly when Mello grabbed his wrist, hauled on it and finally pressed something square-edged into his hand.

"Happy birthday... and don't believe I'll do that EVER again!"

With these words Mello left his own room quite abrupt, leaving a very irritated Near behind, who was looking at one of Mello's favourite bars of chocolate disbelievingly.

Thank you very much for reading. Feel free to comment or kritisize my english for it has not been used in form of writing since nine years.

I hope you had some fun reading this small drabble ^_^