

# It all ends with a kiss.

## Kazama Shunsuke x Hasegawa Jun OSs

Von Sareru

### Kapitel 3: Prison

Title: #83 - Prison

Author: Sareru

Rating: PG-13

Genre: Romance, slight Angst (?)

**Soundtrack: Rob Thomas – Her Diamonds**

Notes: my first try on the prompt table, the number selected by mommy, since i'll do them randomly ('mu~m, tell me a number between 1 and 95!' - 'wtf? ... 83? ö\_ö' xD')  
yoroshiku ne <3

[gosh, why do I think this story will end up with them fighting? T\_\_T~]

#### Prison

It had been another successful and fun concert with lots of Juniors as back-dancers and of course 4TOPS had attended the party as well. So they all went to the hotel they were staying at, since they'd just held a concert in Osaka and going home in the same night felt impossible. Most of them were still kids after all, and so the leaders of the Juniors-section ended up carrying some of the Jr. Boys and also Yabu-chan (carried by his beloved Jr.-sempai Ikuta Toma) into their rooms.

When they'd brought all the other Juniors to their rooms and had checked on them, the four boys met in Yamashita and Toma's room, since Kazama and Hasejun's room was right next to theirs.

"Ah~ tonight was fun...", Yamashita blabbered, letting his tired body drop on the bed, Toma taking seat right next to him.

"Yeah... I can't believe this was the last concert. I want to do more!", Toma said, and added: "Yamashita, get your lazy ass off my bed. Or at least turn your face in our direction when we're talking like that. It's not like your ass would answer us... or at least I don't hope so.", causing Yamashita to jump up again and properly sit on the bed again, joining the just exploded laughter.

So they went on chatting for a little while until they suddenly noticed that Yamashita'd fallen asleep. It had taken them some time to realize since Yamashita wasn't the type to talk all day long anyways. After they'd helped Toma getting

Yamashita off his bed, Kazama and Hasejun left for their room as well, both taking a quick shower and finally pulling the blankets over their barely dressed bodies.

So, being all wrapped into the warm cloth, they turned their heads facing each other and said "Oyasumi", before Kazama turned out the light.

As they were lying in their beds innocently for several minutes, they heard a familiar shriek from the room next to them and a high voice blabbering.

"Ah, it's the old hag again. Someone should tell her to stay in her own room instead of waking up the kids. Feels like prison almost.", Kazama mumbled, sure that Hasejun heard him.

"Yeah... something like that...", Hasejun replied, falling silent again. But the silence wasn't because Hasejun was tired but because he was sad. Sad that concerts were over. That they had to go home the next day and sleep in separate rooms. That he wouldn't be able to smell Kazama's pushy shower foam when they were lying in their beds.

"Ne, Kazapon...", Hasejun began in a low voice.

"Hmm?", Kazama replied, half asleep already.

"... I'll miss you...", Jun said honestly, knowing that Kazama didn't even get what he was talking about.

"I... know...", Jun heard Kazama reply, before there was this familiar snorting again. He'd fallen asleep.

Hasejun lay in his bed, suppressing the urge to go over to Kazama's bed and touch him and hug him and tell him every of his feelings and instead wiped away a single tear which had left his eye.

As Hasejun woke up in the middle of the night he wasn't cold as he usually was. Something was strange. And as he tried to turn he recognized Kazama's sleeping body behind him, his arms wrapped around Hasejun lightly. Surprised, he stared at the peacefully sleeping face for a couple of minutes, before he slowly turned around again and pressed a hand on his face, covering his eyes, and started shivering heavily. Feeling Kazama so close to him made his heart skip a beat and if he'd stared at his face any longer, he was sure that he would have kissed that beautiful view sooner or later. And he couldn't do that to Kazama, exploit his trust while he was sleeping. That's why he'd turned his face away again.

And Kazama's presence, his breath gently stroking his neck, his arms protecting and warming him made Hasegawa overly psyched.

'And lead us not into temptation' the Christians kept saying. Oh, so true. And why was it so cruel, the object of your all desire right beside you and you're not allowed to have it?

So Hasegawa was lying in his bed, fighting the biggest battle in his life, against his own self, to not do a mistake which would change his life forever. That's why he was shaking so badly.

"Hasejun?", he heard the familiar voice behind him say. "What's up?"

Hasejun's breath stopped for a moment, then his lungs began pumping heavily until he finally managed to say: "Nothing... it's... c...cold..." with his hand still pressed on his eyes, the other one grabbing the blanket violently.

"You sure? Maybe you caught a cold, your voice sounds strange...", Kazama replied,

still not letting go of him.

"Yeah... may...be...", Hasegawa'd tried to convince Kazama, but finally his messed up feelings took over and Hasejun started crying dearly, shaking even more now.

"Jun? Hey... what... what's up?", Kazama asked, sounding highly confused.

"No... nothing...", Hasegawa repeated, still crying.

"Ah! If it's because I'm lying here... that's just because... I don't know... I think I wanted to tell you something and somehow ended up lying here... ah~ it's frikkin cold without a blanket. I guess I should just go to my own...", Kazama mumbled, but he was cut off by Hasejun's wet hand grabbing his, which was still lightly pressed onto Jun's chest.

"No! ... just... let me be a masochist just for one more moment...", Jun said, pressing out the words as he wasn't able to use his voice any longer.

"Wha... Jun...", Kazama stammered, pulling his arms a bit tighter around Jun's chest, unconsciously keeping Jun's heart from bursting.

This was really like a prison, Jun thought. Like you're the prisoner and you're longing for someone who's outside but you'll never be able to get full hold of that person because there would always be stanchions in between.

"You know...", Kazama began for another time. "I wanted to tell you that... I'll miss you, too... maybe this helps a bit... stop crying..."

"Kaza...pon...", Hasejun sobbed, pulling his arms around Kazama's, feeling the warmth of the other boy's body on his back and eventually the tears stopped.

"Are you okay again?", Kazama asked as he couldn't feel Jun's shiver anymore.

"Yeah... thanks...", Jun replied.

"I guess it's... better if I don't ask?"

"Maybe..."

"Okay... then I guess I'll go with stupidity for now.", Kazama said, giggling.

Hasejun felt Kazama's warm breath brushing over his shoulder, which sent shivers and chills through his whole body and although he was so messed up right now he'd calmed down a bit.

After sighing silently, Jun whispered "Thank you...", closing his eyes and huddling up against Kazama.

"You... already said that.", Kazama whispered as well, giggling again.

"Doesn't matter.", Jun insisted and smiled a bit.

"I'm still cold...", Kazama stated, obviously waiting for an answer.

Jun sighed, then said "All right, get in already...", turning and trying to get the blanket out under Kazama's body, shoving him back a bit on his chest.

As he'd gotten out the whole thing, he threw half of it over Kazama's exposed body and finally found himself drawn into another hug again.

While Kazama was on his back, he'd pulled Jun on his chest and after some type of agitated inner monologue Jun ended up letting his head drop on Kazama's chest and putting his arms around the other boy.

"F\*ck off...", Jun stated silently, smiling a to Kazama invisible smile.

"Yeah, you, too.", Kazama replied, pulling his arms a bit tighter around Jun.

"Oyasumi."

A/N:

see! they ended up fighting! ~~not really...~~