

# Breaking the wall

Von hideplueschtier

## Kapitel 2: fields of sorrow

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Hakuei felt the need for another cigarette, although he killed his last one a few minutes ago. Recognizing he was smoking way too much, his hand froze over the cigarette pack, but he needed something to calm down. A heavy sigh escaped his lips and he grabbed the pack, lighted up the next cigarette, and took a deep breath.

The blonde turned his head to look at the clock; it was after midday now, and still Gisho wasn't back. Agitated, the vocalist went to the entry door, opened it, and watched out for his beloved, but there was no sign of the other man.

Definitely Gisho had been gone too long, and because of this, Hakuei was already worried sick. It was absolutely untypical for the younger one to be late, and he had promised Hakuei that he would be back soon.

'Maybe there is some traffic congestion on the streets or he decided to go to his own home to do something,' Hakuei thought and tried to settle down. But nevertheless, Gisho would have given him a short call or even a message on his mailbox if he had been hindered by something, wouldn't he?

The worried man had checked his mailbox countless times before and he also had written a message to his beloved, but Gisho hadn't left a reply.

As if it was his mobile phone's fault that the bass player was late, Hakuei gave an evil death glare to the item.

Dialing his lovers' telephone number quickly once again and waiting for any response, the blonde walked in circles like a caged animal. After a few minutes, he angrily threw the mobile phone onto the couch and went back to the kitchen.

He thought about drinking another cup of coffee, but decided quickly that his nerves were all on the edge already and drinking more coffee would just make him more nervous when he should cool down.

Hakuei leaned out of the window to look for the missed one and thought, 'Perhaps he met someone he knows and forgot the time because of that. Or he went to Ojiro or Chisato's.'

The vocalist had no idea why his beloved would do that, but he couldn't know so he grabbed his phone again and dialed a number to give Chisato a call. At this moment, he suddenly heard a sound from the entry door and sprinted to this direction. Hakuei opened the door and looked out for Gisho, but the bass player wasn't there. Wondering where the noise came from he took a glance at the floor mat where the newspaper lay.

'Maybe it was only the newspaper delivery boy who caused the noise,' the vocalist thought and another sigh escaped his lips.

All of a sudden, he heard someone swearing like a trooper on the line, and a surprised Hakuei stared at his phone. In fact, he had totally forgotten that he already dialed Chisato's number. Missing Gisho seems to urge him more than he had thought.

Before Chisato had the chance to drop the line the other man answered quickly, "This is Hakuei; I'm sorry to disturb you, but have you seen Gisho today?"

"Eh? Why should I have seen him? Isn't he with you?" a definitely baffled Chisato asked what caused a mumble from Hakuei, before he replied, "I wouldn't ask if he were, would I?"

"What's the matter? I was sure the two of you would spend the night and the whole next day together. Don't tell me you had a fight about some silly thing at his birthday with him?" Penicillin's guitarist interrogated, and Hakuei clearly heard the concern in the other man's voice.

"No, I'm not that silly, you know!" the blonde answered and explained thereafter that Gisho left the house to run errands and wasn't back until now.

"I'm a little bit worried, but I thought maybe he went to your or O-chan's home to see if you need something," Hakuei said, knowing it was an understatement when he said he only worried a little bit, but he doesn't want to incriminate Chisato with his sorrows.

"Well, Gisho isn't here after all and...", the other man paused his answer, trying to remember something the drummer had said yesterday and continued speaking after a few seconds.

"I think Ojiro mentioned yesterday something about meeting with Yasumi-chan today, so I doubt Gisho is at his home."

The vocalist rubbed his temples, tortured with his hangover-caused headaches and solicitudes which were determined from the fact that he didn't know what had happened to Gisho.

"Okay, thank you, and sorry for disturbing then. Bye."

"No need for apologizing. Keep your head up and stop making yourself crazy, I'm sure he'll be back soon. See you at rehearsal tomorrow," the guitar player replied and hung off the phone.

Throwing himself down onto the couch, Hakuei tried to calm down. But stopping making himself crazy with all the imaginations of what could have happened to his beloved was easier said than done.

Grief-stricken the lonely one thought, 'Maybe he's angry with me, because I've drunken so much yesterday and now he's keeping me in suspense. But that won't fit him after all and besides he drank way too much too.'

Hakuei decided to definitely haul his lover over the coals if this was the reason Gisho was ditching him. The tired and tortured man felt anger and angst growing in him, because waiting without being able to do anything against his fears drove him slowly, but surely mad.

Deep in his thoughts, he had completely ignored his rumbling empty stomach until now, but when he realized a discomfort in this region of his body, he knew that he should better eat something. Nonetheless he felt way too faint and sick to go to kitchen and have a quick snack, so he just stayed on the couch, listening to the monotone ticking of the clock.

Penicillin's vocalist tried to concentrate onto the rhythmic sound; maybe it would make him tired enough to get some rest in sleep. But instead of the required calmness, his apprehensions grow bigger and darker while the time seemed to drag.

It was only a half an hour later when the penetrating ringing of his phone pulls him out of his lethargic state. Dashing forward to grab his phone, the young man suddenly felt vertiginous, but he doesn't care for this feeling after all. The hope it was Gisho giving him a call eliminates all other thoughts or even feelings. With a scampered voice he answered, but instead of the missed one, it was the guitarist who piped up on the phone.

"Hakuei, I got a phone call from the hospital a few minutes ago. Gisho's there, but stay calm and do nothing without thinking thoroughly about it, please. I'll be at your home in less than ten minutes, so please wait until I'm there and don't do anything stupid, will you?" Chisato declared hastily.

The other man fell back into his seat; he wasn't able to say a word, because his throat felt like it was totally corded up. His sight became blurry while he tried to work through the words he just had heard.

"Hakuei, are you there? Did you understand what I said?" the guitar player asked concerned.

Finally Hakuei managed to get his voice under control again, but all he was able to press out was a husky-voiced "Yes... what....?"

He clearly had heard the other man, and anyhow he didn't understand the full meaning of the words. It seemed that Chisato noticed that, so he explained, "Gisho is at the hospital, I don't know what exactly happened, but they said something about he being involved in an accident. They didn't know how to inform his relatives because his mobile phone seems to be broken during this and so they didn't have any numbers. I only got informed because I wrote down my new mobile phone number for him yesterday, and they found it in his wallet."

Like the superscript of a repeating, luminous advertising the same thoughts repeated in Hakuei's mind again and again, driving like a weird rollercoaster of sorrow through his head.

'Gisho is in a hospital... He got involved in an accident; maybe he's mortally injured. Oh my god, it's my fault... If I just hadn't told him about my headache, he hadn't taken part in this accident. And if we went to his home instead of mine yesterday, he wouldn't have had to run errands; he would be unharmed now... Oh my god, he's in a hospital, maybe he's even dead!'

Hakuei hung up the phone, ignoring his band mate, because what Chisato was about to say was not important to him anymore; he just felt the need to drive to the hospital to be with his beloved as soon as he could.

Grabbing his keys, he ran out of the apartment, but when he slammed the entry door shut, he all of a sudden felt a heavy pain in his stomach, as if the invisible fist of a giant had punched him. The vocalist's legs turned to jelly and with a thin and weak whimper he collapsed onto the floor.

Not able to move, the young man chuntered, calling himself an idiot. Not only that he felt really sick caused from sorrows and tormenting self-reproaches, he didn't even know to which hospital he had to drive, because he had totally forgotten to ask Chisato about that.

Hakuei was still laying on the ground when the guitarist finally arrived, so the brown haired man helped the other one to stand up, asking concerned if everything was alright.

Just shaking his head, because he still felt weak, the blonde leaned on Chisato, who helped him to manage the way to the car without falling again.

The guitar player drove along a route without much traffic and soon they arrived at the hospital, but Hakuei suddenly felt overwhelmed with fears, so he hesitated to leave the car.

'What will be if he's so badly hurt that he never will be able to play bass again? What, if he isn't alive anymore?' he thought horrorstricken.

Chisato cajoles Hakuei into entering the hospital after a while, and he searches for a

doctor or someone else who could help them. A nurse told them to wait until the doctor would have time to speak with them, so they settled down on some uncomfortable, plastic chairs.

Hakuei was way too deep in his thoughts, which consisted of fields of sorrows, to be in the mood to talk, and the other man just didn't know what to say to comfort his friend. They waited a long time without speaking a word, but finally a doctor arrived.

"What is with Gisho? Can we see him? What happened to him?" Hakuei blurted his questions out, but all he got in response was the query if they were relatives.

The guitar player tried to calm down Hakuei by grabbing his hand and answered, "Something like this, we are like a family for him. Please tell us, how is he?"

Giving a quick glance to his documents the doctor explained, "It seemed that he got involved in an accident with his motorcycle, but after all that, he must have a good guardian angel. Two of his ribs are partially fractured, he received a head injury and at the time he's unconscious, but after an accident like this it could have been worse. If there aren't any unexpected complications, he'll recover soon."

It took a load off Hakuei's mind hearing this. Indeed his beloved was injured, but after all, he was alive and that was the only thing that seemed important right now.

Chisato sighed in alleviation and asked, "Can we see him, please?"

The doctor thought a couple of minutes about this request, and then he answered, "He still is unconscious and when he awakes from insensibility, he needs to rest. One of you can see the patient if you don't disturb or agitate him."

He gives both men a short nod and left them alone after this.

Recognizing Hakuei's still worried facial expression, the guitar player gently patted his friend's shoulder and gave an encouraging smile to him, before he said, "You've heard the doc, so go and see Gisho. Take the time you need, I'll wait here to drive you back home later."

"Thank you", the other man whispered with a weak smile, entering Gisho's room thereafter.

Hakuei's eyes needed a minute or two to acclimatize with the dimmed light in the hospital room, but when he was able to see more than just shadows, he quietly stepped forward to the bed Gisho lay in. Cautiously, he sat down on the edge of the bed, but when he gave a closer look to his beloved, his breath caught. The bass player's face was extremely pale, a huge bandage covered his head, and his shoulders and arms were strewn with bloody scratches. Gently, Hakuei caressed Gisho's face, recognizing that his tall beloved looked small and lost in the white blankets. For a while, the blonde man was satisfied with just holding the other one's hand, but then he decided to give a chaste kiss to his loved one. Hakuei closed his eyes and gently his lips touched the other man's lips.

Unfortunately, Gisho opened his eyes that moment and seemed to be totally confused from the fact that he was kissed by another man; he wriggled back and tried to sit up.

All of a sudden, he slapped Hakuei in the face. Hard and all-out.

The dark haired one gave a killing glance to the shocked man and whispered with a dangerously quiet voice, "Don't you dare do this again!"

Totally surprised and not able to believe what had just happened, Hakuei touched his aching cheek. Staring at his beloved extremely stunned, he wasn't able to say a word.

Frowning and alienated, Gisho glanced at the unfamiliar man before he demanded, "Who the hell are you? What do you want!? I don't know you!"