

Chocolate

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Rock, 20 years old, is growing more depressed each day. The gun he keeps under his pillow is starting to look pretty tempting. Can a young japanese boy pull him out of his somber state, and teach him what lies beyond the sky? RockXKenichi one-shot.

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Merry Christmas everyone .. Happy Birthday! The young man in sunglasses stared at the slip of paper that fell before him. Smooth hand writing, a light blue ink, it must have been written by a woman, he thought, looking up to determine where it had fallen from. Perhaps an angel dropped it? But he knew better, and the boy looking back at him was no angel. His hair was so black it was almost green. He leaned over the railing of a dingy sushi bar in zone 1, looking down at the world. If the sun wasn't being blocked by a canopy of metal shards, broken dreams and wire, it would have hit him with a thousand volts of light so magnifying, God himself would not be able to paint a better picture. His eyes were huge, the color of chocolate, and his skin was a light beige that seemed to shimmer in the light of the city. His gaze stayed on the man in sunglasses, the world moving around as if nothing were happening. "You are Rock, are you not?" Rock said nothing, he turned his head to the side and focused on two children chasing each other around a parked and battered up car, as he ignored the bustling and pushing that was going on around him. Suddenly, the young Japanese boy, apparently tired of waiting for a reply, jumped down from the balcony and landed smack dab in front of Rock. This action caught the attention of a few passers by, but nothing more. The young man swaggered a bit, and then regained his balance. He was a bit shorter than Rock, and much less built. His grin was so huge it must have been painful for his face. "I knew it was you! It just had to be, what with the glasses and everything..." He moved his hand up to Rock's face in an attempt to retrieve the said item, but Rock backed up a few paces, away from the young man's grip. The Japanese lad looked stunned for a second, but then quickly shook his head, the smile being revealed once more. "Enemy told me." He pointed to the note. Rock said nothing. "Mmmm hmmm!" He nodded his head. "I saw her at the market today. I needed to buy vegetables for a stir fry and she was only buying a few things so we started talking and we got on the topic of you and then she told me it was your birthday today! I can't believe you're twenty! Me, I'm only fifteen but I wish I was older because everyone's always treating me like a kid and I don't really like that." Behind the glasses Rock's eyes were drooping. This guy sure could talk a lot. "...and so that's why I made you a card because you seem like a really lonely guy and I didn't think anyone else would get you anything and everyone needs to know there's someone out there thinking about them I guess if you wanna look at it that way..." The Japanese boy watched the shredded up pieces of what used to be a birthday card drift from Rock's hands down to the ground. For the first time he seemed to be speechless. What was there to say? Rock put his hands in his jacket and attempted to walk past, stepping over the torn up paper. After a few steps, he turned, and faced the young man. "I didn't even know it was my birthday."