

# The Colors Of The Sky

## Sequel zu The sweet scent of flowers

Von GizziJu

### Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

Lunch time.

I finally get to see Souma!

I was alone in my last class so I'm happy to see both of them actually.

I got my food and looked around the big room to spot either Souma or Joe. But...that's weird. I spotted both of them but at two different tables. Confused I walked over to Souma who had waved at me happily, however, my gaze was still focused on Joe. Sitting down I finally looked at Souma and we kissed, a sweet little kiss. Worried I looked back at Jonathan, sitting alone at another table.

"Do you know what's wrong with him?" Souma leaned in to my ear also staring at Joe now.

Shaking my head I answered him quietly "No...but I guess it was actually something I said" I paused, thinking back to our conversation for a moment "We were talking like always, he made fun of me about this morning and suddenly he was down and didn't talk to me anymore..." My gaze went to the ground.

"Don't worry too much about it" he patted my head and gave me a reassuring kiss on the cheek

"Just give him some time to sort it out on his own".

I fixed my gaze at Souma's blue eyes, a small smile lingered on his lips. "Yeah... I guess you're right" I smile back and concentrated on him instead of Joe, well at least for the rest of lunch. I tried to talk to him after lunch, but he still didn't respond. And that's how it went for the rest of the week, even Souma tried to talk to him, nothing.

Usually Joe would have a smile on his face and gave long and mostly funny answers, but now he talks in really short sentences, with an emotionless expression or a sad smile. That sad smile, I was always thinking about where it came from or what could've caused it, I didn't find an answer to that.

It was Sunday now and I've decided to finally talk to him, asking him directly what's wrong. I was worried sick, and Souma noticed, too. Always being in my thoughts and drifting off while speaking to him. "Are you sure?" Souma started while I put my shoes on to go over to Jonathan's room "If he wanted to talk about it he would've come towards you. He-"

"No, you're wrong" I interrupted him "He always tries to solve it himself, but it looks like he can't this time. I just can't stand to see him like this anymore". My head hung, eyes staring at my shoes and one hand resting on the door handle.

Souma heaved a heavy sigh, putting a hand on my shoulder which made me look up at him, an encouraging smile on his face. "Okay then go" with a soft voice he started "however, please be careful and don't be gone too long". Now his smile had turned worried.

I kissed his lips gently, my lips turning upward after "I promise". With that I was out the door, on my way to my only and best friend.

Joe's room was a floor below ours, so I walked down the stairs and was now standing in front of his door. Taking a deep breath to calm my fast beating heart, I knocked on it, hearing a faint 'come in' in response from the other side. Slowly I opened the door, walked in and closed it softly behind me again.

On one of the beds was something under the blanket, which was slowly lifted and lowered again, like someone was breathing under there. Of course it was exactly like that, the thing beneath the covers being Joe. His head was the only part of his body you could see, his face looked horrible. I know that sounds mean but that's how it is. "Hey Joe" I kneeled down beside his bed, my lips turned into a gentle smile "I won't ask how you're doing 'cause I can see you're not doing good" I paused for a minute "But would you maybe tell me why you're feeling like this...?"

He stared at me for a while before sitting up, his legs criss-crossed and blanket draped over his shoulders. 'I guess he finally decided to talk to me'. Lifting his hand he pointed with his finger to the spot next to him, motioning to me to sit down there. So I stood up and slowly sank down in the spot he told me to sit on.

His gaze was downcasted, looking at his hands in his lap. A few minutes of silence past before he finally looked up at me, red nose and cheeks, lips chapped, his hair a mess, eyes swollen, 'So he cried...', and didn't have any light in them anymore, and tear stains still on his cheeks.

He sighed, then opened his mouth to speak "I guess you won't leave me alone" his voice was broken and sounded so wounded "so I might as well tell you". With that sentence I got nervous, also because he stared right into my eyes, his expression dead serious.