

30 Küsse

[Mello x Near]

Von M

Kapitel 3: Agreed.

"Here's a bet," Mello said. "I bet I can name three undeniable facts that you and me agree on."

"..."

"..."

"Why would I want a bet with you?"

"Because you wanna see what I came up with. Come on!"

Near was interested in that, actually. He and Mello were famous for never agreeing on anything. In 80% of these cases, Near swore that Mello was disagreeing with him just because.

They were standing across each other in the hall. Mello had picked one of the rare moments where Near was actually standing to corner him with this. The other boy looked unusually giddy considering it was Near he was talking to. His large, mad eyes were glinting like shards of ice. Or that was what Near would have thought if he had been thinking in purple prose.

Near raised his hand to perform a twirl in order to stimulate his brain. "Ok," he said.

He chose a spot on the nearby wall to fix his eyes on, as Mello made him nervous by taking another step towards him.

The funny thing about it was that Mello actually seemed nervous as well.

If Mello wanted to win this game easily now, he could simply state something like "The pope his catholic", or "The earth is round.", but where would be the point in that. Near knew better. Near knew Mello wasn't lame like that. Mello always tried. Hard.

Mello tilted his head to one side. He looked madder than ever, but Near didn't really care much since Mello always looked some stage of mad. He licked his lips before he

spoke.

"Fact one. You and me," he said, his voice firm, "Are sexually attracted to each other."

And that was the *precise* moment where Near should have said: *I quit*.

But he didn't. He had agreed to take part in the game. Instead, he simply did what he had agreed on, and replied according to the truth.

"Yes."

There was only so much as a shadow of a nervous twitch on Mello's face. Near couldn't really tell, he wasn't good at reading expressions.

And then he came closer. As if it was tic tac toe. And not a betting game. Near was confused. He twirled his hair some more, steadily looking out to his safe spot on the wall. The wallpaper was coming off. Someone would have to notify the caretaker. It looked shabby.

Mello was so close now that Near could smell his scent. He didn't like how much he liked it. It was hard to explain why, too. Mello smelled like socks and dirt, like all the other kids, maybe with a little spicy note of chocolate in it. But he liked it. He wished it would go away.

"Fact two," Mello said in an atypically wavering voice. "If I kissed you now, you wouldn't stop me from doing it. You would not encourage it, and you would wonder why it's happening, and you would pretend to be indifferent about it, but you will not stop me."

Now that was a much tougher one. Near gave it much thought. He almost wished by now that Mello had said "The pope is catholic." Gathering facts from the bottom of one's very own emotions was a much harder task. But in the end, he had to admit that Mello had prepared this really, really well.

"Y-Yes."

It was hard to look at anything else but Mello's eyes by this point, because the boy took up most of Near's line of sight. There was some kind of sparkle in them that Near couldn't quite put his finger on. He was also under the impression that his own knees were not properly supporting his weight anymore, which was ridiculous since he was really small.

If he fell now, he would fall against Mello.

The blond boy was licking his lips before he went on. It was weirdly mesmerizing in close-up. His tongue was rosy. His lips were too. Near twisted his white curls for support, to no avail.

If he fell now, he would fall against Mello.

"Fact three," Mello finally said, hovering over Near like a cat over its prey, wearing a pretty twitchy smirk, "You have realized by now that this whole bet was an elaborate plan to kiss you. You could call me on this now and walk away, and make me look like a fucking moron, but you won't. And you're still wondering why this is happening, but you know you will not oppose it, because you are aware that somewhere deep inside you, you want to try."

Technically, that wasn't a fact...it was more of a string of several different facts at once. Which, technically, meant that Mello was cheating, and Near was free to leave. But he couldn't move. Watching Mello shivering like that was really interesting. It wasn't even cold. Near wondered why he himself had goosebumps all over when it wasn't even cold. Maybe there was something wrong with the air conditioner. Or maybe there was something wrong with them.

But most likely, it was the fact "We are sexually attracted to each other" proving itself. Amazing.

The last answer was feeble and soft, like the faint whisper of a dying person.
"Yes."

For a second, Mello looked like he was about to have a heart attack, which in turn meant Mello looked exactly like Near was feeling, which again meant it was probably the first and only time where their feelings were remotely in tune, which --

The thought remained forever unfinished, because something happened right then.

It was the first time in his life that Near was kissed. And, as it turned out, it also was the last. Near didn't mind. As Mello had predicted, he never stopped wondering what it had been about, but he always remembered it as a good thing that had happened to him.

Even over the years, with continents and worlds and much, much hate between them, Near had been plotting in the back of his mind, how he could get back at Mello for this particular incident. Plotting and thinking and twisting scenarios how he could trap Mello in the same way, and make him feel what he had felt back then, and maybe, maybe make him do it again.

But he never found a way.

He simply wasn't that good.