

# Missing Words

## [TezukaxFuji]

Von chrissi25

Eine Bemerkung zu Beginn. Ich hab hier lange nichts gepostet und die Fic ist auf englisch weil man leider bei ff.net mit deutschen Texten nur wenig Feedback bekommt.

Ich will nun also wissen, wie groß das Interesse an Fanfics zu Prince of Tennis ist. Dann könnte man auch mal einfach deutsch schreiben - bzw. meine eine würde ich auch gern übersetzen (9 Kapitel, Tezuka x Fuji). Da würd ich gern vorher wissen, ob sich der Aufwand lohnt.

Und ich will natürlich wissen, wie ihr diese recht kurze Fic findet. ;)

Disclaimer: I don't own Prince of Tennis or any of the characters.

### PROLOGUE

Laughing and giggling a small boy with light brown hair was running after his older sister. With his six years his legs were much smaller then those of his 9 year old sister. He never had a chance to catch her. Thoughtfully and with a smile on her lips their mother watched them play in the garden.

"He'll be okay."

"I know, but..."

"He's a healthy and talented boy."

"You know that it's not true, you know he's not as healthy as you say he is."

"Maybe he isn't. But he's skillful and whatever he tries, he succeeds."

"The doctors don't know whether it's right we sent him to school."

"But they don't have a clue why he never started to talk either. And I don't want them to do any more therapies. I want my boy to live a normal life. I want him to be happy."

"So do I."

"I know. Syusuke doesn't have any problems understanding or writing. He's probably more intelligent than we all think and-"

She looked up at her husband and smiled. "I love you."

Turning around again she called out to her children.

"Yumiko! Syusuke!"

---

The boys and girls looked irritated at their teacher. The new year of school had just begun three months ago. New pupils usually joined class within the first weeks, but now there was a small and skinny boy standing next to their teacher smiling at them.

"Good morning boys and girls. Before we start with our maths class, let me introduce you new class mate to you." She put her left hand on the small boy's shoulder. "This is Fuji Syusuke. Please be kind and help him to feel comfortable here. - Please take a seat beside the tall boy with the brown hair over there." She pointed at Kawamura Takashi and Fuji did as he was told.

---

Fuji Syusuke enjoyed going to school. It had taken some time until the other children in his class had stopped wondering why he never talked. But they knew he understood them and he usually succeeded in making them understand him by using his hands or simply writing things down. His class mates didn't mop him, because whenever somebody started to tease him about not being able to talk, he would simply smile at them.

## PART ONE

They were living their dream. They were in the finals. It was singles three and Fuji was standing on the court facing a tall guy who was standing at the other side of the net.

"I heard they call you a prodigy."

"..." *So what?*

"You know, I'll put an end to this today."

"..." *I wanna see you try.*

"Soon people will awake realizing what weakling of a player they worshiped so far.

What weakling of a player your even weaker brother worshiped so far." He evilly grinned at the smaller boy.

"..." *Say what you want about me, but leave my brother alone!*

"Looks like you don't bother to answer me at all."

"..."

"So it's true, what they say? You really can't talk?"

"..." *It took you quite some time to realize that.*

"I think that's quite ironic, isn't it? Somebody who's not even able to talk is considered a prodigy."

"..." *I never asked anybody to call me a prodigy!*

He spat out looking curiously at Fuji. And Fuji looked back, but he didn't smile the way he usually did. Instead he simply looked at him with his deep any mysterious blue eyes wide open. When his opponent didn't talk any further he turned around walking towards the base line.

*I hope you didn't bet about beating me, because I'll never let somebody as rude as you win against me. I won't hold back at all.*

The match was a short one and Fuji never let him score at all. He had never played so serious before. Winning 6:0 the whole team cheered proudly for their friend. "Ah, Fuji you did great!" Kikumaru Eiji was hugging his friend screaming in joy. "Na, Eiji, stop bugging him." "Nya, Fuji doesn't mind, right Fuji?" Fuji answered him with a smile. While Kaidoh and Inui were already standing beside their coach on the court, Tezuka nodded slightly at Fuji making the small boy smile even wider.

*Thanks for watching, Tezuka-san. I'm well aware of the fact, that you wouldn't want me to thank you. You'd tell me it was your duty, because you're the captain after all. But I'm happy anyway. As I always am... I wish I could tell you about the way I feel. Well, I could write it down of course, but what sense would that make. He'd never reciprocate my feelings.*

Fuji's smile faded a little and he freed himself from his friends embrace. Taking his place beside their captain.

*I mean he would never like somebody who can't express what he things in words without writing down everything. He was always quite, but whenever he wanted to talk he was able to do so.*

---

In the end Seigaku won the nationals. They took the bus home and one after one left

the group.

"Well, here we go, Fujiko-chan." Fuji waved goodbye at the rest of the team and followed his friend. "I won't be able to walk you home today, Fujiko-chan." Curiously Fuji looked up. "Hitomi asked me to spend the evening with her and now I have to hurry to be there in time. Is that ok for you?" Fuji nodded, giving his friend a reassuring smile. "Thank you." He hugged Fuji goodbye and walked off.

"Syusuke?" Yumiko peaked around a corner seeing who had just entered the house. "I've already been waiting for you. How did you do?" Fuji showed her his thumb up smiling brightly. "Great! Did Seigaku win the nationals?" Again thump up. "Wow! Listen, mum and dad are visiting Yuuta at St. Rudolph, so we'll have the whole evening for us! I thought we could have dinner downtown today." Fuji nodded. He brought his bag into his room and walked back meeting his sister in the hall waiting for him.

*We haven't done something together for quite some time, Nee-san.*

---

After having had dinner they walked a little through the streets. "Isn't that one of your friends?"

*Hu?*

Looking up Fuji saw Kawamura and his girlfriend holding hands. They talked with low voices and now Hitomi tiptoed giving Kawamura a short kiss on his cheek. From the way her lips moved, Fuji could tell, that she had just confessed her love to one of his best friends.

*She confessed her love. She's much braver than I am. I could never do that... It would be ridiculous if I was standing in front of him writing down what I feel for him, while he looks over my shoulder waiting for me.*

Fuji took his sister's hand pulling her into the direction of the parking lot. He didn't want to spy on his friend. And he didn't want to see them flirting happily with each other.

"Syusuke? Ok, I see. We'll go home."

Lying in bed at home he could hardly keep himself from thinking.

*Why? Why do I have to be so different? And just because I am, my mum won't ever stop treating me like a child. I bet Yumiko had wanted to visit Yuuta as well, but instead mum made her stay taking care of me. And even Taka-san treats me as if I was at least 5 years younger. I appreciate it and I like the way they care, but I cannot be a boy for all my life. And why is that? It's all because I don't talk. Maybe if I try hard enough... Don't be foolish Syusuke, not even the doctors could tell why I never did...*

Yawning he finally asleep.

## PART TWO

For the next weeks one could see that Fuji was always slightly tired and sleepy. Nobody knew why and Fuji didn't write it down for them, so they simply tried to make sure, he got home safely. Maybe he was just about to get sick and therefore had problems sleeping at night. But what they did not know was, that Fuji stayed half of the night awake trying to voice words. At first there were only weird noises leaving his mouth and not even Fuji would have known what they were supposed to mean, if it was not he himself who had thought about the words and syllables before.

It took him more then a month to pronounce syllables and simple words the way others around him always did. It still sounded strange, but Fuji thought, that if somebody listened carefully, he'd be able to understand.

On a sunny day Fuji finally made up his mind.

*I'll do it. I'll face him right after practise. If I don't, I might never get a chance to. School's over soon and he'll sure leave to become a professional tennis player. I mean it would be a waste of talent if he didn't...*

He entered the class room Tezuka and Oishi could usually be found in. But neither Oishi nor Tezuka were there. Turning around he walked through the hallway to the lockers. There he found his friends Oishi and Eiji chatting with each other. Happy he found somebody he could ask about Tezuka's whereabouts Fuji took his notebook and flipped through the pages. He had made a list of his friends name so that he wouldn't have to write them down over and over again when he was looking for one of them. So he approached the team's Golden Pair.

"Oh, hi Fuji. What is it?"

He pointed at Tezuka's name.

"You're looking for Tezuka?" Fuji nodded at Eiji. "Well, I haven't seen him yet. Do you know where he his Oishi?"

"He left directly after class. Have you already been at the club house? I mean it's tennis practise in less then in hour. He might already be there."

Fuji smiled brightly, showed them the back of his notebook on which he had once written "arigato" and left.

---

Oishi had been right. Tezuka was already in the clubhouse. He had just changed and was about to leave and warm up, when Misaki, a one of the girls team regualrs entered.

"Tezuka-san?"

"Misaki-san. As far as I know this clubhouse is reserved for the boys at this hour."

"Uh, I'm sorry, I- I just wanted to talk to you. I mean you still have more than half an hour before your practice starts."

"Is that so?"

"I won't take long, Tezuka-san. Please give me a chance to tell you what I intended to."

Annoyed Tezuka looked at his watch. She was right, none of his team members was about to show up soon. He had avoided her for quite some time now, but there was no escape this time. Tezuka sighed.

"Fine."

"Tezuka-san. I – I've been watching you ever since I walked into this school. You're probably the most amazing person I've ever met."

None of the two heard the clubroom's door open a little.

"I have been trying to catch your attention for so long, but it looks like I failed, doesn't it?"

She didn't get an answer from Tezuka.

"I've tried my best in tennis, tried to support the team to reach the nationals, but I'm afraid I failed."

"You simply mustn't give up."

"Yea, you're right. But, Tezuka-san, that's not what I wanted to tell you in the first place."

"I'm still here to listen."

"I love you."

Tezuka didn't know what he was supposed to respond. When he opened his mouth to say something, the clubroom's door closed with a thud.

"What was that?"

"Is that important?"

"Maybe it is."

"Tezuka-san, did you hear what I said? I love you!"

She placed her hands on his cheek and forced him to face her. Before he could protest, she pulled him towards her face covering his lips with her's.

The kiss lasted only a second.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I - "

"Is it your definition of love? Forcing somebody into a kiss? I thought it was an issue that concerned always two."

"But, Tezuka-san."

"Stop it. I don't want to hear about it anymore."

Tears were shimmering in Misaki's eyes. She could hardly believe that Tezuka was not even going to give her a chance. Turning on her heels she left in a hurry. When Tezuka was finally alone again, he exhaled the air he was not even aware he was holding.

Suddenly the weird noise of the door earlier came back to his mind. He stepped out of the room into the sunlight and looked around. He had a very bad feeling about this. Something had happened. And he didn't mean the fact that a girl had just confessed to him. Things like that had happened earlier.

Slowly he walked around the courts thinking what or who might have caused that sound. Finishing his lap Tezuka's attentive eyes saw a shadow of a person sitting with his back on a tree. Wondering who it was he approached the person as quietly as he could. When he came closer he heard a faint sobbing. It was a boy - he knew that much now – and he was obviously quite upset about something.

"Fuji?"

The sobbing sound stopped and the brown haired boy looked up at him. Tezuka was surprised by all the emotions he could read from the other's eyes. He felt like it was the first time in his life, that he truly looked at him. First there was surprise and confusion but it quickly changed to a hurt expression.

"May I?" Fuji shrugged. Taking it as a yes Tezuka sat down beside him. The other boy no longer looked at him. When Fuji made no attempt to look at him or give him any hints on what was wrong, Tezuka got a little nervous.

"Fuji, what's wrong?"

The sobbing got louder again. Not knowing what to do, Tezuka put his arm around Fuji's shoulder pulling the boy closer.

"I know I might not be the perfect one to discuss matters, but... I could get you a pen and a piece of paper, if you want me to."

Fuji shook his head. "-ho."

Tezuka stared at him in disbelief. Did Fuji just say something?

"Do you prefer to be alone? Do you want me to leave?"

"-ho." Again this strange sound. But Tezuka was sure Fuji was trying to tell him 'no'.

"Mh."

"-halk."

"hawk?"

Fuji shook his head again. Staring at the floor when new tears streamed over his cheeks.

"Talk?"

"je-"

"I'm surprised. I guess I never heard your voice before."

A smile formed on Fuji's lips and Tezuka could swear that Fuji's cheeks got a little redder than they were before. Tezuka couldn't help but smile at the sight. He had to admit Fuji looked cute and quiet adorable this way.

"Mh, that's the reason why you have been so tired throughout the last month, isn't it?"

"je-"

"Yes."

"jez"

"Well, I think we can abandon your notebook then. At least a little."

"jez"

"Want to try to tell me what's wrong?"

"hardt"

"I promise to help you as good as I can, ok?"

"..."



"Fuji?"

"jez"

"So?"

"a, aij"

"I"

"ai za"

"Saw? What did you see?"

"-irl."

"I don't understand."

"in klab – klabhau"

"You saw a girl in – oh."

So that was it. Fuji was the one who had been standing beside the door closing it when Misaki had confessed her love to him. He tried to pull Fuji a little closer and he felt him relaxing a little.

"-uka?"

"Mh?"

"ou lof hea?"

"Sorry?"

"ou lo – love hea?"

Tezuka looked at the small boy in disbelief. It was easy to see how hard it was for him to talk. But still he was sitting here next to him under a tree, trying hard to ask him, if he loved Misaki.

"No, I – I don't love her."

Fuji looked up at him and Tezuka was surprised to see so much hope in these blue eyes of his. There was no way he could disappoint this boy's hope. Giving him a reassuring smile Tezuka leaned closer.

"I don't love her. Don't worry. I don't. I promise."

He placed a light kiss on the other's forehead.

"-mi – mizu"

"Syusuke."

"ai – ai"

"I love you, too."

THE END

So, das war einfach etwas, was mir schon eine ganze Weile durch den Kopf schwirrte. Mögt ihr's? Oder eher nicht. Würde mich über feedback freuen.