

# Wrong Number....

Von abgemeldet

A/N: I started this as a drabble but after just blindly typing what came to mind and some editing, 2 hours later I was left with this – please forgive any spelling mistakes or grammatical mistakes in general since English still isn't my mother tongue =p

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Comments of any kind are really appreciated and will make me happy ^^;;

Here we go...

Tegoshi spent his second day off in a row with his soccer friends at the sports fields. After a tough and long afternoon of practicing drills and footwork, they decided to play some more just for fun. It was ridiculously hot out today and Tegoshi had been running around at top speed as he kicked a ball for hours as the sun blazed high in the sky, pouring out heat onto him. It seemed like Tegoshi had already become a legend on the soccer field, at least around here where everyone kept on talking about his incredible talent and his never tiring enthusiasm and dedication. Sweat trickled off of his heated face rolling the ball down the curve of his leg; he kicked it into the air and then slammed it into the ground, his foot resting loftily on top of the ball when suddenly someone called out his name.

“Hey Yuya! Your phone is ringing! It does seem important since it's been ringing for like ever, the second time already.”

Tegoshi excused himself and ran toward the bench where he had put his towel, phone and water bottle like every time. He better go and pick up the phone or call back whoever was trying to reach him, it could've been some kind of emergency - you never know, he thought.

One of the guys who worked with the team, usually off the soccer field, handed him the ringing phone and Tegoshi answered it without hesitating or looking at the caller ID for it could stop ringing the more time he'd waste.

"Hai, moshi moshi?" he yelled into the phone as he held it to his ear.

"Um Hey! Finally I reach you, um sorry for bothering you now but it's really important that I talk to you, now."

This voice.

So familiar.

"..I haven't actually talked to you in such a long time and even though we had met just a while ago we just said hello & goodbye....Maybe because we were all really busy but ... still I wasn't able to say what I wanted to say, never. And you know it's been really a long time since we know each other and and well ever since there was something on my mind."

The caller was talking really fast, his voice almost cracking due to his nervousness. Tegoshi opened his mouth to speak, trying to calm down the other person so he could actually understand all of what he is going to say but he couldn't let out a single word – and so he just listened quietly.

"..I know this is really sudden but I have been thinking about it thoroughly and for a long time now. Therefore I think I should actually tell you what I've been.. What I've ...erm been.. you know..feeling.." GAWD why isn't he saying anything? "You see...I... I really L-L...Like you, more than I think I should or I am supposed to or well in the end it's the same, right? But wait, it's not like I think of you in a creepy kind of way I erm just think I would like to see you more often and get to know you. Like you do if you really L-Like someone...Um..would you please give me a chance and go out with me some time?"

Tegoshi was left rendered speechless, he wasn't sure why it felt so hard to talk, 'cause usually he would talk non-stop or at least he wasn't afraid of speaking out his mind anyways but this was just weird. The sudden call left him dazed, everything felt completely higgledy-piggledy and he couldn't find the correct words to reply. After a while he finally, awkwardly, broke the created silence between them.

"Yamashita-kun, is that you?"

Of course he knew it was him but why would he say such things, to him? He had never called him ever since they had met and he even wondered if he knew his phone number, of course as the leader of the band he kind of had to know everyone's phone number, right – like in case of an emergency.

Ever since NEWS was formed there had been a lot of short and rather long breaks for them as a band, they hadn't seen each other in weeks and sometimes for many month after they had released a new song or DVD or anything like that. Not to mention the year they were on suspension, but that's a different story. Still there were times when they didn't even talk to each other for far too long, even though it seemed to have brought them together more every time they actually met and worked together, as a

band. They all enjoyed each other's company a lot, especially 2008 seemed to have been a wonderful year for them – with a brilliant tour to end the year. Especially the tour had been the most fun they had together and he was sure Yamapi and he had bonded quite well, if you wanna call it that.

He knew Yamapi appreciated his singing voice a lot and enjoyed listening to his songs, especially songs as he said so himself, even in magazines. Hearing words of appreciation and praise from that person alone made him feel proud and encouraged him even more so to work harder and always give his best. Tegoshi had always felt kind of attracted to him; he was always secretly seeking his attention and mostly his appreciation. So why did it feel so weird to finally hear those words from him? Why did it seem surreal and more than just a little wrong? Maybe it's because he isn't supposed to actually like him and maybe it's wrong to actually want to be more than work-colleagues or friends?

After another long and awkward silence Yamapi nervously cleared his throat,

“..Um.. Te-Tegoshi?..”

He didn't know what to say and tried to sound surprised that he had Tegoshi on the other line, of course he wasn't but he didn't expect the other to reply like that. All the many times he had talked this through in his mind over the years he never expected such a reaction – he expected all kinds of reactions but silence. Like Tegoshi freaking out, yeah that sure was expectable, but he thought he would've definitely screamed at him, asking if he was sick or a freak or he might have just told him to screw himself although he rather expected Tegoshi to just say they could talk about it – he would have normally said something, right? It is Tegoshi we are talking about, not some heartless bastard.... but silence? Not in a million of years had he thought of that.

“..I..erm.. you see, I think ...I am just as shocked as you... I must have gotten the wrong number. Sorry T-Tegoshi...I.. I totally embarrassed myself right now I hope you can forgive me disturbing you, especially with that weird speech I of mine. I'm really s-sorry.”

Yamapi thought about asking why he didn't say anything, asking if they could meet and talk or if...in the end, he thought, it was probably a bad idea and so he gave up on him just like that, heavy-hearted with his shaky voice cracking a couple times.

“Yeah, um .. of course, don't worry about it.” Tegoshi replied rather casually but that's how he is - always trying to be cool and professional and since it was a mistake why would he need to say anything else?

The past year had been a busy year; it brought many changes with it - good and bad. Mostly though, this year had been incredibly good to him, almost perfect. He had met a lot of important people and experienced many different situations that enriched his life in so many ways – still he wasn't sure why this unexpected incident on this ordinary day, one of the most ordinary days actually, seemed to be a crucial incident and one of the best days in his life, even though it did not change anything nor did it teach him some kind of lesson. Hearing those words though was the most beautiful

thing, he thought, even though it was all a mistake it still felt better than anything.

D-did Yamashita Tomohisa, THE Yamashita Tomohisa just confess to me?

He...wouldn't.

Tegoshi sighed as he ran back onto the field, his eyes fixated on the ball which flew almost across the whole place as the goal keeper threw back onto the field. For a moment he thought, maybe it wasn't a mistake after all and he wished he had said something. Yamapi had this tone in his voice he hadn't heard before and he should have been familiar with the number/name he dialed since he rang him up a few times in a row, but then he shake that thought away quickly – maybe he was just too nervous to notice he had been hitting the wrong buttons the whole time.

Yeah it must have been like that, he thought as he reached the ball his team mate kicked into his direction and hit it with all his might.

Never would he confess to me. No matter how good my voice has become or how much had changed between us, he would never see me in that kind of light.

[END.]

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