

The Roots of Us

Chapter 1

Von Nanimu

Kapitel 3: After Sleep

He had done everything he could and everything he was able to do. He laid back and sighed, hoping that he had been able to save the man. He should run, but was also so tired. He knew the man would still need a couple of days to recover, so he let the sleep take a toll on him and fell asleep.

He opened his eyes and breathed in deeply. He felt a small pain when forcing the lungs, probably because of the fall from the tree. He thought on all the bones he might have broken and laughed at the realization of the pain he would have to go through to put them back together. He also hoped that the slavish boy was safe, he knew he should have run away. He thought about sating up, not knowing if he could. A blow and a fall like that would take him a week or so to recover from. Even so, he tried.

He sat up! Surprise was all over his face as felt little pain in his body. He put his hand under his shirt, where the beast had sliced him and, instead of a whole in reconstruction, he felt a scar. The man was mesmerized and confused and so, he tried to get up. When he tried to do so, he left hand touched something soft besides him. Now the man looked at the frail figure sleeping next to him. The slavish boy had fell asleep all over the place. His arms and legs were open in every direction and his small chest was slowly going up and down with every breath the boy took.

Seeing the boy near give the man some happiness, though if the slavish wanted to travel with him, it was going to be a dangerous path. But he would probably run away in the morning. The man looked at him again. He took the chance to kill the previous desire and touched the boy's abdomen. First it was just the fingertips, but as he felt the smooth fur and the little tremble of his body when receiving a new touch, the man sprayed his whole big hand in the boy's stomach and made up and down movements as to pat the slavish and feel its fur.

After a moment, the man thought it good to take off his hand and go back to sleep. He did so and the a soft purr came from besides him and then the slavish, still sleeping, climbed on top of the man he continued to sleep there. Ho! How the man hated to share his sleep with some one and all that fur and hair everywhere! He was about to push him away when he suddenly felt it. The places where their chests

connected, he could feel a strong yet soft purr. Despite not liking to be near someone, that purr was dangerously rocketing him to sleep. All sprayed on top of the man, he realized as that boy was not that small as he thought him to be, probably some 1,55cm, less 25cm than him. He kept feeling the rumble of the purr of the slavish and, putting a hand to his hair to smooth it, he fell asleep together with the boy.

Something was strange when the slavish woke up. He felt like he was floating. He felt hot in his belly and heard something soothing and alive. "ba-dum, ba-dum". A heartbeat. He knew it wasn't his because his heart beat is faster and not as strong. Still with his eyes closed, he turned his head to the other side. He felt the ground oddly lumpy and soft and something was lightly pressing his back. In his new position he felt something breathe near the top of his head. He got scared. Opening his eyes, he lifted his head a little to look around. He looked in the direction of the hot breath and tried hard to hide a gasp when he saw the man's face so close to his'. His expression was softer and relaxed and his lips were apart from each other to let the air go in and out. The boy still looked and let himself feel the man breathing, going up and down as his chest filled and emptied his lungs. Without noticing, the young slavish opened his mouth in amazement.

Curiosity always took the best of him. Purring ever so slightly, he moved a little and touched the man's lips. He trailed the lips' shape with his index and not even knowing, he started to move closer to the man. He wanted to see more, to know more and to feel more. Unfortunately, he moved too much. The thing that was making a light pressure on his back pulled the boy closer and his other hand grabbed his back too. The man, still sleeping, turned himself to the right and continued sleeping while embracing the slavish with a sweet yet strong hug.

The boy felt the man snuggle his face in his hair and so looked up to protest. As he looked up he saw a little tiny smile on the man's face. He also remembered the fight he had and that he probably needed to recover. Focusing his glance on the man's lips yet again and feeling safe on his warm embrace, the slavish dared to get his face closer to the man's. He got closer, and closer, until his soft lips touched the man's slightly rough lips. He brushed his lips and when the man's mouth opened to breath, so did his mouth. The boy felt a little pull on his back and felt it was better to stop. He looked down again and rested his head on the man's large chest. After a while, he fell asleep again with the sound of the man's heart and the warmth of his body.