

GOMENASAI!! Sorry for not updating in ages... This school year has been busy as hell and whatnot. It's summer now and I have nothin' to do, so as I go and beat more video games, read books, et cetera, I'll have lots more time for writing as well! So, here's the latest (very late) addition to *Autumn*: Chapter 2 - Mid-Night. Enjoy!

Disclaimer: I don't own FF7, FF8, or KH.

WARNING(S): YAOI (boy x boy love)!!!! Don't like it? Don't read it! Fluff, mild language, and insanity also lay within!

[PAIRING(S)]: {CloudLeon} {RikuSora} -- Don't like it? DONT READ IT.

Autumn

By: Rikotsu-sama

o0 Chapter 2 -- Mid-Night 0o

"Dammit, Leon!" Cloud yelled. Still stopped, Cloud watched as bunches of giggling girls, and pairs of guys talking about last night's football game passed by. "Dammit, Leon... Why are you always so emotionless?!" Cloud screamed again, clenching his fists.

Lowering his voice to near inaudibility, Cloud whispered, "Why are you always so cold to me?"

Leon, marching ahead towards cabin seven, wore the same depressed look as Cloud, though no one could see it. Hidden beneath his ice prince mask were all the emotions that Leon kept bottled up like wine or juice.

The pair was in for a very eventful night...

o.o.o.o.o

Cloud sighed for what seemed to be the millionth time that night. He hadn't slept a wink, and he had been sitting there for the last few hours, having a conversation with himself in his head, 'Why do you even care, Cloud, if Squall—oh, he goes by **Leon** now doesn't he?—is so cold to you? Why does it matter if he hates your guts?', The little voice started to hiss, 'You return the hatred, do you not? It's been there since that last day in kindergarten, hasn't it? You have no **reason** to care about that man, Cloud. So just ignore him, he isn't worth your time and effort, Cloud. His ice prince mask is not as unique as you seem to think it is. You'll find more people like him later in life, won't you? Yes, yes you will. Unless of course, you **do** care.' The voice seemed to smirk at Cloud from the depths of his mind. Cloud shook his head

to rid his mind of these treacherous thoughts. He did not care about Leon, let alone the rest of what the little voice in his head had said; not that the voice was little at all... did he?

Similar thoughts roamed through Leon's wiry mind, only on a perpendicular thought train, *'Why don't you tell him, Leon? Tell him why you're so cold to him, why you constantly wear that invisible mask?'* His little voice prodded, *'You know you like him, you've liked him since the day you found out he was in your Biology class this year. You're lucky as hell to be blessed with sharing a cabin with him for three weeks, why do you not take advantage of that, Leon? You aren't emotionless, as much as you'd like to be; as much as you'd like to merge with your ice prince mask, you can't. Come on, Leon. You know you just want to claim those rosy lips and those fluffy blonde spikes and name them **yours**. You want nothing more than to be with him, right? You care for him, don't you?'* Try as he might, Leon couldn't help but be turned on by his own thoughts, his own fantasies. He wondered aloud if Cloud was still awake. "Are you awake, Cloud?"

"Yes, Asshole," came Clouds reply, "I **am** awake." Cloud mentally kicked himself, his rude reaction was automatic.

"What were you thinking about?" Leon asked casually, as if Cloud wasn't nasty to him at all. Leon's nonchalance really irked Cloud sometimes, if he would just show a little emotion, maybe Cloud could really learn to be friends with him.

"None of your beeswax. Since when do you ask shit like that anyway, Squall?" Cloud spat, his habit of calling Leon Squall showing itself again.

Leon's only reply was silence.

"There you go again. Why the hell are you always so freaking emotionless?"

'Maybe it's because if I show my emotions, I would do stupid and rash things: like rape you on sight.' That is what Leon would have said, had he chosen to take off his mask. What he really said was, "Because it keeps me safe."

"Safe from what, Squall?" Cloud now got out of bed and climbed down the ladder and sat on the un-used third bed, across from Leon who was still laying down. "Safe from all your swarms of fangirls? Safe from real life? Safe from family?" *'Safe from me?'* Cloud added in thought.

"Safe from everything, Cloud," Leon replied, sitting up to face those confused and emotional cerulean eyes that had been locked on him since their decent from the ladder.

"You're strong, aren't you, Squall? Why would you need protection from anything, let alone everything?" Cloud couldn't believe what he was hearing, he couldn't believe those words were coming out of the brunette man's mouth.

"Physically, yes, but since Rinoa..."—Leon's eyes became distant, and looked away from Cloud's—"I can't handle emotions that are stronger than my will to suppress them are." Why was Leon telling Cloud this? Since when was he open with what he felt, let alone open to Cloud? That ice prince mask sure melted quickly; Cloud almost didn't see it drip away.

"What emotions are that horrid?" Cloud asked timidly.

"Wouldn't *you* like to know?"

"Yes. I would." Leon returned his gaze to those sky-eyes, searching for the reason as to why that tone was slightly playful. He liked that tone, it just turned him on more.

"We need to get some sleep, we have classes tomorrow, and Mr.L will be angry if we start falling asleep during that." Leon pointed out, trying to tear his eyes away from Cloud's, but failing miserably. Those eyes were too captivating, but as that last word slipped from his lips, he saw hurt flash across those beautiful baby blues.

"Right"—there went the mood—"we"—should really get to know each other better—"need"—each other—"to"—be more than we are—"sleep"—together tonight—"now." Alternating between spoken word and thought, Cloud's mind was soon confused.

Leon watched that same hurt from before increase with every word uttered from the blonde's mouth. God how he wanted to take those lips, how he wanted those cerulean eyes to be contented just at his company...

Leon was almost to his breaking point.