

Skitzel has had his suspicions about Al for quite a few years now, and he had known him for almost fifteen in total. The level of protection he had over Niue, the way he put him above pretty much all else in his life, and just the overall relationship between the two of them. It all seemed so odd to him, and he almost knew something was up. Niue seemed so oblivious to it all as well, it made Skitzel upset-upset, and a little bit jealous.

He wanted Niue to just be his, he wanted Niue's full commitment. It broke his heart to see that he just couldn't seem to get that, no matter how hard he tried. Just the thought of Niue sleeping around was enough to make him sick and leave him pissed off. Thinking about Al boning him gave that feeling a royal status. He hated Al, he really did. And at this point, absolutely nothing could change his feelings toward him.

He broke his train of thought, looking down at the sleeping readhead in the bed, laying right next to him. He sighed quietly, gently stroking his partner's bright orange hair. Skitzel deeply wished he would remain faithful to him. He liked looking at Niue sleep, he realized this in this moment. It was calming to him, watching him totally still, sober, sound. Niue was so quiet, so relaxed, it made him smile. It was a sad smile, longing for who and what they were at the beginning of their relationship. It was still a smile though, at the very least anyway.

"I miss you," he whispered, his fingers trailed lightly onto the sleeping Cyo's peachy-coloured face.

Getting up, Skitzel glanced at the clock. It was almost noon. How typical. He climbed out of bed, making sure to cover his spit back up with the pair of blankets that covered the bed. Skitzel shuffled out of the bedroom of Niue's small apartment and headed into the main room. He headed over to the fridge, right across from the front door. He wasn't necessarily hungry, this was almost an automatic action he performed after waking up anytime he spent the night at

Niue's home, or at least the little three-room place he considered home. Skitzel never was a huge fan of the overly small space. He felt it was much too confining for his liking.

Skitzel opened the fridge. The fridge was practically bare, as per the norm these days. Slowly closing the appliance door, he checked the fruit bowl. Nothing but a couple of below-average sized red glowfruits.

"Niue," he muttered quietly in slight frustration for it seemed his companion still had yet to master the necessity of caring for himself.

There was no bread in the bread box, he had already checked the night before. Cupboards were empty, save for a few varieties of tea, a couple half-eaten boxes of salted crackers, a partly used head of lettuce that was on the verge of going mouldy, a few different smoking accessories, and a bag of LSD tabs and diluted pills, accompanied by a few greyish-white rocks. He groaned in disgust- guess he'll just be making tea. Again. He filled a steel kettle with water and put it on the burner of Niue's old-fashioned gas-burning stove as he sifted through the different teas. Skitzel never understood Niue's seemingly bizarre taste in tea flavours: "Summer Rain," "Orange Autopsy," "Lemon-Kiwis Brew," along with a few other similar assortments. He settled with one called "Aspire Daylight," whatever that meant. Preparing his cup, he grabbed one of the remaining clean mugs, it had a crack down the side, only on the exterior though. He passed on the sugar. The lid was off and he had no idea how long it had been sitting in that bowl for, and there was no milk left in the fridge either. Skitzel was quick to grab the lettuce and dispose of it in the little trash can by the end of the counter. He moved the smoking stuff and drugs to the very corner of the shelf, "You really don't need a whole shelf for this shit, Niue." He sighed as he closed the cupboard door, walking over to the small vintage box-television and turning it on. White noise.

The kettle started to scream, Skitzel turned the volume of the TV down a little bit and sprinted over to turn the stove off. He wasn't worried about waking Niue up, he slept like a rock, so he wasn't going anywhere no matter how much noise Skitzel made. He poured the boiling water into the small mug, finding a thermos in the very back of the silverware drawer, pouring the rest of the hot water in for Niue for when he woke up. From there, Skitzel walked right past the television and out the dirty sliding doors accompanied by a broken screen door on the exterior side, out onto the balcony.

Skitzel sat down on one of the two iron chairs outside, next to another bong and lighted on the ground. He looked over the iron bars, looking down upon the city centre. Skitzel loved Niue, he loved him with all his heart, and seeing what he does to himself and watching him slowly pursue his own death killed him inside. In a way, he was afraid to wake up, he was afraid to awaken only to find his companion hurt or worse, from his own actions. Skitzel feared for Niue, and he's already noticed some of the long-term side effects of his addictions.

He decided to shift his attention back onto the city life below. People of all different races and species travelled along the busy street. Some rode on bikes, most walked. It was a beautiful area of the city, they were located in. Skitzel wished he lived in an area like this, he wished he could. He absolutely hated Niue's apartment, he didn't want to live there. He'd spend a day or two tops in order to get away from his other living situation, but he refused to live in that poorly cared for place along this otherwise beautiful avenue of town.

A couple of hours had passed before Niue finally woke up. It was almost two in the afternoon. He rolled out of bed, fully nude. The batteries in the vibrator between his legs must have given out before Skitzel left the room, he hadn't heard the faint buzzing while he was still in bed with him. Before anything else, he went into the cupboard closest to the trash can, the one with his drug stuff. A couple moments passed where he was slightly confused about the placement of his things before he found where his blue-haired partner had moved them to. Grabbing a small Crystal piece, he took one of the lighters sitting in the counter atop a couple of old newspapers and headed outside.

"You could have at least put some clothes on," Skitzel peered over at the redhead sitting in the chair on the other side of the small concrete balcony.

"Good morning to you too, Skit," Niue replied, getting up to grab the bong. He pecks Skitzel on the cheek.

"It's two o'clock." He watched Niue place the synthetic rock fragment into the pipe sticking out the side of the bong and signed.

"I didn't even notice-"

"You didn't grab groceries again," Skitzel cut him off.

"Now that you mention it, I do need to grab some more-"

"You have more in the drawer, I checked," he sighed again, returning his gaze to the street.

Niue flicked the lighter, a few sparks flew. This continued for about ten seconds. The lighter was dead, perhaps that was why it was sitting on the counter. He dropped it on the ground and set the bong back down, heading over to Skitzel again, where the other lighter sat. "How much is there?"

"A few bags," Skitzel groaned, gently kicking the lighter in Niue's direction. "You keep putting them there and then you forget about them."

"Oh," he bent over, picking up the small lighter off the ground, "I guess that saves me a week or two." He didn't really care who saw him, if anyone at all. Sitting down with a slight smirk, he grabs the glass piece of equipment again. "Either that or I'll have a lot more to smoke!"

"You know I don't like you smoking that stuff," Skitzel shifted his gaze to the floor. He would look anywhere at this point, as long as e didn't have to see Niue in the act of destroying himself, along with his life. "It's poisoning you, you know that right?"

"Come on Skit, it could be a lot worse," he half-heartedly joked in response, flicking the lighter, holding the flame underneath the bowl.

"Yeah, you could be screwing a bunch of people in order to get those drugs, so good thing you're not doing that," Skitzel muttered sarcastically. Niue wasn't too amused, he just kept his focus on the liquifying Crystal chemical. The two fell silent.