

Ocean Avenue

Von Makikolgami

Kapitel 4: One Year, Six Months

"I really don't know how you put up with him," Mamori sighed as she dropped down on the grass next to Musashi. "Every time I see what he does, I just want to yell at him and tell him that it's not right... But he always ignores me."

The older looking one snorted with amusement, knowing many things that he could say to that, but he knew that the girl only wanted to vent some anger.

"I don't know what I saw in him," she sighed, looking up at the sky as if it could tell her the secrets of life. "It's been... one year and six months? Has it really been that long? That we've been together?"

"At least that's what I know," Musashi nodded, trying to read his book though. It was one of the most boring books that he had ever read but he had to read it because it was the main source for the questions of the next test. At least that was what the upper classmen had said.

"I really don't know how he managed to convince me," the girl sighed again. "I don't know... he seemed like a totally different person then..."

Musashi kept silent, knowing that it was because Hiruma actually had put some effort in convincing her. Right now, he was more on the defiant side, hurt by the fact that she had dumped him because she could not cope with who he was.

"He was so nice, so... much like a gentleman, you know, if you don't count the weapons of mass destruction or whatever they are," she rambled on and Musashi knew that she would tell him a story he knew like the back of his hand, from both her point of view and Hiruma's.

"I don't know... maybe it was because I was young, innocent and wanted to do something wild then," she shrugged, unpacking her lunchbox. "Yes, I guess it's because I wanted to do something wild then. And boy, *wild* it was."

Musashi grinned to himself as he saw her blush deeply. It must have really been something, because she always blushed like that when she talked about her time together with Hiruma. On the other hand, Musashi knew exactly what Hiruma was capable to do when he wanted something. And from a lover, he mostly wanted sex,

dirty, wild and hot.

Musashi knew that, because he was the one to provide that to the blond before he finally managed to get together with Mamori, and only the gods knew for how long Hiruma had had a crush on her. He did a good job hiding it from the world though, but who really knew was not surprised to find out on New Year's Day after the Christmas Bowl they played in that he was going out with the Devil Bats' manager. Musashi felt a little left out that day, but as he watched the pair pray, bicker and mainly the girl helping Hiruma do all the things he could not because of his broken arm, he thought they were a wonderful pair and gave them his blessing.

For the next one and a half year, he did nothing else but to study and pass the tests for the Tokyo University, so that he could study there with Hiruma, Mamori, Yukimitsu and everybody else from Deimon. Kurita had chosen to become a disciple at his father's shrine, so he did not have to study that hard, now that his dream of the Christmas Bowl was fulfilled. He did his best to cheer on his comrades though, providing them with rooms when they needed it and everything they needed. It was very convenient.

It was funny though, how Musashi knew that whenever Hiruma and Mamori disappeared together, arrived a little later than planned or were away for a little longer than normal errands too, that they were having sex. Mamori's flushed cheeks did not help one bit either. He had tried to smile at them, tried to pretend that he did not know what they did, but he did not quite succeed.

He felt a little guilty, but when Hiruma and Mamori started arguing more and more during their last days of High School, he prayed inwardly that they would break up. Why, he did not know. They were both his friends, very good friends, too, but somehow they were too similar and too different at the same time that they could really work out. Hiruma needed somebody he could rely on, who stood behind him in whatever he did – not necessarily to support him, but he did not want somebody who criticized his every move – and who did not care that he was a crazy genius. Mamori on the other hand wanted somebody she could support, whom she could pamper and mother, somebody with whom she felt safe and who supported her.

In addition, she seemed like the kind of girl who wanted a family and was willing to give up a successful career for that if necessary. Moreover, Hiruma did not want family. He had too many issues with his own that he could even start to think about raising kids himself. Somehow, thanks to Hiruma's needs and playfulness, they had gotten a little careless about protection though and Mamori had become pregnant during their second year together. Just after Hiruma had found out about it, he had dragged her to the next abortion clinic and convinced her that it was the best for her if she got rid of the fetus.

At that time, Musashi had not known what had happened, but all of a sudden, the atmosphere around the pair had gone from steamy to icy. When Hiruma came to him one night though, with black shadows under his eyes and with such a foul mood that the sex was more like a fight to death and they were bleeding all over the sheets afterwards, he found out the whole story. Mamori was giving him the cold shoulder,

she did not answer his calls and did not come to any classes they had together and avoided him where she could. Consequently, Hiruma had gotten frustrated with her. Thus, he went to the only source of solace and trust that he still had, and that was Musashi. Being the person that he was though, he first needed to vent his anger via sex, before he was able to form any coherent words about his personal problems.

Musashi had listened without saying anything at first, treating both their wounds with band-aids, but inwardly he had shook his head and wondered, what a big idiot Hiruma was. He was not surprised by Mamori's actions anymore; had he been a girl he would have done the same exact thing. Moreover, the poor girl must have been completely traumatized by what Hiruma did to her.

When the blond was finished and looked up at him for any kind of advice, Musashi had hit him square over the head and told him in non-too-nice words what he thought of him. Then he told him he should give Mamori an honest, heart-felt apology along with a few presents at least. After that, the blond had thanked him and left without another word.

He seemed to have followed his advice, because after that, he and Mamori seemed to get along better again, but something was broken between them. The girl started to notice all the little things that she had ignored willingly before, Hiruma's antics, the way he did things with blackmail, suggestions and everything that she despised and about half a year later, when they entered university together, they went separate ways.

Somehow, Musashi had ended up taking half of the lectures that Mamori also attended and since they knew nobody else there and had gotten along quite well before, they became really close friends. So close that Musashi soon knew details of her relationship with Hiruma. It was somewhat funny picking apart the opinions that he got to put them back together to facts, but it also made him feel awkward to stand right in the middle of these two hot-heads. Thus, he did the best that he could: he listened to what they both had to say, but he refused to ever take a standpoint again.

These days, Mamori started to rant about Hiruma and his way to do things whenever she caught him doing *something*. It was hard for Musashi not to roll his eyes at her, but he did the best that he could, listening to her patiently.

Luckily, Hiruma's ways of coping with the situation were the same as usual: Either he schemed something or he came to Musashi, looking for sex.

Today, while he was listening to Mamori's endless rant, he wondered though why he let him. Was he just some sex toy to him? Why did he not just close the door in front of him when he saw that hunger in his eyes? Why was he not able to deny him what he wanted? Did he have to make up for the year and a half that they did not see each other that much? For the time they did not have sex?

Musashi knew that had it been any other person, he would have kicked them so hard that they were not able to sit down for the rest of their life, but with Hiruma, it was different. The blond just had to be there and Musashi's mind went blank. He had tried

dating other people, had tried to have sex with somebody else, but in the end it just came back to him that he only wanted Hiruma.

The worst thing about it was though, that he knew that he could never have him. His father would be against it, his mother might understand, but she would be against it, too and all of his coworkers would also be against it, even Tamahachi, who knew him better than anybody else. Still, he could not stop thinking about Hiruma. He even went so far as to imagine what life would be like with him in twenty years, but what he imagined was not what he wanted, what he was supposed to be. Should he really confess that he was in love with a man and try to lead a successful business... He would have to do many illegal things and that was nothing that he could do. Also, he knew that the only assignments that he would get then were the ones that Hiruma got him through blackmail. And he wanted that even less than a happy life. Still, he kept thinking about only Hiruma like a stupid teenager. Well, maybe he was just the biggest masochist on earth.

On the other hand, his father kept prodding him when he would find a girlfriend that he could marry so that he could produce a Gen Takekura junior to ensure the continuation of the Takekura bloodline. He kept telling him that he was too young for that and that he wanted to complete his studies first, but his father's condition was worrying him. It got worse and worse with every passing day and the doctor did not give him much more time to live. So he needed to find a woman to marry soon, so that he was still able to introduce her to him.

"Ah, if only I could fall in love with somebody like you," he heard Mamori sigh suddenly and he looked up at her in surprise.

"What?"

"Do you realize that you're everything a woman could wish for? You're tall, intelligent, patient and by the way, you also look good with all these natural muscles... I bet you like kids, too," she laughed, actually managing to make him blush and look back down onto his book. "Really, you and Hiruma, you are like two opposite poles, just how do you get along at all?"

"Well, you know about opposites being drawn towards each other? I guess that explains it pretty well," he mumbled.

"But, I must admit that you are really brave, too," she continued as if she did not listen to him, "I mean, I know about same sex relationships from a few of Suzuna-chan's manga, but it's not easy to do that in reality, is it? I mean... don't you get looked on funnily? Like, when you two are on a date or something?"

Musashi snorted. "It's as easy as that: we don't 'date'. We have sex, that's about it. And while we're not having sex, we get along pretty well, too."

"So, it's not about love?" Mamori asked, curiosity peaked.

"...Not... exactly," the young man answered with a frown. "It's never been about love

between us, it's more like... a mutual need of the other. I... can't explain it well, you know? I've never been good with words."

"That's not important," Mamori smiled openly at him. "I've never seen Hiruma trust anybody as much as he trusts you – maybe Kurita or Sena – so your actions must be worth more than any words anybody can say to him. I don't think that he ever trusted me as much as he trusts you."

Musashi wanted to protest, wanted to say that he did not do much, that he let Hiruma down so many times, he did not think that he trusted him all that much, but on the other hand, what she said had some reason behind. Still, it irked him that he was unable to quit Hiruma when there seemed to be no emotion behind the things they did.

Rationally regarded.