

# Ocean Avenue

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## Kapitel 8: Sorry, Try Again

Musashi found Hiruma sitting on the couch in the living room, doing nothing else but staring at the photos on the mantelpiece. All of them showed a happy family, the kids that grew over the years and their parents that aged slowly, but steadily.

The blond's gaze seemed to flicker towards one picture in particular though, one that showed the Takekuras at the beginning of their marriage, a one or two-year-old Youichi on his proud father's arms, holding a football in his too small hands. The boy's hair already stood up into all possible directions and he looked very much like his namesake. The fact that his ears seemed to be a little larger than normal did not help matters much.

Hiruma snorted, and turned his head to look at Musashi. "You do remember that I'm not a natural blond, don't you?"

The other man shrugged, smiling enigmatically as he sat down in the armchair next to the couch. "I do. And Mamori does, too. But I also remember that you promised to kill both of us should we ever tell anybody about it."

"Che, yeah, I did say that, didn't I?" Hiruma snorted, continuing to stare at the pictures. The second son, Ken, was a spitting image of his father at that age, minus the beard and the prominent cheekbones. He still looked like a normal teenager and not like some old man who had lost his way into a high school. Involuntarily, Hiruma started to wonder what his kids would look like had he ever produced any.

"You did," Musashi smiled. "Also, Youichi would not have believed the story otherwise. He needs proof for everything that creates a doubt inside his mind."

"So that paternity test was a blatant lie?" Hiruma asked, snorting as Musashi gave him a crooked grin. "Fucking old man, you've come a long way to your own downfall."

"Sometimes a lie is better than the truth if it gets you what you want, wasn't that your motto?" Musashi pointed out, suddenly remembering one of their first encounters during junior high school. "I still have no idea what your parents are doing, by the way."

"They're dead," Hiruma dead-panned, without any emotion in his voice.

The other's eyes widened at that, this time knowing that it was not a lie, or at least the closest to the truth that Hiruma would tell. "I'm sorry."

Shrugging, the blond replied, "Don't be. I hardly knew them anyways anymore. And don't try to tell me that they were my parents and all, because, really, I don't care about those fuckers at all."

For a moment, Musashi stayed completely silent, just watching his friend's face. Then he snorted.

"What?" Hiruma asked, suspecting something.

"You were doing a pretty good job with Sachiko," the other pointed out. "I never thought that you'd be good with kids."

"It's nothing else than taking care of a bunch of football-kids," Hiruma shrugged again, glad that Musashi decided to change the subject. "You know, like back then, during high school."

"I know," the man chuckled, "I always thought of you as the mother of the team. And Mamori as the super nanny."

"What the fuck?!" Hiruma glared, sitting up straight at once. "You *dare* to... What the fuck?!"

"Aw, come on, don't tell me you didn't know about that," Musashi laughed. "Everybody thought of you as the center of the team and since we were practically your family with you in charge of everything... Sena also called you the mother of the team when he held the speech on the tenth anniversary of us winning the Christmas Bowl."

"Che. The fucking shrimp is stupid. How the hell can I be called a mother figure?" Hiruma mumbled, looking away in embarrassment.

"I don't know, but everybody wholeheartedly agreed on what he said and congratulated him on his speech. You can imagine how uncomfortably he felt afterwards," Musashi told him with a fond smile. "All he could say was 'I'm glad that Hiruma-san isn't here... he would have killed me straight on the spot.'"

"Damn right, I would have!" Hiruma growled. Then he started to chuckle. "Did he call you the father of the team, too? Because that's what you were-"

"Heh, I remember we had a talk about that, once, too," Musashi interrupted him. "That time? In the toilet on Mamori's birthday? When we were playing that video game?"

"Kekeke, yes, I remember. Everybody was scared shitless that I took a fucking *princess*," Hiruma cackled, remembering happier times. "You know what? I haven't given you a present for *your* birthday."

Smiling, Musashi waved it off. "You don't have to. You coming back to Japan is the best present I've had in years."

The blond blinked, surprised by that sudden confession. "What? Not even the tie your daughter made for you this year was better than this? It's a real piece of art, too," Hiruma cackled, holding up the multicolored piece of cloth.

Musashi chuckled sheepishly. "I get these every year... You should have seen Youichi's first tie... It was so brightly colored that you could only look at it with sunglasses."

"That kid knows how to use colors? And here I thought he must have inherited his artistic skills from his mother," Hiruma grinned, standing up and straddling Musashi's waist without any prior warning. "Now, could you please stop talking about them? It annoys me when I wanted to give you my present..."

Almost involuntarily, Musashi's hands found their way to the blond's narrow hips, holding him securely in place even though it was the last thing that he wanted to do. "I've already got you, what else can you give me?" he mumbled, knowing exactly what he was provoking the other to say and do.

Long, slender and pale arms hooked up behind his neck, long-fingered hands threading through his hair, gently massaging his scalp as Hiruma leaned in close to his ear. Close enough that he felt every breath but too far away to touch. "You know exactly what I have to give to you. And I know you want it, badly," the blond husked, thrusting his groin against the other's. "I bet you didn't have a decent fucking in all these years that I left you... I know I didn't."

Musashi chuckled, his cheeks turning a little pink at the prospect of having Hiruma for himself again, but his responsible self made him hold back. "Oh, you know best how Mamori can be in bed, if stimulated in the right way..."

"And you're the best to stimulate anybody in bed, huh?"

"Besides you, that is," Musashi grinned back, realizing that his hands had been sliding up and down the blond's sides all the time. This whole situation was making him hard, harder than he had been in years. It must be something that Hiruma emitted, some pheromones that just screamed: "You know you want to fuck me!" And Musashi was an easy prey to those.

He inhaled deeply, reveling in the feeling of Hiruma's muscles under his hands, a feeling that he had missed for twenty years. The little hairs on his back stood on edge and a shudder ran down his spine and all he wanted to do was rip the clothes off that delicious body to try and see if they still fit as well as they did all these years ago.

"Oh, I don't deserve that praise," Hiruma mumbled, leaning in for a kiss, when all of a sudden they heard the door open.

"I'm going to bed now, honey! Don't take too long, you know you have to get up

early!" Mamori said from the entrance to the living room. "Oh, and don't forget to show Hiruma the guestroom, okay?"

"Alright, honey!" Musashi managed to answer, even though he was completely red in the face, but Mamori was not able to see that because Hiruma's back was covering her view.

"See you later," she smiled and waved at them before she left. "Have a good night, Hiruma!"

"Thank you," the blond mumbled, all of his mood gone suddenly. "You, too," he sighed as he climbed off Musashi's lap reluctantly, sagging down onto the couch. "Fuck, talk about a mood killer."

Musashi sighed deeply, once more willing away a raging hard-on and glad that his wife knew about how he felt towards that blond demon. He figured that he would be sleeping on the couch tonight if she were the jealous type... And he knew that if he had been condemned to sleep on the couch, he would find his way to Hiruma's bed quicker than anybody could say "American Football." This would be the beginning of the end.

But damn, he wanted it so much, every cell in his body was drawn towards Hiruma so badly that it almost hurt. He tried to breathe it away, but the feeling was still there and he had to force himself to stay seated.

"...You should go to sleep," Hiruma said suddenly, sounding just as emotionless as he did when he was talking about his parents earlier.

"...You're right," Musashi sighed and finally pushed himself up to a stand. "Come, I'll show you the guest room."

"I'm fine with the couch," Hiruma tried to protest, but the other would not let him.

"Come on, you need a bed to sleep in and we happen to have a spare one," Musashi argued, pinching the bridge of his nose. His headache from earlier was back, full force. He really needed some sleep soon, or he would not be able to do anything at all.

"I slept during the flight. A full 8 hours," Hiruma said in a flat tone.

"...Wow. That long?" Musashi asked, truly astounded.

Hiruma snorted. "Yeah, that long. Don't act that surprised, despite what I told your daughter, I am able to sleep on my own."

"How long do you usually sleep?" Musashi asked, ignoring the last stab.

"That's none of your business anymore," Hiruma said, glaring at him. "But if you insist, show me that fucking guest room of yours."

Musashi shook his head with a small sigh, smiling wryly. Obviously, Hiruma had not changed his habits at all. Then, he stood up and waited for the blond to do the same, watching him gather his bag and stuff before he led him upstairs into the one empty room that Sachiko had not shown him earlier. On the way upstairs they met Yoichi though.

"Where are you going, young man?" Musashi stopped his son mid-step.

"Out," was the short answer. Hiruma raised an eyebrow, watching the scene curiously.

"At this time?"

Youichi shrugged, not looking into his father's eyes. "Yeah, why not? It's not like I am not allowed to, am I?"

"Well, I can't stop you, that's right, but-"

"Look, dad, I'll be back around midnight, and I'll be up before you tomorrow morning, too. I don't need as much sleep as you do," Youichi shrugged.

"You're not meeting Emi, are you?" Musashi said sternly, making Hiruma wonder who this Emi-person was.

"Dad, you know she has school tomorrow. Do you think I'd be so irresponsible and meet her that late at night? 'Ch, you know that both Mom and Suzuna-ba-san<sup>1</sup> would kill me if I did," Youichi shrugged. "I'm meeting a few friends from university. We're going to a Karaoke-bar, nothing serious."

Musashi looked at his son over for a few moments and Hiruma had to hold back a chuckle as he could see the boy quiver slightly under that stern gaze.

"Alright, but if I'm up earlier than you tomorrow, I will have a word or two with you," he said.

"Whatever you say, dad," Youichi grinned and sprinted down the stairs, grabbing his keys and his jacket. "Good night!"

"Yeah, yeah, good night! And try to have not too much fun, okay?"

But Youichi was already out of the door.

"You know that he was lying, right?" Hiruma asked quietly.

Musashi shrugged. "I know. He's probably seeing Emi no matter what, but well, it's not like I can stop him. I just have to listen to Suzuna complain about her little girl's grades dropping every Sunday," he sighed. "But really, they have not gotten any worse since they have gotten together. On the contrary, I think that Youichi has been helping her with some of her not-so-favorite subjects."

Hiruma cackled slightly and decided to wait until Sunday to find out if he assumed correctly about the girl's father.

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Musashi was in a surprising hurry to show Hiruma the guest room and then excuse himself to go to bed.

"Meet me for lunch at Ocean Avenue tomorrow. I want to show you something," he said before he closed the door behind him, not leaving Hiruma any chance to confirm or refuse the offer. But the blond just shrugged. He did not have anything better to do tomorrow either, so why not meet the other for lunch again?

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"Did Youichi go out again?" Mamori asked as Gen entered the bedroom.

"Mhm," her husband hummed, slowly undressing himself.

"That boy... when will he learn that Emi needs to sleep more than he does?" The woman sighed, putting the book that she had been reading onto the nightstand.

"He said he's going to meet a few friends for Karaoke," Gen said, pulling out his pajamas from his side of the bed.

"And you believed him? Gen, Gen, when do you learn-"

"No, I didn't. Hiruma did neither," the man grinned, looking like a teenager himself. "But he's young and I said it's alright if he gets up earlier than me tomorrow morning."

"Honestly?"

"Mhm."

Mamori laughed gently. "You guys, you're all the same. You only think with your brain down there."

"That's not true, and you know it," Gen said as he climbed into the bed next to her.

"Oh, really? That looked a little different just a while ago," Mamori chuckled. "When Hiruma was all over you."

"Please..."

"No, it's alright," she said, smiling gently. "I know what he means to you. And I also

know what you mean to him. You two share a bond that we were never able to build, I know that, despite all the years that we've been together."

Musashi blinked, slightly surprised by his wife's insight.

"He's your first love... and you're... you're probably the only one he loved completely unconditionally, because you never questioned his ways... that's something... something I was never able to do," she mumbled sadly, staring down at her hands.

Gen looked at her for a few moments, at the same time incredibly happy that she was his wife and just as sad that they were not the perfect couple that people saw in them, that there was Hiruma between them. Gently, he put a hand on her cheek, making her turn her face towards him.

"...I'm sorry... would you... would you rather have him make advances towards you?" he asked, genuinely curious.

She looked at him wide eyes before she started laughing. "Hell, no! I've been over that for over twenty years. You can do anything you want, you hear? Anything. You two can... have your way like you did during High School and university... I just... I just don't want all of *this* to crumble and fall into pieces... We put so much effort in building up this life for the both of us and our children... Don't throw it away for a dream that cannot come true. You're not a teenager anymore."

Musashi chuckled wryly. "I know... I know. Although sometimes I wish I still was 17." He leaned forward and kissed her softly. "You're too kind for me. Sometimes I don't think that I deserve you."

"Oh, you don't," Mamori answered quickly, grinning back at him. "But you're the best father figure I've ever encountered, that's why I have you where you are now."

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[sup]1[/sup]ba-san – aunt