

# Cry for you

Von abgemeldet

## Chapter 1

"Aaaaaaaaahhh!"

With a silent cry Pata stumbled out of the house and hurried away as fast as possible considering the poor state he was in. He managed to get away at least a few meters, but it didn't take long until his weak legs stopped supporting the rest of his body and he broke down onto the pavement. He moaned in pain as his fresh wounds brushed against the rough surface of a brick wall, his skin barely covered by the thin, torn shirt he was wearing. Shivers of agony shook his body and blurred his mind, making him completely unaware of all the people who were passing by and talking about him behind his back. "Look, it's that drunkard again..." "What a weirdo..." Not one of them noticed that the already half-unconscious man desperately needed help, they all just looked away quickly - it was so much easier; someone else would pick him up, or he'd stay there for all they cared... The dirt of the street mingled with the fresh blood from Pata's injuries, burning like hell, and after a short time he couldn't take the intense pain any more and passed out.

Heath was slowly walking down the street, very tired after a long strenuous day in the studio, which he had spent rehearsing and recording new songs. All he wanted to do was go home as fast as possible, take a hot shower and fall asleep in his warm, comfortable bed... As he noticed the small, curly-headed figure lying on the pavement, he immediately started to worry whether this was Pata, and after a few steps more he was quite sure about it. He cringed at the thought that this miserable form could be his friend and band-mate. "Oh boy... what is he doing here, sleeping on the streets like a homeless...? It's a shame... Bet he's drunk again..." he thought, but as he got closer to him, he soon got the uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong. Now that he stood right in front of his friend, he noticed that he wasn't sleeping: He was unconscious, and he was bleeding from numerous wounds. His clothes were torn and stained with blood, the ragged shirt half ripped open. His guitar and the leather jacket were lying somewhere near the unmoving body. Heath was shocked. What had happened to Pata?! And what was he supposed to do to help the poor guy?

After checking his friend's breathing and pulse he hurriedly called a taxi, lifted the limp form up with some effort, carried it into the car and told the driver to bring him home as fast as possible. When they got there he had considerable troubles getting the unconscious man up there into his apartment, but finally with the help of the friendly taxi driver managed to do so. He laid Pata down on the couch and first

checked him for serious injuries. Luckily he couldn't find any, but the guitarist's whole body was covered with scratches, cuts and other strange wounds that looked as if somebody had beaten him, maybe with a whip. It was obvious to Heath that those injuries were done by a human, and definitely not as an accident. Anger started to well up in him. Who would do such cruel things to somebody?! Sighing heavily, he decided to change Pata's clothes. Since his friend's stuff was all blood-stained and dirty and he couldn't stay like that at any rate, he would lend him some of his own clothes, even though they were a bit too big. The most important thing was that they were warm and soft, which was quite a problem considering the fact that Heath usually wore mostly leather; however, after looking through his closet three times he finally found something appropriate.

For some short moments Pata awoke and opened his eyes a slit, but sunk back into a deep slumber after only a few seconds. He was far too tired and exhausted to stay awake. Heath was relieved at least a little, but he was still shocked and angry. His hands formed to fists against his will, and he began to tremble as he heard his friend moan and cry in his sleep. He was wriggling around as if trying to get free of somebody's grasp and screaming for help. In his dreams somebody was obviously hurting him over and over again... After watching his friend for a while, Heath got up and looked for his first-aid box. He disinfected the open wounds, bandaged them carefully and finally covered the other man with a soft, warm blanket. After doing so, he sat down on the floor next to the couch and decided to watch over him the whole night, but he was too worn out after this stressful day and therefore fell asleep after about half an hour, Pata's small hand in his own, his head resting on the couch and still fully clad in his quite uncomfortable heavy leathers.

In the middle of the night he awoke from Pata's fearful cries that cut through the silence of the darkness like a blade. The small man was bathed in tears and sweat, the bondages hanging loose and blood-stained from his thin arms, the blanket lying at the end of the couch completely abandoned. Gently Heath tried to wake him up, to release him from his nightmares. Pata slowly opened his eyes and stared at the bassist utterly confused. He didn't know where he was, why he was there, how he had gotten there, where all those bondages and the blood came from, what Heath was doing here... His whole body was in pain, he couldn't move a bit without making it even worse, and he feared that Heath might hurt him again. In his eyes everything was strange and really scary; he had lost all his trust in people and was afraid of everyone. Soothingly Heath started to talk to him, tried to comfort the frightened man, who looked as if he wanted to run away every second and was shaking from head to toe. He patiently explained to him that he had found him lying on the street unconscious last evening, and that he wanted to help him. It took quite a while until finally Pata calmed down a little: He wasn't that scared any more, but he slowly began to remember the happenings of last night. Now that he knew where all the pain and the blood came from, he desperately tried not to cry in front of Heath, but wasn't very successful. A few tears went astray and found their way down his cheeks, and he turned away his face, feeling ashamed and insecure. Hesitating a bit, the bassist asked: "Pata-chan... What did they do to you? Why did they hurt you...? And... who was it? It's so... cruel..." The smaller man didn't dare to answer his question. He just shook his curly head, more tears ran down his pale face and he trembled slightly. "Pata-chan... come on... shhh..." Heath suddenly got very nervous as he realized what situation he was confronted with: Not only that Pata was badly hurt - physically as

well as emotionally - he also knew that his friend had been suffering from severe depressions since years, hide had told him long time ago. He had to be really careful, Pata was so vulnerable - he appeared to Heath like a lost and hurt kitten... Gently Heath took his friend's skinny arms, cautious to avoid the broken flesh, bandaged them again and then moved on to the rest of his abused body with great patience and tenderness.

Pata slowly started to trust Heath and therefore didn't interrupt his actions. It had been quite a time since anyone had been so warm and caring towards him, he was used to a very different kind of attitude... Usually he was either overlooked or yelled at, sometimes even worse; the young bassist seemed to be a real exception. With his low, hoarse voice Pata whispered, almost choking on swallowed tears: "He... he... he beat me... he was so drunk... and... angry... and... I tried to get free, but... he tied me up... and then... then he... he... he raped me... and... I... he..." At this point Pata broke into tears again; his whole body was shaking from violent sobs. Heath was so shocked that the glass of water he was just about to give to his friend fell from his hands, shattering into thousands of pieces as it hit the floor. He gasped: "Oh my god... Pata... oh god..." He had already expected something really terrible, but this was worse than anything he had thought of. He wanted to say something, to try and comfort the poor guy a little, but it was impossible; his voice was caught in his throat, leaving him speechless. It was incomprehensible to Heath how anybody could do a thing that brutal and heartless to an innocent person; and now that he knew what had happened, he could fully imagine his friends' suffering. "Pata... how... who..." he was finally able to whisper, but the other man only shook his head weakly. "I... I can't tell you..." Heath decided not to push him any further, he didn't want to force him into something not wanted and destroy the confidence, as little as there was. The guitarist would tell him if he wanted to... Instead he just embraced the sobbing figure gently, giving him a shoulder to lean on; and stayed with him for a while.

Eventually Heath went into the kitchen to get a new glass of water for Pata, since he had dropped the first one, but there he hesitated at some point. Water...? Oh god... Suddenly he remembered that his friend very obviously was a heavy alcoholic... He filled the glass and sat down on the tiled kitchen floor for a minute. He was exhausted and worn out after a long day and an even shorter night, worrying all the time; and on top of that he was completely overtaxed with this situation. It was just too much for his weak nerves... he desperately needed to relax, but he didn't have much of a choice. Mentally sighing he returned to the living room, not prepared at all for what expected him now. Heath found his friend in a terrible condition: He was lying on the couch coughing and gasping, obviously having serious troubles to breathe, and he was sweating despite of the relatively cool temperature Heath usually kept in his apartment. His skin color was of a deathly pallor that shocked the young bassist so much that he dropped the glass again. He rushed to the couch in panic, clutched his friend's cold hand and shrieked: "Pata! Pata-chan!!! What's the matter?! What's wrong with you?!! Tell me!!!" Pata couldn't care to answer Heath's question any more. Between violent gasps for air he coughed: "My... jacket... need... the jacket... quick...!" Confusedly Heath looked for Pata's jacket, finally finding it on top of a pile of his own clothes in the living room. He handed it to his friend, who with shaking fingers searched the pockets, but all he found were his keys, a lighter and a pack of cigarettes. Obviously this was not what he was looking for, but he lit a cigarette anyways. He was horrified as he realized that he was trembling too much as to hold it,

it simply fell from his hands after a few seconds. Seeing this, Heath just couldn't stand it any more; he was completely at his wits end. Hastily he grabbed the telephone and called the ambulance. Pata's condition was really frightening, and hopefully they would take care of his friend better than he could...

Finally the ambulance arrived and took Pata, who was already half on his way to oblivion, to the hospital. There, Heath had to wait a couple of hours until finally one of the doctors approached him and informed him about the news. He almost couldn't believe it. The doctor - a friendly, but grave man of about 45 years - told him that his friend had a severe addiction to Heroin, and those were only the withdrawal symptoms. He also said that Pata had to stay in a special clinic for drug rehabilitation for several months and that he should go see a psychologist too because of depression and shock. Heath was badly shaken. He only nodded, shortly thanked the doctor for informing him, and then hastily headed for the next bathroom, leaving the other man a little confused. He broke down on the tiled floor sobbing and trembling. Why...? Why...?! Why was Pata such an idiot?! Heroin... So dangerous... He could easily have died! Heath didn't dare to think farther. Bitter tears ran down his face, but he didn't care to wipe them away - he didn't even really notice them. He mentally cursed himself for not having realized that something was terribly wrong with his friend long time ago; he had been so blind! Now he remembered the numerous times Pata had locked himself away somewhere, when he and INA had wondered what was going on. They had usually decided that Pata was only suffering from a really bad hangover again, and had left him alone... But now it was too late. Heath started to hate himself. Maybe he could've prevented all this if he just hadn't been that stupid!

Suddenly the door opened and the doctor came in, turning to the crying bassist. "Excuse me, Sir," he said calmly. "Is everything okay? I was a little... concerned... you ran away so quickly..." Startled, Heath immediately stopped sobbing. He was totally embarrassed and hid his face behind his dark hair and his hands, still sniffing a bit. "It's... okay... thank you..." he lied, but it didn't sound very convincing. The doctor shrugged. "Well... You may visit your friend now, if you want to..." Heath only stammered a small 'Thank you' and let the doctor guide him to Pata's room. His friend was fast asleep, and he still looked pale and worn out. Worriedly Heath took the delicate hand into his own and stroked it gently. "Pata-chan... Silly, silly Pata-chan... why did you do that? You are so stupid... Why did you destroy yourself like this? You could be dead right now... Is this what you want? To die and leave us all behind? Do you know that you have friends who'd cry for you? Even hide up there in heaven would cry... Have you been so unhappy? We all don't know much about you... We've known each other since so many years, but you never say much... You'd never let us help you; you'd never admit that you have problems, ne...? Silly Pata-chan... Pata ... Please... wake up... talk to me! Say something - please! You're scaring me, you know?!" But Pata was still asleep, he couldn't hear his friend crying, and he also didn't see the tears running down the pale cheeks. After a while Heath couldn't stand the silence any longer more and left this frightening white room. He desperately had wanted to talk to Pata, but he just lay there in his white bed underneath the white sheets, haggard and thin, and didn't respond at all.

In the hallway Heath met the doctor again, but this time a small sly smile was on his lips, which made him feel a little uncomfortable. "Sir," he said with a low, silent voice,

"I suppose you know that as a doctor I have to report your friend's drug abuse to the police". Heath started, his eyes widening. He hadn't thought about this yet! "Anyway... There's one chance for you to stop me from doing so..." His grin grew broader, making the bassist shiver. "Sleep with me, pretty one." Heath gasped - he didn't believe what the other man had just said. Was he serious?! He was a doctor - a man of honor - after all! "I... can't do that..." he whispered. "Think about it," the doctor grinned. "I know who you two are. The press would love to hear about a scandal like this... That's not the best promotion..." Heath was really terrified now, and he began to tremble, tears glistening in his eyes again. Sometimes he really hated himself for crying so easily, but he just couldn't change it. "I... I can't do that...I'm not a fucking slut..." he whispered. The doctor just slipped his card in the bassist's hand and walked away. "Think about it again - I give you 4 days!" he called from the other end of the hallway.

Still sobbing, Heath called a taxi and went home as fast as possible. He threw himself onto his bed immediately and tried to get some rest, sleep-deprived as he was after all this; but he just couldn't stop thinking about Pata and the doctor's proposition. He tossed and turned in his bed for hours until he finally decided to call INA before he'd go crazy. "Moshi moshi" he heard his friend's cheerful voice, but soon the tone turned into a worried one. "Heath? What's wrong?" "Can I come over?" the bassist asked weakly. "Sure..."

As INA opened his door short time later, he was standing in front of a totally miserable Heath - he was even paler than usual, his eyes were red and swollen from crying, and dark circles underneath clearly gave evidence that he hadn't slept for quite a while. INA knew that the bassist was quite emotional, but he had never seen him in a state like this. Wordlessly he guided his friend into the living room, where they sat down on a huge, comfortable couch. "Tell me, Hiroshi... What happened? You've been crying..." Heath blushed furiously, and then began to speak with trembling voice. "Pata... I found him on the street unconscious yesterday when I went home from the studio...I took him to my place...He was hurt, he could hardly move because of the pain... and... he told me that he had been raped! I... I've never seen him cry like that..." INA gasped in shock, but Heath wasn't even finished yet. "And then...I left him alone only for a few minutes... When I came back, he was coughing and gasping for air... I thought he'd suffocate! He looked so terrible; he scared me so much that I called the ambulance..." Once again, tears welled up in Heath's eyes. "In the hospital they told me that he was a Heroin addict...INA-chan... He could be dead right now!!! What if he takes an overdose...! What if he gets AIDS?! Maybe he's already infected... I... I can't lose him too... First hide, then Pata-chan... I couldn't bear that..." INA warmly took the shaking bassist into his arms. "Hiroshi... shhh... don't cry...". After a while of almost complete silence - only broken by Heath's sobs - INA sighed: "I wonder where he has got that stuff... It's not easy to get Heroin in Japan, as far as I know..." "I don't fucking care where he has got it!" Heath burst out; "I just want him to stop destroying himself! Look at him, INA... He's a heavy alcoholic, he smokes way too much, and then that... He won't survive much longer if he goes on like this! Sometimes I think it's a miracle that he's still alive..."

"Shhhhhh..." INA tried to calm him, "I know, I know...do you think I'm not worried about him?" Looking at the totally devastated bassist, he once again sighed heavily. "Why didn't you call me earlier...? You definitely don't seem as if you could go through all this alone..." "INA... there's one more thing... We're in trouble... The doctor needs to report Pata..." The other man's expression darkened and a frown appeared on his

forehead. "Oh Shit!" he exclaimed. "If that comes to public! Arrrgh... He's... he's... he's so irresponsible, I can't believe it! Not only that he won't be able to play the next few months, he also gives the press opportunity to destroy us... That's not exactly what we need..." Heath first thought he had misunderstood INA - was that all he was worrying about?! The band?! "Do you... want to fire him?" he whispered, his voice choked with tears. INA smiled weakly. "I can't do that to him... The band is everything he has... And we're friends after all, aren't we? Apart from that, I'd never find another guitarist like him; he's just damn good... Anyway, we need to make sure that all this has an end, it can't go on like this..." He sighed again. "I suppose we have to bribe that doctor." The young bassist started at those words. "Forget it... He won't take money, he wants something else..." As he caught the questioning look from his friend, he blushed furiously and turned away. He stared at the floor for a while, not daring to spill it out - it was too embarrassing. "He wants my body," he finally whispered.

When Pata awoke in the hospital a few hours later, he found himself connected to several tubes filled with sedatives, anti-depressives and other medication. He took a look around; everything in his room was white - the walls, the sparse furniture, the curtains, the bed sheets, his clothes - the only contrast were his dark brown eyes and his hair, but of course he could barely see that. A familiar feeling of loneliness crept over him as he realized that he was alone in this frightening room; Heath was gone. Just as he had expected. There was nothing but whiteness and silence; all he could hear was his own breathing. Tears welled up in his eyes, but he was too lazy and careless to wipe them away, so they flowed down his face freely and finally fell onto his bruised arms. Surprised by the sudden wetness he looked down. His sight was caught by the numerous tubes hanging from his wrists. The nurses hadn't been able to attach them to the inside of the elbows as usually, they were much too punctured from all the injections of heroin. Pata just couldn't take it anymore. Driven by anger and despair he brutally jerked the needles out of his wrists, making them bleed again. He regretted that only few moments later as he noticed that without the painkillers his whole body hurt like hell, and now that no medication suppressed his addiction, he felt the burning need for heroin again. Tears of despair and loneliness mixed with tears of pain, and soon he couldn't take it any more and started screaming in agony. Trying to find a position in which his body wouldn't hurt that much he wriggled around; but weakened as he was he finally only ended up falling out from his bed. Fortunately it didn't take long until a nurse overheard his cries and rushed into his room, immediately starting yelling. "What the hell happened?! Why did you do such a silly thing?!!! Are you crazy?! Do you want to kill yourself?!!!" She called for assistance, and then knelt down beside him on the floor. Realizing what state he was in, she stopped nagging and instead soothingly talked to him until somebody would come and help her laying him down onto his bed and attaching him to all the tubes again. But Pata didn't understand her any longer. His mind was clouded; he distinguished his surroundings only as if through a thick fog, all he could sense was the pain and the need...

It was only a couple of minutes later that Heath and INA wanted to visit Pata in the hospital, but the nurse didn't let them go into his room. She told them that there has been a little... incident, and that they'd have to wait. When they were finally let into their friend's room, they were shocked how wasted and old he looked, but especially Heath was glad that he finally was awake. Hesitatingly he walked to his bed and

carefully took his hand into his own. "How are you?" he asked, instantly realizing that this was the most superfluous question; he could read it all in his face. Pata forced himself to smile. "Better" he lied, but he didn't sound very convincing. INA went to the small table beside the bed and placed the bouquet of flowers he had brought on it. "Heath told me how terribly white this room is - I wanted to bring you something colorful..." Pata turned around in his bed, grimacing in pain as the blanket brushed against his wounds. "Thank you" he whispered. "I hate this room... It scares me..." INA searched for the right words for a while, and then hesitatingly began: "Anou... Pata-chan... I'm really sorry for what happened to you... It must have been horrible... But, you know... That heroin affair... You should have told us... No - you shouldn't have started that in the first place, it's so dangerous... Why did you do that?"

Pata had known INA and Heath for so many years, he knew he could trust them; but still it was everything but easy for him to answer. "I... After... You know, when hide-chan died... he had been my best friend... I just couldn't take it... I wanted to forget... I experimented with all kinds of stuff... and finally I got hooked on heroin... I couldn't control it anymore... I couldn't tell you...! I was so afraid you'd kick me out of the band, or you'd despise me..." As he spoke, tears welled up in his swollen eyes again, but he angrily wiped them away. Heath sighed. "We wouldn't have done that... Pata-chan... You're our friend! But... You know... this has to come to an end. You can't go on like this, you only destroy yourself, and it won't bring hide back either... I suppose the doctor has already told you that you'll have to go on drug rehabilitation and psychotherapy... I just hope that'll help you..." Pata wiped away another tear, trembling slightly when he heard the words "drug rehabilitation" and "psychotherapy". The doctor hadn't told him yet, and he really felt uneasy about it. "They'll lock me away..." he whispered, barely audible to the others. "You'll feel better afterwards, Pata-chan... You won't need that stuff anymore... You'll be free again..." INA tried to comfort him, but Pata was silent and just looked at his friends for a while. Watching his friend lying there in this miserable condition, Heath suddenly remembered what hide once had told him. "Never ever hurt Pata-chan... He might appear strong and stable, but believe me, he's not. You hurt Pata, he'll break. Though one probably won't notice because he's so quiet." A bitter smile touched Heath's lips. How ironic. In the end it had been hide himself who had hurt fragile Pata, and he had been right. Pata did break, but it was just too obvious now as he was lying there, a shadow of his former self... All at once something seemed to have popped into the guitarist's mind. "Please, take care of my cats... They haven't been fed since the day before yesterday... they must be starving... And tell them I'm so sorry..."

Due to his mental instability, Pata had to stay in the hospital until they'd found a drug rehabilitation clinic for him. Heath visited him every day, but most of the time Pata was fast asleep and didn't even notice that his friend was there, since the nurses had raised the amount of sedatives given to him because they feared he might try to kill himself. Heath sometimes found Pata crying in his sleep, because although the guitarist's mind was blurry from the medication and he couldn't even think straight anymore, he still suffered from bad nightmares, reliving the rape in his dreams over and over again. When he awoke every once in a while, he felt dizzy and exhausted, so he usually drifted away to sleep again. But still Heath stayed at his side almost all the time, wanting to be there when Pata awoke, just to make him feel that he was not alone. The bassist sometimes fell asleep himself, his head on the bed, because he got too exhausted from watching over his friend all the time. It wasn't only physical

exhaustion; far worse was the emotional stress he was enduring. He still couldn't believe that all this was not a nightmare, but painful reality. He just wanted to help Pata feel better again, but there was hardly anything he could do, and knowing this made him feel so worthless and destitute. Finally, he made a decision.

"You did what?!" INA yelled at the other end of the line, almost dropping his cell phone. "Yeah" Heath sighed. "I called that doctor and told him I'd do it. I have to do it. It's the only thing I can do for Pata..." "But... Hiroshi... you can't just let that dirty old bastard fuck you! You don't even know whether he'll keep his promise!" Heath sighed heavily once again. "I know. I can't be sure... But I suppose he knows that if he breaks his word, I'm gonna sue him for extorting me. That'd mean we're all fucked. I don't think he'd risk that - he'd lose his job and reputation." There was an awkward silence between them. The bassist wasn't halfways as confident about the whole thing as he was trying to sound, but he was determined to do it. He felt guilty about not having noticed that something - no, everything - so obviously was wrong with his friend, so he wanted to protect him at least this time, even though this meant that he had to sacrifice his body. INA at the other hand was guilted out because of having talked about the band's problems with this affair instead of thinking about Pata in front of Heath - had he unconsciously talked him into accepting the doctor's dirty deal? He really had never wanted his friend to do that, there had to be another chance! "INA..." Heath said shyly, "please, never tell Pata-chan..."

As a matter of fact, Heath met the doctor the next day. He was absolutely disgusted by what he was doing and desperately tried to think about something else during the whole act, but it was hopeless. Although he had chosen this option almost voluntarily, he felt disgraced and raped; and he was scared that that loathsome doctor might hurt him. The bassist had insisted on doing it in an anonymous love hotel in an at least somehow busy district - as far as that was possible, since most love hotels are located at the suburbs of Tokyo - but he still felt extremely trapped; and the whole atmosphere there made him think that those hotels were built exactly for obnoxious affairs like this. If only that doctor treated him with a bit more respect... He definitely wouldn't feel that bad if he weren't treated like someone inferior, almost like a slave.

Another cigarette stub found its way into the ashtray. INA was nervously smoking one cigarette after another to keep himself somehow busy, impatiently waiting for Heath. They had decided that Heath should come to his friend's house after the doctor let him free, so INA knew that he was okay and he wouldn't be left alone in this situation. INA had hoped that he'd be back soon, but it was getting quite late, and he still hadn't heard anything from the bassist. One of Pata's cats, which he had adopted for the time Pata had to stay in the hospital, silently streaked around his legs. The small animal obviously sensed that something was wrong... INA gently picked it up and petted its little head. A bit surprised he noticed that the cat was better fed than Pata himself. Had he really always fed his cats, but forgotten about himself? Suddenly the doorbell rang. Relieved, he let down the cat and opened the door. In front of him stood Heath, his expression totally blank, INA couldn't read any emotions in his face. "Hiroshi..." he trailed off, somewhat confused. "Come in..." All of a sudden, without saying anything, the bassist raced into the bathroom and threw up violently. With a worried frown on his face, INA handed him a glass of water and some tissues, then guided him to the couch and gestured him to sit down. He sighed heavily. "Did that



pig hurt you?" Heath weakly shook his head. "No... he didn't. But it was absolutely disgusting. He treated me like his sex toy. Well, that's what I was, kinda..." He smiled wryly. INA sighed once again. "I had expected something like this... that dirty old bastard... Heath... You shouldn't have done that. You can't take all the consequences for what Pata did..." The bassist downheartedly stared on the floor and didn't say anything for a while. "You don't understand... If I didn't do it, he'd probably go to jail or something... I'm dead sure he'd kill himself within the first few days, I mean, you saw what state he is in!" They both fell silent again. INA didn't know what to say. He was amazed and shocked at the same time about how far Heath was willing to go to keep his friend from any trouble. After a while INA spoke up. "It's strange... Seems as if everyone's turned gay suddenly... First Pata gets raped, and then that bastard of a doctor takes you... Maybe you two are too pretty for your own good." Looking at Heath, he once again noticed how worn out he looked. A bitter smile touched his lips. "Hiroshi...you should go get some sleep... You look like a zombie."