

# Ocean Avenue

Von Makikolgami

## Kapitel 14: Grey

Hiruma stared at Musashi in the moonlight, memories coming back to his mind, unbidden. Yes, he recalled every little detail of the last night that he had spent in Japan, the last night that he had spent together with the other man. His plan had been to reveal everything to him now, to force him thinking about what they had done and what he had *said*... Those dreadful three words that he had said unconsciously, words that were never needed between them. But as he looked into his eyes, those deep dark brown eyes filled with confusion, he knew that he would never be able to use anything he knew to his advantage towards this man.

Therefore, he just snorted and tore his gaze away and looked down on the ground.

"Well, you said you'd miss me." At least that much was true.

For a moment, Musashi looked as if he had expected something else, as if he had hoped that Hiruma would say something else. The blond smirked to himself. So he did remember a bit more than just that fucking hooker.

"I don't remember that you were there..."

"I wasn't. At the party that is," Hiruma explained, deciding that he would tell him a little bit more of the truth.

"...Oh god," Musashi groaned, looking as flabbergasted as one would who had just found out that he had an evil twin. He staggered forward to the rail and buried his face into his palms as he leaned on it with his elbows. "Don't tell me you wore a wedding gown that night..."

Hiruma smirked openly, so that Musashi could see his amusement over him remembering correctly.

"Oh shit," the older man cursed, rubbing his hands over his face, before he laughed bitterly at himself. "And I wondered why I had a feeling of déjà-vu on our honeymoon a month later..."

"Spare me the details," Hiruma said, his laughter having died on his tongue.

"Sorry," Musashi sighed, staring down over the rail that he leant heavily on, trying to come up with the right words to resolve the tension between them. He really wanted to be things as they were twenty-five years ago; he wanted the friendship that he and Hiruma had back.

"I did miss you though," he mumbled, trying to get back to the subject that Hiruma had started.

Hiruma chose to say nothing, because everything that he could have said would have sounded false and kitschy and nothing like him, so he stayed silent. He did not need to say that he missed Musashi, too. If he had not missed him, he would not be standing there with him.

"You may not believe it – I know it's difficult, because you only saw me with my family – but there has not been a night that I have not dreamt about you." The words kept bubbling out of him, unstoppable. He did not want to say them, but on the other hand he knew that Hiruma had the right to know the truth, since he was the only person that he had ever been truly honest to, except for the truth about his feelings. "I... I thought that my mind was so sick to replace Mamori's face with yours in that wedding gown, but now... now I... I don't know what is real anymore."

"Sheesh, don't freak like that, old man," Hiruma said with a soft snort, turning around so that he leaned with his back against the rail, not looking at Musashi's face. "Both are real. Mamori and I. But it's nice to know that you missed me that much."

Musashi smiled weakly, his mind still in turmoil over the sudden revelation, trying to sort out the rights and wrongs, where he belonged. He tried to think of something else, because this was really not the time and place to think about fundamental things, but now that he knew that his dreams were based on reality he did not know what to do. He loved his family more than anything, but had marrying Mamori really been the right choice when he dreamt of somebody else each night? Of something real, not something his sick mind supplied him with. Especially if the last part of the reoccurring dream was also true...

"Hey, it's your wedding anniversary, shouldn't you be with your wife?" Hiruma asked, changing the subject quickly.

Shrugging, Musashi answered, "I probably should... but there are too many people inside and I don't want to talk to them right now. I talked too much today anyways."

"Yeah, you've never been much of a talker, have you?" Hiruma smirked. "Honestly, I was always wondering how you could do what you have to do for your job. Talking to other people, being polite and keeping your own opinions to yourself most of the time..."

"Oh, shut up, I know that. I have enough black spots on my leg to prove that Mamori knows, too," Musashi explained, grinning lightly. "Plus, it's my birthday party, thus I want to spent some time with the best birthday present I had in years."

Hiruma snorted as he turned back around. "So, now I'm a mere present? A few moments ago I was still a person."

"Personally, I consider you as a present from the gods to me, for I have been such a good person over the last 20 years. Ask the yellow press, they don't even know my name unless some of those idiots read some news that are not just scandals."

"Yeah, you lead a fairytale life. With the perfect wife and the perfect children. At least on the outside," he added quickly before Musashi could interrupt and say that his family was not perfect but perfectly normal. "It has been a good thing that you did not let your heart decide whom you wanted to spend the rest of your life with."

There, he said it. Not clearly, but hidden underneath a thick layer of inklings, but easily seen even for a thickhead like Musashi. Now it was his choice to react to it or just let it slip as if he had not heard it. Nervously Hiruma watched the older one closely. He expected him to look over to him in surprise – or anger – something with a hint of emotion, maybe he would even have the honor of seeing the other blush slightly.

"It was," Musashi mumbled though, his voice devoid of any kind of emotion, he just sounded awfully thoughtful.

Hiruma's brows furried, surprised by this lack of anything that he used to expect from a man like Musashi at such a statement he had just thrown at him. Maybe he was getting old, he was definitely losing his touch during these days. Back in the days, he would have had Musashi in his bed any time, he would have stirred at least *some* emotion from him, but the way it was then was kind of boring.

This conversation obviously over now, Hiruma suppressed the urge to sigh and lean his chin on his hand in an exasperated motion, as Musashi next to him straightened suddenly and mumbled some excuses that he had to go somewhere now. Shrugging in response, Hiruma continued to stare onto the sea, the city and all the little boats that cruised in the moonlight.

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A few hours later – it was well after midnight – Hiruma stepped out of the elevator that led to his current residence. He looked completely pissed off, but his gaze softened gradually when he saw somebody sitting on the great balcony, the steady sound of wood being carved with a knife sounding somewhat familiar over the sounds of the sleeping city.

"There you are," the blond mumbled as he stepped outside to sit down on a sun chair, laptop propped onto his lap.

"Mhm," Musashi mumbled, looked at the piece of wood in his hands, continuing to carve after he found a spot that was not yet to his liking.

"You know, your fucking wife has been giving me hell over your absence, she even blamed me for it," Hiruma continued evenly as if they were talking about the weather.

"Sorry," Musashi mumbled, it being the only hint that he was listening to the other.

"You could have at least taken me with you, you know?" The sourness on Hiruma's face had made it to his voice. "I had to ask your fucking *son* to take me here, because he was the only one on the party who knew of this dreaded place. You can imagine his mood. Especially since I had to forcibly extract him from the fucking shrimp's daughter."

Musashi's only answer was an amused chuckle.

"That's not funny, fucking old man," Hiruma glared at the broad back. "I had to listen to everybody's stories, it was fucking annoying to hear about every little shit that doesn't interest me the least."

"Welcome to my world," Musashi grinned, taking a last look at the figurine he just made before he put away his knife and placed a little wooden Cerberus onto the ground, dusting splints off his pants.

"I said it's not funny, fucking old man!" Hiruma pouted openly now at the man standing in front of him. "That was exactly the reason why I did not want to go! I knew this was going to happen and I wanted to avoid-"

He was suddenly cut off by a pair of warm, chopped lips on his own and a strong, rough but gentle hand on the back of his head. That pair of lips effectively stopped him from speaking until he melted into the kiss, involuntarily. As Musashi backed off with a soft grin, he needed a heartbeat to get his composure back just to glare up at the other.

"Damn it, your timing is still as worse as it was back then," he chided the other, "This is your fucking 20th wedding anniversary-"

"No, it isn't," Musashi said calmly. "It's just a day that we chose to celebrate it on. The actual day was a few days ago, you remember? It was the day after my birthday."

Still pouting, Hiruma narrowed his eyes.

"I left because I had some thinking to do. Some serious thinking," Musashi started to explain, kneeling down so that he was now at eye-level with Hiruma. "About my life, my feelings and how I want my future to be like."

"Well, by the way Yoichi and Emi are acting around each other, you will soon be a granddad."

Musashi nodded with a fatherly smile. "Yeah, I know."

"You look good with your kids, and you'll probably look good with grandchildren, too,"

Hiruma declared, sounding curious instead of his hurt sounding words.

An enigmatic grin made the corners of Musashi's mouth twist upwards. "Sometimes I watch over the kindergarten at the office when Mamori and the other secretaries are out for lunch. My office has the biggest space to keep all the kids in. They love listening to my stories of the blond demon that led a group of underdogs into a war against the biggest and strongest armies of the countries around them just to show them that you did not need to be a noble to win in war..."

Hiruma snorted and broke out into laughter. "You made up a nice story out of that? So, what happens in the end? Did the princess marry the demon or the strong carpenter of the underdogs?"

Musashi shook his head. "I never get to that part. The kids always fell asleep after I finished telling them about the second fight against the White Knights of the East."

Hiruma's laughter grew. "I always knew you were not able to tell stories in an interesting way!"

"No, unfortunately not," Musashi chuckled softly. "And I'm also not built to lead a company."

"You're doing a fucking good job for not being built for it," Hiruma argued, still unsure where to this whole discussion was leading.

"I know. It's just... I'd rather be outside and help the workers on the sites than actually lead them on. This entire fine talking and acting tires me endlessly. It takes a lot of self-control to stay calm most of the time; I would be nowhere if it had not been for Mamori leading me the right way. Yoichi will be old enough in a few years – after he finishes his studies – and he shows much more interest and talent in handling the things I have to face every day. In less than three years, I can finally go back to being a normal man instead of being the head of a billion-dollar-company. I can be myself again. At the young age of 50."

"...And that's why you built this little house up here," Hiruma said, knowing that he had done it to preserve the man that he once had been and obviously still was subconsciously, despite all the changes that he went through over the years.

Musashi simply nodded. "I... I knew you would be coming back. To be honest though, I thought you'd return in five years though, when Yoichi would be old enough to take over the company from me. Missed me that much, huh?"

"Don't let it get to your head," Hiruma said calmly, even though his insides were in a turmoil.

"All those times I have wondered what I would say to you once you were back, but now that you're here, everything that I wanted to say to you sounds absolutely foolish."

"Everything you say sounds foolish. Especially if you're talking about your feelings," Hiruma deadpanned, making Musashi laugh despite himself.

"Well, then I won't say anything anymore," Musashi said and closed the short distance between them for a kiss.

Hiruma allowed it for a while, but as Musashi tried to deepen the kiss, he backed away and looked up into his eyes. "What about Mamori?"

"She knows my feelings, better than I do most of the time," the older man said, voice husky with desire.

"She always did, didn't she?" Hiruma mumbled, licking his lips in anticipation of another kiss.

"Mhm," Musashi mumbled, watching that tongue sneak out between the other's lips hungrily.

"Fuck, who cares," the blond said suddenly and slammed his laptop shut, put it on the ground just to pull Musashi down at the edge of his shirt. "I've waited 20 years to do this again, so you better do it right, understood?"

"It will be a pleasure," Musashi grinned and let himself get pulled down into a deep and hungry kiss.