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## Reita/Ruki, Aoi/Uruha

Von K-Cee

### Kapitel 15:

Alright.

First problem - namely the mop of hair on my head - was solved so far by washing, drying and combing.

Second problem: A never ending story.

*"Moshi moshi"*

*"Kouyou! Takanori here!"*

*"Wha.. you sound... strange. What happened?"*

*"I have no fucking clue what to wear tonight!"*

There was a long moment of silence. Fuck. I was about to hyperventilate.

*"Wear something tight and everything will be fine~"*, he reassured me but I gripped my neck.

*"I lost too much weight, my clothes don't fit anymore..."*

*"Oh..."*

I was about to cry.

*"I'll be there in ten minutes. Make some coffee. Relax. And for heaven's sake, don't jump out of the window!"*

Twenty minutes later I sat in Kouyou's car and we were driving downtown to Harajuku.

Thirty minutes later, I stood in the middle of a huge store and was packed with a bunch of clothing.

*"Alright, you'll try this on and I'll see if I find some more."*

*"Yuu should thank me for going shopping with you."*

*"He loves you, I'm sure."*

Another thirty minutes later, we left the store.

I was happy.

My closet would probably break under the weight of all the clothing it already stored and the bunch of new stuff I bought but it was fine with me.

"Okay.", Kouyou huffed as he stemmed the package of clothing onto my kitchen table.  
"Here, that's the bag with the outfit for tonight. Put that on and we'll see what we can do about your hair and makeup."

"Makeup..?"

"Yes, makeup. And now shut up and get going."

I snorted and took the bag, stuck my tongue out at him, and disappeared into the bedroom to dress myself.

The dark red shirt with the black print on it snug perfectly to my chest and the deep v-neck showed some of my skin, the black jeans were more than tight, and the new leather boots were definitely to become one of my favorite pair of shoes I possessed.

As I made it to the kitchen, my eyebrow arched.

Kouyou made a snapshot of me with his cellphone and giggled.

"What was that for?", I snarled and frowned at him before taking place at the table to light myself a cigarette.

"For the before-after-comparing. Because now...", he pulled a black bag out of nowhere and opened it on the table, "..you're going to be prettified."

"What the..."

I looked at the bag that contained a generous amount of brushes, makeup, combs and even a small bottle of hairspray.

"Do you always carry that around with you?"

"Yup."

"...is that lipgloss?!"

"Yup."

An hour later, a thick layer of makeup and my very own Ozone hole richer, I didn't dare to look at myself.

"I'm finished, you can look at yourself now.", Kouyou grinned at me and lit himself a cigarette, obviously very proud of his work, "Oh, and take the cellphone with you for comparison."

Huffing, I made my way over to the bathroom, ignoring the mirror in the hall on purpose because when I made it to the bathroom and got a shock I could wash all the stuff on my face right off.

Turning the light in the relatively small room on, I dared a look... and was speechless.

"What the...", I said to my own reflection and suddenly started to grin like a moron.

The black eyeshadow that framed my eyes made me look kinda evil - I liked that.

Kouyou had even taken the time to fix the little problem I'd always had with my eyebrows, namely by ripping some of it out and accentuating the rest with dark brown eyeshadow and an eyebrow pencil; the rest of my face was pale as always, but the skin looked a little more even with that bit of foundation and powder on it.

You probably ask youself why I know all those words if I never gave a damn about makeup.

You're damn right.

I never did.

But what else could I do than listening to Kouyou's explainations while he put all that stuff on my face? You know.. Kouyou!

My hair was slightly teased and looked ruffled, but the ends were pulled into small spikes while my fringe still framed my face in the usual manner.

"And? What do you say?"

Kouyou appeared behind me and grinned, the glimmering cigarette still in between his lips.

"I look strange... younger...", I answered honestly and cracked a smile.

"Well, that's the sense of makeup, y'know."

"..what can I say.. thank you."

He grinned at me and playfully slapped my left ass cheek.

"Aki's gonna love it, you'll see."

"I hope so."