

Tenshi

Von aprileagle

Kapitel 2: Twinkle, Twinkle

So I took what's mine by eternal right,
Took your soul out into the night.

Chapter 2: Twinkle, Twinkle

"Somehow everything went wrong, Kaki-chan."

Tahiki sighed and gazed sadly at the old photo he always put on his desktop or his table or even his bedside table, depending on what their new suite or their separated hotel rooms offered. This time, it was a small table near the window. The photography was slightly yellowed, the frame scratched, but still he could see the young girl clearly smiling up to him through the broken glass.

"Yaten is still ill, or should I say again?" He stroked carefully over the glass, over her everlasting smile. "Sejya's mood is as dark as this stupid dungeon in your father's castle, if you do remember." The real Kakyuu would have surely remembered and burst out into peals of laughter. Her image only stared silently back at him. "No matter what I do he's upset or, as Michiru-san would say it in her moments of impatience, pissed off. Yaten is simply unhappy with the entire situation." Tahiki sat down on his bed with another sigh and closed his burning eyes for a moment. He hadn't slept much the last night when they finally flew from Tokyo to Kyoto. He was the oldest brother, he was responsible for his sibling. Therefore, he had spent half of the night taking care of a still coughing Yaten and a cursing Sejya and the other half he tried to keep them away from killing each other. Verbally. With death glares. With pillows.

Thankfully, they had been the only passengers on the small Jet. Thankfully, their crew was used to their escapades. Thankfully, Michiru only rolled her eyes, pulled her headphones over her ears and watched the movie shown on their 2 hour flight across Japan.

But Tahiki hated to see his brothers fighting. Fighting against each other. When they should have fought against Sailor Galactica instead. When they should have united their strength to find their princess instead. When they should have been happy instead. Happy that they still had each other, that they survived their flight to earth, that they were able to escape Sailor Galactica's slaughter. Upon their parents' sacrifice.

"I can't always look after them. Not all the time. Not when I want to find you." Tahiki laid back on the too soft mattress and spread his arms on the warm blanket. "I need time to write new songs that might reach you, Kaki-chan. I can't spend all that time

baby sitting them as I can't make them understand that there are more important things than arguing with each other like merely three-years olds!"

Tahiki opened his eyes again and studied the white ceiling above. It was just like any other ceiling in any other hotel he'd been before. He knew it would be another one he'd stare for hours in too long nights.

"Michiru-san already does so much, I can't ask her to take even more responsibility. I can't ask her to look after Yaten so that he wears his cap and his gloves whenever he sneaks outside to take one of his stupid long walks. I can't ask her to remind Sejya that he should be going NOW to come to his rehearsal in time. I can't ask her get me a damn coffee in the middle of the night without letting the crew or the hotel staff know that I can't sleep. She has already enough work with Hotaru-chan as her goddaughter. She has her own family, I can't burden her with mine, as well."

Tahiki rolled his eyes and stared for a long time at Kakyuu's smiling face. At twinkling eyes. At an understanding look. Comforting look. Loving look.

"Maybe I should find them a baby sitter." He laughed. It sounded exhausted, tired, sad. "But where should I get one?" He shook his head and sighed again.

"Where do you get a baby sitter for a twenty year and twenty two year old world famous pop singer?"

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She was pissed off. Nevertheless, she was determined to have a great evening. It was her first night in Kyoto and she hadn't intended to sit alone in her hotel room or to even brood about music pieces she could still rehearse tomorrow. Tahiki and Sejya wanted to try a new song and they would give her the new music once they were happy with their arrangement. Right now they did not need her.

Damn Setsuna!

Normally, she had wanted to go out into the cool Kyoto night with her best friend, but Elza got an unexpected break during her exams and of course flew over to see her family. Right now the happy couple was probably at a good restaurant and Hotaru was already driving all the other guests crazy with her wailing – or she had already captured all the waitresses with her charming smile. Of course Michiru understood. She would have wanted to have seen her family, as well, had she been Elza. Unfortunately, she had no lover and no child and therefore faced an evening in boring loneliness. Tahiki and Sejya would sing their new song and Yaten would sleep. What was left for her was the TV. Not the prospect she had ever wished for as a 22 year old woman.

I won't give in to sorrow!

No, if no one would accompany her she would go out alone and have some fun on her own. Well, not exactly on her own. Not in a city she didn't know and certainly not as the famous Kaioh Michiru. But that was a problem she was about to solve.

"May I see your ID card?"

Michiru literally grabbed the first member of Hashitzou's crew who happened to stand outside the crew's quarters in the lower part of the hotel. She seemed to have looked out of the window and turned startledly around. Although she frowned in surprise, she handled her the plastic card without protest. Certainly, she was used to such behaviour from Hashitzou who always made sure that each person running around really belonged to his crew.

"Alright, Tenô-san, let's get out and have some fun!"

"What?"

"I want to get out of here for a while and you're the lucky person to escort me."

"What?"

The blonde looked like a deer and the headlight and Michiru had to fight her giggle.

"I can't possibly go alone. Tahiki-kun would go nuts if I'd do that. So I have to take someone with me and you're the lucky dog to come with me."

"I'm not a dog." The young woman crossed her arms demonstratively before her chest and stepped back until she felt the wall in her back as Michiru stretched her hand and patted her playfully on her unruly mop of hair. The musician had to step on her toes, because she was almost one head smaller than the blonde, but she had the element of surprise on her side. The crew member did not react and for a moment Michiru felt soft strands running through her slender fingers. They truly felt a lot softer than they looked.

"You do have the fur." Now she had to giggle as she saw the offended look in deep green eyes.

"Then watch out. I might bite you."

"I'd really like to see that." Michiru's giggle turned into a bright laughter as the other woman actually started to growl – or better, her stomach started to protest, because she had obviously treated it like a mangy dog.

"Grab your jacket and I'll treat you to dinner. Please." Michiru bowed her head slightly and glanced up to the blonde through her eyelashes. It was a look that always worked when she wanted to have something. And mostly it worked. Even on Tahiki. Well, when he was tired, exhausted and lost in thought anyway.

I shouldn't go with her.

Haruka studied the young violinist before her and blushed as her stomach gave another rumble. She had been so busy with the equipment all day that she totally forgot to eat. A nice warm dinner sounded tempting. To get out of this hotel, to get some fresh air and maybe to talk to the person who made her live worthwhile while playing her instrument. They didn't have to be out for long, maybe for an hour or two. No one would notice, not even Hashitzou who would be in bed soon, especially after such a long, exhausting day.

I shouldn't get involved.

Haruka sighed and nodded whereas Michiru clapped excitedly in her hands and did a small jump.

"That's great." She rejoiced. "You won't regret it, Tenô-san."

Haruka hoped that she was right.

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Kyoto was warmer than Tokyo. The snow had long since disappeared and you could feel that the air was still cool but already full of an approaching spring. While snow storms were still raging over Tokyo you could already see crocuses and other spring flowers carefully breaking through the still barren ground.

Michiru felt the climate change immediately, but still she held on to her cap and her scarf, because she didn't want to be recognized. Surely, she loved her fans, but sometimes she simply wanted to be herself, didn't want to give any autographs or explain why she had played this song and not another one during the last concert.

Sometimes she wanted to be a normal young woman just like the rest of the world. Or at least as normal as she could be as a Sailor Senshi.

"Kyoto truly is a big city." Michiru looked around with wide eyes. Although the old emperor's city was not as big as Tokyo, it was huge. There were advertisements flashing from all the skyscrapers around them and half of the city's population seemed to be up and about. They were surrounded by thousands of people, but Michiru enjoyed it. No one reacted strangely or wanted to take a photograph of her. Here she was an anonymous person in an anonymous crowd. Thousands of strangers who didn't know her. Michiru felt great.

"Maybe I should convince my boys to visit the emperor's palace while we're here." She turned her head and looked up to the illuminated building on the hill to their right.

Haruka didn't reply anything. She trotted behind Michiru like a loyal doggy, indeed, and watched out for any strange behaviour. But no one seemed to connect the excited tourist in front of her with the world famous Kaioh Michiru, so it seemed that her only job this evening would really be to escort the musician and get some hopefully delicious food in exchange. At least she didn't have to fight off stupid blokes.

"What do you like to eat, Tenô-san?" After another thirty minutes of commenting how beautiful this city was and that she wanted to see it during daylight, Michiru finally remembered the main reason of her leaving the hotel. Or better, Haruka's very loudly protesting stomach reminded her of her earlier promise.

"Whatever you like, Kaioh-san. I'm just not very fond of sashimi." Haruka shrugged and zipped her jacket. It truly was a night that promised an early spring, however, she shivered, a feeling she had got used to during the past years. She always felt cold when she hadn't got enough sleep. However, she didn't dare to sleep a lot in her room which she shared with three other crew members for she didn't want to wake up, horrified and shaken by a horrible nightmare. A nightmare that simply would not let go. That would never disappear. That was part of her for the rest of her life. As an eternal punishment...

"Don't call me Kaioh-san. Otherwise you can hold a poster over my head and advertise who I am." Michiru on the other hand opened her robe and took a deep breath of fresh air. Yes, it was better than always being in the hotel or Kyoto's music hall. She felt freer. Happier. Like a bird on the wide ocean.

"Michiru-san isn't any better, because it's not such a common name." wondered Haruka puzzled. Of course she knew the Japanese tradition and she didn't want to be on a first name basis to the young singer. Actually, she never wanted to call someone by his or her first name ever again, no matter who it was.

I don't want to get involved.

"Call me Aiko-san." Michiru smiled as she saw the blonde's confused look. "It's my mother's name. I always use it when I walk around incognito." The young musician frowned as the taller woman paled, but then put it off as a trick of the light. "So, no sashimi. Hm..." Michiru walked along the road and looked into the little restaurants they were passing by. One looked more invitingly than the other. Her own stomach started to rumble and she knew that they could continue their tourist tour later. After a delicious meal.

"What about rice balls or sushi?"

"That's fine with me."

"Then let's try it!"

Michiru grabbed the blonde's hand and pulled her into the next restaurant. Haruka was too surprised to even react.

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"Search for your love..."

Sejya stood at the stage's rim, holding the microphone gently in his hands. He preferred the music hall to be full with dancing fans, all singing along to his lines. However, I knew that it was necessary to rehearse, even though he hardly liked that particular song any longer. They had sung it too often. Far too often. But he knew that they still had to perform it for it was the song which would hopefully reach their princess. Therefore it had to be perfect. For the sake of their princess. As for Tahiki's sake.

Sejya held the micro tighter in his hand. Normally, they used mini micros attached to their costumes, but somehow they were not working with this music hall's equipment. Hashitzou had been distraught and promised them more than once that they would work until their first concert the coming weekend. The dark haired singer did not mind. They had started with old micros five years ago when all they wanted to do was to search for Kakyuu. Never had they expected to get so popular on this strange planet so far away from their home. Now they had the most modern equipment, but Sejya secretly loved the old micros you had to hold in your hands. He thought it made him look sexy.

Sadly, everyone else disagreed. Except maybe his fans.

"Stop." Tahiki looked up from his guitar with this serious expression that he always wore when he was working very hard. Sejya groaned silently, but nodded and started again when his brother told him to repeat the refrain. He knew how much it meant to Tahiki to find her, therefore he would sing that damn song even if it was the last thing he would do in his life.

Fuck for your fuck...

Instead he sang the lyrics accordingly to the lines in his head. He always learned the lyrics by heart while Tahiki or Yaten still had some sheets of papers to look at if the music was still new. While his brothers were able to play an instrument, Sejya only sang. He was the lead singer and after having tried to play the flute in his early childhood, his family silently agreed that his voice was nicer than all his vain attempts on instruments. At least it did not scare away their fans.

"Try the refrain again, please."

At least he said please.

Sejya closed his eyes so that Tahiki would not see him roll them, then he started again, singing his heart out to an empty audience.

"Maybe a little bit softer? You surely don't want to scream at the audience." Sejya could only hear Tahiki's voice and he willed himself not to strangle his dear brother here and now.

Here we go again.

"Search for your love, sora no suishou

Search for your love, nakanaide kure

Search for your love, hontou wa

Dakishimetai"

He really tried to give his best, but he instinctively knew that it was no good. Not today. Something was bugging Tahiki, probably the looming failure of their mission.

Neither Sejya nor Yaten dared to even think the words, but they both knew that five years of endless, fruitless searching came dangerously close to a failure. They didn't know how long their quest would last, or how long it was sane to continue it. Probably, they would do it until they were old and had to be wheeled onto the stage as long as it made their big brother feel any better. But would it still make sense?

Why hasn't she answered yet?

Sejya was interrupted again. Patiently, he listened to Tahiki's suggestions of improvement, nodded, and started again in a song they all knew by heart. That their fans knew by heart. Hell, that probably even their critics knew by heart.

Isn't she able to answer?

"Kimi wa itsumo kagayaiteta
Egao hitotsu chiisa na hoshi"

Or doesn't she want to answer? Why?

As always Sejya got no answer, so he concentrated on his lyric, although the words came automatically out of his mouth. But he didn't want to mess up. Not today when Tahiki seemed to be so sad, so near the edge. Therefore, Sejya opened his eyes – and missed his line. He also forgot the next line and stared stupidly into the dark audience.

"Touto-chan?" Tahiki looked up from his guitar and frowned as his brother exploded.

"What do you think you're doing out of bed? You were still sneezing the last time I've checked! Our concert starts in three days and we can't afford you to be ill again!"

Sejya switched off his microphone and pressed his hands against his hips.

Baka!

"Exactly! Only three days. I don't want to ruin the concert, because I could not rehearse." Yaten wrapped the thick jacket tighter around his body as he stubbornly went behind the stage. One moment later he reappeared and sat determinedly behind his grand piano. Silently, he opened it and stroked gently over the black and white keys. He had missed his baby, as much as he had missed his music.

Now I can finally play again.

"I won't get ill again."

"I wouldn't bet on it."

Sejya and Yaten stared at each other and Tahiki sighed inwardly.

"Stop it, you two." He put his guitar carefully away, then he got up and walked over to Yaten who was wearing warm clothes and his furry boots. The smallest singer did not seem to be cold and Tahiki had to agree that he needed to rehearse. They all needed to play their songs before the next concert – together. "We'll play some old songs and then try some new ones for an hour and then you'll go back into our hotel suite, okay, Yaten?"

"Okay." Yaten beamed up at him and his hands hovered weightlessly over the keyboard before they automatically started to play their most popular, even though not their most favourite song.

"It's your risk, Tahiki-niisan."

Sejya took a deep breath, turned around, switched on the micro and started again to sing, not waiting for Tahiki to get back to his guitar. He was too angry with his brother to care. Too angry with himself that it was not him who decided over their fate. Too angry with Yaten that he was able to keep up so easily with his changing pace.

It's your risk!

Yes, at it has always been.

"Kimi wa itsumo kagayaiteta
Egao hitotsu chiisa na hoshi
Taisetsu ni shiteta yo (eien no Starlight)
Ano hi boku wa mamorenakute
Kuyashi namida koraeta dake
Itami ga nokoru yo (wasurenai Sweet heart)"

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Haruka could hardly believe her luck. She had expected Kaioh Michiru to drag her into a sushi restaurant. Oh, she loved most fish, however, what she loved even more was okonomiyaki. No matter how good an Italian pizza would ever be, it stood no chance against an okonomiyaki. And the musician happened to have dragged her into a small but very cosy okonomiyaki restaurant which also sold sushi.

They sat in a corner next to a window. They could see nocturnal Kyoto from their small table that was designed for only two people. Michiru sat near the glass, although she did not look outside to admire the sparkling lights of a city that probably never slept. Haruka sat opposite to her. Between them sparkled a little candle and the atmosphere was almost romantic. A stranger who didn't know them would have called it a date. Haruka called it a well deserved dinner.

Since the smaller woman had told her that she would invite her for her bold kidnapping from the hotel and that she should chose whatever she liked, Haruka had ordered the biggest okonomiyaki they had. It said on the menu that it was originally for two people, but Haruka had not eaten okonomiyaki for such a long time and had not had lunch this very day that she ignored the waitresses astonished look and Michiru's amused, not very well hidden giggle. The violinist ordered herself sushi and already ate while Haruka still had to wait for her meal. The blonde glanced hungrily to the kitchen door which stayed closed without mercy.

Strange, can't remember the last time I've felt so hungry.

Haruka knew that she had to eat in order to live. However, she had lost her appetite last autumn and everything seemed to taste like sandpaper. It got better during the past weeks in Hashitzou's crew when there was always someone around to eat with her. Or better to eat at the same table. To talk about their work or about his or her family waiting home for them to return from a concert or an even bigger tour through Japan and the rest of the world. It was different from the silence that had normally greeted her in her small room. And it was completely different from a grinning Michiru.

"Do you want some of mine?" offered Michiru and watched amused as Haruka's eyes flickered to the still closed door for the umpteenth time.

The restaurant had been a good idea. She doesn't look so distant any longer.

"No." Haruka shook her head and decided to stir some sugar into her tea. "Arigatou."

"When I was a kid I didn't understand why people liked cold fish." Michiru put a sushi between her chopsticks and looked at it, smiling in old memories almost forgotten. "I used to put them into the oven or into the microwave giving our guests a heart attack. My grandmother only laughed and let me have them the way I liked them." The young woman shrugged her shoulders. "I still do it from time to time and then I do something really disgusting, Tenô-san..."

Haruka could not imagine Kaioh Michiru doing something disgusting. Not when she played so wonderful music. Not when the blonde had seen so many really disgusting things herself.

"What, Ka... uh...Aiko-san?" Of course she had to stumble over the secret name, although Michiru didn't so much as acknowledge her slip. Nevertheless, Haruka had to listen to the young woman, because she was strangely curious.

"... then I eat them with ketchup!"

Michiru grinned, not in the least embarrassed about her eating habits. Instead she had to giggle and the sushi escaped her chopsticks and fell back onto her plate. She tried to grasp it, but it was no use for she had to laugh even harder. They escaped her sticks for three times and she even considered taking them with the tea spoon when suddenly two sticks pierced right through her struggling shushi, cutting off its way of escape.

"My mother was always proud of her cooking skills and wanted us to eat properly. I mean, I was three and my father still wanted me to use the spoon so that I wouldn't kill myself." Haruka was surprised about her sudden courage. About a courage actually remembering something that had happened in her childhood. In a childhood long gone. To remember it and to actually telling it to a total stranger.

However, it felt good. It felt great with a smiling Michiru sitting opposite to her, nodding her head knowingly, probably thinking of her own childhood.

"But my mommy wanted me to finally eat with chopsticks." Haruka moved her right hand and the sushi seemed to flow through the air like a small plane, twice almost crashing into the candle until Michiru got it out of harm's, or better Haruka's way.

"That's what I always did, Ka... uh... Aiko-san. Every single time my mother made sushi I would pierce it with my sticks and eat it and would refuse to try otherwise, because it took too long."

"And what did your mother do, Tenô-san?"

"The same your grandmother did: She didn't want her child to starve, so she accepted it until I was able to use it one day."

"One day?"

"I guess I had been eight by then."

"Your poor mother."

"Your poor grandmother."

They both giggled and Haruka was stunned by how wonderful it felt. Just like a dream. Or like a life she had never been able to live: To sit with a nice girl in a restaurant and talk about total nonsense. Funny nonsense. Simply like that. Without worrying about the future. Without fearing what the next day might bring. Without thinking the unthinkable.

Although Haruka knew deep down that she would immediately change her life back if she could change anything that had happened five years ago, over three months ago. She would endure it all again if that meant that she could see them, could see him again.

"I also hated kimonos, Tenô-san. Now I sometimes wear them and it's great fun when you have someone who's able to get you into it. But as a child they were too tight and too good. I could not run in them and not play my violin." Michiru leaned forward as if they were two FBI women on a secret meeting. "So I hid them in my grandmother's wardrobe for old clothes, because I knew she would never look there. Then I would sit in my own room and cry until I was allowed to wear my light summer dresses instead." Yes, Haruka would have done anything to turn back time. However, right now she

enjoyed herself for the first time in months, probably even years. She knew she would feel guilty during the coming, endless, sleepless night. But right now she was here with Kaioh Michiru, heard her funny stories and drank the sweetest tea of her life.

"You were a really naughty girl, Aiko-san."

"I never said otherwise."

"Well, I didn't even want to wear dresses to begin with, at the least kimonos." Haruka had really no idea why she was telling Michiru so much about her childhood. And why that didn't hurt as it should have. Maybe because the young woman was actually listening to her, liking her stories, liking her laughter, liking her presence.

Maybe because she doesn't know me.

Haruka ignored her inner voice for once and let Michiru eat the caught sushi from her chopsticks before she told her an old story about her silver kimono which had always made him giggle silently. It made Michiru laugh loudly.

"... and then I had to go to them, all of them, the way I looked..."

Michiru's deep green eyes were shining with amusement and Haruka's pale face was reddened with excitement. They did not interrupt their talk as Haruka's okonomiyaki finally arrived. While Haruka dug in Michiru told her another funny story about her past.

"... you should have seen their faces.."

They spent more than three hours in the cosy restaurant. With two excellent dinners, two delicious ice cream deserts and six teas. Talking. Laughing. Gesturing. Remembering. Simply having fun.

Neither of them noticed that they hadn't talked about the next concert or work.

As if they were normal people.

As if they were friends.

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"Give me a break."

Sejya was fed up after they had rehearsed all their songs which took them almost two hours. Of course Yaten was still sitting behind his grand piano and it didn't look as if he would go back to their hotel suite anytime soon. The lead singer knew the smaller man's stubbornness, but he had expected his brother to be stricter and send Yaten back earlier. However, nothing had happened and Sejya knew that he had to get out of there before he would scream at them or kick something or even someone.

Why did we have to sing all our stupid songs? It's not like they are new or something.

Sejya almost growled in frustration.

If Yaten's ill again I'll seriously kill someone.

"I'll be back in five minutes."

The young man grabbed his coat and jerked the package of cigarettes out of a pocket while he jumped off the stage and walked towards the exit in big strides. He didn't look back and with a loud bang of the door he was gone.

"I wish he'd stop smoking." Yaten sighed deeply and suppressed a shudder. Although he wore his thickest jacket, he felt cold again. His fingers were stiff and he wondered how long he would still be able to play along to Sejya's voice without missing a note. But he knew that he had to rehearse. He had to play his piano again if he wanted to be a good pianist in three day's time. If he wanted to make it up to Tahiki for the last times when he had been too ill to play and sing for their princess.

I wish he'd stop being so angry.

"I'm still hoping that he sees how senseless and unhealthy it is."

"Keep hoping." Yaten shook his head and played some more notes. Surprised he looked up when some music sheets were put on the piano's lid. Of course he knew all their songs by heart, even though he knew where to look if he forgot a melody. However, those notes were new. Curiously, he looked at Tahiki who had put down his guitar and now stood at his side. Then he leaned forward and took the sheets in his slightly trembling hands.

"This..." he read the notes and hummed the melody silently in the opera hall's huge emptiness. "This belong to Onee-chan's new piece of music, doesn't it?"

"It's the piano's accompanying melody." Agreed Tahiki, nodding. He sat down next Yaten on the small stool and pointed right at the beginning.

"Michiru-san's grandmother received them together to the main violin voice. Michiru-san wanted to try if our audience likes a classical song like that without getting you involved in case they'd have disapproved of it." He turned the page and his finger traced the notes dancing on the five lines. "It's not very easy and we didn't want you to practice it all in vain."

"But now they accepted it and you'd like to perform it as a duet." Yaten put the sheets back and touched the keys, playing a single note, stopping, humming the melody and playing some more notes.

"Hai." Tahiki nodded and rose. "It's not very easy and you don't have to be able to play it before our tour through Japan."

"Hm..." Yaten had already been consumed by the music. He bit his lower lip and played some more lines. It sounded insecure and weak, but Tahiki knew that Yaten would practise very hard and very concentrated and that he would be able to play it in two months' time. He would not ask or even push his smallest brother again. Tahiki knew the way Yaten played his best. He did not work well under pressure but when was left on his own, trying the melody and the rhythm again and again until it was good enough. Until he was satisfied. Then, and only then, he would talk to his brothers again and present them his hard work. And only then he would dare to play with Michiru, accompany her perfect play which he thought he would never achieve, even though the young violinist often tried to convince him otherwise.

"I'll be right back." Tahiki touched Yaten's shoulder, felt that the smaller man shook slightly. "We'll rehearse our most important song once more when I'm back and then you'll go straight back to your hotel room, take a hot bath and go to bed, okay?"

"Kay..." Yaten was clearly not listening to him for his eyes were fixed on the new music and his fingers were caressing the grand piano's keyboard. The youngest singer was so involved into the so well known and at the same time so new melody that he didn't hear Tahiki leave nor Sejya enter.

"Isn't this a bit too hard for you?" asked the singer while leaning over Yaten's shoulder, glancing at the sheet of music before studying the smaller man silently. Originally, he'd wanted to ask him how he felt, if he was feeling dizzy or even sick. However, he couldn't voice his concern so he said the next thing that came to his mind. Seeing Yaten stiffen and his expression darken, and he knew that he had said the wrong thing. Again.

"I have two months to practice. Thanks for your trust."

"Whatever." Sejya set a white plastic mug on one of the sheets lying on the grand piano and turned to look at the empty rows before him. He didn't feel like anymore singing. Not even his smoke had lifted his spirits. In fact he wanted to get out. To explore Kyoto. To do something completely crazy. But he knew that he wouldn't go.

Not alone. Not when Yaten was still, technically at least, ill. Because then he had no one to hide behind when they saw a Ferris Wheel or a small shop selling candy floss. Then he had no one who could be able to ask for all these nice things for him, without leaving him wide open.

He should have been in bed long ago.

Sejya looked at Yaten from the corner of his eyes. The youngest singer frowned and carefully took the mug in his hands. He raised his eyebrows in surprise; probably he had only discovered that it was indeed hot. The way the younger man was holding the mug between his palms, Sejya instinctively knew that Yaten was not thirsty; that he wasn't even curious to see what his older brother had bought. No, the pianist wanted to warm his hands, because he was feeling cold. Sejya didn't dare to step closer again, but he sensed Yaten's shiver, nonetheless.

"Where's our boss?"

"Tahiki-niichan? He'd said he'd be back in a coupla minutes." Yaten brought the mug closer to himself and now Sejya actually saw him trembling.

Tahiki's completely nuts!

Right now he really wanted to kick his big brother's arrogant ass. Tahiki better took care of those who were still with him instead of only thinking of those who were far away. Out of sight, but not out of mind. Yet still unreachable.

Yeah, you're the one to speak...

Sejya sighed deeply before he jumped off the stage again. He's had enough. Although he didn't know what he would do for the rest of the evening, he precisely knew what he wasn't going to do.

I won't let him freeze any longer.

"Tell Tahiki-niisan that I went out. I won't come back." Sejya sounded cool and relaxed, even though he was steaming inside. He knew very well how unhappy Tahiki would be about him disappearing like that, but he also knew his older brother too well to be sure that he would not finish the rehearsal. After all it was no use to practice their songs any longer without their lead singer.

Maybe he'll come to his senses then and send Yaten to bed.

"Where're you going, Sej?"

"Not your business."

No idea...

"May I come with you?"

The soft question startled him and he turned around, the door already half opened before him. Yaten looked expectantly at him and it hurt him to crash these hopes.

Maybe when you're well again.

Sejya shook his head, seeing the disappointment flicker over a pale face before Yaten stared at the mug in his hands again.

Maybe when Michiru-san and her crazy friends will come with us.

"Nope." He wanted to say much more to the sad looking young man, still a small boy in his eyes. So much more. But as always he did not find the correct words, would probably never find any words at all when faced with one of Yaten's crazy requests.

Or do they only sound that crazy in my ears?

Maybe they'd be normal for anyone else but me...

"Drink your cacao before it gets cold."

Sejya reached for his cigarettes again as he left the opera hall for the second time; this time without intending to return again that night. He did not hear Yaten's silent hai echoing behind him.

dbdbdb

They could have gone home after their delicious meal. It was near to midnight and they could have truly said that they had had a long and lovely evening, that they had enjoyed their dinners and that they had had a wonderful time talking to each other. Most of the tourist attractions were closed by now anyway and the last shows in the cinemas had already started, so it was no use to try and watch a movie at this late hour. Really, no one would have thought it strange for them to return to the hotel. Michiru would have been able to tell the Three Lights and especially Setsuna how great her evening out had been and Haruka could have tried to get some sleep in her own room.

Yes, they could have easily gone back.

However, none of them really wanted the evening to end, at least not yet. They both felt still wide awake and too old have anyone of Tahiki's or Hashitzou's unofficial curfews interfere with their further plans, even though they had no idea of how they looked like nor did they behave very mature. In fact, they were more giggling than actually talking, behaving extremely childishly.

Or happily.

"Now that we've seen the famous Kyoto Palace in the dark and know that it won't open before seven in the morning, what're we gonna do now?" Michiru nestled with the small digital camera in her arms before showing it back into her pocket. Surely, there would be hardly any signs of the old building on her photos, nevertheless it had been fun to shoot them while pretending to be a brilliant photographer which of course she was not.

"Dunno. Whatever you like."

While Haruka still had refused to come with her in the hotel only hours ago, she seemed to be more relaxed after having eating a big meal.

How to tame Tenô-san?

Give her a huge okonomiyaki.

Michiru chuckled at that thought and looked curiously around. She didn't know this city, however, she knew exactly what she liked.

"That'll be great." She grabbed the blonde's right hand and dragged her over a crossing. They both were lucky that the lights turned green right at that moment, thus stopping the traffic around them.

"Karaoke?" frowned Haruka as the young musician finally stopped before a big building with many glamorously shimmering signs. Of course, she had told the smaller woman only minutes ago that she would be fine with every activity she chose, however, there were two things in life she wasn't able to do, no matter what, even if her life depended on them. One of them was singing.

"No." Michiru shook her head, smiling. "But we'll have to do that one day with the Three Lights. No one's better in Karaoke than those boys." The young musician pointed at another sign that was right next to the advert for Karaoke. It read only three single letters and Haruka's mood brightened instantly. It was something even she could manage to do, as long as she didn't have to hum or even sing along to the melodies.

"DDR?"

"Yup."

"Great, let's do it!"

"Yup."

Ten minutes later found Haruka and Michiru hopping before a big screen. Although the game was called Dance Dance Revolution by full name, their movements couldn't be called dancing. Not at all, for they were not graceful enough, especially not while they had to laugh and hop back and forth to get their feet into a bizarre sequence in order to catch the arrows on the screen. Sometimes they missed an arrow and staggered for a moment to get back into the rhythm. Or they jumped quickly around on the mat in a vain attempt to catch the missed arrow.

The music was fast, the beat clearly recognizable. Haruka didn't know the music. Probably it was what was currently played in Japan's Top Twenty, but she could have cared less. Most likely she wouldn't have even been able to name the most popular pop songs from the country she had spent the last years in. There had been only one kind of music she had been interested in during that time...

Their music.

Haruka pushed the unwelcomed thought determinedly aside and concentrated again on the screen before her, seeing that the young musician was leading.

She's really good, even though she claims differently.

"Don't jump into the middle. You have to run from side to side." Gaspd Michiru and made a little jump that looked like her legs would cross in the air and form a neat ribbon with a tight knot.

"Uhu." Haruka only nodded and stepped into the middle nonetheless. Otherwise she would have lost orientation and possibly stumbled over her own feet and fallen down. She could remember vaguely having played this game before, but it was now such a long time ago that she was practically a beginner. However, that did not darken her mood, not in the slightest. She came here to enjoy herself and not to win. There had been times when she had wanted to be the best, when she had wanted to win no matter what. When she had wanted to show them just how special she was. Until that very day that had taught her that it all didn't matter, never would again.

Don't think about it!

Haruka missed two arrows while Michiru effortlessly managed to hold her own rhythm. Her face was reddened and her smile was amused. Her jacket and her cap hung behind her over a backrest. At first, she had been concerned that anyone would be able to recognize her, although she knew that she would have never been able to play DDR properly with all her winter's clothes on. But it was too dark in the amusement arcade, or at least in their corner with all the computer and other screen games. In order to watch them properly the light was dimmed and no one would have spotted her here, lest alone expected her in a place like this.

Michiru felt fairly safe and was determined to enjoy herself as much as possible. No one knew what tomorrow held. Or the next week. Or the next month. Even though she had spent most of the last years on a stage together with the Three Lights, she still was a Sailor Senshi to the bone. Whenever her Queen called her she would abandon everything else and fight. They had not defeated Sailor Galactica yet, not fully, therefore there was always the threat of another battle, another war, another injury, another dangerous situation..

Don't think about it it!

Haruka and Michiru shortly exchanged a glance and both missed three arrows. They both didn't care, only giggled like school girls.

Please, don't think about it. At least not for the next hours!

After another thirty seconds the song ended and a red screen indicated them how

badly they had danced, or rather, had stumbled.

"Let's try it again!" Michiru rummaged in her purse and fished out some coins she had gotten at the entrance. "I want to get my prize!"

"Your prize?" Haruka eyed the screen in front of her sceptically. She had thought that the young musician needed the special coins to make the machine going. "You can win something by hopping around like a maniac?"

"Of course you can." Michiru's grin broadened. „I'll show you."

"Okay." Haruka positioned herself in the middle of the mat despite the younger woman's protest to use the edges instead. "Then let's try again."

"Some song in particular?"

"Not really, but a clear rhythm helps."

"How many feet?"

"As many as it takes to win something, anything."

"Good."

Michiru made the adjustments and the screen awoke to new life and new arrows. She already jumped for the first ones as she heard the blonde's confused voice beside her.

"And what exactly are we able to win?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Perfect."

They both laughed and quickened their pace after they'd missed a beat.

dbdbdb

But in her web she still delights

To weave the mirror's magic sights

Hopefully, Yaten looked up from his book when he heard the suite's door open. But it wasn't Sejya finally coming home. Instead he heard Setsuna's by now well known giggle. It sounded like she had had a great time with her wife and daughter. Yaten glanced at his watch and slightly shook his head. It was past eleven. He hoped that little Hotaru was fast asleep in her baby seat and that her future development wouldn't take any damage while being dragged around in restaurants with her crazy parents.

They love her. They won't hurt her.

And Yaten sensed that Hotaru only felt really happy when both of her parents were around, no matter where she was. The young singer also knew that Setsuna and Elza would never hurt the little child. Surely, they had been in a silent, smoke-free restaurant, playing with little Hotaru until she fell asleep.

Maybe she'll sleep through this night.

Yaten didn't really mind to be woken up in the middle of the night. He could easily return to his sleep again. What troubled him a little bit was the fact that the little girl wailed to get her parents' attention quickly. Yaten had heard too many screams in his life to not feel his heart racing at the unhappy sound.

Another door was opened and closed and silence returned to the suite. Yaten sighed quietly and brought his knees to his chest. He already was in bed and had wrapped himself in his warm blankets, thankful that the maid had washed his softest pyjamas. I wish he'd come back soon.

Although he knew that they would only argue. Probably, Sejya would go into his own room without wanting to speak to him. What would they speak about, anyway? Their

next concert? Their songs? All this boring stuff that didn't really interest him. True, the Three Lights business dominated his days and mostly even his nights, but it wasn't his life. It shouldn't be neither his life nor theirs. It had been a temporary solution to search for Kakyuu. Temporary. It turned out to have lasted for over five years already, without any end in sight.

Of course Yaten wanted to find Kakyuu, the strong and understanding princess he liked so much, his brother loved so deeply. But Yaten also wanted to have his life, to have his brothers back. Tahiki only seemed to exist to take care of their concerts, of the newest song's arrangement and of the next city they would play in. Nothing else seemed to be of interest to him anymore. Yaten couldn't remember the last time he had seen his oldest brother laugh, really laugh, happily and carefree. Sejya on the other hand started to keep his distance from them, especially from Yaten, although he couldn't think of a reason why. The youngest singer used to know Sejya very well; what he liked to eat, what he liked to do in his free time, what he thought when he was staring unseeingly out of the window. Now Yaten didn't even have the slightest idea where the lead singer was right now.

I want my family back!

It was extremely selfish and Yaten knew it. Never would he have dared to voice these thoughts aloud, for they would have hurt Tahiki endlessly and confirmed Sejyas suspicion that he only wanted to draw attention.

Still I want them back!

Yaten knew that they wouldn't return to their home planet as long as they hadn't found Kakyuu. They definitely couldn't go back until they hadn't defeated Sailor Galactica. And Yaten wasn't sure if they really wanted to go home. If their home still existed. If their parents were still alive...

The young man gulped and fought desperately against the burning sensation in his tired eyes, blinked away the revealing tears. No, he didn't want to think about this possibility. Maybe their home was destroyed, but their parents had to be alive. They had had the same chance as they did when Sailor Galactica attacked full force. Surely, they were on a planet far far away, not knowing how to contact them. Certainly they were searching for them as they were searching for Kakyuu. One day they would be reunited. However, until that day Yaten needed his brothers as the only family that was left to him. He needed them to trust them, to rely on them, to tell them his fears and to face Sailor Galactica together. But the more time passed the more it seemed to everyone of them fought on their own, simply not having the time nor the strength to care for the other one. A fight Yaten would ultimately lose. He had never been a strong fighter and without his brothers he was certainly lost.

I want my Sej back!

The Sejya who had laughed with him, not over him, who had talked to him and shared secrets strict and responsible Tahiki wasn't to know. Who had cared about him. Who had hugged him occasionally...

Yaten wiped awkwardly some tears away before he pulled the book closer. He put it on his knees and concentrated again on the poem. There was no use to cry over spilled milk, as there was no use to be afraid of a future he wouldn't be able to change. Not alone.

For often through the silent nights
A funeral with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot.

dbdbdb

Sejya heard the muffled laughter as he entered their suite right after the big clock in the hotel's entrance hall stroke midnight. He hadn't really been to any place in particular, mostly walking around in the dark, looking at Kyoto's colourful nightlife without really seeing it. At some point he bought himself a hamburger from these terrible fast food chains you could now find everywhere in Japan. It didn't taste, but he was afraid that someone would recognize him if he'd sat down in a real restaurant. So he only grabbed the little plastic bag and ate the warm, meat filled roll while walking again across Kyoto.

When the cold got unbearable, his feet tired and his mind bored, he decided to go back. It was late enough and hopefully his brothers would already be in bed, sleeping deep and tight. Sejya wasn't in the mood for one of Tahiki's sermons preaching him not to run off without giving them any notice or at least a warning.

It's not as if I wouldn't be able to defend myself against crazy fans.

Sejya shrugged off his cloak and let it fall unceremoniously over the living room's couch.

I'm a Sailor Star Senshi, for heaven's sake!

That was one of the reasons why they didn't have real bodyguards. Of course Hashitzou insisted on them and often hired strong built, dangerously looking guys in black suits, with gelled back hair and watchful eyes always hidden behind dark sunglasses. However, neither the Three Lights nor Kaioh Michiru approved. Always, they were able to escape their protection and for Hashitzou it only seemed pure luck that had prevented worse yet to happen to the popular musicians, because he didn't know the truth, didn't know that they had Senshi powers and could very well look after themselves. There had been some crazy fans once and even a rivalling boy group whose members had tried to harm Michiru, but none of them were ever able to get close to them. In fact, the singer of the unfriendly boy group almost drowned in one of Sailor Neptune's infamous waves and all the other dangerous fans were too mad to be actually believed when they told the police that their idols were fighters from another planet.

I'm Fighter.

Only sometimes did they accept Hashitzou's bodyguards. At least for some days, just to make him happy and feel like he was doing a great job in protecting them. However, today hadn't been one of these rare days. Sejya had wanted to be alone, to think to himself, even though he doubted he'd ever get an answer to all the questions spooking around in his mind. Still, it felt better to kick a rubbish bin when no one saw it.

Sejya sighed deeply and looked around in the dark suite.

As expected he could only see light under one of the doors leading to their different sleeping rooms. It was the guest room which their suites always had due to Michiru's numerous friends, and Sejya could make out Setsuna's voice and Elza's unmistakably high laughter, although they at least tried to be silent. Surely, they didn't want to wake their daughter up. Sejya really didn't want to hear little Hotaru cry in the middle of the night, especially not because her crazy mothers celebrated one of Elza's successfully passed exams a little bit too loudly.

Thankfully, Sejya noted that Tahiki's room seemed to be dark. There were two

possibilities: Either the young man was sleeping or he was sitting on his balcony, staring at the sky, watching the stars like he had done during so many nights. Like Sejya had done, as well, until he decided that there were more important things to do than mourning over old memories, old times that would not return. He was also strictly convinced that looking at the planets so far away wouldn't bring their princess back. However, he understood that this gesture might comfort Tahiki and so he let him be. At least he was not the one who always caught a cold so easily. He could stand a night in the early spring's cold without sneezing the entire next day.

Being cold...

Which reminded Sejya of the reason why he had left their rehearsal without another word to Tahiki, without a second thought at all.

I really hope he didn't have a relapse.

Well, there was only one way to find out, wasn't there? Sejya slipped out of his boots and didn't care that they now laid on the soft carpet, right next to the couch. Silently, he opened the door and tiptoed into the room. It was smaller than in their last hotel, but this time each of them had their own bathroom which compensated and made many things easier, especially in the morning and especially with Setsuna and little Hotaru as their guests.

Yaten-chan?

Sejya didn't dare to call out for the younger man for he didn't want to wake him. However, it wasn't necessary for him to say the other one's name; he found Yaten where he belonged: In his bed. The small singer was fast asleep. Sejya saw him sprawled on the mattress in the little lamp's weak light that stood on a small table right next to the bed. An open book lay on Yaten's chest and Sejya supposed that he had fallen asleep while reading his favourite poems. Writings that the lead singer would never understand. Probably, Tahiki was right whenever he was angry with him and he really was too stupid to understand something like that.

Sejya slowly stepped forward and carefully put the book aside. Then he covered the small form before him with the soft blanket and smoothed the pillow. Yaten turned on his side and curled up like a small child, as he had always done. However, he didn't wake up nor did he look as troubled as he had during the past days. His face was not so pale any longer and his cheeks were slightly reddened, but not from fever. Maybe he just dreamed about something nice, probably something from their childhood, when he had smiled as happily as he did right now.

Yaten-chan...

Sejya sighed softly and leaned over the sleeping figure. Gently, he examined Yaten's forehead which fortunately was as warm as his own hand. The fever seemed to have finally gone. There hadn't been a relapse. The rehearsal hadn't harmed the young pianist as the lead singer had initially feared.

Sleep well, Yaten-chan.

Sejya stroked softly through silver strands. Then he switched off the light and went back to the common room where he'd watch boring TV for the rest of the night.

Sleep well, little one.

dbdbdb

"Two hours of hard work for something like that?"

Haruka stared disbelievingly at the object neatly snuggled under her left arm. Two brown eyes were looking back at her with a doggy expression in them, literally.

"I think it's kinda cute." Michiru drank a gulp from her milk shake and giggled at the blonde's indignant face as she held the big, brown plush puppy into the air.

"If it's so cute why don't you carry it then?"

"Because my hands are already full." Michiru bought herself a milk shake, and because she felt hungry after having jumped around for hours, a sandwich. She ate it slowly on purpose, because the young woman looked almost sweet with her in shame reddened cheeks. Still, she did not drop the cuddly toy, but carried it bravely through Kyoto's night.

"Look."

Suddenly, Haruka stopped and looked up to the sky. Right now they were near a park and there were less streetlights around, so that they could actually see some stars, at least the brightest right above.

"They look beautiful, don't they?" Michiru followed the blonde's look and squinted slightly. One of the stars was the brightest, the most beautiful, although she had now idea how it was called. That's why she asked the taller woman.

"Do you happen to know which star's that?"

"It's Sirius; it's the dog's star."

The dog's star? Really? That's cool! Is it able to bark?

Haruka's hand clenched unconsciously around the soft puppy's left ear as she heard the high voice in her mind again; as she had heard it during every long night since then.

Can it bark? Waou waou!

Again she heard the happy laughter, a noise only she could hear, only she could remember. She knew that one day it would drive her crazy and she could do nothing against it.

"That's the best star for our trophy, isn't it?" Michiru stepped closer to her and incidentally, their arms touched. Haruka jerked away, but Michiru didn't notice. She was too occupied in looking at the stars, trying to remember any constellation she had once learned at school. Therefore, she didn't see the look of panic crossing the blonde's suddenly very pale face, slowly disappearing the longer the taller woman stared at her. She didn't see Haruka taking a deep breath and slowly calming down, returning back into the now and here, forcing her demons back into her mind, so that she didn't have to face them until she was alone again.

"I can't remember the last time I've actively looked at the stars." Michiru chuckled and sighed in content.

"Yes." Agreed the blonde and took a big gulp from her suddenly too sweet milk shake to banish the bitter taste from her suddenly dry mouth.

A fresh wind blew through the streets and the trees nearby rushed. Michiru shivered a little bit and ate the rest of her sandwich before she pulled the cap deeper into her face. Slowly, it was getting cold.

"Let's get going."

"Yes."

She didn't notice Haruka's short answers. Instead she listened to a church's clock strike somewhere in the dark. It indicated that it was now past three in the morning and so they decided to stroll back to their hotel. Still they took their time and Haruka relaxed. They were again talking about some other childhood memories or the game they've just played. They hardly knew each other, yet they felt strangely comfortable with the other one. It had been a great evening as if they had known each other for years. As if they were real friends.

Why not?

Why shouldn't she be my friend?

Michiru took another sweet-cold gulp and nodded determinedly to herself. She would soon ask the blonde again if they could go out again. Maybe they could go to the cinema, then. There were many nice movies Michiru never really had the time to watch – or no one to go with her since the Three Lights weren't really interested in Hollywood or other earth films at all. They called them unreal and boring. The only time when Sejya decided to watch TV was when he was incredibly bored or pissed off. Or we could all go and sing Karaoke.

Yes, that would be great fun. Michiru only had to convince Setsuna that the blonde was a nice person. Nice and trustworthy since Setsuna was always very sceptical about strangers, and extremely protective whenever it concerned her best friend.

Does she want to be my friend?

Michiru glanced at Haruka who almost dropped the big puppy, but was quick enough to save it from a bath in a cold puddle. The blonde hadn't reacted as crazy as her fans sometimes did: Not seeing the normal human in her, but only the image they saw on posters, CD covers and on the stage. However, this young woman had treated her like any other person, except for sometimes stumbling over her name, or better, her mother's name.

"By the way, what's your first name?"

The question sounded strange even in Michiru's eyes. They'd just spent a great evening out in Kyoto, had had much of fun and had laughed a lot, and yet she didn't know the blonde's first name, knew her surname only from the crew member's ID card.

My first name?

Haruka blinked surprised. Only six hours ago she would have refused and not told the young musician such an intimate fact of her life. She had spent enough time of her life in Japan to understand the question's meaning, or at least its looming indication.

Once again!

Strangely enough, right now she didn't care. Not at the least. She gulped the rest of her own milk shake and threw the beaker into the next dustbin.

I've never wanted to be close to someone again, not even as a friend.

But right then, right in that moment, it didn't matter.

"Haruka."

"Scent of the wind?"

"Well, my mother liked it at that time." Haruka scratched her head and shrugged her shoulders. Then she blinked in surprise as Kaioh Michiru slightly bowed before her.

"Arigatou for that great evening, Haruka-san." Then she smiled at her again which broadened into the smile Haruka had seen so often during their contest against the DDR machine. "You can call me Michiru, if you like."

"No more Aiko-san?"

"Well... as long as there are no strangers around."

Somehow it warmed Haruka's heart that she was no longer considered to be a stranger by the young musician.

I really shouldn't do that.

Again she didn't care as she bowed in return.

"Great to hear that you had a good time, Michiru-san."

"Did they put something into our milk shakes for all this formality?" Michiru peered into her own beaker and chuckled. They had strictly stuck to non alcoholic drinks,

however, she still felt slightly tipsy.

They started again to walk, only to notice that they had already reached their hotel. The entrance hall was sparsely illuminated. There was only one very tired looking man behind the reception. They both giggled silently and sneaked through the hall. Haruka escorted Michiru to the elevator where she had to say goodbye. Her own room was on the ground floor and she knew that she had to be really silent to not wake the others up. They had to get up early the next morning and they wouldn't be very happy to be interrupted in their sweet dreams by her turning into a night owl.

"We'll have to do that again, Haruka-san."

"Hai, Michiru-san."

They both smiled sheepishly at each other and the young violinist stepped into the elevator as it arrived with a high noise that sounded very loud in the nocturnal hotel.

"Arigatou again for the evening."

"You're very welcome."

Michiru wanted to say something more, but the elevator's door had already closed before her and she felt it going up with her. Briefly, she wondered why the name Haruka did ring a small bell in her subconsciousness, because she didn't know any other Haruka in her wide circle of friends. But then she forgot about it as she had to yawn. Suddenly, she realized how tired she really felt and was thankful that she could sleep a little bit longer tomorrow for their planned rehearsal would not begin before two in the afternoon due to the fact that Yaten had to see a doctor in the morning to make sure that he was really well again and able to join them in their rehearsals and concerts.

Enough time to sleep, take a hot bath and eat a big breakfast.

And maybe to think of how to convince Setsuna in meeting Haruka.

dbdbdb

It was in the middle of the night. No sounds could be heard as a shadow tiptoed through the suite. Every door was softly opened and closed. In two rooms the figure stopped for a little moment longer, examining the sleeping forms silently.

Only when Tahiki was sure that everyone was back and safe in their beds did he return to sit on his room's balcony, looking at the stars and waiting for the dawn.

dbdbdb

So, that's been chapter 2. I hope you enjoyed it. Thank you very much for all your nice reviews and yes, I did have nice vacations laugh.

Sorry that the beginning of my story seems to have confused so many people O_O. I just didn't want to give away the entire plot yet, but wanted to give some hints to make the story more interesting. Maybe it was too confusing for some of you? I thought it was quite clear. However, it's always hard to see for me since I (as the writer) know exactly what will happen and how the end will look like. But please try again. Maybe it'll get clearer soon. I hope this chapter helped to make it clearer. I just wanted to build some suspension drop.

Someone told me that Tahiki, Yaten and Sejya are spelled in another way. I'm sorry, but I'd like to keep this spelling since I've seen it this way in a fansub. Since Haruka's name is written completely differently quite often (Tenô, Tenno, Tenou, Tennou, etc.) I guess it's the same with the Three Lights' names. Please accept them this way, because I've always written them this way and I guess I can't change now.

The names are in Japanese and therefore it's probably normal that there are so many versions around. I'll stick to the fansub version.

Expect the next chapter next Monday (I'll try to upload one chapter or at least 20 pages of a new chapter each Monday ^-^).

April