

# Tenshi

Von aprileagle

## Kapitel 11: Guardian Angel (Part 4)

It was a nightmare coming back to life. Blindly, Haruka stared at the flash lights dancing through the air, not seeing the shocked fans raising from their seats.

This can't be true...

"Haruka-san?"

I failed again to protect a dear person.

Slowly, she turned her head and looked at Tahiki crouching next to her. Michiru stood behind him, her face suddenly very pale.

"I've called the ambulance; they'll be here soon." Called Sejya who was running over to them. His voice brought her back into reality. She blinked and checked the unconscious form in her arms for the normal signs: Blood pressure, eye reaction, breathing, temperature. The young man's health was poor, but his condition stabile.

As stabile as Aki-chan's shortly before he had a setback.

Before he died...

There were more flashes in the air and she decided to take Yaten away from the stage. She strengthened her soft grip and slowly rose, facing an angry looking Sejya as she turned around.

He's angry?!?

"You'll stay here and finish this fucking concert." Her hissing voice made it clear that this was an order. "I'll take care of him."

"Who do you think you are?" Sejya narrowed his eyes and wanted to take his unconscious little brother from her, but she pushed him away with her right shoulder and walked determinedly towards the backstage area. The ambulance's siren could be heard and she knew that help would arrive soon.

"You're fired!" snarled Sejya, holding his aching shoulder.

Haruka's dark green eyes shone with a fury that made Michiru gasp and Tahiki froze in his motion to grab her right arm to hold her back. To talk to her reasonably. To wait for the ambulance together. This damn concert didn't matter any longer. The entire Three Light business didn't matter any longer. Not when it threatened to destroy his family. Tahiki gulped and looked at his hard breathing little brother nestled in the blonde's arms. He hoped that it wasn't already too late...

"Fine."

"Then let him go."

"No." Haruka shook her head and her cowboy hat covered her face in deep shadows.

"You're not longer employed!"

"I'm still responsible for him, though, you arrogant asshole." Haruka took a deep breath, then she left the stage and met the ambulance team. She laid the unconscious

young man who was breathing hard on the stretcher and told the two young men wearing neon yellow jackets what she knew about his condition. About his blood pressure, about the time when he fainted, about his high fever. They nodded and didn't even complain when she went with them, advising an IV drip and wanting to be informed about the young man's exact temperature. Although it was forbidden for relatives to drive in the ambulance, they didn't throw her out when she climbed into the car and sat down on a small chair next to the stretcher. Yaten hadn't reacted in any way and his still form frightened her.

"Let's go, Andy." Called one of the paramedics and closed the doors, ignoring the journalists with their stupid cameras, as well as two young men trying to climb into the car. There was not enough room for them and if they belonged to their patient, they had to drive to the hospital on their own.

"That's the first time for me to have such a celebrity..." Andrew Baker, who was simply called Andy by everyone else, glanced into his rear view mirror to have a short look at their patient while he manoeuvred the ambulance through the journalists, all the while letting his sirens wail loudly into the early Chicago night.

"Francis...?" he gasped when he saw the blonde sitting next to the stretcher. She raised her head and their eyes shortly met. However, she didn't respond, only stared at him and then back at the Japanese pop singer. Then, she pulled a small cell phone from her black trousers and opened it, obviously not seeing them any longer.

"You know her, Andy?" asked one of the paramedics who carefully pushed an injection into the young man's thin arm. His colleague called the hospital to tell them what was wrong with their patient and when they'd arrive.

"Yes." Andy shook his head, then he concentrated on the road ahead and the car sped up through the dense afterwork traffic. "You can trust what she's telling you; she knows what she's talking about."

"So she's a nurse?" The first paramedic raised his eyebrows in surprise. It was new to him that pop stars had a personal nurse. Normally, they had a lot of lovers and used illegal medicine and other drugs, but he had never heard of someone with a medical education being part of their crew.

"Kinda."

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"Bill?"

Anne Jones leaned out of the window and waved her left hand to catch her husband's attention. William Jones knelt between his roses which he had wanted to cut before their long vacation in Europe.

"Yes, darling?" He looked up and shield his eyes with his dirty hands.

"There's a phone call for you." She showed him her right hand which held his old cell phone tight. A phone she thought he had thrown away months ago, because the leasing contract had run out. "It sounds urgent."

Her husband frowned and put his small shovel down.

"I'm coming."

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She wandered in a dream. In a never ending nightmare. It was so similar to all the times when they came to this hospital with the ambulance, because his condition got

worse and his medicine didn't help any longer. It was too much like last year when they rushed into the emergency room for the last time.

Everything seemed so familiar: The reception, the patients waiting on the plastic chairs nearby, the nurses running around, as well as the doctors in their white cloaks and the surgeons in their green and blue clothes. Briefly, Haruka wondered how many hours she had spent in these rooms during his illness. Certainly not nearly enough as in the hospital above, but it still seemed to be an eternity for her.

"Is that the famous Japanese musician?" asked a nurse with shoulder long, curly hair. Obviously, they had expected them.

Of course they have, he called them.

Or they had heard it from the news, just like they had heard from the tragic traffic accident almost five years ago. They had brought them here, too, even though it had been too late for the woman. Nevertheless, they had tried everything in their might to save at least the popular piano player. To save at least the father.

"Yes. He's twenty year old and fainted about half an hour ago on the stage. His blood pressure is..." The first paramedic told the nurse all he knew about Yaten's history while they rolled the stretcher into Trauma One.

"He's not breathing properly." Observed the nurse and nodded as another nurse helped them to lift Yaten's unconscious form from the stretcher to what Haruka had always thought of an operation table, although she knew that the operations were done upstairs in the OR. She hoped that Yaten didn't have to go upstairs.

"Call Dr. Carter!" Ordered the nurse with the curly hair, already feeling Yaten's pulse and checking his eyes with a small flashlight.

"Not necessary. I'll take it from here."

Haruka looked up from the lifeless young man and sighed in relieve when she saw the strong figure stepping determinedly through the door. He still wore his normal clothing under his white cloak, but he had an air of authority and wisdom, so that no one hindered him from entering Trauma One.

"Dr. Jones." Exclaimed the nurse confused. "I thought you'd wanted to go on vacation."

"Rome can wait. First, I've got a patient to attend to."

"Okay." The nurse overcame her astonishment immediately. Briefly, she nodded goodbye to the paramedics who carried their stretcher outside, heading to another ill person who needed their help. Then, she informed him about everything she had just been told concerning the young man whose breathing got slower and slower.

"I see..." Dr. Jones thanked another nurse for giving him the required sterile yellow coat and gloves. Quickly, he glanced at the young woman, standing shaken and pale in one corner and nodded. Then he concentrated on his new patient. He didn't really know who he was, because he was too old to listen to the latest pop music; he preferred American country instead. However, he knew that this young man, almost still a boy, on the table was someone special, because she had brought him to the hospital. To his hospital.

Some more nurses came in and another female doctor who walked on crutches. Haruka watched them in silence, feeling paralyzed, not being able to move, not being able to take her eyes off Yaten. She knew most of the ER's team; she even remembered one or two names of the nurses, but right now that knowledge was secondary, not important.

-Do they help my Yaten-chan?-

It was the first time that the red haired woman raised her voice since the young

pianist had fainted. She had been there all the time, but Haruka had ignored her. Her mind had already been enough chaos without her invading it. The young woman had floated right next to her, not saying anything, probably not knowing what to ask. Maybe she had never seen an American ambulance from the inside. Maybe she had never been to an emergency room before. Maybe, and that was most likely the possibility, she wasn't even real.

But she knows so much about them.

-Of course I do. They're my boys, after all.- The young woman smiled sadly and stepped closer to the table to look over Dr. Jones' shoulder.

Your boys?

-They're my family, Haruka-san.- The mysterious apparition leaned over Yaten. Since she couldn't touch him or interfere with Dr. Jones' work, Haruka didn't hold her back. She merely watched how she winced when the older man ordered another IV-drip and set the injection. Machines got connected to Yaten's body. Machines Haruka knew too well, but she refused to name them, because that would have made them real, would have made it clearer to her what was actually wrong with the smallest brother.

-Is he good?- The red haired woman pointed at Dr. Jones and Haruka nodded slightly, crossing her arms before her chest.

Yes, Bill's the best.

A shiver ran down her spine and she gulped as she watched him intubating Yaten. It always made her feel sick, no matter how often she had watched it.

He's done his very best. No, he's done even more than that. It's not his fault that Aki-chan died...

-What are they doing to my little one?-

Haruka heard the panic in her voice and it was strangely comforting that the red haired woman was able to feel emotions she had long abandoned, at least when she was in this place. In front of others. In front of him.

They help him breathing.

-What's wrong with him?-

I don't know.

Haruka quickly looked into blue eyes open wide, filled with tears. Then, she stared again at the young man, saw the tube put into his mouth. She had a sense what was wrong with him, but she didn't want to share this suspicion before she hadn't spoken to Bill.

-He's going to be okay again, right?-

Haruka frowned when she heard the fear, the silent reproach in the young woman's voice. Was that the way she had sounded almost one year ago? When Bill tried his best, but had to accept that he had failed? That she had failed? Had she sounded the same out of her mind in fear? In anger? In hate about herself?

Dr. Jones gave the orders and Yaten's table was rolled out of Trauma One. Haruka followed the ill young man with her eyes and frowned when she saw that the nurses and the female doctor were heading towards the elevator. From here there was only one way to go: Upstairs.

"Hello, Francis."

Dr. Jones turned around to face her. Obviously, he was sure that his colleague had everything under her control and that it was better to talk to the person first who had called him to come to the hospital as soon as possible, although he officially was already on vacation to prepare his departure. There had been no hesitation when he received her phone call. He had promised her to be always there for her if she needed

him and he wouldn't break that promise, even if it meant to postpone or even cancel his Europe trip.

"It's Haruka now."

For a moment they looked at each other in silence, both thinking of the last moment they had shared almost one year ago. After his funeral. Before she disappeared and he feared he'd never see her again. Alive.

"I see." He nodded, understanding. James had always been Akito to her, after all. Maybe it was easier for her this way. If something like that could ever be any easier.

"What's wrong with Yaten-chan, Bill?"

They had been on first name basis after the first months when it became clear that little Akito would have to stay longer at hospital than normally intended. For him, he had always been Uncle Bill and for the blonde simply Bill. It took the anonymity out of the situation, no matter how complicated and hard it was. It brought back some normality in a life turned into total chaos.

"He has a high fever and I'm concerned about his breathing. I didn't want to risk anything, therefore I intubated him." Bill looked at her and saw the fear in dark green eyes, knew that she had read the signs correctly. She already knew the answer, but wanted to hear it from him first. "I'm not sure yet, but he could have pneumonia. That's why I want him to stay in the intensive care unit for the next twenty four hours to be supervised around the clock. At least, until his fever gets down."

The blonde's eyes grew wide at the word pneumonia. Her white face seemed to turn even paler. She shook her head before she turned and dashed out of the door.

That was to be expected.

Bill sighed softly, before he followed her. It wasn't more than a guess, but he knew that he was right when he entered boldly the women's restroom and heard retching noises. He walked over to the window and leaned against the cool glass.

"Even if he has pneumonia, he'll recover, Francis." He couldn't help it, but that name sounded simply more natural in his ears, especially since he couldn't pronounce her Japanese name.

"It's all my fault..." she choked and her voice sounded like a suppressed sob.

"He's an otherwise healthy young man, Francis. This is no setback, but a young musician probably overdoing his work a little bit. It'll be painful for him, but he won't die." He stepped closer to the cabin and slowly opened the door.

"I didn't notice that he was so ill..." She looked more like a ghost. Bill took a deep breath. He had seen her like this too many times. And even though there had been many occasions like this when she reacted like this after he had to tell her bad news, he still didn't know what to do. He couldn't very well embrace her like he would have done if his children had been so upset. Then, he didn't even have comforting words, because what could you tell a young woman after such a long fight against a serious illness that her little brother was now definitely going to die? It couldn't get any worse and there were no words to ease the pain. No matter how many seminars he'd visit to learn how to behave, it was always a new, a complete different situation when faced with the ultimate end of a patient. To reach his limits, no matter how good he was as a doctor.

However, to give up on that small child was even harder than all the other cases he had treated during his long years of work in this hospital.

"This young man upstairs is not like little Akito. He doesn't have to fight a dangerous illness on top of the pneumonia. He'll survive, Francis." Bill leaned into the cabin and stretched his hands towards her kneeling form. "He won't die, Francis. He'll be in

hospital for a while and he has to take a lot of medicine and he'll feel sick and weak, but he will not die."

Haruka stared at him in doubt and he didn't blame her for not trusting him completely. It had been him, after all, who had told her that little Akito would live after the last therapy had been successful. As it had been him who had to tell her the bad news when the little boy had a major setback only two months later and died, because there had been nothing more they could have done for him. Nothing more than to ease his pain and make it as comfortable as possible for him.

"He will not die, Francis."

Bill smiled encouragingly and sighed relieved when she finally took his offered hand and let him help her on her feet.

"It's Haruka now." She muttered and wiped her cheeks as if she were ashamed of her tears. For a moment, she stared at him in silence and he could see how badly she wanted to believe his words. The blonde closed her eyes and took a shaky breath, then she walked over to the washbasin to rinse her mouth and to wash her face.

"So you went back to Japan to become the nurse of some pop musicians?"

Haruka looked at him in the mirror's reflection and a weak smile finally appeared on her exhausted looking face.

"I'm more a nanny for a twenty year old man. I guess it's my vocation; I simply can't stop messing with other people's lives." She leaned on the cold porcelain and he studied her dark trousers and the white cowboy hat on her back. She had always been extremely slim and if he hadn't known her so well he would have thought that she was anorexic. But now he could see that she gained weight and looked a lot healthier than the last time he'd seen her. Her hair that he had always thought as too short for such a beautiful young woman was also a little bit longer and, left aside her pale face and the sad expression in her eyes, no one would have confused her with a very ill patient today. As some of the nurses and doctors, who were new to the hospital and hadn't known her then, had done.

Of course she took care of him.

But it looks like he took good care of her, too.

"I can't stop failing, either."

Bill was brought back from his deep thoughts when he heard her soft voice. He shook his head and stepped closer, putting his right hand on her left shoulder like he would have done if his daughter had been this sad.

"You didn't fail him." Softly, he squeezed the slightly shaking shoulder under his fingers. "As you said, he's twenty years old; you can't control everything he does."

"But pneumonia..."

"He'll recover, Fran... Haruka."

"Akito-chan didn't recover." She shook her head and the knuckles of her clenched hands turned white. "I've failed him and now I'll fail another person trusted to me."

"You didn't fail little Akito."

"He died..."

"Yet, you didn't fail him."

"But he died, Bill! What's more proof of my failure?" She closed her eyes again and he saw that she had changed. Almost one year ago, she wouldn't have been able to talk about her little brother so openly. To show her feelings to him. To voice her thoughts and not just to stay silent and stare mutely at him and all the other people coming to his funeral, telling her how sorry they were.

Maybe she could trust again, in this young man.

"You've went with little Akito all the way. You've been there for him all those years and fought together with him. You never left him, Haruka, not even when he died. He knew that you were always with him as he knew that you loved him." Bill squeezed her now harder trembling shoulder again. "I've seen a lot of shit out there." He pointed at the door with a disparaging movement of his head. "And believe me when I tell you that you didn't fail him. No, you've done everything that was in your might."

She opened her eyes again and raised her head. He wanted to stroke through the mop of blond hair, but knew that she wouldn't have liked it. Just like his son or his daughter didn't like him messing their hairstyle.

Bill grinned and ruffled through her blond strands, nonetheless. Surprisingly, she didn't mind, didn't wince away or even yell at him as she had done the last time he had tried to be something like a father figure for her.

"You didn't fail little Akito, Haruka, as you won't fail your boyfriend up there."

"He's not my boyfriend, but a very good friend."

"Then we'll go upstairs and look after him." Bill took both of her shoulders and guided her towards the door, silently thanking that no one of the female staff had had to use the restroom during their conversation. "I'm sure he'll be happy to see you when he awakes."

Haruka nodded, but stopped when he opened the door, ignoring a surprised nurse walking by, looking curiously at them.

"I can't simply go into the intensive care unit. I mean, I'm not a family member."

His grin widened and he gently pushed her through the door towards the elevator.

"Even as an older sister you've never paid attention to any rules, Haruka." He chuckled as they entered the small cabin. "Besides, you're allowed to go anywhere in this hospital as long as I'm here."

Haruka gulped.

"Thank you, Bill."

His grin widened even more and he patted her right arm, before he turned towards the closing door, already concentrating on his task to take care of a young man who probably had pneumonia. He wouldn't die, but it would be painful, and he wanted him to recover as quickly as possible. This time, he could finally help her. Successfully.

"You're most welcome, Francis."

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They didn't finish the concert, of course. Michiru merely apologized to their fans, while Sejya and Tahiki tried to get into the ambulance, but the doors were closed in their faces and the car drove away, lights flashing and sirens wailing. Therefore, the two brothers returned to the stage, apologized to their fans, as well, asked the concert hall's manager where the nearest hospital was, ordered a taxi and went there as fast as possible.

Right now, Tahiki was talking to the guy at the reception while Michiru stood in the entrance door, always stepping aside when someone came in or walked out. However, she didn't know where else to go and surely didn't want to sit down on one of those stupid plastic chairs, so she simply stayed where she was. Surely, Tahiki would get the information soon and she didn't want to be left behind.

Yaten-chan simply fainted.

Michiru massaged her suddenly ice cold hands and looked around, not seeing the curious glances of the nurses and the other patients. After all, she was still wearing

her white evening dress and Tahiki his concert suit. They looked completely out of place, but she couldn't have cared less.

"What do you mean, intensive care unit? And why can't you show me where that is?" Tahiki's voice grew quickly louder. The young man was out of his mind with concern for his little brother; he wouldn't tolerate a stupid man telling him to sit down and wait. Wait! Him! Didn't he know who he was?

"I want to talk to a doctor. Immediately!"

Michiru left her place near the entrance and came over to him to hinder him to strangle the man in front of him, although he looked very big and strong. Sailor Maker would have defeated him, but she wasn't sure if Kou Tahiki would be able to win. On the other hand, she didn't want to cause any trouble. She only wanted to see Yaten and know that everything was going to be alright.

He has to be okay!

"Tahiki-kun, please..." She laid her hand on his arm, but he shrugged her impatiently off, still staring hotly at the man in front of him who seemed to have handled a lot of patients like him in his career.

"I won't just sit down."

"Right now, there's nothing more that you can do." Tried the man to explain friendly to him. Tahiki opened his mouth again to contradict him when the elevator's door opened and a blonde attracted his attention. Michiru turned her head as she saw his look of disbelief and her eyes grew wide in astonishment, too, when she saw Haruka walking over to them. She had abandoned her white cowboy hat and her heavy boots. Instead, she wore white sneakers and yellow plastic clothes over her black outfit. Her hair was covered by a cap made out of the same material. She was also wearing a white mask over her mouth and looked a lot like the nurses Michiru had seen in the shows Sejya sometimes watched on TV. However, what Michiru surprised most was that Haruka walked as if she was used to these clothes. As if she had worn them often before and learned how to move in them without stumbling, slipping or getting tangled in them.

"Where's Yaten-chan?"

"How's Yaten-chan?"

Both, Michiru and Tahiki, asked at the same time, looking expectantly and frightened at the blonde approaching them.

"You're Mister Kou's brother and sister?"

They needed some moments to realize that not Haruka had spoken but the tall man behind her. He wore similar clothes and his name plate told them that he was a doctor, probably Yaten's doctor.

"I'm his oldest brother, Dr. Jones." Read Tahiki from the plate and shook the older man's strong hand, just the way he had learned during the last four weeks, because no one bowed in this country to greet another person.

"Your brother has a high fever and..."

Haruka only listened half-heartedly to Bill's explanation of Yaten's condition. Instead, she looked around, noticing that one person was missing.

"Where's Sejya?" she finally asked Michiru, pulling the mask from her mouth. The young violinist needed some moments to understand her question and to finally answer her. Obviously, she had been too concentrated on the doctor's words. Haruka didn't mind. Half an hour ago, she wouldn't even have cared to answer any question from someone else during a conversation with Bill.

"He's outside, smoking."

"Okay, I'll get him. You go with Bill."

"Bill?"

"Dr. Jones."

"But..."

"I know the way, I'll get Sejya there, don't worry."

"Okay..."

Still, Michiru hesitated. However, her concern over the youngest member of the Three Lights won and so she followed Tahiki and the doctor over to the elevator, wondering how the hell this day could have ended in such a chaotic way when she had made plans to travel with Haruka through America and visit her family only this morning. How the hell could they have missed Yaten's illness? And why hadn't the young man told them that he wasn't feeling alright?

As long as he'll be okay again.

Michiru massaged her aching temples before she stepped into the elevator, as well.

What a crazy day...

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Sejya recognized her immediately, but he wasn't surprised to see her outfit. After the cowboy hat, nothing she could do would ever be strange again. However, the young man didn't react when she came over to him, slightly slipping over the ground, ignoring the ambulances coming to the emergency room's entrance, as well as the doctors and nurses running in and out.

"Tahiki-kun and Michi-chan are going to visit Yaten-chan right now." She said and sat down next to him, listened to his inhaling and exhaling, watched the smoke floating through the air, floating through red hair. The young woman couldn't be touched nor did she seem to smell the smoke. At least she didn't cough, although Haruka had to fight the irritation in her throat.

"Didn't you want to kick my ass?" His voice was insensible, cold.

"Yaten-chan's more important right now, I can kick you later."

"Right, Yaten's more important, as always." Sejya inhaled again, watching his cigarette glowing red in his hands and then exhaling slowly.

"He's very sick, you know."

"He's caught another cold to get everyone's attention, so what?"

Pardon?

Haruka clenched her fists and took a deep breath when she saw the pleading expression in blue eyes, saw the floating woman in front of her shaking her head.

-Don't hurt my boy, please.-

"He's got pneumonia, baka." She hissed and it was only the strange woman, who had called the Three Lights her family, holding her back from punching right into his stupid face. Sejya coughed and snipped away the cigarette, only to pull a package from his red jacket to light another one.

"Good plan. Now, he'll have everyone's attention for a couple of weeks, not only days." Sejya wanted to take another breath full of numbing smoke when Haruka lashed out and slapped the burning cigarette away from his right hand, as well as the package from his left.

"Your little brother is in pain and that's all you've got to say about it?"

"I already told you; he's not my little brother."

"Maybe not by blood, but that doesn't matter.." Haruka shook her head and

disbelieve.

"It does matter to me!"

"You know why he's so sick, don't you?"

"Yes, because you didn't do your job well enough, Haruka-san. That was what Tahiki-niisan employed you for, right? To snoop around."

I'd really like to kick him into tomorrow!

-Please, don't hurt him.-

"He's so sick, because he didn't tell anyone that he's feeling poorly! I found out by chance shortly before the concert started and he was terrified that you might be angry." Haruka rose and stepped a little bit around to get her anger under her control again. "He was freaking out of his mind, baka! He was totally afraid of you, that's why he wanted to sing that damn fucking song, even though I tried to tell him differently."

"Then it's your fault." Commented Sejya and leaned down to reach for the package. He cursed when Haruka stepped on it, ruining the remaining cigarettes.

"It is my fault for not taking him back to the hotel and calling a doctor at once." Admitted the blonde and clenched her fists again, ignoring the pleading female voice in her head. "But he'd never tried to sing it when you would have told him to stop."

"He shouldn't have fallen ill in the first place."

"You shouldn't have hit your own little brother to frighten him to..."

"Shut up, bitch! How often do I have to tell you that he's not my little brother!" Now, Sejya was pissed off, too. He rose, as well, and they faced each other, anger shining in blue and dark green eyes.

"What has he done that you treat him like that? What has he done wrong? What can someone like Yaten-chan do wrong?" Haruka threw her arms in the air in anger.

"Everyone has always expected me to be nice to him, to take care of him, to show consideration for his situation and to hug him when he's sad." Sejya's voice rose and he ignored the nurse looking strangely at them as she ran over to another arriving ambulance. His voice was drowned out by the siren, but Haruka understood him, nonetheless. "No one ever asked me if I wanted to do this. No one ever cared if I wanted to be his older brother!"

"And that gives you the right to hurt him that much? You think you're the only one who suffers? Hell, I've seen him in his changing room today and believe me, no little brother should be that damn afraid of his siblings."

"Maybe he's finally understood that I'm really not his family, that idiot."

That idiot?

Yate-chan's not the idiot, asshole!

-No, please...-

"How can someone be so ungrateful!" Haruka grabbed Sejya's shoulders and pushed him violently against the cold wall behind. The paramedics were too busy to take care of their patients so that they didn't even notice them struggling against each other's arms. However, it was again Haruka who was winning. She was simply stronger than Sejya.

"Ungrateful!? He's the one who took so much from me!"

Not my parents, but my heart.

"You'll stop this silly talk right now and go upstairs to see him."

"I will surely not!"

"And you'll tell him how sorry you are!"

"Definitely not!"

"And you'll never ever hit him again."

Of course not, I'd rather kill myself.

However, he wouldn't tell her that. That was none of her business. Therefore, he stayed silent, staring into sparkling dark green eyes in a slightly reddened face.

"You'll never hurt him like that again!"

Sejya stared at her in silence and tried to get out of her unforgiving grip. However, like a couple of hours ago, he wasn't able to escape. She was simply too strong.

Guess I'll deserve her punishment.

"You're fired." He whispered and smirked when he saw the pure rage in her face.

"You already said that. You don't need to repeat yourself." Haruka's voice was as cold as ice and her grip as hard as steel. Her dark green eyes shimmered with what he interpreted as hate, upon which his sneer grew. However, it fell when she heard her silent reply.

"I never did it for that damn bloody job, baka. And I won't let you hurt him any further, because I'm involved in this whole fucking business. This is personal, Kou-san!"

She raised her hand to slap him, just as he had expected her to do. However, the impact never came, instead, her grip loosened and he came free.

Nani?

He blinked and looked in confusion at the blonde sitting on the ground, gasping hard for breath. Pain was written all over her face and her right cheek burned a little bit brighter than the left. It looked like someone had hit her, instead, but it surely hadn't been him and there was no one else around.

-I told you not to hurt him!-

Haruka raised her head in disbelief and stared at the young woman who suddenly stood protectively before the young man. She had spread her arms and although Haruka could see right through her body at the young man, she knew that she wouldn't be able to touch him again. At least not with a violent intention. A sign glowed golden on her forehead, but it disappeared immediately and the white skin was quickly covered with red hair so that Haruka wondered if she'd only imagined it – just like she probably only imagined the young woman, to begin with. However, right now she was too angry to care.

But he's an asshole and deserves it!

-He made a mistake, but he didn't mean it.-

"Didn't mean it?" said the blonde very softly, not caring if Sejya looked strangely at her. He didn't understand her muttering, but she knew that the young woman would.

"Did you see his black eye?"

-My little Sejya's simply afraid and didn't know how else to react.-

Afraid? Don't make me laugh!

-He's afraid how to react, because he loves Yaten.-

He could show that in another way, you know?

Haruka shook her head and stared back at the young man who tried to pat the dirt from his red jacket.

"Are you finished now?"

Why should he be afraid to love his little brother? That's normal.

-Because he doesn't love him like a brother would.-

What?

-He loves him in the romantic way.-

What?!

-It's easier for him to push Yaten-chan away than to hurt him with what he thinks are immoral feelings.- The young woman sighed deeply, still standing protectively before

the young man who shook his head and turned around to walk over to the emergency room's entrance to buy himself some more cigarettes from the vending machine.

-It's easier to never accept Yaten in your life than to lose him because of your wrong love, Haruka-san.-

The blonde frowned and glanced from the retreating young man to the red haired young woman and back again.

But that's bullshit!

"That's complete bullshit!" Haruka waved her hand before her face to indicate just how crazy that sounded to her. Determinedly, she went over to the young man and grabbed his right arm, not brutally, but strong enough to show him that running away was useless. "We'll go upstairs now and you'll visit Yaten-chan."

"But I don't want to!"

"He's still unconscious, but he'll be happy to see you when he wakes up."

"But..."

"No buts, baka. He'll be in a lot of pain and he needs you." She shoved him into the empty elevator and pressed the button, feeling the little hesitation in the ride upwards again that had always made her stomach churn.

"Hey, you can't force me!"

"Watch me!" Haruka dragged him out of the small cabin and nodded to an Irish doctor with copper red hair as she headed towards the intensive care unit.

"You'll..." Sejya's voice died away when he glanced through the glass into the ward, saw the bed surrounded by machines he had never seen before. In said bed laid a pale figure he knew too well. Tahiki and Michiru sat next to the bed, both wearing similar yellow clothes over their evening outfits.

"What's..." Sejya gulped and looked suddenly very sick. His voice had turned into a whisper and Haruka could hear the fear in it. "What's that in his mouth?"

"He was intubated to help him breathe."

"He can't breathe?"

"Yaten has pneumonia and high fever. His breathing was Dr. Jones too shallow and therefore he's got a tube in his throat to help him breathe."

"Pneumonia... and... these... things?"

"The machines are there to control that everything's alright with him, especially with his heart beat and his temperature."

Sejya closed his eyes and stood there for a couple of minutes in silence. He winced when Haruka took off her yellow overcoat and hung it over his shoulders.

"You should go inside, Sejya-kun."

The lead singer nodded, but still didn't move.

"It's really bad this time, huh?" he whispered and the anxiety in his face reminded her of something very similar she had felt one year ago. And during almost five years before that fateful day.

-He'd die for him, Haruka-san.-

I know.

The blonde nodded and pulled the yellow plastic cap from her head to push it into his black strands.

Just like I would have died for Akito-chan, had it helped him.

"It'll take longer, but he'll be fine again." She pushed him towards the door, but he stiffened, refused to go inside.

"I'm sure he doesn't want to see me." Sejya wanted to turn around, but Haruka held him back. This time, she didn't need to show him how strong she was; his resistance

was weak.

"I've only been with you brothers for six months, Sejya-kun, but I think I know him well enough to tell you that he'll forgive you."

-He needs your love, Sejya-chan.-

Sejya glanced back into the ward and rubbed his cold hands.

"When he's recovered, try to show him your love in a different way, baka." Haruka pushed him through the door and when he turned around inside the ward to look at her, she could see all the questions on his face. However, before he could react and escape from the intensive care unit and ask did Tahiki raise and go over to his smaller brother to guide him over to Yaten's bed. Quickly, Sejya seemed to forget the blonde's strange words when he sat down and looked at the pale young man for a long time, finally covering a delicate hand with his bigger one. Squeezing it hesitatingly, nodding absent-mindedly to whatever Tahiki had to tell him, to whatever Michiru added to his speech.

The red haired woman sat on the bed's mattress without touching it. She tried to gently stroke through silver strands, not caring that he wouldn't feel her tender hands.

They indeed look like a family.

"They seem to be nice people."

Haruka didn't wince in surprise when Bill talked to her; she had heard his footsteps behind her.

"Yes, they are."

"Why don't you go inside? You know, the normal rules don't apply here today."

"Nope, I've got something else to do."

"Really?"

"Yup." Haruka glanced at her wrist watch and stifled a yawn. It was almost two in the morning. "I've gotta organize breakfast."

"This early?"

"They won't have much time once the reporters find out that Yaten-chan's here."

"I can ask Jerry to get something..."

"No, Bill, but thanks. It's my task to take care that they don't starve and believe me, that's a challenge with that bunch of musicians." She waved at him and went over to the stairs to have a look at the cafeteria that was opened all night. Dr. Jones watched her leave, then he entered the ward to look after his patient and to calm down those nervous brothers.

They're lucky to have you, Francis.

He smiled, because he knew that a happy face took away most of the fear before he even started to say a word.

And you've set your heart on them, too.

dbdbdb

"Michi-chan?"

Haruka put the folder down on the common room's table and stretched her tired arms. Right now it was six in the morning and the sun was already rising outside, ending a night that had been too long for all of them.

"Michi-chan?"

The blonde switched off the mute TV and looked around the suite. Tahiki had told her what to say to Hashitzou that at least the crew could return home to Japan. He didn't

want to leave Yaten's side. Either did Sejya. Therefore, Haruka made some notes about the important details, forced them all to eat at least one sandwich, called a taxi and went back to the hotel with Michiru who had been dozing on her chair during the time she had talked to the oldest brother of the Three Lights.

-She's in here.- Strangely, the red haired woman had followed her, as well. Haruka had expected her apparition to stay with the brothers, but she seemed to be right next to her whenever Haruka concentrated on her. -She's asleep.-

The blonde nodded and tiptoed into Michiru's sleeping room. Sure enough, the young violinist laid on her bed, fast asleep. She hadn't even bothered to take off her shoes or to change into her nightdress.

It's been an exciting evening.

Carefully, Haruka took off Michiru's shoes and covered the young woman with her blanket. For a long time she sat on the bed's edge, watching the young violinist sleep, listened to her breathing, felt the warm skin of her hand under her fingers.

Michi-chan...

"You belong to them, don't you?" She whispered, carefully stroking through sea green hair that felt like velvet. The blonde wanted to lay down and embrace Michiru. To forget the fear and the concern of the last hours. To feel her warm body next to her and to know that she was safe. To feel loved.

-Hai. They're my family.-

Haruka nodded and sighed deeply. Slowly, she leaned over Michiru and placed a gentle kiss on those soft lips. Michiru smiled in her dreams, but didn't wake up.

Love you.

Haruka sighed again. Then she rose and went over to Tahiki's room in which she hardly ever dared to step into, because the oldest brother treasured his privacy and often locked his door in the middle of the night, probably to have more peace to organize their next concerts or to have a look at the last ones. Today, however, the door was unlocked and she could enter his empire easily. There, she took a notebook lying on the floor as well as a pencil and sat down on his bed. She didn't have to look up; she knew that the red haired woman had followed her and was now floating on the blanket without crumbling it.

Quickly, the blonde wrote down some sentences before she threw the open notebook behind her on the soft mattress.

"You're the girl on the photo, aren't you?"

Haruka had seen the picture before, but had never paid any attention to it, because it had been a girl and the young woman had only appeared occasionally. However, now she saw the connection. The red haired woman glanced at the well-known frame and slowly nodded.

-Hai, that's me ten years ago. When everything was still alright.-

Haruka took a deep breath and covered her tired eyes with her cold hands. For a long time, she sat there this way, not talking, not showing that she hadn't fallen asleep.

"Are you real?"

-Hai, although I can't reach them. Therefore I'd be unreal.-

"I don't really understand this situation." Haruka raised her head and looked at her. Blue eyes grew wide as she saw the golden sign on the blonde's forehead.

-You're one of them?- she whispered surprised and winced as Haruka leaned forward and determinedly took her left hand into her right. Held her. Touched her.

"But I understand that you belong to them."

The red haired woman blinked in confusion. Then, she squeezed the blonde's cold

fingers and startled when she felt her touch returned. As if she were indeed real. As if she'd managed to escape her clutches. As if she'd be back and safe with her boys. With her Tahiki.

"Whatever's wrong, I'll take care of it."

It sounded like a promise. The red haired woman glanced at the golden sign still glowing on the blonde's forehead and suddenly wanted to believe her, although she had given up faith long ago when she had to see that it was impossible for her to make her Star Lights notice her, lest alone rescue her.

"But she's strong."

"Then I'll have to be stronger."

The two women nodded to each other before the darkness grew around them, devoured them, took them with it. The window opened and the rising sun slowly penetrated the night's darkness. Some early birds sung outside in the fresh morning air. Soft wind blew through the open window, brought some golden leaves with it. They danced through the air and one of them settled on a frame showing a laughing girl in a foreign land far away from this. The other leaves swirled around before they landed tiredly on an empty bed, covering a small notebook and a neat handwriting beneath.

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That's been the last part of Chapter 6 „Guardian Angel.“ The next chapter will be called “The Moon And The Stars” and it will be the last one, concluding the story. It has again over 70 pages and will be divided into 4 parts.

Thank you all VERY MUCH for your many nice reviews. They make my day :).

I'm very sorry to tell you that you'll have to wait for the next 20 pages of chapter 7 until the 13th November, because there won't be an update next Monday. Right now my life is pure stress and I simply don't have the time to reread the next chapter during the next 7 days. I need to catch my exam professors (gets out her fishing rod...) and the themes for the oral exams first before I can do anything more “private” again (unbelievable: exams in April and you need to make a schedule now O\_O).

Thanks for your understanding and I hope you will enjoy the last subdivided chapter (then there's only the epilogue to follow) as well.

April