

Tenshi

Von aprileagle

Kapitel 14: The Moon And The Stars (Part 3)

"It can't be true..." whispered Sonoko and looked at the photos in her granddaughter's album again, knowing that it was true. The picture was proof enough.

"You can talk to her when she returns." Answered Michiru and pushed her plate away. Her appetite had suddenly disappeared.

If she returns.

"But... why..."

Tahiki's mobile phone started to ring right at that moment, interrupting Sonoko's confused stammer why her student had never told her that she had children and about what she had done in America. That she had returned to Japan from time to time.

"Sure, we had a big fight and I wanted to forbid her to marry him, but I thought that she'd call me one day..."

"Moshi, moshi?" The oldest brother spoke into his phone and went inside the house to talk to whoever had called him in peace. He emerged mere seconds later, pulling a bunch of keys from his typical yellow suit jacket. Even though he officially had quit their Three Lights business, he obviously couldn't let go of his suits. He threw the keys to Sejya who caught them instinctively at mid-air.

"It's Usagi-san. Her appointment is over and she asked to be picked up."

Sejya glanced at the keys in his hands and was slightly excited by the prospect of driving Setsuna's car. The young woman and her daughter were at Elza's university today to cheer for her to win a race, therefore she didn't need her car, a nice Mercedes, and gave them the permission to use it to visit Michiru's grandmother. Right now, the journalists were a little bit too noisy, especially after Tahiki telling them in a big interview that the Three Lights wouldn't give any concerts in the near future. A public taxi wasn't the best choice right now and Tahiki was thankful for Setsuna's kind offer to give them her car while she used the Shinkansen instead to meet with her girlfriend at the venue.

Since they all lived in the Chiba's house right now, Usagi knew about their plans and had asked nicely if they could take her home. Mamoru was still at work and she felt too weak to use the bus or even walk. Not with her big belly.

"I'm right away."

"You'll go with him." Tahiki looked at Yaten who pulled a face.

"But I haven't finished my cake yet." He protested. It was clear that he didn't want to go once the visit got interesting. He wanted to hear more about Haruka's past, too, and what Dr. Jones had told Michiru. And he certainly didn't want to watch his older

brother flirting with a married woman far advanced in pregnancy.

"You already had three pieces." Tahiki glanced at his wristwatch. "We've been here for two hours and the evenings are getting colder. Dr. Jones told you to take it easy and therefore you'll go back to Usagi-san's house, take a nice hot bath and go to bed." Tahiki's voice didn't tolerate any contradictions. Yaten knew instantly that he wouldn't have a chance. Whatever he'd say, he wouldn't convince his brother to let him stay, nor would he find any help in Sejya, Michiru or even Kaioh-san. His breakdown almost one month ago had scared them a lot and they took Dr. Jones words very seriously.

"But the cake..." he tried nonetheless, this time hearing a suppressed sigh from his oldest brother.

"We won't eat all of it, Yaten-chan, and I'm sure that Kaioh-san won't mind if we'll take some of her delicious cake home with us. Later." Pointedly, he looked at Sejya who rose and grabbed his younger brother's arm to pull him gently with him. "Now go. Usagi-san surely doesn't want to wait for too long."

"Okay, Niisan." Sejya didn't really mind. The conversation had become too uncomfortable the past hour and Kaioh-san's face too depressing. Of course he was interested in Haruka's past, as well, but he could ask Michiru about that later. Right now, the prospect of driving Setsuna's fast car did win, anyway.

"Come, little one, let's go." Sejya crossed the living room, a sulking Yaten in his wake who tried to stifle a yawn and didn't want to sway too obviously.

As always, Tahiki was right to send the young man home. He still wasn't fully recovered and they all feared a relapse, especially during the cold nights of the late summer. The days were nicely warm, but Yaten could easily catch a cold in his weak condition were he outside the house for too long.

"I'm not a little child anymore, you know?" Yaten sat down on the backseat, because he knew that Usagi with her huge belly needed some more space to get into the car.

"For Tahiki we'll always be little boys; you'll never change that." Sejya put his sunglasses over his sparkling eyes and grinned happily when the engine howled loudly.

"And you're not a formula one driver."

"No, but that doesn't mean that I can't have fun using this baby." Sejya patted the dashboard lovingly before he stepped on the gas. He switched on the radio and soon American rock music filled the air. It was quite loud, but Yaten didn't mind. He already felt too drowsy to be bothered by the wild melody and the hard beats. The young man snuggled deeper into the car's soft seat and closed his eyes. It was true, Sejya's driving style wasn't the best one and Tahiki would have had a heart attack at the first bend, at the third traffic light and when the lead singer overtook a truck, but Yaten felt safe. He knew that Sejya wouldn't take any unnecessary risk.

The young man yawned and curled up on the soft leather. Obviously, he had fallen asleep, because the next time he drifted towards reality, the car had stopped and he heard Usagi's happy voice, talking quickly and proudly.

"That's great of you to pick me up, Sejya-kun. Arigatou." Yaten felt a door open and the car rocked a little bit when it was closed again. "Mamo-chan's still at work; they have that big project right now and he couldn't go since Sanji-kun's sick and he's the only one who knows how to handle the programme and the time limit is tomorrow."

Usagi always backed her husband up whenever he wasn't able to help her or simply be around. Although it was now over five years, she still had to defend him, because Mamoru had been in America to study when they arrived on earth, only to discover

later on that the young man had never arrived at his university, but had been kidnapped by Sailor Galactica on his flight to America. Usagi had remained loyal to him over the coming months, but got sadder when he didn't respond to her letters. Until they fought against Sailor Galactica and found out the truth. They weren't able to defeat the golden warrior, but at least they were able to free Usagi's beloved Mamoru. Obviously, those were memories that wouldn't let her go so easily.

"So, how are you today?" asked Sejya and Yaten heard him starting the engine again. The car moved and continued on its course to the young woman's house. "How's Chibiusa?"

They all knew about the pink haired girl that would be born soon, that had already been with them, travelling through time and space to meet her parents.

"She's doing great." Something rustled. Yaten was too tired to open his eyes, but he knew that Usagi showed some ultrasound pictures proudly around.

"Hey, those photos are a lot better than the ones you've sent us to America." Sejya's words proved Yaten's guess to be true. "I can actually recognize her head."

"Hai, that's fantastic, isn't it?" Usagi sighed, but it was a contented sigh, maybe a little bit exhausted, but definitely not sad.

The car slowed noticeably.

"May I touch your belly, Usagi-san?" Yaten frowned when he heard the hesitation in Sejya's voice. Normally, Sejya wouldn't have asked but done as he pleased, just as he normally would have called the earth's princess Usagi-chan and not in this formal way. "Of course."

Yaten smiled weakly when he heard Usagi's enthusiastic approval. Certainly, all the other Senshi had already stroked her growing belly thousands of times and he was sure that Usagi enjoyed the attention she and her unborn daughter got.

She's so proud of her family.

The young pianist gulped when an old photograph flashed through his mind. An old picture of his brothers and his parents on which Tahiki had held Kakyuu in his arms.

As we've always been of ours.

"Arigatou." There was a long silence and only at that moment did Yaten notice that the music was switched off. "Hey, she kicked me." Yaten could hear the astonishment in Sejya's voice. "She's a pretty strong kicker, isn't she?"

"Hai. Mamo-chan always teases me that we'll have to buy her a football when she'll grow up instead of some dolls."

"Then buy her a nice football."

"I will."

Yaten blinked sleepily and saw the both of them grinning at each other. However, it was different from all the times he had seen his older brother looking at Usagi before. This time, he didn't try to lure her. He didn't look with badly disguised lust at her. No, right now he was grinning the way Setsuna or Rei would do. Or Tahiki. As a good friend, not as a potential lover. Only as a good friend.

Nani?

Yaten stifled a yawn and closed his tired eyes when it got too hard to keep them open any longer.

"Do you want to have children, Sejya-kun?" It was a very personal question and it was typical for Usagi to ask it. She was a Sailor Princess, after all; Kakyuu would have done exactly the same.

"I don't think so." Answered the lead singer after a long time in which Yaten had almost returned to his dreamland. "I'm not that type to have children, I suppose."

"You'd make a fantastic daddy, Sejya-kun."

"Definitely not, Usagi-san." Sejya laughed, but it sounded sad in Yaten's ears. "I can't even change Hime-chan's nappies."

"Oh, that's easy, you only have to learn that. Setsuna-chan couldn't change nappies before Hotaru was born, either. Don't you worry, that's the technical stuff everyone's able to learn with a little training." Yaten could almost hear the wide smile on Usagi's face. "The important thing is to care for your children; and you're a person who cares deeply for the ones you love."

There was another pause and Yaten was sure that Sejya had blushed. He wanted to open his eyes again to see that rare sight, but his tiredness overtook him and he felt himself gliding deeper into the sleep, only to be pulled back by his brother's soft voice that was quite loud in the silent car.

"I'd be happy to baby sit my nieces or nephews one day." The car slowed down and stopped, probably at a traffic light, because Sejya didn't switch off the engine. "Tahiki-niisan and Kakyuu-neesan have always been very straight to the point about their feelings. They engaged shortly before Sailor Galactica..." The lead singer took a deep breath, changed the gear and started to drive again as the traffic light turned green. "Kakyuu-chan had only been fifteen then and Tahiki eighteen. I'm sure when we'll find her, they want to get married and to have children."

"We'll find her." Yaten didn't know who answered his older brother, Usagi or Sailor Moon, however, it didn't really matter, because he knew that both tried everything in their might to support them in their search.

"We have to." They drove for another while without saying a word, and this time it was Usagi who woke Yaten from his slumber.

"You could adopt a child, you know?" Her suggestion came out of the blue and Sejya's reaction was stunned silence.

"I can't do that to an innocent child." He answered finally, trying to turn the serious conversation into a light joke. His soft voice told Yaten that he wasn't succeeding.

"Think it over once you'll have your partner, Sejya-kun. You'd be a great father, I'm sure of it."

"First, you'll give birth to Chibiusa. Maybe you'll change your opinion when I'll change Chibiusa's nappies for the first time."

"Oh, don't worry about that." Usagi beamed and Yaten could hear the rustle of the ultrasound picture. Surely, she looked at it again. "Speaking of nappies, yesterday I talked to Setsuna-chan about..."

Yaten didn't listen to her happy words any longer, steering the conversation into shallow waters, out of dangerous depths. The young pianist frowned, because he had never witnessed such a serious conversation between his older brother and the earth princess before. Normally, Usagi was a clumsy naïve girl and Sejya the slick wannabe seducer. Today, however, she had reacted like a real future Queen and he had responded to her questions like a Sailor Star Senshi. Or, to be more precise, like a friend.

Why would Sej have to adopt children?

Yaten frowned at Usagi's strange suggestion.

He only has to find a nice girl and marry her.

Even though this girl wouldn't be Usagi any longer. It seemed like Sejya had given up on her, although Yaten had no idea what had caused his sudden change of mind.

Maybe her belly finally told him that she will never be his.

The car turned left and Yaten felt the well known ascent of the drive to Usagi and

Mamoru's home. Setsuna's Mercedes came to a halt one moment later and the engine died. He heard the car doors, but felt too tired to sit up or even open his eyes. Tahiki had been right; it had been a long and exciting afternoon, at least for his still weak body. Had the oldest brother allowed him to stay longer, he would have surely fallen asleep right over his fourth piece of cherry cake at Kaioh Sonoko's table.

"Yaten-chan's here?" came Usagi's surprised voice from somewhere outside the car. "I didn't notice."

"He fell asleep right after I left Kaioh-san's house." Yaten felt two strong arms embracing him, pulling him gently out of the car. He laid his head against Sejya's shoulder and was carried away from the car over to the entrance door.

"Is he alright?"

"Hai, he's only a little bit tired, that's all, Usagi-san."

Certainly it was she who opened the door, because Sejya's arms were full with his younger brother. The lead singer didn't even bother to take off his shoes, because that would have meant to wake the small form in his arms. Usagi didn't seem to mind, because she walked ahead. Obviously, she wasn't able to get rid of her sandals, either, because Yaten could hear them slap before them in a staggering rhythm. Her huge belly made it almost impossible for her to bow. She still had eight weeks to go, but Chibiusa already tried to tease her mother mercilessly.

"I think Yaten-chan'd want to pass all the love your family has given to him on to a child who isn't loved by his or her parents."

Nani?

Yaten felt Sejya's sigh more than he actually heard it.

"Stop being Sailor Moon, Usagi-san, for even the earth's princess can't work wonders."

What does she mean?

Yaten was completely and utterly confused. However, his body still yearned for sleep and therefore he was fast asleep as soon as Sejya laid him on his bed and covered him with a soft blanket.

What does he mean?

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Haruka knew instantly that something was completely wrong. It wasn't so much that Kakyuu had fainted without an obvious reason, but it was the light that surrounded her that had changed. Instinctively, the blonde knew that it was a bad omen. The red light seemed to have increased while she could hardly make out the silver sparkling on its edges.

"Kakyuu-san?" Haruka didn't care about the darkness surrounding them nor about the shadow looming at its fringes. Carefully, she put the young woman down, never losing contact to her. Never letting her hand go for she knew that this was the only connection that made her see her, hear her, be with her. Haruka had no idea where she had that knowledge from, but she knew that she would be damned if she'd let go.

"Kakyuu-san?" she called again and this time the red haired woman opened her eyes. She blinked several times and her blue eyes filled with tears. She sobbed and Haruka tightened her one-armed embrace around her slim body.

"What's wrong, Kakyuu-san?" she whispered while the other woman cried desperately. Suddenly, the princess wanted to escape from her embrace, wanted to break free, wanted to shake off her hand.

"Kakyuu-san?" Haruka wouldn't let her go, wouldn't let her escape. Instead, she tried

to calm her down, tried to look into tear filled blue eyes. "Kakyuu-san, please, tell me what's wrong."

"I don't want to pull you with me." Sobbed the red haired woman and had to hiccough.

"You've been so nice to me and I don't want to thank you that way."

"Pull me with you? Where to?" Haruka looked around, but the shadow land hadn't changed its form, nor had the looming shadow or whatever it was. Nothing seemed to be different from the last time they had been here.

"I've always been able to hold contact to my boys as long as Tahiki believed in me. As long as they sang their songs, always thinking of me, I was strong enough to return to their world and to escape this place." More tears literally streamed over Kakyuu's face. "But Tahiki's belief is fading. It's been over five years now and he slowly stops to hope to find me." Kakyuu shook her head. "He starts to think that I'm dead and therefore I soon won't be able to return again." The princess gulped and hiccoughed again. "Maybe the next time I go back will be the last time."

Shit!

"I won't let you go, Kakyuu-san, forget that!" Haruka grabbed the red haired woman's hand tighter, even though it hurt, the both of them. "Your boys are out there and they need you. You won't give up that easily!"

"I've tried for over five years, Haruka-san! I don't have enough strength any longer to fight against Sailor Galactica, and I don't want to pull you into this shadow land forever. Go back and take care of them for me."

Haruka looked at the young woman kneeling in front of her and shook her head.

I couldn't save dying Aki-chan, but I can save her.

"Then I'll have to fight Sailor Galactica instead."

"You can't..."

"I can try." Haruka pulled the trembling woman nearer to herself and loosened the grip a little bit, knowing that it would leave some bruises on white skin. "As I'll find a way out of here."

"There's no way."

"There's one and we'll find it."

I have to save her!

dbdbdb

But Lancelot mused a little space

He said, "She has a lovely face."

It had rained all afternoon, but the sun came out in the evening. Her golden rays shone warm down to the earth and dried the wet grass quickly. Mamoru and Makoto decided to grill instead of making a normal dinner in the kitchen. Usagi could convince Setsuna to spread the big blanket under the cherry trees that still held most of their fruits. Ami and Minako stood around them on ladders to harvest them so that Makoto could make some of her famous cherry juice. Elza changed Elza's nappies and Tahiki sat on the terrace next to the grill masters and read today's newspaper. Rei would come as soon as her service in her grandfather's temple ended. Mamoru had invited Makoto's and Rei's boyfriends, as well, but they had to work late and promised on the phone to come the next time.

Sejya was told to see after his little brother and tell Yaten to come down for the steaks Usagi wanted so badly to eat for dinner, together with chocolate crème and

gherkin; they would be ready soon. As long as they only had to watch Usagi devouring the strangest meals, but didn't actually have to join her in eating them, they didn't really mind. Sometimes, Michiru would even get her Canon and take some photos. Right now, the young woman was in the living room, playing her violin. The lead singer could hear the soft melody while he climbed the stairs to the guest room in which Yaten lived right now. Neither Mamoru nor Usagi seemed to mind that they stayed for so long. On the contrary, they didn't tire to tell them how much they wanted them to stay with them. Right now, it really was okay, but Sejya knew that they had to find a place on their own, at the latest when Chibiusa would be born.

Hopefully, Tahiki-niisan's able to find something like this house.

At least until they were ready to fight again against Sailor Galactica and hopefully to defeat her so that they could return home.

"Yaten-chan?"

Sejya knocked at the door, because he knew that Yaten wanted to take a bath earlier that afternoon and didn't want to walk in on him changing his clothes. He didn't want to embarrass the younger man in seeing his scars again.

He opened the door slowly when no one answered and walked into the room. It was nicely decorated with photos on the walls. There was a big bed, as in every guest room, and a desk near the window. Actually, the furniture wasn't much different from the hotels they had stayed in over the past years, all around the world. However, these rooms were completely different at the same time. They were decorated with love and there were cuddly toys on each bed and funny coloured carpets on the ground. The crazy photos covering the walls made them look quite cosy and you simply felt at home here, a feeling Sejya had missed painfully in all those impersonal suites.

"Yaten-chan?"

Where is he?

The room was empty and Sejya already wanted to turn around and search for his little brother somewhere else in the big house when he saw the shadow standing on the small balcony. He only noticed then that the glass door was ajar and stepped out on the balcony, only to freeze at the sight in front of him.

Yaten stood at the rim of the balcony. He only wore his bathrobe and his hair was still wet from his bath. Wind played with some silver strands and he had raised his hands to stroke them behind his ears. His cheeks were reddened and his eyes sparkled. He bowed slightly forward and looked up to the sky. Sunlight surrounded him and he looked like an angel, ready to spread his wings and fly away.

My little angel.

Sejya stepped over to Yaten and took him on his arms like a small child. The young man shrieked in surprise, but his at first frightened scream quickly changed into an amused laughter.

I won't let you fly away.

"I can walk, you know?" smiled the young man and rocked with his naked feet.

"You don't even wear slippers, Yaten-chan, you'll catch a cold standing around like this." Sejya shook his head, but he couldn't be angry with the younger man. Five weeks ago he would have yelled at him and called him a baka, now he only wanted to protect him from all evil. No, he never wanted to see him so weak and fragile in a hospital bed again.

"What were you doing out here, anyway?"

"I saw a rainbow." Yaten raised one hand and pointed at the sky. "Look, Sej." Sejya

followed his outstretched arm and nodded when he saw the colourful band bending on the horizon. Some dark clouds floated still in a blue sky. Warm wind rushed through the trees beneath the balcony and Sejya felt his little brother shivering in which was for him a cold breeze.

"Nice rainbow, but we've seen enough of it now. Let's get back inside." Sejya turned around and walked back into Yaten's room. "Change into your clothes, little one, the steaks for dinner will be ready soon."

"Steaks? Cool!" Yaten beamed and screamed when Sejya suddenly lost balance. The lead singer hadn't seen the small teddy bear on the ground and promptly stumbled over it. Normally, he would have been able to gather back his balance, but today he had a suddenly struggling Yaten in his arms and therefore all he could manage was to stagger over to the bed so that they fell at least on something soft.

"Everything alright, Yaten-chan?" Sejya blushed when he realized that he was lying on top of the younger man. However, he couldn't get up, because they were entangled with each other and especially in Yaten's bathrobe that was too big for him. Actually, it had once belonged to Tahiki who gave it willingly to his little brother when Yaten discovered that he had lost his own in the hotel in Chicago. Or better, Sejya or Tahiki had simply forgotten to pack it with all the other stuff.

"Don't worry, Sej, I'm not made of porcelain. I don't break that easily." Grinned Yaten and giggled when Sejya tried to get up and touched his ticklish sides. The bathrobe had slipped over his right shoulder, baring his upper part of the body. For the lead singer, the white skin looked a lot like porcelain and he had always feared that the battles against Sailor Galactica would break the fragile body beneath him. Or that he'd do that...

My porcelain angel.

"Yet you could have hurt yourself." Sejya liked the sound of Yaten's laughter and his unintentional touches turned into an attack, tickling his giggling brother mercilessly.

"What is that stupid teddy bear doing on the ground, anyway?"

"How should I know? Wahh! Sej! Stop that!" Yaten struggled beneath him and nearly died laughing. Tears sparkled in his light green eyes and his smiling face was now reddened from happiness but not from pneumonia.

I never want to see him so sick again. Ever.

"I should stop?" Sejya grinned challengingly, just the way he had done so often when they had been little boys. "Why should I stop?"

"Because... wah!" Yaten gasped for breath and burst out into another peals of laughter. He tried to turn around, but Sejya's weight wouldn't allow him to move much. He only managed to shrug off his bathrobe from his other shoulder, as well.

"Because you're a nice guy." Yaten grabbed blindly for Sejya's teasing fingers and actually seized his wrists. He knew, of course, that his older brother would be too strong for him to stop this tickle attack. His helpless laughter made him too weak to defend himself, nonetheless. However, Sejya showed some mercy and stopped for a moment.

"Who told you that I'm a nice guy?"

They grinned at each other, both being slightly out of breath.

"You." Answered Yaten and put on his most innocent smile that made Sejya snicker. He lifted his thumbs and stroked over gooseflesh. The younger man winced and couldn't stifle his light giggle. It was the sweetest melody in Sejya's ears.

"Then I'll have to tell you a big secret, Yaten-chan."

"What?" Quickly, Yaten's innocent smile turned into an attentive grin. It froze when

Sejya bowed over him and whispered in his right ear.

"I'm a terrible liar."

The next moment, Yaten bust into another helpless laughter when Sejya's slender fingers attacked him again. Why did he have to be so ticklish? Why did he have to be so weak that he couldn't escape? And why did he enjoy it so much?

He's finally my Sej again.

"That's not a secret." Yaten gasped for breath and suddenly it didn't matter that his upper part of the body was naked; that Sejya could see the old scars Yaten's biological father had left there with his belt. Over a decade ago. In another life. When he had been another person. Before he belonged to a real family. Before he met his Sejya.

"I guess my true self was revealed." Chuckled Sejya and decided to let Yaten win in his struggle to pull his hands away from his ticklish flesh. He had only wanted to see his little angel laugh and be happy; he didn't need to show his superiority, because this wasn't a fight. No, he never wanted to fight against his little brother. Really fight.

You should never cry again.

"I knew your true self from the very beginning, you cheeky boy."

"Then you only went along all the time?"

"Of course." Yaten giggled and his smile was the most beautiful thing Sejya had seen the last weeks, maybe even months. He freed his right hand and cupped it over Yaten's reddened cheek.

"I like it when you smile, little one."

I like you.

"I'm sorry that I took that smile away so often since we've fled our home planet."

"It hasn't been your fault, Sej." Yaten's smile got more serious, but it didn't vanish. He used his free hand to stroke some black strands that had escaped Sejya's plait behind the ears. "It's just been a crazy time."

Don't look so guilty, Sej.

"And we'll have to convince Tahiki-niisan to keep searching for Kakyuu-chan."

"Hai." Yaten nodded and leaned into Sejya's touch as he started to caress over white skin with his thumb. "Tahiki-niichan needs her; he loves her."

As I love you.

Afterwards, they couldn't tell what had actually triggered the reaction. Had it been Sejya's stroking that got a little bit keener and soon involved Yaten's lips and not only his left cheek? Or had it been Yaten's hands that took Sejya's face and pulled him gently towards himself? Had it been the longing look in their eyes, the yearning in their hearts?

They couldn't tell, but it didn't matter when their lips finally met in a light touch. It wasn't even a real kiss, only the soft pressing together of their lips.

This is perfect.

This is wonderful.

Sejya wanted to embrace Yaten, wanted to press him into the mattress and start to really kiss his younger brother. Passionately.

Younger brother...

The lead singer broke the tender touch and sat up abruptly. He tried to get away from Yaten, but the younger man's bathrobe was still entangled with both of their legs, binding them together.

"Gomen... I didn't mean to... I..." he stammered and paled. Then he covered his face with his ice cold hands, because he wasn't able to look into Yaten's surprised face any longer. His innocent Yaten. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry." He whispered and it

sounded strangely subdued. "I won't do that again, little one."

Just don't hate me now.

Please, don't hate me.

"I'm sorry, Yaten-chan."

"Sej?" Yaten propped on his left elbow and raised his right hand to touch icy fingers. He had often imagined this situation in his dreams, had seen Sejya freaking out before in his nightmares. However, he hadn't expected the lead singer to apologize. To him.

You didn't hurt me, Sej.

"I'm sorry..."

"Sej?"

"I'm so terribly sorry to have done that to you, little one."

Please, don't hate me.

It was that moment when Yaten finally understood. Suddenly, Sejya's behaviour during the past years was crystal-clear. Now, he knew for sure that Sejya had meant his words in that night when he beat him. He didn't want to be his older brother, because he wasn't like Tahiki. Sejya didn't lie to him when he said that he never wanted to have him as his little brother, however, he also told him the truth when he told him that he belonged to him and that he'd always take care of him.

Oh, Sej...

Right then, Yaten understood Usagi's mysterious words she had spoken only yesterday, because she had known everything due to her power as a Sailor Princess.

My Sej.

Yaten gulped and felt tears burning in his eyes. Sejya winced when a warm hand covered his icy fingers, forcing them away. For the first time in his life, Yaten was stronger than the lead singer. The look in blue eyes was almost breaking the younger man's heart for it was filled with anguish, regret and guilt. Yaten knew that only the bathrobe held Sejya back and he sensed that he had to react quickly before the other young man panicked completely and simply tore the fabric to flee. And to maybe never come back to him again.

Please, don't hate me.

"It's okay, Sej." Yaten sat up as good as the bathrobe would let him and gently forced both of Sejya's hands to his sides so that he couldn't hide behind them any longer.

"Everything's alright, Sej."

Yaten smiled and gathered all his courage when he took Sejya's face again in his hands and pulled him slowly closer. Then, he kissed those soft lips again. This kiss wasn't so different from the first one and yet it was completely different for it was intentional, wanted.

"Because I love you, too."

Sejya didn't seem to be able to answer him. To mutter anything at all. However, the way his eyes lit up and his lips curled in a shy smile told Yaten that he had been right in his guess. He returned the lead singer's smile and gasped in surprise when he was suddenly pushed back onto the bed. Tender lips found his and this time the kiss wasn't reserved any longer. It was actually quite eager and turned quite passionately when Yaten gasped for breath and Sejya used his chance and invaded his mouth. Sejya's hands were on his bare body again, but this time they didn't tickle him, at least not in the way that always made him laugh. Nonetheless, they still caused gooseflesh on his arms that he had wrapped around the older man's neck to pull him even closer. It didn't matter that his skin was covered with scars, especially his back and his shoulders, because it was Sejya who touched him so tenderly. His Sejya. Who loved

him. Who loved him back.

"Sej..."

"Little one..."

Their voices were hoarse and they broke the kiss only to gasp for breath. They shared a long, deep look before they kissed again. Yaten was able to kick their legs free of the troublesome bathrobe that landed somewhere next to the bed. However, the young pianist wouldn't risk his victim to escape and therefore wrapped his legs around Sejya's hips. He didn't feel humiliated in the slightest because he was now stark naked nor did he feel embarrassed when his body reacted to Sejya's gentle touches that seemed to be as light as a feather. No, there was no need to feel anything else than happiness and love, because this was his Sejya who embraced him, held him, finally kissed him.

"Dinner's ready, boys. Come down or you won't get a steak, because Usagi-san looks really hungry." They didn't hear the soft knock on the door nor did they notice that it was opened. However, they caught the strange silence that suddenly evolved in the guest room. They broke their kiss and turned their heads to look at Tahiki who stared at them, wide-eyed. He still held the door knob in his hand and seemed to have frozen on the spot.

"Shit!"

It was the only word Sejya could think of and it summed up their situation nicely. His utterance seemed to wake Tahiki from his paralysis for he slowly shook his head. However, he didn't freak out as Sejya and Yaten had expected him to. Instead, he glanced at them again, both of them lying on the bed, his younger brother on top of his youngest brother who didn't seem to wear any clothes. Then he looked away and rubbed the bridge of his nose as if a big headache was approaching. Maybe it was.

"Is that what it looks like, touto-chan?" he whispered and closed the door with a soft click. In Sejya's ears it sounded like a death sentence.

"God in his mercy lend her grace,

The Lady of Shalott."

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Haruka stumbled when they finally managed to escape the shadow land. The red haired woman clung to her, panting hard for breath. It had taken them all their power to come back this world. Both of them were aware that this was their last try. The next time they wouldn't be able to return once the shadow land would swallow them again.

"You should let go of me while you still have the chance, Haruka-san."

"Nor argument, Kakyuu-san! There has to be a way and I'll find it!" Haruka straightened up and blinked until the dizziness disappeared before her eyes. She looked around and frowned. However, her face lit up when she saw all the photos on the hall's walls, realizing that she was in Chiba Usagi's house. Probably, the Three Lights and the young violinist asked for shelter and Michiru's mysterious, pregnant friend granted them some of her numerous guest rooms.

It's the best place for them to be.

Haruka turned her head when she heard the soft music evolving from what she knew was the living room. Upstairs was a music room, probably furnished especially for the musicians and Minako whom Haruka knew to love music a lot, as well. Michiru had told her a lot about her friends and the blonde tried to keep all the facts in mind, because

she didn't want to appear ignorant should the topic arise again. And she silently hoped that those nice people could be her friends, as well. One day. If Michiru really wanted her to be her girlfriend. If the Three Lights really wanted her to stay as their bodyguard or pianist or nanny. Or whatever.

If Michi's able to understand why I had to leave her in Chicago.

"Let's see who's around. Maybe we can reach your boys today." Haruka ignored how Kakyuu shook her head sadly. Determinedly, the blonde walked towards the door and closed her eyes shortly when she walked through it. No, she would never get used to that strange feelings and she hoped that she'd be able to stop this habit once she'd returned to her own world, because it could hurt a lot crashing into a door at full speed.

Haruka stopped when she saw the young woman standing next to the switched off TV, playing her instrument in concentration. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to be lost in her music. Michiru stood right where they had sung karaoke that evening so many months ago. However, today she didn't look as happy as she had done back then. Today, she seemed to be sad.

She's playing the song.

Haruka would have recognized the melody everywhere, but her parents' wedding song was played more slowly than normal. More sadly. Full of yearning.

"She misses you." Whispered Kakyuu and winced when the pain inside her body grew. Haruka could feel the ache, too, but she only pressed her lips together, didn't want to give in to it, because that would have meant to go back to the shadow land forever.

"I'll be back soon and then I'll explain everything to her."

She already knows who I am.

"You only have to let me go and you'll be with her again. She loves you, you know?"

Hai, as I love her.

Haruka glanced longingly at the young violinist. Michiru wore the white top and the blue short skirt the blonde liked so much. Softly, the young woman rocked to the sweet music she created with her instrument.

"Your boys need you and I won't let them down, as I won't let you down!" Haruka shook her head determinedly and took a deep breath. She leaned forward and tried to take Michiru's hand leading the bow, but as always the blonde wasn't able to touch her, wasn't able to draw her attention, wasn't able to show her that she was here, right beside her.

"It's no use." Whispered Kakyuu tiredly and would have gone on her knees hadn't Haruka held her back. The pain was almost unbearable and the looming shadow drew nearer. There was no escape, but still Haruka didn't want to give up. Not so easily. No, she wouldn't fail this time! The Three Lights needed the red haired woman. Tahiki needed his fiancée, as Sejya and Yaten needed their future sister-in-law. Right now, Haruka had the chance to save the princess, to make it all alright. A chance she never really had with her little brother and with that treacherous illness.

"You won't get her!" she screamed at the shadow and believed to see red eyes staring back at her. She turned away from an oblivious Michiru and ran towards the glass door, all the while dragging a weak Kakyuu with her, never letting go of her cold hand.

"This is madness, Haruka-san." Whimpered the young woman when the blonde stepped over to Mamoru and a young woman with a ponytail who stood around a grill, looking both hungrily at the steaks lying over the flames, certainly smelling very delicious. "I've tried to fight her over long five years. Sometimes it's better to acknowledge your defeat."

"Sometimes, but not now." Haruka tried to draw their attention from the steaks to her, but neither the young man nor the young woman noticed them.

"But..."

"There has to be someone around who's able to see us!" Haruka glanced back over her shoulder and growled angrily as she saw the shadow floating through the glass door, approaching them slowly, but constantly.

"Haruka-san..."

The blonde turned around and froze as she saw the person sitting on a big blanket under cherry trees she had seen in blossom only half a year ago. Now they were full of red fruits and their leaves slowly started to change into a warm gold.

That's impossible!

Haruka's dark green eyes grew wide as she felt the strong aura she had felt before in her life. The aura of a woman she thought she had left behind almost six years ago, even though she had tried to call her back many times afterwards.

What is she doing here?

Haruka took a deep breath and her legs seemed to move on their own will. Her steps lead her directly to the person holding incredibly tiny pyjamas in the air, laughing brightly at something the young man at the grill had told her. The blonde hadn't heard him, didn't understand his words. She only saw the young woman in front of her, knowing that she was the only one who could help them.

If she can't see us, everything's over.

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"This isn't some kind of weird accident, is it?" Tahiki sounded tired, however, he didn't go straight to the bed to haul his brothers apart. Sejya opened his mouth and tried to find a good excuse, a believable white lie. The lead singer felt how Yaten let him go and understood as he glanced into a face that was as red as a tomato. He rolled from the younger man, grabbed for the blanket and covered him and his nakedness with it, keeping the embrace around his slim form. It was a provoking gesture and at the same time a very protective one.

"No, it isn't, Tahiki-niisan." Sejya shook his head and watched his older brother walking over to the wall cupboard. The lead singer felt Yaten stiff in his arms when Tahiki pulled his travelling bag out.

Does he want to send Yaten-chan away?

Does he want to send us away?

Sejya frowned as the oldest member of the Three Lights bowed and rummaged through it. He only seemed to be satisfied when he found another one of Yaten's tracksuits. This one was a dark green with the same wave-sign on its jacket. Tahiki gathered some underwear and stepped over to the bed where he laid them down in front of Yaten who stared at him silently with teary, incredibly big eyes.

Don't abandon us.

The way my parents threw me away...

"Put on some clothes, Yaten-chan. You've been very ill only last month and the evening air can be quite cool." Tahiki leaned forward and stroked through messed silver hair. For a moment, blue eyes looked deeply into light green ones. Searching. Asking. "Do you really want that, Yaten-chan?" whispered the oldest brother in the end, didn't react to Sejya's muffled protest.

"I wouldn't have kissed him if he hadn't liked it!"

"Do you really want to be with that baka because you like him so much or just because you want to please him? Do you think you have to do that in order to stay his little brother?" Tahiki's voice was soft and calm. He didn't yell at them, he didn't try to beat them. No, the young man didn't even sound disappointed; he simply sounded concerned. Very concerned. About a little brother he wasn't even related to by blood. "I... I..." Yaten's voice trembled and he fought hard against the tears in his light green eyes, still staring widely at his older brother. "You're not mad at me?" he managed to whisper after another attempt. "You don't hate me?"

No matter how much time will pass, he'll always doubt us.

That damn father of his!

"Of course I don't hate you." Tahiki wiped away crystal clear tears and smiled a shaky smile. "Try to trust me when I tell you that you belong to us, Yaten-chan. You're a Kou now and we care for you." Quickly, Tahiki glanced at a white faced Sejya. "Although that doesn't mean that this baka is allowed to do such things with you."

"Hey, he wanted it!" protested the lead singer and held Yaten's quivering form a little bit tighter against his warm body. The blanket didn't seem to be of any use and Tahiki's idea with the clothes had actually been a good one.

"You don't have to be with him this way, Yaten-chan. We would never send you back, no matter what will happen." Said Tahiki, again ignoring Sejya's indignant protest.

"Why do you think that he's a victim?" complained the lead singer. "Why don't you come to my defence, Tahiki-niisan?"

Tahiki turned his head and looked at his younger brother so fiercely that Sejya gulped and automatically lowered his gaze.

"Because I know you, touto-chan."

"I would never force him!" Sejya blushed deeply, now not longer embarrassed but clearly angered.

"I know that, touto-chan." Tahiki sighed and stood up. He walked over to the window and looked out into the garden. He could see the slightly coloured trees rustling against and smoke rising into a golden evening sky. Certainly, the steaks were ready and the others already sat around the big table on the terrace, waiting impatiently for them.

"But, why...?"

"I know you, touto-chan, as I know him. Yaten-chan would do anything to make sure that we like him. Anything." Tahiki clenched his fists, cursing his youngest brother's biological father once more. He was raised as the Kou heir and therefore tried to treat every situation as diplomatically as possible. However, he knew were he to meet Yaten's father, he'd kick his ass and made him regret everything he'd done to his white skinned son. Tahiki always tried to keep a certain distance and not let his personal feelings interfere with his politics, but he hated that man's guts.

"No, he wouldn't kiss me that way just to please me." Protested Sejya and looked at the younger man in his arms. Still, Yaten didn't respond anything. He only stared back at him with his big light green eyes, sobbing quietly, holding the blanket tightly around his body with shaking hands. "Would you, little one?"

"Of course he would!" exploded Tahiki finally. It wasn't the first time that Tahiki had yelled at Sejya, but it was the first time that he really meant it; that he was serious about it, because it was a damn serious situation. "You're his older brother, Kou Sejya! You're a responsible adult!" Tahiki shook his head and turned around to face the lead singer when Sejya let go of Yaten and rose from the bed, as well. To be better able to gesticulate and to punch his older brother if the need arose. To scream back at him.

"Yaten-chan's twenty years old; he's old enough to decide for himself."

"Do you really think so, baka? You've treated him like shit when he fell ill last winter and you've been angry with him while we were on tour through Japan. You pulled his piano playing to pieces and at one point Yaten was sure that you hated him!" Tahiki grabbed Sejya's right arm and forced him to look at him when the lead singer turned back to the crying form in the bed.

"Isn't it normal for him to react this way when you finally came around when he fell so ill in America? Damn, Sejya..."

"No, Tahiki-niisan! That's not true!"

He said he loved me!

Sejya wanted to shout it out loud, but Tahiki cut him short.

"His biological father left him a big inferiority complex, Sejya, and you know that! I guess he'd even sleep with you, as long as you won't get mad at him again!" Tahiki suddenly let go of Sejya's arm and massaged his temples. The big headache had just arrived. "I hoped you'd have your feelings better under control, touto-chan, and wouldn't take advantage of Yaten-chan's insecurity."

"Nani?"

Is he right?

Sejya gulped and stared at his older brother, shaking his head in disbelief.

Did Yaten-chan only tell me that he loves me, because that's what I wanted to hear?

The lead singer went on his knees when his legs wouldn't support him any longer. A block of ice formed in his stomach where happy butterflies had been flying only minutes ago. Minutes that seemed to be hours for him now. An eternity.

Did he only kiss me back, because he wanted to please me?

Tahiki's words echoed in his mind, shattering all his hopes, breaking his heart.

"You knew about it?" It was the first question that came to his mind. Suddenly, it was easier to talk about his immoral feelings than about Yaten's obvious need to be with them, to be a Kou, to belong to them. A need that made him lie. That would have made him do so many things, only to make Sejya feel better. To make his older brother feel good.

Sejya was disgusted with himself.

"Of course." Sighed Tahiki and closed the balcony door to lean against it. "I just hoped that your affection would change into brotherly love one day." The oldest member of the Three Lights looked at Sejya on the ground and he couldn't be angry with him any longer. Sejya should have known better, but he still was only a small boy. In Tahiki's eyes, he'd always be a little child, just the same as Yaten.

"Looks like you didn't find someone else here on earth as I had wished for."

"No..." Sejya closed his eyes and hung his head. "Gomen ne, Tahiki-niisan." He whispered and felt sick. "I'm so sorry..." He had said those words only minutes ago to Yaten when he had been the one who broke the borderline between siblings. Yes, he had been the one who first kissed the younger man and Yaten had reacted to his kiss the way he had secretly wanted him to, which proved Tahiki's words to be true.

What have I done?

Sejya didn't expect forgiveness, didn't expect absolution from his brothers. This time, he had utterly and completely messed up.

Therefore, he winced when he heard the soft voice from the bed. Yaten hadn't said a word until now and his whisper sounded like a scream in Sejya's ear.

"That's not true, Tahiki-niichan." Murmured the young man and wrapped the blanket tighter around his trembling body. He rose very slowly and stumbled over to Sejya's

kneeling form. "I love him." Yaten sat down next to the lead singer and embraced him. His voice was still very silent, but determined. Serious. "I love him, Tahiki-niichan." I love him.

Sejya blinked and raised his head. Hesitatingly, he looked at Yaten who nodded and tightened the weak embrace.

"I've always loved you, Sej."

He loves me?

This time, it was Sejya who didn't know what to reply. His first impulse was to wrap his arms around Yaten's slim form and to kiss him again, but Tahiki's words still hurt his soul, still troubled his mind.

"Are you sure, Yaten-chan? There's a difference between romantic and brotherly love." Tahiki frowned, but didn't lean forward to separate his little brothers from what looked like a desperate embrace.

"Hai." Yaten nodded and leaned his head against Sejya's shoulder. "I never wanted to kiss you, Tahiki-niichan, but I always wanted to kiss Sej. I know that these feelings are entirely different."

"Nani?" Tahiki stared at his youngest brother in disbelief, but all he could see was sincerity on Yaten's face, as well as a self-confidence that was very rare for the young pianist.

"Why didn't you tell me?" asked Sejya and gave in. Carefully, he wrapped his arms around the younger man and held him gently tight.

"How could I?" Yaten smiled a sad smile. "I've been a freak all my childhood, Sej. I've been a moon child on a desert planet, a bastard that no one wanted. Then I got the chance to have a real family. I got two parents who really loved me and two older brothers who cared for me. I would have never risked to lose that." Yaten looked over to Tahiki, silently begging for forgiveness and understanding. "I didn't want to be a freak again, and you would have seen me as a freak had you known that I was gay and had been in love with someone who was supposed to be my older brother since my thirteenth birthday."

It had been the day when Yaten transformed into Sailor Star Healer for the first time in his life. Everything had been so clear at that moment: His mind, his memories and his feelings. From one moment to the other he had known that he wanted Tahiki to be his brother forever, whereas he loved Sejya in a completely different way.

"You aren't a freak, little one."

"You aren't a freak, Yaten-chan."

Both, Sejya and Tahiki said it at the same time, both with emphasis, both wanting to protect the younger man. Both wanting to kill his biological father for calling him these names. For hurting a small child this way. Their beloved Yaten!

Tahiki and Sejya stared at each other, before the oldest brother sighed deeply and glided down the glass door until he sat on the floor, massaging his aching temples once more.

"So you two love each other and you really mean it." He studied his shaking hands and looked as fragile and helpless as neither Sejya nor Yaten had ever seen him before. Not even during their escape from their burning castle. Not even during their flight to this solar system. Not even when they discovered that they had lost Kakyuu.

"Hai."

"Hai."

Both nodded and swallowed when Tahiki raised his head and looked at them in desperation.

"So what am I supposed to do now, Yaten-chan, touto-chan? Should I just let you be? I mean, you're not real brothers, so it should be okay." Tahiki bit on his lower lip, obviously struggling for control. "I only want you to be happy, because you're my family, but is that the right way? I promised our parents to take very good care of the both of you, but didn't I already fail?"

"No, you didn't." Sejya hugged Yaten before let him go and rose. To go over to Tahiki and to tell him that he hadn't failed them. That he was the best, or as Setsuna would call it, the bestest brother in the world. That they would have been lost without him when Sailor Galactica attacked as they wouldn't have survived the past five years without him. However, Sejya never said those words when a strange feeling ran through his body. A feeling he had been so accused to on their home planet. A feeling that was now new and familiar at the same time.

"Nani..." he panted and had to lean on the chair next to the desk to not fall over. Suddenly, he felt very dizzy and he saw in his brothers' wide eyes that they had felt it, too.

"That's..." whispered Tahiki and rushed to his feet. With three strides he was at the door. He grabbed the door knob and was only able to open the door at the third attempt. "That's Kaki-chan!" he gasped and one moment later they could hear his hurried steps jumping down the stairs.

"Kakyuu-nee-chan?" whispered Yaten and felt his body transforming into Sailor Star Healer. No, there was no doubt about it, only their princess could make them transform without holding their stars, without shouting the words, without actually wanting to be Sailor Stars, thus risking to be discovered by their fans.

"She's here." Fighter took Healer's now gloved hand and pulled him with him, feeling Kakyuu's presence near. "She's here."

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I hope you didn't mind that there was so much Yaten & Sejya action in this part (although I had a lot of fun writing the part where Tahiki walks in on them evil grin). However, I needed to clear their side story first, before the big countdown awaits you in the next (and almost final) part of my story: The big battle between Haruka and Sailor Galactica (but I won't tell you more, because I don't want to spoil too much :)).

Thank you again for all your nice comments and for cheering me up. It always makes me happy to read those little emails ff.net sends to me account :).

Have a nice beginning of December and a nice beginning of this year's Christmas time (and me a good result in my oral examination of my Cambridge Advanced Certificate. I take it parallel to my normal studies to polish up my CV. The written stuff will be on December 13th, maybe some of you want to cross their fingers for me drop).

April