

# Ocean Avenue

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## Kapitel 16: Only One

Since Ken was the captain of the team, he stayed behind to talk a bit to his parents and Hiruma while everybody else had already gone showering. Thus, he was alone in the lockers afterwards, undressing and sorting things out, since everybody had already gone ahead.

Well, not completely alone.

"So, what are you doing now that you're out of the spring tournament?" Youko asked, still in her cheerleader uniform, all over Ken.

"Train, of course," the boy grumbled, frustrated with himself that he had not been able to score better in the game. "There's still the autumn tournament... What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

Youko looked up where she had started to undo the laces of his pants.

"I'm eating a cake, what does it look like?" she asked, with an innocent look that never reached her eyes or the rest of her body. "You always get a hard-on after the game and seeing you kick this ball so far has made me all wet and horny-"

"I promised to hurry up so that I could meet with my family to go out and eat lunch with them," he mumbled, not holding her back though. "And I still have to take a shower."

Youko pouted. "And what about me? You never take me to your family. Do you think I'm that embarrassing?"

Ken hesitated, the first words on his lips "yes, because all we ever do is fuck and that's not something I can tell my parents," but then he thought his answer over. What exactly was so bad about introducing Youko to his family? He knew that Youichi and Emi were behaving like rabbits all of the time as well, but on the other hand... Emi was cute and petite, had hardly any chest and was his mother's little girl, because all she ever had were boys and so Emi was something like a daughter-substitute to her.

Youko on the other hand though... Was not "cute" at all. Not like Emi that is. She was cute in her own way, when she was trying to make him do things the way she wanted

them, or when she cried out his name at the peak of...

But other than that, she was tall, had bleached blond shoulder-length hair, always wore a lot of make-up, hiked up her skirts and was an D-cup, making Ken feel like he was drowning and suffocating every time she pulled him close. And her ass... so sound and perfect it was almost criminal. She was nothing like Emi, who was more like a little girl compared to that full-fledged woman Youko.

"Come on, I won't bother you if you just let me suck you-"

"How about you come with me later? For lunch, I mean. And maybe afterwards to a hotel, but only if you behave there," he added quickly as he saw how her eyes started to shine. Because despite everything, despite the fact that Youko looked like a perfect slut on the outside, he loved her with all his being.

"For real?" she beamed.

"Yeah, for real," Ken smiled back, patting her head despite the fact that she was one year older than him.

"Oh god, I love you so much!"

The boy almost doubled over as his girlfriend threw herself at him, throwing him off balance.

"But I can't go like that! I have to take a shower! I don't have the right stuff to wear! Oh my god! What should I do??"

"...Just wear your school uniform, or anything else that you have. I'll make sure they don't mind," Ken mumbled, tempted to massage the soft lumps that were pressed against his chest. "And um... Well, the showers are completely deserted since everybody already left..."

Youko grinned predatorily. "And who just told me to stop?"

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The little café Ocean Avenue was closed that day. It was always closed to public when the Deimon Devil Bats had a game these days. The Takekuras would invite everybody with them to go there and since they had been regular customers for over 20 years, the owner was always happy to hold those little family parties.

Today was no exception.

"Ken-kun, your kick was amazing! Just like your father at that age!" the shop-owner praised him, hitting his back so hard that he almost fell forward onto the table.

"Wasn't he? I always knew that he could do he, he just has the power in his legs and his hips--"

"Youko!"

"I'm just telling the truth here! Ask him, he was the one who suggested it!" Youko giggled as she pointed directly at Hiruma, who sat on the other side of the table, sipping on his coffee thoughtfully, wondering when all of this celebration was over.

Surprisingly, everybody had accepted Youko easier than Ken had expected; his mother had smiled at him fondly and with something like nostalgia in her eyes as she said that they looked good together. His father had hid his smile behind his hand, obviously nervous because of something, but Ken wasn't the cause.

On the other hand, Hiruma was just as nervous so something must have happened between those two, but Ken could not imagine what. He was just glad that he and Youko got along so well that they could have been father and daughter. And they had the same opinion on most things, too, which was kind of scary if you took a moment to think about it clearly.

"Yo, sis', what did you do to make Ken bring you here? He usually refuses to let you anywhere near his family," the wide receiver who had run the feint earlier asked, leaning over the quarterback's lap to talk to her. The tall boy did not move one inch though, he just sat there like a stone.

"Well, isn't my right as the leader of the cheerleader to be here?" she snapped back, flipping him the finger. "And how do you dare talk back to me?! I'm your older sister, wait till we get back home and I'll show you who's the stronger one of the both of us."

Musashi chuckled where he sat next to Hiruma, opposite to his wife. "Somehow, she reminds me of somebody..." he chuckled silently.

"Does she?" Hiruma asked in a bored tone, not really interested in the quarrel going on. "I don't get it, why are we celebrating when we lost?"

"Because it's fun and a tradition. We did it when Youichi was still at Deimon High and we just kept doing it after every match, just because," Musashi explained.

"Is that so," Hiruma sighed. "Maybe those guys should train more than celebrate."

"Do I sense criticism? You can still become their coach if you want to."

"Never."

Musashi laughed heartily. "Yeah, just like you never wanted to form a football team at all during Junior High."

"Shut up, that was then. What is more important, when are you going to tell Mamori?" Hiruma asked, staring up at the other through his bangs.

Musashi blinked, taken aback for a heartbeat, then scratched the back of his head sheepishly. "Um... I... Well, I don't know how to tell her."

Hiruma wished for one of his guns so that he could point it at the other man now, but in the rush earlier he had forgotten to take one. "Just say anything! She knows your non-existent way with words, you big stupid fucking geezer."

"Tell me what?" Mamori asked suddenly, making both man look at her in surprise, as if she has just caught them in the act of something dirtier than just talking.

"Um... Well... it can wait. Until we get home," Musashi said, buying himself some time. "It's nothing that should be discussed on a party."

Hiruma rolled his eyes again and wished again for his guns, so that he could cause some commotion in this place.

"I still think training would be better than a party."

"And I still say that you should stop moping and become the coach of this team, if it's bothering you so much," Musashi grinned.

"Who is moping, fucking geezer?" Hiruma mumbled. Irritated he looked over to Tamura Kouichi, who had been eyeing him strangely for a while now, wondering what the hell he would want from him.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said to Musashi, giving the boy a stern look so that he would follow him a little bit later.

Outside, around the corner, he stopped and turned around to see the boy just behind him.

"What do you want from me," he demanded immediately, any fine speech completely forgotten.

"Whoo, straight to the point, that's cool," Kouichi grinned.

Hiruma raised an eyebrow, giving him the 'you annoy me, you die'-look for good measure.

"Whoa, scary!" Kouichi said, raising his hands in a defensive motion. "Well, it happens you're exactly my type."

Hiruma's eyes widened considerably in surprise and he wasn't exactly sure if he should kill this boy right on the spot or laugh out loud.

Neither option was favorable, so he just stood there, waiting for the boy to explain himself.

"You heard that right, I think you're hot. Wanna try me?"

...Hell, even Musashi was more subtle than that.

"...Kouichi, right?" Hiruma asked, his tone flat.

"Tamura Kouichi, that's right," the boy grinned. He was not tall, he was not very muscular, but had long legs and long arms. With the right training he could become a decent receiver, a fast one even. Perfect for long passes, and if Hiruma judged the quarterback right, he was one who could throw long hard passes, just like he did when he was younger.

"You know how old I am?"

"Yes, you could be my father. Maybe my grandfather. Still you're a hot piece of meat."

Hiruma made a face. The youth and its language.

"Listen, if you don't want me to kill you on the spot keep your mouth shut, understood?" Hiruma growled, eyes hidden under his bangs.

"Y-yessir!"

"Fine, now that we cleared that up, come here for a moment," Hiruma said and beckoned the boy closer. Kouichi obeyed, looking almost eager. "Now face the wall... a little closer... put your hands next to your head... yes, perfect."

And faster than Kouichi could react, Hiruma had put his hand on the back of his head and banged it against the stone brick wall.

"Ow! That fucking hurt!" the boy protested, struggling against the steel-like grip.

"It did? Good," Hiruma said and repeated the movement. "Hopefully it helps you remember that I'm not interested. Not at all. You're like... 20000years too late."

"Could you stop banging my head against the wall? It got it, I got it!" Kouichi mumbled, tears streaming over his face from the pain, a lump already forming on his forehead.

Hiruma threw him against the wall one more time for good measure before he let go of him. "Very well. And now tell me what you really want? You can't be that desperate for a fuck, can you? Just ask one of your fellow students or something. I bet they're less declined to you than I am."

"I would, but I don't think that Atsushi's into *that* kind of stuff," Kouichi said, trying to measure the damage done to his head. "...Oops..."

"Oh, I don't think that he would be *completely* against it. He would have shoved you away earlier if he were," Hiruma grinned.

"But... Ken didn't seem like he would be completely against it either... and still he refused. And now he's fucking my good-for-nothing, stupid older sister," Kouichi complained, trying gingerly to cool his forehead by putting saliva on the lump.

"Well, maybe, just maybe, he's not gay. Or he doesn't want to endanger your friendship. You've known each other for a long while, haven't you?" Hiruma asked, not moving to help him clean up.

"Yeah, and I'm glad that I'm still his friend despite... everything," Kouichi sighed as he leaned the back of his head against the wall. "...I just tell them that I tripped and hit my head. That will be a magnificent headache."

"That would be better," Hiruma agreed. "...Let's go back inside."

Kouichi picked himself up, staggered a little from the dizziness before he was able to walk straight. They had not walked very far when they heard two voices – one male, the other female – arguing heatedly.

"How do you think I will be able to raise the kids alone? What have you... Just how?!"

"Please calm down, I have a plan, a good plan. I won't leave immediately, in 5 years maybe, so there will be enough time to prepare everything. So please calm down-"

"I knew that this day would come! I knew it when he left, when he agreed on doing that! He never said it out loud, but whenever I see him looking at you it's like 'He's mine bitch and you know it! And I'm here to take him from you!' And I can practically hear him cackle-"

"Mamori, please calm down, you're not yourself. You know he won't ever say anything like that-"

"The fact that he doesn't say it doesn't mean that he won't do it! And you should know that best!"

Musashi sighed. "Please, calm down. It's not like you ever loved me, just like I never really loved you."

Hiruma stared in disbelief and the couple in front of him. That had to be the first time that he ever saw them argue, no, fight. And he wondered what happened to the time that Musashi had bought earlier.

"This... looks bad," Kouichi said next to him, a thin trickle of blood making its way down along his eyebrows.

Somehow, things had taken a turn to the worst possible scenario.