

Ocean Avenue

Von Makikolgami

Kapitel 11: Space Travel

After twenty minutes of driving, Hiruma peeked one eye open from his relaxed state in the passenger's seat. Musashi still did not look like they would arrive at their destination soon, so he dared to ask, "How long?"

"Not that long," Musashi said, still having this goofy grin on his face. Hiruma frowned, slightly irritated by that grin, but chose not to prod further, closed his eyes again and lay back in the front seat again. It was easy for him to relax completely in the given situation so that he almost drifted off to sleep, thanks to spending the last night awake.

Just when he finally dozed off, Musashi stopped the engine and shook him awake. "Hey, we're there, stop sleeping," the older man said, made sure that Hiruma opened his eyes and then left the car. While the blond stretched and yawned, Musashi went and got his baggage from the trunk.

Hiruma got out of the car and looked around. They stood in front of an entrance to an underground automatic parking lot, the car waiting to be put in there by a very serious looking young man.

"Welcome back, sir," he greeted Musashi and took the keys to the car from him. "I saw you brought a guest? That's rare."

"Yes, I did, Tetsuma-san," Musashi nodded. Hiruma raised an eyebrow as he heard the name. "A very old friend of mine."

"Very well," Tetsuma said and nodded. "The same place as usual?"

"Yes, please. I will be leaving around 7," Musashi said and closed the trunk as he handed the keys to the young man.

"Understood. Well then, enjoy your stay as usual," Tetsuma said just before he sat down in the car and drove it into the elevator. Hiruma did not see the rest of the procedure as Musashi had already led him towards the nearest elevator. Inside it, he fumbled a key out of his pants' pocket and pushed it into the hole on the panel with a lot of buttons to all the floors of what seemed to be a very high building.

Hiruma frowned when the elevator started to move, not too slow, too. "Alright, stop the secrecy. Where are we? What kind of building is this?"

"If you hadn't slept through the last part of the drive you would have seen it," Musashi said, a small smile playing around his lips. "Now you have to wait until we're upstairs."

"Upstairs means what?" Hiruma said, glaring at the doors in front of him as glaring at Musashi would not get him anywhere. He wished for a bubble gum so that his ears would not hurt from the quickness that took them upwards, but for now, he had to relax his eardrum otherwise.

"Upstairs means upstairs, until the top," Musashi said, leaning back against the wall of the elevator.

Hiruma rolled his eyes and wondered when the other had started to become so secretive, but then again, Musashi had never told him everything, so why should he start now.

"Until the top?" he repeated and looked at the buttons to the floors again. The last one that he saw was a 110. That was over 100 floors smaller than that one hotel Hiruma had once visited in Dubai, but something about the number struck him. While he wondered if it really meant what he thought it meant, he quickly changed the subject.

"Tetsuma-san isn't Tetsuma's son, is he?" Hiruma asked. "He's too old to be his son."

"Yes, he isn't his son," Musashi confirmed with a nod. "He's his younger cousin. Tetsuma is still working for Kid... they're inseparable."

"They've always been," Hiruma snorted. "They were even worse than Sakuraba and Shin."

"Or Sakuraba and Takami," Musashi added.

"Or those fucking three brothers," Hiruma ranted on. "Damn, this elevator's taking really long. You could have sex and reach orgasm before you get to the top at this snail pace."

Musashi snorted bemusedly. "If you say so."

"Kekeke, did you ever try it?" Hiruma asked. "I'm sure you come here often for some 'alone time' with the fucking mother-"

"No, never," Musashi interrupted before the blond could even finish the sentence. "Mamori doesn't know about this place – Ah, we're there."

The elevator was in fact slowing down and the doors opened before Hiruma was able to ask his next question. "She doesn't know? Why?"

"Just because," Musashi said as he put the key back into his pocket, took Hiruma's baggage and stepped out into a small hallway. He kicked off his shoes with practiced ease, not caring where they fell as he moved on into the next room that already promised to have the most amazing view outside from the place where Hiruma stood now, too surprised to take off his shoes.

Right then, he was looking straight at the sky, with a hint of the city and the ocean underneath. The sun was very low already and you could see that there was going to be a beautiful red afterglow of the sunset. The view was only perturbed by a few potted plants outside on the roof of the building and the glass front that separated the living room from the roof.

"...What is this place?" Hiruma asked as he finally managed to take off his shoes and walk inside, seeing that it was not just a living room but an open room that included a dining table and a kitchen on the right as well as the aforementioned living room in front of him and a little to the right with a big cozy couch. Behind the couch were a king-size, soft-looking bed and a wardrobe at the wall to the hallway. From each spot of this little luxury place you had the same breathtaking view onto the city and the ocean.

"This is my little refuge," Musashi smiled, putting the luggage down next to smaller sofa. "I built most of the things here myself in what little free time I have. It took about two years to get everything done."

Hiruma stared disbelievingly at the perfectly crafted wooden furniture. "...You made all of this yourself?"

"I just told you so," Musashi said and opened the door outside onto the terrace.

Hiruma snorted as he watched the older one water the plants. "You are the strangest person I've ever met."

Musashi smiled as he said, "I'm giving back that compliment to you."

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About an hour later, Hiruma sat on the couch, their coffee drunk and their sandwiches eaten, and they were talking about old times, new times and what had happened in between. So far, Hiruma had found out that Musashi had been allowed to keep the rooftop of this building as it was the highest one that both Takekura Constructions and their client, Mushanokoji industries – hence they had a Tetsuma working for them there – so as a personal little celebration that they were able to finish this project within less than a year, TC was given a rather generous reward.

Musashi, being the good guy that he was, gave his money to his workers and asked – in a very nice way that he had learned from Hiruma – for this little gem. Originally, Mushanokoji senior had wanted this place to be his son's hideaway with his girlfriend,

but since Kid was not going to get himself a girlfriend soon, Mushanokoji junior had agreed happily to leave this place into Musashi's hands. It was not like he was going to use it anyway and his father had agreed, because Kid did a good job as it was and he could not risk that anybody would tell the press that his son was gay.

Hiruma sighed. In other places of the earth it was possible to become a renowned governing mayor when you were a homosexual, but in Japan – despite Sakuraba's open campaign – it was still impossible to be famous and famed if you were gay.

"So, why are you showing me all this?" he asked suddenly, interrupting Musashi's never-ending stories of his kids. "I mean, it's not like we're going to have sex now, since this was the longest time that we've been together in one room and talked. Just *talked*. Like this."

The other blinked, then chuckled softly. "Right, I'm not showing you this to have sex with you. I knew for a fact that you would have found out about it, no matter what. So, I thought that maybe you would like to stay here..."

"...Me? Stay here?" Hiruma asked, one eyebrow raised questioningly.

"Sure, why not," Musashi shrugged. "It's not like I have a lot of free time to appreciate this place, now that I'm done with it."

"...That's a really inviting offer," Hiruma said and sat his bottle of water down on the table. Slowly, almost tantalizing, he walked over to Musashi and flopped down across his lap, just like he had done the night before. "I bet you want me to do something for you in return."

"We never really talked, did we?" Musashi asked suddenly, surprise written visibly over his face.

"What has that got to do with anything?" Hiruma frowned, puzzled; leaning a bit back to have a better look at the other's face.

"I just... noticed," Musashi smiled wryly. "We just... understood each other without words until-"

"Until you decided that it was more important for you to become a valid member of community instead of staying an individual," Hiruma said coldly.

"That's not true," Musashi gave back, his voice just as icy as Hiruma's. "You know it isn't."

Hiruma shook his head. "No, I don't know anything about you anymore. 20 years are a very long time, even for me. I cannot forget what happened. I cannot ignore the life you live, with the fucking mother hen at your side and your fucking kids."

Sighing, Musashi put a hand onto Hiruma's cheek, gently caressing it with his thumb. He was surprised that the blond did not push him away. "Neither can I. Sometimes, I

wonder what would have been if-"

"You know that'll get you nowhere," Hiruma interrupted, finally pushing his arm away, just to lean in closely, so close that their noses were almost touching. "There's not 'what if' there's only the here and now."

"...You're right." Musashi sighed, but his eyes showed no regret when he looked back into Hiruma's eyes. "That was the same conclusion that I came to."

"So why are you telling me about this then?" Hiruma asked, starting to get annoyed, but he still looked very comfortable in Musashi's lap.

"Because during these 20 years there was not a singly day or night that I did not dream of you," Musashi said honestly, earnestly and openly.

Hiruma blinked, too surprised for a few heartbeats to say anything in return. Instead, his heart missed a beat and he suddenly had a hard time breathing. He tried to cover his sudden insecurity with a snort and a shrug. "So what? We went through a lot together, during school and university, it's nothing extraordinary."

"Tell me that you weren't thinking about me everyday," Musashi suddenly demanded, obviously seeing through Hiruma's façade. The blond felt himself blush and he tried in vain to stop it. Of course, his thoughts had always been with Musashi in Japan, he had not been able to think of anything else but to get him back, just as he had during High School. Back then, it had been for a reason, but this time it was purely personal. But it was not something that he could admit right into the other's face, not at this time.

"...I'm sorry, you don't need to answer," Musashi sighed, shaking his head. "My mouth got away with me again."

Hiruma snorted and was glad that the other changed the subject. "Yeah, that's one of your virtues. How did you manage to become this influential?"

"Mamori gave me a kick to the shin every time I said something stupid," Musashi admitted, chuckling sheepishly. "Simple, but effective."

"I bet," Hiruma snorted. "So, what do I have to do for staying here?"

Musashi looked at him sternly, large hands on the blond's lithe shoulders. "Just... stay here. Don't leave, not without telling me where you're going. Never again, understood?"

"... I can't promise that," Hiruma said just as earnestly. "If it's not enough for me, I can't just *stay* here. I have to move on if I have to."

The older man looked at him for a long while, then nodded in understanding. "Fine. Then I hope you don't mind if I ask you to baby-sit my kids from time to time. Oh, and I hope you will come to my birthday party on Saturday."

Hiruma's eyes narrowed and he glared down at the other. "That's your punishment, right?"

Musashi smiled, "'Punishment' is such a harsh word... I'd say it's some 'special persuasion'. Many people that you know will come, too, and I bet you're dying to know what they're doing right now... of those who haven't become famous."

The blond's glare intensified, but then he sighed in defeat. "Fine, you won. I expect you to pick me up though. On time, that goes without saying."

"Of course," Musashi nodded. "But I have to leave you now. Dinner's server at 7p.m. and I need to drive through-"

"Yeah, yeah, understood, just get going," Hiruma replied, getting off of the other's lap with a fluid movement. "I'll make myself a home while you're gone."

"I'll pay you a visit tomorrow," Musashi promised as he went to get his jacket. "Oh, and please *try* to keep this place tidy... Don't throw your guns around like a three-year-old."

"Yes, daddy," Hiruma mock-saluted, but was already sitting in front of his laptop, deeply indulged in some tables and charts that Musashi was unable to read.

The older one shook his head in amusement. "I'll leave the keys on the counter. If you need something, ask Tetsuma-san. He will help you."

"Thanks, but I'm not planning on leaving this place. Unless I run out of gum," Hiruma said, popping one of those into his mouth.

Musashi smiled almost fondly at him. "Old habits never die, do they?"

"Obviously, not."

"Well, then, I'll leave the keys on the counter. I have spare ones in my office. See you tomorrow."

"Mhm," Hiruma mumbled, already too focused on his computer.

When Musashi arrived back home, he had to explain Mamori why he had not brought Hiruma with him again and told her that he had been tired and decided to stay at his hotel. He interrupted her when she looked at him with her special mixture of sadness and anger to tell her that he had managed to make him come to their wedding anniversary party. The look of surprise on her face was priceless.