

Revelations

Shin Makoku and the Alien Invasion That Never Happened

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-Revelations-

Yuuri slumped over his desk with an exasperated sigh.

"Something the matter?", his ever so observant friend Murata said.

"I don't get this maths problem", Yuuri said. "But that's not really what's bugging me."

The sage clasped the chemistry book in his hands shut and looked over to his friend. Since Yuuri did not have a second chair in his room and couldn't be bothered to fetch one either, Murata had taken seat on his friend's bed. He leaned back against the wall, just beneath a large baseball wallpaper.

"I thought I was here to help you study."

"You are, but, I can't focus on maths with all this other stuff on my mind. " Yuuri paused to look at Murata. He straightened himself and reached out with one arm to scratch the back of his head.

"C'mon Shibuya, you can't tell me? Something happened in your love life? Met some hot chick?" Murata grinned widely as Yuuri got all flustered.

"Nothing like that!", he answered quickly. "Well, maybe something like that, but not the way your gutter mind thinks!"

"Huh? So...something happened with your dear Lord von Bielefeld?"

"Nothing's happened!", Yuuri exclaimed both embarrassed and outraged at the suggestion, "and I'd like to keep it that way!" A short pause followed in which he looked out of the window. "But I get the feeling that Wolfram's getting impatient."

Murata sighed and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "I take it the thought of being with another boy still makes you uncomfortable." He made it sound as

though this was something he should have overcome a long time ago. It was always moments like these that reminded Yuuri that his friend did have 4000 years worth of life experience more than him. He never liked it.

"Of course it does!", he said and threw his hands in the air for emphasis. "I'm a normal, well mostly normal 16 year old Japanese high school student. Of course it makes me uncomfortable when another guy comes on to me! I can't just throw my culture away!"

Yuuri rambled and he would have gone on for quite a while if Murata hadn't cut him off at this point.

"As a king, you should be accustomed to the culture of the country you're ruling, though. You should at least give it a try", he said matter-of-factly.

"What do you expect me to do?", Yuuri said whirling around in his chair. "Let Wolf have his way with me?!"

"No!", the sage hurried to answer. "I'm not telling you to do anything drastic!" He looked almost shocked for a moment before he rapidly collected himself again. "You could start by trying to understand why people in Shin Makoku are more tolerant than they are in Japan. Pay more attention to Lord von Kleist's lessons."

Yuuri shot his friend a sceptical look. "You're saying there was some kind of historic event that made people turn gay?"

Murata couldn't keep from snorting at that comment.

"Yes, there was this time when aliens invaded Shin Makoku and turned people gay with their pink laser beams. It was quite the disaster, you see." He said all this trying hard to sound convincing, but he could not quite hide the amusement from his voice.

"Shinou himself was turned into a pink octopus when the aliens got through to him but-", he went on in his best imitation of a history teacher, but was abruptly forced to stop his lecture when a pillow landed square on his face.

"How rude!" Murata exclaimed but did not seem overly upset as he put the pillow aside and readjusted his glasses.

"Don't make fun of me!"

"Calm down, Shibuya", the sage said grinning.

Yuuri crossed his arms in front of his chest. He had gotten up from his chair to grab the pillow and was now standing in front of the bed, glowering at his friend.

"It's not that the people of Shin Makoku are gayer than the people of earth. They are just more tolerant."

"And there's a historic event that explains that?", Yuuri said as he sat himself down on the edge of his bed.

"I guess you could say that."

"You were there, weren't you, Murata?" Yuuri looked intently at his friend.

"Right at the center."

"So, tell me about it."

"Uh, it's been a long time. I'm not sure I remember everything correctly. Maybe you should ask Lord von Kleist about it. I'm certain he'd love to talk about the rumors..." He mumbled the last sentence almost like an afterthought.

"Oh c'mon, Murata. I want to know *now*!"

His friend smiled, a faraway look on his face.

"It's actually quite simple", he said finally.

Yuuri edged back on the bed and came to lean against the wall next to Murata while he waited for the other to continue.

"You know how double blacks are hated and feared by the humans? There was a time when they were viewed the same way by mazoku as well."

"Right, but then the Great Sage helped Shinou win the fight against Soushu and people changed their opinion. I know all that."

"Do you think it was that easy? That people just threw away all their prejudices in an instant?"

Yuuri gave his friend an uneasy smile. He probably wasn't being the best example of that right now after all.

"In the end, it was all thanks to Shinou's continued trust in the Great Sage that everyone in Shin Makoku came to accept him."

"Okay, so it wasn't easy for people to overcome their ridiculous fear of black hair and eyes, but what does that have to do with anything?"

Murata grinned widely. "Want to know what Shinou did to leave an impression on his loyal subjects, Shibuya?"

Yuuri raised an eyebrow in question. Judging by the way the other looked at him, he wasn't quite sure he wanted to know. "What did he do?" Curiosity killed the maou they say.

"He had a spectacular coming out by making a very public demonstration of kissing the Great Sage in front of a full ballroom." Murata scratched the back of his head while he continued speaking – Yuuri didn't interrupt him, he seemed shellshocked at this point.

"He would have gone further than that if I, if the Great Sage hadn't kicked him where it hurt most. He was quite upset", Murata explained, still smiling playfully as his friend's expression became incredulous.

"Of course, rumors started to spread after that and the original king did his best to prove them true. Well, except for those that said he had been hexed into submission by the Great Sage's cursed soukoku powers", he added sarcastically.

Yuuri still only looked at him with astonishment etched onto his face.

"Mah, Shibuya, you wanted to know", Murata said shrugging, an amused glint in his eyes behind the glasses.

"Shinou...The Great Sage...You...g-gay?", Yuuri finally managed to get out, wide eyes staring at the other teenager.

"It shouldn't surprise you that much. At least not in Shinou's case", he friend muttered.

"Then you and the original king...?" Yuuri seemed unable to voice the rest of the question, but luckily for him, Murata already knew what he was going to ask anyway.

"It doesn't quite work that way. I'm Murata Ken and not the Great Sage." He said this in a more serious tone again to get the meaning across to his friend, who he knew could be a bit dense sometimes.

"So...you're not gay?", Yuuri asked sounding almost pleading.

Murata sighed.

"You disappoint me, Shibuya. Is that all you care about? Would it change our friendship?", he said while turning around to his friend who was still sitting beside him. He grasped his arm and looked up at him in mock despair.

Yuuri tensed a little. "No, no, of course not! I didn't mean that! Oh, stop that!", he said as he tried to wriggle his arm out of Murata's grip.

"Okay, calm down", his offender said as he finally let go. The bed creaked a little as the sage got up and stretched. "I should probably head home around now anyway."

"Uh, yeah", Yuuri replied intelligently and stood up himself.

"You know, if you're really interested then next time we meet I could tell you all about what the Great Sage and the Original King did when they were not being watched",

Murata turned around to his friend, his glasses glinting as he did so.

Yuuri flushed at the thought. "No, thank you", he said firmly and gave the other a little shove towards the door.

"Alright, I'm leaving", Murata said still amused about his friend's reaction before he made to exit the room. He halted in his movements however when Yuuri suddenly spoke up again.

"So, um...just...are you gay now or not?"

The sage only looked at him with an unreadable expression on his face for a few seconds, making the other feel a bit uncomfortable.

"I'm just curious. Don't take offense?", Yuuri added with an uneasy smile, sounding almost apologetic.

Before he realized what was going on Murata swiftly crossed the distance between them and was all of a sudden standing too close for comfort. He wanted to say something, but was quickly shut up by the feeling of another pair of lips on his own. It felt strange to him and weird and odd and a couple other things that he did *not* want to think about – and then it was over just as promptly as it had begun.

"I won't if you won't", Murata said, winked at him and went out of the room, leaving Yuuri standing rooted to the spot, wide eyes staring after his friend. He shook his head after a second or two, trying to get rid of unwelcome thoughts.

It seemed like talking to the sage had only doubled his problems somehow.

Maybe he should have seen that coming.