

Ocean Avenue

Von Makikolgami

Kapitel 10: Drifting

The night had been surprisingly eventful for Hiruma. He had heard Youichi return home around one o'clock, but around two he heard some noise from Ken's room, as if the younger Takekura-son had some late night visit or had sneaked out. For a moment, he looked up from his laptop, frowning at the noise, as he had not thought the boy was prone to such activities. About an hour later, he heard another noise, again from Ken's room, as if somebody was leaving this time, but he still shrugged it off as nothing.

Three hours later, he had finished off everything he needed to take care off and shut down his laptop. He had managed to arrange for a new hotel room starting later that day, and he planned to reduce the rent by telling the hotel owner he knew what he had done 22 years ago. Nothing important, just his usual way on bargaining for something fair instead of the horrendous prices normal people had to pay.

While he still wondered if he should take a nap or so to bridge the time gap until the rest of the family was awake, he heard little feet running through the hall outside. Curiosity peaked, he stuck his head outside to see if somebody was already awake and if he could go down and make himself some coffee.

"Good morning, You-ji!" Sachiko greeted him cheerfully, bouncing up and down on the balls of her feet in front of him. "Let's have breakfast together!"

He raised an eyebrow and knelt down in front of her, just to be hugged tightly. Thus, he had no other choice but to pick her up as he straightened up into a stand. "I think your mother should-"

"Good morning, Hiruma," Mamori greeted him as she suddenly appeared from her and Musashi's bedroom.

"...Morning," the blond mumbled, slightly annoyed by the over-excited child that clung to him. "Good morning, mum!"

"Good morning Sachiko," Mamori smiled, leaning up a bit on her toes to kiss her daughter's cheek. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes! I did!" Sachiko cheered, starting to tell her mother about her dream in vivid

colors. Hiruma rolled his eyes, sighed again and wondered if he would ever be able to get rid for good of that bundle in his arms. Suddenly the door to Ken's room opened and a very sleepy looking bed-head moved out of it.

"...Oh. Everyone's awake already," the teenager mumbled. "'m gonna take a shower quick... Mom, where is my-"

"I put your training clothes back in your bag," Mamori answered his unfinished question as she pressed a kiss to his cheek as well. Suddenly Hiruma was glad that she had not kissed him as a greeting. "Aren't you a little late? Usually you're already down in the kitchen around this time..."

"Yeah, I know. I kinda... overslept. But it's not like I'll miss anything. Tamura and Ohkawa won't be at the field until half past eight... Lazy asses," he added as an afterthought, glancing over to Hiruma who was still dressed in the same clothes as last night.

The blond tried not to grin too much, suddenly realizing what kind of noises he had heard last night from the boy's room. He did not know if his parents knew that he had a nightly visitor, but he thought nothing of it. He was 16 years old, he was allowed to have some fun at night. Hiruma knew that the boy's father had not been any better at his age, with the only difference that Musashi had been working instead of going to school.

Ken's gaze wavered a little under his grin and the blond was sure to spot a little blush on the teenager's cheeks, but neither of them dared to say anything and the boy quickly fled into the bathroom for his shower.

Hiruma intended to hand Sachiko over to Mamori, but somehow the woman managed to talk him into taking care of the girl by changing her diapers, helping her dress and braiding her hair into pigtails. He was surprised by the lack of resistance he put up, but – save for the part with the diapers – it had not been that bad. The diapers though... that was a completely different story. Hiruma simply decided that he would never ever again change any diapers in his whole life. It just was not worth the nerves he had lost. At least his flamethrower had been useful as he got rid of the offensive stink bomb.

Physically and mentally exhausted, he carried Sachiko down into the kitchen, put her down in her chair and plopped down on one himself. About a moment later, a mug full of steaming hot coffee appeared almost magically in front of him. He looked at it curiously and sipped at the black liquid, just to raise his eyebrows in surprise.

"...You have gotten better at this," he mumbled, seeing her blush slightly under his praise.

"I had twenty years of practice," she said. "I hope you didn't have too many problems changing Sachiko's diapers."

Snorting, Hiruma took another gulp of the coffee and waved it off. "It wasn't the

worst thing I have ever done in my life... but I won't do it again. Ever. Don't bother asking."

Mamori chuckled softly as she took the empty plate from Ken who had just finished his breakfast, already standing up to get ready to leave for school. "Those were exactly my thoughts when I first changed Youichi's diapers. Really, that smell is ungodly."

Hiruma snorted again and shook his head, watching how Mamori prepared Sachiko's food. The girl had gotten uncharacteristically silent, only clapping into her little hands as she saw how her bowl of pulp was placed in front of her. As Mamori started to feed her though, he looked away, involuntarily wondering what it would have been like if *he* had married her and they had had children. Would they have lived in a house like this with lots of kids? Or what would have been?

He quickly closed his eyes and shook his head slightly, because this thinking would get him nowhere. He knew that he was no family guy, that he would have been a horrendous father and that he did not really like all this family stuff at all. Sure, it felt nice to be pampered by a mother like Mamori once in a while, but after a few weeks it would drive him insane. It almost did 25 years ago, so he had spent most of the time with her with fucking her senseless to make her stop worrying about him.

Frowning deeply, he almost did not notice how Youichi entered the room. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, Youichi," his mother greeted him, smiling a smile that just screamed danger. Hiruma grinned to himself. No, he really did not like the idea of a family. You just had to explain yourself too much to the mother. "I heard that you went out again last night."

"Oh, um, yes I did. I went to karaoke with some friends," the younger blond said quickly. From sitting right next to him, Hiruma could see that the younger blond had a piercing in his ear, just where his started to get pointy. He chuckled and watched the scene unfold itself in front of him.

"Karaoke, yes? I hope it was really just karaoke. I hope you didn't do elsewhere with Emi, hm?" the woman asked, feeding Sachiko her pulp as if she was not threatening her oldest son between the lines.

"Yup, just karaoke with some friends from university. You can ask them if you want to," Youichi said, chewing away on his slice of toast as he studied the newspaper.

"Oh, it's not that important. If I recall correctly you had an arrangement with your father that you can do everything as you wish as long as you're up earlier than he is. And you are, so there should be no problem for you," Mamori answered and the "but" at the end of the last sentence was so clearly audible that even Hiruma felt a little guilty himself even though he was the one that had done the least wrong.

"...But?" Youichi asked as the silence became unbearable to him.

"Oh, if I hear any complaints from Suzuna-chan, you know what expects you," Mamori said almost cheerfully, and all Hiruma wanted to do was break out laughing loudly, but he just leaned back with a snicker.

The other blond rolled his eyes though and shook his head. "One month of housework, I know. Geez, don't get so worked up over it. It's not like I'm making her skip school or anything. We're just... having fun, just like normal teenagers do, alright? I'm even helping her with school when she has problems. Honestly. It would be too great if you and Suzuna-ba-chan would stop pestering me about it. I'm no bad guy, okay?"

"Oh, it's fine," Mamori said, putting down Sachiko's spoon for a moment. "I trust you that you know what you're doing, just do it well. You don't know when something's going to happen that will change your life."

"...Whatever you say, mom," Youichi mumbled with a frown. He turned back to his breakfast, just when Musashi walked through the kitchen door.

"Good morning, everyone," he greeted his family and Hiruma, sitting down next to his son, since Hiruma had claimed his seat unknowingly. "I see you're up early, son. That's good."

"Please, dad, mom just gave me the lecture before you came in. No need to do it again," the younger blond rolled his eyes.

"Oh, nothing like that had been on my mind, really," Musashi said, feigning innocence, but Hiruma could see a little twinkle in his eyes. "I just hope you had fun last night."

"Yeah, it was quite alright," Youichi grinned. "I'll tell you details later, if you want to, but now I'm off for university. I'll be late today, because I'm needed at that site in Yokohama, so don't wait up for me. I'll eat out, so you don't have to leave me dinner either."

Hiruma finished his coffee as Mamori tried to make her son admit that he just wanted to meet Emi after school instead of working, but he insisted on it until he left. Musashi just finished his breakfast, too, when the blond stood up to pack up his things.

"I found a new hotel to stay at, so don't count me in for dinner tonight either," he said as he left the kitchen.

"That's too sad... I really wanted to make your favorite food," Mamori said, but just saw him shrug as an answer. She sighed deeply. "And here I thought that he could be a part of our family, too."

Musashi smiled sympathetically. "You know that this is not his cup of tea. Give him some time, maybe I can convince him to come over for dinner."

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Around noon, Hiruma left the house of the Takekuras with his bags that he wanted to place at the hotel, but he ended up at Ocean Avenue Café to wait for Musashi instead, just like the old man had asked him to. If the old man wanted to meet him that badly, he could carry his stuff, too. That was the least that he could do to make up for the fact that he had to change some kid's diapers, among other things.

Just before she had left, Mamori had tried to convince him to go and see Ken's after school training, but he had told her directly that he had other plans. In the end, even she had to give in and let him be. She just took out her phone and wrote a quick message to somebody, probably to tell Ken that Hiruma would *not* come to get him later that day. As if he cared that much. He just wanted to get out of this family, because he had gotten in too deep already anyways. The only thing he really wanted to do now was to spend some time alone with Musashi.

At around 2p.m. the old man finally arrived at the café, but he did not sit down to drink some coffee with him. He just ordered two sandwiches and two cups of coffee to go before he led Hiruma outside to his car.

"Wow, where are we going?" Hiruma asked as he sat down in the left seat in the front.

"You'll see," Musashi smiled as he sat down in the driver's seat after securing the food in the back.

"Hey, how far back can you put these seats?" Hiruma asked, looking for the handle to try it out.

Musashi grinned. "All the way. But that's not what I wanted to show you."

Hiruma looked at him with a raised eyebrow where he lay on the now lowered seat next to him. "Well then, what is it?"

"Just wait and you will see," Musashi said as he backed out and drove off towards the south of the city.