

# Looks

## Ami/Kazu

Von abgemeldet

### Looks

Ami had been confused when she had found out that Kazu had helped out Detector who had thrown the whole world into chaos on his own free will.

Ami had been even more confused when she had found out that Detector had been Ban's father, the man who always wanted to have world at peace, even though he had a very good reason for his slightly exaggerated deeds.

Ami had been completely baffled when she had taken in Kazu's obvious change in not just looks but also in personality.

Where had the young, unsure boy she had decided to talk to on her first day in grade three gone? He had been shy that day, the school system had also obviously separated him from his friends. Ami herself had always used to sit next to Ban during her short school career and was therefore also unfamiliar with not really knowing anybody in her class. That was when she spotted a boy with dread locks. He looked cool, she could not deny the fact, but he seemed incredibly nervous, too.

Kazu somehow ended up in their now-trio that day.

But now Kazu had a strong and confident aura around him, like he knew more about the current happenings than them (which was probably true). Ami was not quite sure if she liked that yet.

It had hit Ban hard that his father had used his favourite toy, his passion, for terroristic activities, even though he had meant to save the world with them. It didn't change the fact that he had exposed millions of people to the great danger that the LBX brought with them if not used wisely. The cardboards existed for a reason after all.

All this had confused Ban to the extent that he completely forgot to welcome his best friend back after he had vanished for a couple of months because of his kidnapping. It did not seem to bother Kazu. After all, had his father been a worldwide known terrorist such a thing might slip his mind. Family came first after all.

And there was this all adult-like Kazu again. Ami did not like it. She welcomed him home nonetheless, it was probably only for a couple of days in which her best friend wanted to look as responsible and as the right hand in the plan to save the world. To catch the newbies' attention probably.

But his adult-like acts had still been there after a few days. Not only did Kazu defend Professor Yamano against the government even though he knew he could get arrested for being an accessory in this case. But he also had a very long discussion

with Jessica about customizing LBX-guns to improve their accuracy and had impressed them all with professional knowledge Ban and Ami did not even know he possessed.

Had she gotten to know Kazu that way on this first day of school seven years ago, she would have probably gotten along with him great. But his current behavior made her really nervous and even ticked her off somehow. Even though it did suit him. Somehow.

The next location the reestablished Seeker had to check in their fight for the world's peace was Country A which would take an over-night-flight according to Metamo. Even though most of them should be already sleeping right now, the whole team had settled in front of the TV in the Duck Shuttle's living room to watch some kind of late night show in a language they could not understand (Ami was pretty sure it was German though, from the few words she knew of the European language).

While the brode-mouthed moderator kept on playing short clips of apparently funny TV scenes and laughing loudly at them, the living room emptied. First to excuse themselves were surprisingly the adults with Hiro and Asuka following not shortly after.

In the end only Ami and Kazu were watching the moderator talking to a pretty black-haired girl who was probably some kind of teenstar in the show's homecountry.

Kazu stretched himself, his muscles flexed. "Well then, I'm going to bed as well. You could probably use some sleep, too. Who knows what we might encounter in Country A."

Ami glared. "An organisation like Detector maybe?"

The boy, man, whatever, swiftly turned back to her, eyeing her curiously. An uncomfortable silence spread while they glared at each other. Not ever in the seven years of friendship had their eye contact ever been that intense. Ami did not even know why she was mad at him – she would have probably acted the same way had she been in his position.

She averted her purple eyes and sighed. "I was worried about you."

Kazu's eyes softened a bit even though he still looked at her warily.

"I worried so much and then you were actually okay, fine and happy at the Professor's side. Why didn't you try to contact me?" Ami knew she sounded childish but she did not care.

"You know why. You could have made yourself accusable had you known the Professor's plan."

Apparently Kazu thought the same.

"Did your collar get loose when I was still a slave player?"

He seemed to think for a while, his gaze finally shifting away from her to the carpet, examining the long lints. "No, that was afterwards, I guess. I think I was the only slave player at that point. Why the questions though?" Kazu studied her from the corner of his eyes.

"Well, sorry for being interested. I still have one question though."

Ami scooted closer to him, their knees touching, and forced his head with both of her hands to look at her, their faces really close. Kazu tried to inch away from her studious glare, only to be janked back by his ears.

"Why..."

"W-why what?"

"Why the change in appearance?"

A long pause followed.

"Eh?"

Smooth, Kazu, smooth. Did he not always score really high grades in language classes? She janked a bit more on his ears. "These muscles don't come from nowhere, Kazu. What did you do while being a slave player, lifting?"

He just looked dumbly at her. "I've always had them."

Ami moved herself onto Kazu's lap to be able to engulf him in a headlock better. Nobody had ever escaped Ami's famous headlocks in elementary school. "Don't joke on me! On Achilles' introduction event you were as lanky as Ron Weasley!"

"Well, I look more slim when I dress!", Kazu cried while struggling to free himself.

Ami had him pinned against the couch and examined him again. This was definitely not possible, was it?

Interrupting her thought the door to the living room was yanked open forcefully to reveal a less than amused Cobra who loudly complained: "What are you two even doing awake? People are trying to – woah!" The spy just stared at them, definitely interpreting the situation completely wrong as Kazu started spluttering, trying to clear this situation while Cobra started yelling at him for doing such things in the living room where they all sat.

Ami kept looking forth between the two humorously. As if any of the people on board had gone that far. Except Professor Yamano, no, she did not want to imagine that. Ban existed. That was all she needed to know.

As the males spluttering and bickering slowly got onto her nerves, she tried to silence them both while waving her hands around and shouting. Futile. She blinked. Maybe she could try to silence at least one, hopefully even both that way. Without thinking too much, she leaned down to the boy she still straddled with her hips and pressed her lips firmly against his. She could feel him freeze completely underneath her, he was probably staring at her with wide eyes, trying to process what was happening right now. That was more like the way Aoshima Kazuya should be.

Cobra's complaints had also faded away completely as he watched the scene with his mouth wide agape. He quickly fled the scene, banging the door loudly when leaving the room.

The girl pulled away at the loud noise.

"What are you doing?", Kazu exclaimed, he blushed furiously. It was cute.

"Silencing you."

"That's all?"

Ami grinned and closed the gap between them a second time, this time her partner actually responded to the pressure on his lips, slightly nibbling on them. At that point it had become clear that none of them had any experience with "such things" as Cobra put it. When she tried to get access to Kazu's mouth it ended up with a heavy clashing of teeth. Since her whites were already very sensible to begin with this was not one of her most pleasant experiences.

Kazu started to apologize, apparently having sensed her discomfort but Ami simply began nibbling at his neck, earning herself a low gasp from her best friend? Lover? Who cared? She placed her arms on his broad shoulders and felt the strong muscles she had never noticed. Quickly she rid him off his stupid bandana, taking in his appearance when his dread locks framed his face, making him appear younger instantly. More like Kazu should.

At that point the ginger decided to take a bit more initiative. Gently he placed his hands on her back, pushing the beautiful girl closer to himself who had decided to go

for another attempt of a kiss. Ami grinned into the kiss which was not because of the fact that she did not nearly lose her front teeth in the process but rather of the shy hands which began to explore her body (more of her backside, really). She herself was not as hesitant and decided to check what these "had-always-been-there"-muscles felt like. Kazu flinched slightly when her cold hand slipped under his tank top, his blush intensifying.

This entire kiss, everything, it was somehow so shy, the way his hands carefully stroked her thighs, the way he seemed to be so bashfully kissing back, rather than pinning her down dominantly. But that was the way she liked it. It was supposed to be that way. True and so unmistakable Kazu -

"Is Kazu hogging the TV remote again?"

They both broke apart quickly, both beet red this time as the missing part to their trio walked in casually, apparently having mistaken the situation as another friendly quarrel that used to be so frequent in the old days.

Right behind him was a grinning Jin, not as oblivious as Ban.