

Once upon a dream

Von Lemon-Tree

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Kapitel 1: But if I know you, I know what you do

Kimihiro looked around. He was sitting on the veranda. Cherry blossoms slowly fell to the ground. It would be pitch black if it wasn't for the full moon hanging in between thousands of little stars.

Suddenly he smelled smoke, but he wasn't alarmed. It was a familiar smell. He smiled and turned his head.

"Good evening, Haruka-san!"

"Good evening, Watanuki-kun. We meet a lot these nights." Haruka smiled, Kimihiro blushed. "Oh! Um... I could try to stop visiting, if it bothers you..."

Haruka shook his head with a small chuckle. "No, it doesn't bother me a bit. It's actually quite nice to meet you every night, Watanuki-kun." He looked directly in Kimihiro's eyes, but the young seer avoided his look and turned his head away from the older man.

That was nothing new for the past exorcist. Their meetings always went like this; Haruka subtly flirting with Kimihiro, Kimihiro looking away flustered.. But tonight was different, Haruka noticed and before he could ask about it, Kimihiro whispered: "You really are nicer than that Idiot Doumeki." Also nothing new; Kimihiro loved to talk bad about Shizuka, even though they're definitely friends by now. But still something was off.

Haruka started to worry. "Watanuki-kun, is everything alright? Did you have a fight with Shizuka?" Kimihiro shook his head. "Please, Kimihiro, tell me what happened. I'm worried!" He put his hand on Kimihiro's shoulder, but the boy quickly shook it off and looked at Haruka with a smile. "It's nothing. Please don't worry about me. Anyway, did you just call me Kimihiro?" Again there was a tint of pink on his cheeks.

Haruka loved to get Kimihiro flustered, but at that moment he couldn't care less. "Kimihiro, please tell me what's wrong! Did I say something? Did I do something?" Kimihiro violently shook his head. "No, no, no! You did nothing wrong! It has nothing to do with you! Well, it kind of has... But I have to take care of this myself! Please stop worryi-?" Haruka got closer to Watanuki without him noticing. Their faces were just centimeters apart from each other. Kimihiro turned dark red and stuttered: "Ha-Haruka-s-san...! Wh-what are y-you..?" He tried to push the man away from him, but Haruka just put his hands on Kimihiro's cheeks. "Wha-mmmm?!" Kimihiro's eyes widened at the impact of their lips. But he enjoyed the feeling and slowly closed his eyes. He could taste nicotine. Suddenly the feeling was gone and he already missed it. He opened his eyes and saw the ceiling of his room. He could still feel the hands on his cheeks.

Kapitel 2: You love me at once

Kimihiro looked around restlessly. He was running late for school, but he knew that Shizuka would still wait for him. The last thing he wanted, was to see Shizuka after this night. 'Last night...', he blushed at the thought.

"Oi.", Kimihiro spun around at the familiar voice.

"I told you, my name isn't 'oi'!" , Kimihiro started his usual flailing, still blushing.

"Oi, you're late today and why are you so red? Do you have a fever?" , Shizuka ignored him as usual and stared at Kimihiro, who quickly covered his face. "I'm not red at all! Stop staring at me like that!" The archer simply shrug it off: "Did you bring lunch?"

On a normal day, Kimihiro would complain and shove his lunchbox in Shizukas arms, but...

"I... I..", Kimihiro slowly lowered his hands, disbelief in his eyes. "I forgot the lunchboxes... at home.."

Shizuka shrugged again and started walking. "Guess I have to buy something then."

Kimihiro looked after him. 'Ugh, stupid Doumeki! Doesn't even ask, if something's wrong. Haruka-san would've... Haruka-san...'

Face lighting up red again, he quickly yelled behind Shizuka: "I'm.. I'm going to work early today! Yuuko-san wanted me to... to take care of something! Tell Himawari-chan, I'm sorry, that I forgot to bring lunch!" He turned around and quickly headed to the shop. There was no way, he would spend the whole day with Shizuka like usually.

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Kimihiro carefully opened the front door of the shop, so that he wouldn't wake up Yuuko. It wasn't that early, but she always slept until Kimihiro came back from school. As he opened the door he noticed someone standing behind it.

"I expected you, Watanuki!" , Yuuko proudly stood in front of a very surprised Kimihiro, Maru and Moro dancing around her, chanting "Good morning" over and over.

"Ah! Yuuko-san, I thought you were sleeping. Why are you up so early?" , he quickly gathered himself, started taking off his shoes and went inside, Yuuko and the twin-like girls quickly followed.

"Well, how should I be able to sleep, when I have to worry about your love life? Oh, you didn't bring any snacks? Make some! And bring sake! We have to talk." , the witch went into the main room, leaving Maru and Moro dancing around a very red Kimihiro.

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Kimihiro placed a tablet full of various snacks and a bottle of sake on the small table in front of Yuuko.

"Yuuko-san, what did you mean, when you said you had to worry about... about my love life?" , He sat down on the other side of the table, nervously pouring some sake.

Smiling, the witch took the sake, nipped at it and started talking: "You know, Watanuki, you aren't the only one who is visited by Doumekis grandfather in their sleep. Haruka and I meet regularly to chat about recent events." , Kimihiro turned red as a tomato when he heard that. Preparing for the worst he started fiddling with the hem of his apron. "As I went to sleep this morning, I was instantly greeted by a very worried Haruka. I had to promise him, to talk to you as soon as you come here and I knew you wouldn't last long in school with Doumeki by your side all the time." , she grinned pouring herself more sake, drank it all in one big sip and continued talking: "He told me about your little date last night!"

Kimihiro jumped up, ever so red and started flailing his arms: "That wasn't a date! Nothing happened last night! I don't know what he told you, but it's not true! Believe me!"

Laughing, Yuuko shook her head: "Oh? He told me that you seemed to have a problem and asked me, if I could help you with it. So, that isn't true?"

The boy stopped his flailing and stared at the laughing woman. "Then why did you say it was a date?" slowly he sat back down, pouring some more Sake.

"Well, meeting almost every night in the moonshine with a handsome man, cherry blossoms falling to the ground, talking a lot, blushing at his compliments; doesn't that sound like date? A very romantic date that is! And sometimes there's even a kiss before the two lovebirds say goodbye." Yuuko looked at Kimihiro and waited for another outburst, but he just looked down in an attempt to hide his blushing face. 'So that's how it is, eh?', she thought.

Yuuko put down the glass and looked at Kimihiro. With a calm voice and a serious look on her face, she asked: "Watanuki, what do you think about Haruka?"

Slowly he looked up again: "Haruka-san is... He is amazing... He is really smart and knows so many things. And he always tries to help me when I'm in trouble or have a problem."

Looking at the blushing boy in front of her and asked again: "How do you feel about him? Do you like him?"

"Of course I like him! Why wouldn't I?"

"But what kind of 'like' is it? The way, you like Doumeki? Or the same feeling that you have for Himawari? Or even more than that?"

"W-what kind of question is that?" Kimihiro quickly stood up, almost knocking the table over. "The bottle is empty! I get a new one!", he hurried to leave the room, but Yuuko started talking once again.

"Make some snacks too. You know the room where you sometimes sleep? Come there once you're finished."

"Yes, Yuuko-san!"

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When Kimihiro entered the room he saw a prepared futon on the floor. Curious he put down the food and drink on the floor and sat down. "Yuuko-san? What's this for?"

The woman, who sat beside said futon smiled. "I prepared it for you. Come on, lie down." She softly patted the pillow.

Kimihiro didn't move. He had a bad feeling about this. "Why should I lie down? It's not even evening yet."

"Watanuki, you're going to meet Haruka now and you should talk with him about your feelings. When you lie down I will put a spell on you, so that you fall asleep faster. As soon as you are asleep, I will leave the room and stay away from until you wake up by yourself, so that I won't bother you. Understood?" Yuuko was getting impatient. 'Why do I always have to fix his problems? Hah, but it's my responsibility, isn't it?'

The boy quickly took off his jacket and lied down on the futon, pulling the thin cover over him. He wanted to see Haruka again. He wanted to talk about last night. But was just too nervous, he couldn't even gave his 'okay' too Yuuko so he just nodded.

As Kimihiro closed his eyes, he could hear Yuukos soothing voice talking in a language he never heard before. He quickly fell asleep.

"Sweet dreams, Kimihiro..." Yuuko smiled at the sleeping boy. She took the tablet and carefully left the room. "Well, at least now he won't bug me, that I drink too much.", she sighed.

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When Kimihiro opened his eyes, he was sitting on the veranda, he knew so well. But everything looked kind of different. 'I always visited at night and now it's the middle of the day. Of course it looks different.' He carefully turned his head.

There he was. Sitting in his usual yukata, smoking a cigarette.

Haruka smiled at him. Worry in his eyes. "It's nice to see you again so soon, Watanuki-kun. I was worried you wouldn't visit me again. You suddenly disappeared... I'm sorry, if I scared you."

Kimihiro blushed, but this time he didn't hide his face. He looked directly at the other man. "You didn't scare me. I was just surprised." He paused, not sure how to continue. "Why did you... Why did you do that? Why did you... kiss me, Haruka-san?"

The older man thought for moment before answering, the soft smile still in place. "I was worried about you. I didn't know how to prove to you how much I care, so I simply kissed you. That's what people do, when they like someone, don't they?" Seeing the confused look on the very red boy, he continued. "Watanuki-kun- no. Kimihiro, I love you."

Kimihiro was speechless. He just didn't know how to reply to a love confession. No one ever confessed to him. But this wasn't just anyone; Haruka just confessed to him. Did he love Haruka? He wasn't sure. Yes, he was important to him. More important than Himawari.

'I should say something! Do something! Just something..!' Kimihiro slowly opened his mouth, but closed it again. Suddenly he knew what he wanted to do.

He leaned forward and with eyes shut tight, he gave Haruka a quick kiss.

Even though it was so quick Haruka was still taken aback. The kiss was full of emotion. It was shy and cute. And it tasted like the perfect first love.

"Kimihiro..? What was that for?" He looked at the blushing boy, a faint shade of pink crossing his own cheeks.

Kimihiro looked down. "I think I love you too?"

He looked up when he felt a warm hand on his own. Haruka had moved closer to the boy and this time Kimihiro didn't mind.

He could clearly taste the nicotine when the older man kissed him again, this time more passionate.

He didn't resist a bit, when the other pushed him down by his shoulders. One of Kimihiro's hands in Haruka's hair, the other one grasping his yukata; he pulled him even closer.

After, what felt like the hundredth kiss, Haruka paused. His hands still on Kimihiro's shoulders.

Out of breath he looked at the boy beneath him.

"Kimihiro, are you really okay with this? I don't want to force you to anything. I understand if you don't want this. Please te-"

Kimihiro quickly shut him up with a deep kiss. After several moments he started talking.

"Haruka, if I wouldn't want this, I would've stopped you long ago. I wouldn't even be here, if I didn't wanted this. I love you Haruka and I want to kiss you. Please, just for this dream, stop worrying about me."

Harukas worries quickly disappeared, when Kimihiro kissed him again.

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Kimihiro slowly opened his eyes. The room around him was dark and cold. He must've slept through the whole day.

He stood up took his jacket and left the room. 'Yuuko-san must be hungry' with these thoughts he went to the kitchen.

Oh, he couldn't wait to go back to sleep.