

# Blind

## [Kaoru x Die, Die x Brian]

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### Kapitel 2: Chapter Two

*Okay, auf vielfachen Wunsch nun das 2. Kapitel, welches bereits im November letzten Jahres fertig war. Leider bin ich mir seither unschlüssig, was die ff angeht. Sie ist eben nicht happy und das Thema könnte eher "Verzweiflung" sein, nur sicher nicht "Hoffnung". Es freut mich aber trotzdem, dass es einige gibt, die die FF gefällt.^^ Ich würde nämlich sehr gerne irgendwann weiterschreiben. ;)*

**Comment:** *I'm addicted to writing evil things. And I'm quite sure now that Brian won't have any active part in this fic. He'll just be mentioned. I love that guy dearly and I sure don't want to make any people hate him because I've included him in a Die x Kaoru fic.*

#### Chapter Two

When my anger faded, it turned into sorrow and I thought I was the worst person alive. My dominant personality made me easily grow arrogant, stubborn and angry. And while I sat and pondered about what was wrong with Die, my anger was taken over by complete and utter worry. If he hid something from me, then there had to be a good reason for it but I was here, ignoring him, not even asking about his well-being. Regret flooded my emotions.

How could I even think that Die would do something as foolish as to cheat on me? He would never do such thing. Not my Die.

Something must have happened that made him unable to talk about it. The worst thoughts crossed my mind and I buried my head in my hands. What if something really awful had happened to Die and he couldn't talk about it? Maybe he was only waiting for me to ask him, take care of him the way I should? Instead I was grumpily shrugging off the fact that he ignored his departure from last night. What a miserable and terrible boyfriend I was!

The worst crimes and scenes shot through my mind and I started to worry really bad

for Die and what he may have experienced. What if he was scared that I'd laugh about him or turn my back on him if he told me the truth? What if he thought I couldn't take it? Sure, he should trust me enough not to think like this but that's only the theory. Yet the real life often made one think stupid things. I would need to prove him that he could trust me with anything.

It was almost midnight when I had found new confidence in myself. Nearly laughing about how stupid I had reacted, I went to join Die in bed. As I entered the bedroom, he was curled up on his side of the bed and peacefully sleeping. I smiled as I watched him for a moment, not very longer. He was mine; my love; my life. Climbing into bed I carefully moved to spoon him with my body and wrapped my arm loosely around him, so that my fingers would cover one of his hands. It was the faintest of a touch but I could have sworn that he squeezed my hand, although he didn't move at all.

Tomorrow I'd be the boyfriend he deserved and we would get this sorted out. This wasn't just a ray of hope. I was convinced that Die and I could cope with anything, whatever had happened. Thankfully I was too tired to ponder very much longer. With his scent in my nostrils, I fell asleep after some minutes.

When I woke up in the morning, Die was already gone but I heard distant music and some rumbling in our apartment. I assumed he was feeling better today. Time to face the music, I told myself and got up.

"Good morning," I greeted him as I entered the kitchen and found Die sipping tea and reading some magazine. The kitchen's counter was left messy as usual but it still looked different. There was no food but only items from out of cupboards and drawers.

"Morning," he briskly said and smiled too short for my liking, again not meeting my eyes. No chance to gather a morning-kiss for me, but that only reminded me of my task.

"Were you looking for something?" I began with small talk. He should know I was still talking to him and not playing any silly games anymore.

Die looked up at the mess he had made but shook his head with a tiny smile. "Not really. You know me. I easily mess up."

He muttered his last sentence under his breath and shifted his gaze back to his magazine. I nodded and gathered myself a cup of coffee. Then I sat down and tried to catch Die's eyes. "I think we need to talk, Die."

"Hm?" He looked up at me with innocent eyes and I had to suppress the rising anger within me. He was so obviously faking naivety but I refused the urge to roll my eyes at his act. Then he suddenly stood up and put his cup in the dishwasher. "There's hardly anything in our fridge. We've been away too long."

Temporarily puzzled, my mind tried to grasp why he just changed the subject and completely ignored my attempt to talk. I just looked at him and tried to read him but I

failed. Worried to the core I silently sighed and ran a hand through my hair. I wanted to gain his trust, to be a good boyfriend, right?

"We can go and buy something later," I suggested with a smile. "But not right now. Come and sit down again, please."

He seemed to ponder for a moment before he nervously headed for his shoes and jacket in the corridor. "Nah, let me just do that, Kao. I'll go and buy something, ok? I want something posh for dinner, maybe shrimps."

Sitting on my chair I had stretched my neck to watch him and listen to his raised voice. He ran away from me, escaping my talk with him, but I agreed. It may be a better time later. He wanted to have a posh dinner with me and that was quite a nice idea, I had to admit. Afterwards we could be as comfortable as we wanted to be and certainly Die would find the courage to talk to me. I'd make sure of it.

I certainly hadn't expected him taking as much time as he did but I told myself to stay calm. During the time I was alone at home I considered calling Shinya and finally asking him about that night in Paris. However I decided against. What if he didn't know anything? Then he'd ask why I didn't ask Die myself and if something was wrong between the two of us. As if I could need questions like these? No, I would talk to Die at first and then I'd see what'll come next.

Die came back after midday, apologizing and telling me about how he had forgotten the traffic was like in Japan. Unpacking his bags rather quickly, he asked some random questions, told me about some mild facts and whatever I replied, he kept us both down to small talk. The day passed by almost too fast. Free days were used in routine too. Die called his family while I was scanning through the mail. Then he asked me to prepare the dinner since he wanted to take a bath. I agreed but after all the work was done, my boyfriend was still in the bathroom.

Sighing with a small smile on my lips, I knocked and entered. He was still in the tub with his head leant back and his eyes closed. He didn't notice me as his ears were plugged by the earphones of his iPod. I bit my bottom lip and raised my eyebrows when I realized that his hand was slowly moving in a way too unmistakable rhythm under the water. Was I really that much in remiss of my duties? Truth be spoken, it was possible since we had been working too much, too hard, to give each other some pleasure.

I crouched down next to the bath tub and reached my hand under the water for Die's. That move had been completely expected by him. He wasn't just frightened but he flinched. His eyes spoke of terror as his hand harshly waved mine away. Then he unplugged his ears and glared at me.

"What the—" Seeking for words he just shook his head. "What're you doing here?"

"I..." ...am a fool I should have said because that's how I felt. Like a stupid idiot who had done the simplest thing wrong. There had been nothing wrong as I think about it now. No big deal lending a hand to your boyfriend one would think, right? He should

consider himself as lucky but Die was everything but happy with my help and I quickly backed off. "I'm sorry."

"God dammit," Die muttered and put a hand on his heart. "You scared the shit out of me."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to." I dropped my gaze, embarrassed, then helplessly shrugged. "I just wanted to tell you that dinner's ready."

"Okay," he said and quickly grabbed for a towel. "Thank you."

That was a nice way of telling someone that their help won't be needed anymore. I may have been foolish but not stupid. Nodding I made my way out of the bathroom. After all I was sorry because I honestly never meant to give him a heart-attack but on the other hand I felt like a dog. Bad puppy had drooled on the paper he brought. But I didn't give much about it at that time. Maybe he really had just freaked out because he didn't expect me. Still, one would think that a man, who wakes his partner with blowjobs in the middle of the night, would be a little bit cooler about it when his partner does a similar thing.

Setting the table I waited for Die who marched in dressed but with wet hair. He didn't say anything at all when he slid down to sit on the table. Wordlessly I took my place opposite him, not knowing what to say. He seemed changed and the fact that he freaked out as I had touched him, spoke for no good. My worried heart and mind took over and I couldn't wait until we would be more comfortable. I needed to know it now.

"Die, we really need to talk," I began and spoke my words as gently as I was able to. He looked at me for only a second, and then stared on his plate. "Where have you been that night in Paris?"

I had dared to ask. My throat was dry like a desert and I swallowed the lump that had built in my throat.

"Does it matter?" His voice cold, he replied not looking at me.

"Sure, it does. I was worried about you," I told him to make him weak and not stubborn.

"There was no need." His low and monotonous voice made me inwardly shake but I remained calm on the outside.

I pondered how to go on with this. Should I voice out my doubts or accept his refusal. "I'm glad. So, what did you do the whole night?"

"Do you have to ask these bloody questions?" Die snapped and looked up with a glare directed at me. It made me boil up with anger all of a sudden.

"Damn yeah, I do!" I shot back, but I tried to stay rational and not to let my anger get the better of me. "You've been away the whole night long and I worried my head off

and once you come back, you don't have anything to say. Why don't you tell me where you've been or what you did?"

Turning his gaze away, he lit a cigarette and took a long drag. "Because I think it's better this way."

Now I couldn't help but snort. "Yeah right. And why would that be?"

I started to tremble with having asked this. Why would he hide something from me? Too calm Die replied: "It's only good for you if you not know 'cause it may change things."

Good for me? Whatever it was, hiding was never good. "Die, please," I began and kept my voice gentle, trying to support his courage, to gain his trust and make him see what bad lying does. "You can tell me anything. Whatever has happened, you can tell me."

"That not," he said and slowly stood up, facing an imaginary place on the ground. "You may not be able to forgive me."

Shaking my head insanely, I bitterly smiled in order to prevent myself from having a nervous breakdown. "Why would I need to? I wanna know, Die. I wanna know what's happened and what you did I won't be able to forgive you. Tell me where you've spent that night."

My own demand left me shaking as Die forced his eyes to meet mine. His looked tired, annoyed, lazy but also hurt. I could very well imagine what was happening here but I needed confirmation like any human does when they're been deceived by those they trusted. Die's answer was indifferent. "In some hotel in Paris."

I could feel how my eyes became empty. It took me some effort and more than just a bit courage to ask what I really needed to know. "In whose room?"

My question came out like a whisper. Die closed his eyes and opened them again, rubbing the bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger. "In someone's. Kaoru, stop that. You can add one and one very well and I don't wanna explain anymore. Just drop it."

I was at a loss for words. Like a pathetic fool I sat and waited for an apology I wouldn't get. Not now. Not ever. "Did you..." I whispered, not able to look him in the eye right now. "Did you sleep with..."

Annoyed, he sighed. "Will you stop asking now? Yeah, gods, I did. Are you happy now? Why couldn't you just leave it? It won't happen again anyway. But you asked for it. God dammit! If you would've just kept your mouth shut! All this damn talking! It makes me sick!"

Die's calmness subsided as his anger increased with every word he spoke. I was too shocked to move, let alone to say something. He leveled reproof against me for

asking. I sat and watched him turn to leave. Only when he was already slipping inside his jacket, I dared to ask where he wanted to go.

"Out," he curtly replied. "I can't breathe inside of here."

"Will you be back?" How silly a question and yet the only thing that was really important to me.

"Guess so," He shrugged and left.

The room was spinning. My heart raced, missed beats, I hardly remember. Breathing hurt. I craved for him. Hopes were shattered. I needed to sit down and rest for a moment. My fingers were trembling as I reached for a smoke. It didn't calm me like it usually used to. I cried without any sound. Heavy drops were running down my heated skin but no sobbing, no heart-wrenching screaming for answers, just trying to gain my coolness, my calmness, myself. I wasn't allowed to lose control. Anything could be sorted out in some way.

Yet my emotions were too strong for now. I hated crying. It never helps anybody. Numbly I got up and cleared off the table, slowly putting everything back where it belonged, move by move. I even wrapped up the food, so we could eat it later. Then I headed for the bathroom. Like in trance and with glassed eyes, I suddenly caught sight of something. There was still Die's iPod. Taking it in my hands, I plugged the earphones in and pressed the small button to make it play.

More tears left my eyes when the music started but still I kept silent. Not a tiny noise could be heard. Only the music from my boyfriend's mp3-player. His voice. No big deal to recognize that singer's annoying voice. I crouched down on the floor and leant my head back against the bathtub, endlessly listening to that guy's odd singing. There was no need for me to understand his language. The tone of his high-pitched voice was enough to gain more and more hate towards him.

Maybe I sat there longer than the iPod was playing, I can't say, but once everything was quiet and no more salty liquid oozed from my needless eyes, I gathered back some sense. Die still was mine. He had told me that it won't happen again. That guy was out of his life. I was in it. The only thing disturbing was that Die never said he was sorry. But maybe he just didn't dare since usually in these kind of situations no apology could turn back time and make things undone. I found excuses for everything but the iPod.

Did Die listen to him when he was pleasuring himself?

I drowned the iPod in our toilet. A smile rose to my face, one that was sick but determined. I could make better music anyway, without any singing. I'd make Die jerk off to my playing. I'd make him forget about the other. The thought of losing Die was too much to bear and I'd do anything to make us both forget that this ever happened. If Die didn't love me, he wouldn't be here with me, trying to live like we used to. Didn't he try to hide it from me, so I won't be hurt?

Where was Die? I hoped he'd come back soon.

I switched on the television and started to watch whatever was on. My mind was numb. I hardly registered anything. I was only waiting for Die to come back. Yet I was too exhausted, too tired and after hours lying there awake, I must have fallen asleep.

My eyes snapped open when I heard our door. Instantly I was on my feet, hardly realizing that it was nearly morning. There he was, standing in front of the closed door, drenched to the bone. He looked tired with deep rings beneath his eyes, making it impossible for me to see anything in them but a drained soul. His wet hair clung to his face as he silently stood there without saying a single word. Of course my heart went out to him and I closed the gap between us.

"Die," I muttered and immediately reached out to take off his soaked jacket. I hadn't even noticed that it must have rained during the night. He didn't show any resistance as I felt for his temperature. "God, you're completely soaked. You'll be lucky if you won't catch the flu."

He looked at me with empty eyes and hoarsely whispered something that sounded like a 'yes'. With no further thought I stripped him off his jumper as well as the t-shirt underneath while Die was helping by lazily lifting his arms. Even the pants I pulled down for him and made him slip out of his socks until he was left there standing in only his boxers.

"Let's get your robe and a towel." He followed me inside the bathroom where I held the bathrobe open for him and he effortlessly slipped inside. Then I made him sit and dried his hair with the towel as best as possible. I reached for the hairdryer and silently used it while combing his hair with my fingers.

I didn't feel too bad doing so, not at all. It was as if I was in charge again, caring for my boy, mothering him in a way. That's what I always did. That was just me. Being with me had been his choice. That's what he wanted, needed.

"Ready," I shortly smiled at Die and he looked up to me. Guessing that he hadn't slept at all that night, probably just spend time in some bars, until he was out of money, and out in the night, he should rest I decided. This time I didn't even waste a thought on cheating even if Die hadn't been at home. This time I just knew there wasn't anybody but Die grieving alone in the dark. "Go to bed and sleep."

Nodding he stood up and I guided him into our bedroom. Once he was stuck underneath the covers, he weakly smiled at me. "Thanks."

There was no effort in taking care of my boyfriend but I would've to face work again today. "I'll have to go then though. But I'll tell them you're down with the flu. It'll be okay. Just stay in bed and sleep as much as you can. If you're hungry, there's still some dinner from last night in the fridge. I'll be back this evening."

He turned his back to me and stuck his nose deep in the pillows, drifting off almost immediately. As I was back in the kitchen, I ran a hand through my hair and deeply

inhaled some air in my lungs. He was right. Maybe I shouldn't have asked for it. Maybe I should have kept my mouth shut. Die needed me. Only me. He was here. I was here. That was all that mattered. We just needed our routine back.

I showered, drank my coffee and smoked my cigarette as usual before I headed to the studios. When the guys asked about Die, I told them that he was down with a fever but that he'd be back as soon as possible. I never lived through a day of work like this, lacking concentration I usually provided for the five of us. They excused my failure, smiled and patted my back, telling me that I shouldn't worry about Die too much. It was just the flu after all. Oh, if they knew. But gladly they didn't.

When I came back home, I found Die sitting in the kitchen. He wore his robe and drank coffee. At least it smelled like coffee. I shot him a worried glance and put on the kettle. "I'm gonna make some tea. It's better than coffee right now. How are you feeling?"

"Fine," he voiced out lowly and leant back against the wall. "Do you want me to move out?"

Unexpected as the question hit me, I raised my brows and stared at Die for some seconds. I was honestly surprised that he thought I'd want that. "No, of course not."

"Why not?" Die asked about relevant things after all, I had finally realized. It'd be only fair if I wanted to break up with him and to make 'the cheater' move out. Yet, it was the last thing I wished for. I could never give up on him.

"Because I love you," I truthfully answered and tried to meet his gaze. "Things will be okay again if we want."

He mildly laughed and smiled at me. "Yeah."

In awkward silence we drank tea and I prepared some feeble dinner. I could imagine he didn't know what to talk about, me knowing he'd not want to talk about Paris. So I told him about today's finished work and Kyo's ramblings about some photo shoots. It made Die smile and I didn't ask for more.

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Did he agree with me back then? I should have asked him if he wanted to make things okay again. I can't say what was on his mind, nor can I know if he loved me as well. I guessed he did. Ironically guessing became a habit during the past year. I was sure and always guessing. I could not see. I had to guess. Had I been already blind?

End of chapter two.

*Please tell me if it's any good at all.*



