

# Blind

Von NanaSaintClair

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# Kapitel 1: Chapter One

Ich geb euch mal wieder was Englisches...

A/N: I dunno since when I wanted to write this. I had the idea long time ago but now I've found the 'perfect victim' for who it's worth acting foolish. I'm influenced by the happenings around me and the music I'm listening to (L'Âme Immortelle, Placebo & Dir en grey, Bon Jovi and maybe also James "zieh-die-Jacke-aus" Blunt.

Written from Kaoru's pov! =\_=

Warning: This is definitely not a happy fic.

## BLIND

### Chapter One

*When do you know that a love is lost? How far should you go before you give up? When would your sorrow turn into anger? How much could you take and still have hope? When do you realize that your dreams are shattered? How long does a heart take bleeding? And when...*

*When will a man be driven blind?*

*I have no answer to any of those questions, just like nobody has a solution in my particular case. I still doubt to have lost a love and I refuse to give up ever. My sorrow often turned into anger but from anger into regret, regret back into sorrow. I would say there's no hope left in me because my mind tells me to stop, but I can't help that hope does not vanish. Hope is the opposite of despair. There must be hope in me if I don't want to fall into despair. My dreams may be shattered but who would ever stop dreaming? I still do. My heart has bled for one whole year now and it still does. I guess it'll keep bleeding as long as... maybe forever. However this will turn out in the end, my heart might never stop bleeding.*

*I may be driven blind already.*

*I've crossed borders I shouldn't have crossed. I wished for strength, indifference, cruelty but I lack in all these attributes. My strengths are my weaknesses. I love, hence there's no disregard for the one I love and what does cruelty matter if it hurts me more than anybody else? But I'm not here to drown in self-pity. I'm just here. I wait. And while I do, I*

*remember.*

...

The first time I experienced true love in its many splendid ways was with someone I would have never guessed. He neither. A man, right. I didn't know I could actually love a man until I met him a dozen years ago. Maybe because he's a man I do love him more than I should.

We're band mates and when I met Kyo, Shinya and Die for the first time in my live, I could tell that the other guitarist couldn't stand me at all. From my point of view it wasn't much different. I never liked people who were self-important and childish, and on a first impression Die was both. But yet I tried my best to put up with him.

Daisuke stayed silent most of the times when important things were discussed and decided, giving me glances that spoke for themselves. I couldn't tell why at that point. Later, much later, I understood that he must have been kind of envious since he was quite an uncertain person who lacked confidence.

Things turned out differently from one special day on. We were recording our very first own album and I was still in our rehearsing rooms, usually being the last. But Die was still there as well and he seemed to be sort of impatient. He sat in one corner with his guitar in his arms and pretended not to care about my presence. Yet, I could feel his small glances from time to time when he thought I didn't notice. He waited for me to go but it didn't occur to me at that time. I just wondered that he was still there.

"Don't you want to go home?" I asked with a little smile.

Die shook his head, not looking up to me. "No, I want to work this out first. You can leave if you want."

I ignored his friendly hint to fuck off and tried to peer on the papers that lay before him. "A song you're working on?"

He simply nodded and kept his stare on his fingers at the strings of the guitar. There were obviously problems in his play. Something sounded wrong and I peeked again on those papers while lighting myself a cigarette.

"You could try playing the note in the middle deeper, with an e instead of a g," I suggested and sat down next to him. He looked up at me now, his eyes speaking of annoyance, doubt but also curiosity. I shrugged. "Just suggesting."

He then played it this way and it did sound a little better than before. "But if I play that one deeper, I must play the next deeper too."

Nodding I agreed. "Yeah, but you can leave the rest of it. I bet it sounds great."

He gave me another doubting glance before he shrugged and started to play. I was amazed by how gently his fingertips moved across the strings, precisely hitting every

key. The song sounded fantastic and of course I told him. He rewarded me with a smile, the first one I had ever got. Die always smiled but never at me. Until that day.

"I need you to be the second guitarist, not the first," I told him and rose to my feet. His gaze darkened. I guess he didn't understand about my motives. "I'll give the way with my play but you can make it worth to listen. You're way better than me with the acoustic guitar. You easily switch between accords. I guess I'm a little slow in some departments."

Die looked at me, gathering in his mind what I had said, that I had complimented him. And then he genuinely smiled. "Thanks, Kaoru."

Smiling back I winked and put my guitar into its bag. I was about to leave, just wanted to say good-bye when Die suddenly spoke up: "You don't happen to like finishing this song with me, do you?"

A broad smile built itself upon my lips as I nodded. "I'd love to."

From then on our friendship developed into a strong bond. With the days, weeks and months passing we figured that we had a lot in common, in fact we agreed on many things. But the best thing was, that we also connected with each other in the things we were different about. I knew very well what I had and what I lacked off. That's why I could be very confident about myself, showing off what made me important. The same eye I had upon my friend, telling him what was good about him and supporting his self-confidence. Die on the other hand made me laugh, enjoy myself and others, go out and have a ball.

We used to spend more time in each other's company, sometimes with our friends, sometimes without them. I quickly came to the conclusion that Die was someone special. An unyielding perfectionist, who came along careless and casual. He was fun to be with and not in a childish manner. He could be very serious if required.

Then there were our weekly evenings. I can't remember exactly when we started this thing and how, or who had the idea but every Friday evening Die and I met to watch a random movie. Sometimes he brought a DVD along, sometimes I gather us a video, or we watched the hotel's pay-tv program. It did never matter to us whether we were on tour, recording music or videos, or not working at all. We met every Friday to watch a movie. Period. Maybe for one year, maybe two before we got even closer.

Cuddling had developed into something normal like leaning my head on his shoulder while we were lounging on the sofa and staring at the TV screen. During winter Die shoved his feet under my legs to keep them warm and when he was really tired he just put his head in my pillowed lap. All the while we did nothing but to watch a movie but I had already realized that I loved the guy.

I wasn't sure about sex though. I couldn't tell if I actually wanted to kiss him or do any stuff with him at all. I just knew that my heart belonged to him, that I felt the pain whenever he was being hurt, that I was jealous when he met with girls or other guys, even if they were just drinking buddies. I deeply cared about his well-being, that I

would marry him on the spot if he asked me. Kids had never been an issue in my life and why not spend your life with someone you love instead of some crazy chick you've found in a club?

One special evening, when the movie was just over, Die rested his head on my shoulder. He looked up at me and I turned my head to him. Then he suddenly kissed me. I was surprised but when it happened, there was this urge rising within me and I instantly replied, deepening our kiss until we heavily made out on the sofa. Neither of us cared about the consequences and if, then we both probably were sure that from now on we were a couple. There was no doubt about it, no questions, just answers.

We did do stuff that night too but not the whole thing. The two of us had no clue about sex between the same genders and after some groping and caressing, we simply helped each other to jerk off. I did it again after he had left. Just thinking of him and remembering his touches.

From then on weeks passed with Die and me secretly meeting and starting to make out until we both came from the help of the other's hand. I will never forget the moment when I received my first blow-job by him. Again we were kissing, touching and Die's hand remained in my opened pants. All of a sudden he shifted and replaced his hand with his mouth. He felt so warm, so good. I got off immediately. Shit, I was embarrassed back then. But Die just smiled, not disappointed but proud.

Nights after that I could not get it out of my head and I felt the need to repay him. We were somewhere touring when he sneaked into my room at night and I gave him the best time of his life. Completely. I had not planned it when my mind had lost control of my want and I fucked him. Sex had never felt this good before in my life. I hadn't known Die to be that loud but I pleasantly enjoyed him shouting my name at the top of his lungs.

Well, from then on our band mates knew about us. One would think it had been embarrassing when they asked if we fucked each other because of the moans they had heard, but actually I was just as proud as a guy could be.

"Yes," I had said and grinned. Yes, I fucked my Die. And I would do it again many times after that. When we joined, it was the most intensive thing I've ever learnt to know.

It could have stayed like this for the rest of our lives. I was happy, settled and loved. I had found the one for me and I knew it. Even if the band would ever be past, my love for him will always remain. He makes me complete. I knew that nothing happened between us for no reason. Call it fate or destiny. Whatever, it doesn't matter. Everything happened so we would be together forever and ever.

That's what I thought.

I also thought it was the other way around. Die loved me, he had told me many times. He still does, unless he lies to me. I'm not sure after all that has happened during the past year.

But how was I supposed to know that Die obviously was missing something in our relationship?

Missing someone.

Him.

...

The band was touring again. Die and I were together for five years by then and we were supposed to join a rock festival in Paris. The city of love. Is it not called like that? My band mates and I had a short rehearsal on stage in the morning as we should play during the early afternoon. That's what we did, everything according to plan. We had gathered some fans in Europe but we were still little nothings against those who should be on stage in the evening.

Between rehearsals and our performance we hadn't that much time off, just me and Die giving an interview. Nothing out of ordinary. We joked around as we headed back to our friends. But suddenly Die stopped.

"What's the matter?"

He didn't answer to my question, just gazed at the stage where another band was rehearsing their show. They were pretty good from what I could hear and when their singer started to croon, it was obvious that he was sort of different. But the too apparent manner of his body's language made me skeptic – other than Die. That person wanted to look gay for everybody seeing him and people such as them usually were straighter than the Pope. I didn't like the singer, didn't like his attitude, didn't like his looks and voice.

I didn't know why either.

Now I now but because of different reasons. Back then I darkened my eyes and pulled my boyfriend's wrist. "Let's get going."

Die obliged without to utter a single word. Still I felt strange with an indescribable feeling in the in the pit of my stomach. Sure, Die had drooled about this black-haired guy but who didn't once in a while? We fancied some hunks but that was nothing. Never. Ever. That's why I didn't give much about it. Why would I? I trusted Die with my life.

After our show there wasn't much left for us to do. I asked my boyfriend to have dinner with him in our room but he refused with an apologizing look of his eyes, telling me that he'd love to see some more shows. The stage was some miles away from our hotel and although I didn't approve of the idea, I shrugged an okay. I knew he wanted to see that guy performing and didn't deny him that pleasure. It was okay, wasn't it? Yet I was relieved when Shinya said he wanted to stay as well.

Together with the remaining members of my band I had dinner and all alone I spend

the evening watching television and waiting for Die. I felt a little regretful for leaving him. Maybe I should have asked him to come with me for a little tour through Paris. That might have been nice, romantic and what he'd have expected from me. But I didn't know for sure. We never did cheesy stuff like that. Weren't we just happy that we had us?

It turned late in the evening when I began to wonder when Die would come. The thought of taking a bath together with him crossed my mind but as the hours passed, it decreased into the simple wish to fall asleep with him close. Late after midnight Die still wasn't back and I was lying awake in bed when I heard some rumbling outside on the floor. I smiled at the thought of my half drunken boyfriend stumbling into my arms. Getting up, I walked to the door and opened it but the only one I could see was Shinya trying to unlock his door opposite.

The drummer turned and I raised my eyebrows in questions. Then he shrugged and helplessly smiled. "He didn't want to go yet, Kaoru. I couldn't make him."

I guess my gaze turned from expecting to quite pissed because Shinya started to apologize. But I told him it was okay since it wasn't his fault. Damn Die, who could never get enough once he had started to have a ball. I knew him well enough to know that he was probably just drinking somewhere. Hopefully not with that little prick though. I turned and headed back inside. Sure, I could have asked Shinya if he knew anything about Die's whereabouts but maybe I was afraid of the answer.

Crawling back into bed, I curled up there and tried to sleep. I did feel anger towards Die but we all needed some freedom and I had no right to make rules. If Die wanted to go out, it had to be fine with me. It just had to.

I hardly slept that night, thinking too much, starting to become scared. I cursed myself for not asking the drummer. What if something had happened to Die? Could I be sure he was safe? I worried my heart out but it didn't help anyway.

Morning came and with the first sunrays I stood up and made my way under the shower. Die hadn't turned up and I was more than just a little pissed. He could have called me to say that he would... he would what? Where did he stay the night? Did he party all the night through? Once the shower had done its best to hide my visible lack of sleep, still failing completely, I tried to call his cell phone but I wasn't even surprised that it was off.

I knew very well what was happening but I didn't want it to be true. I sat on my bed, pondering what to do, thousands of thoughts wandering through my mind. I would have to tell the others and look for him. After all something bad might have happened to him. But if his plain stupidity was the cause for his disappearance? What if he had gone as far as to sleep in someone else's bed? Wouldn't I make a fool out of myself? But why would he do that? Deep down I could feel it. Whatever it meant.

I sat on my bed, hands on my knees and looked out of the window. My things were packed already and in only mere minutes someone would come and pick me up. Then I would have to explain where Die was and that he was missing. I honestly felt like

crying, as if someone would stab my chest again and again, but tears would not fall.

Suddenly the door opened and my mind registered that anybody else other than Die would have knocked. Relieved I should have jumped and hugged him but something told me to hold back. Slowly I turned my head to face him and guess what, he did look even worse than I. No wonder as he had been away the whole night, obviously not gaining any sleep too.

"Hey," was his low statement as I just sadly looked at him. He meekly smiled at me but avoided to meet my gaze. I felt dead the moment he appeared, but patiently waited for an explanation, silently hoping for an understandable apology. "I'll just take a shower, then we can go."

This had been everything he said to me. No apology, no explanation, nothing. The more he behaved like that, the fewer I dared to ask, fearing that the answer was something that would shatter my world into pieces. Once he had showered he quietly gathered his things into a suitcase and went on with our usual business routine. I leant against the wall by the window, watching this friggin' city of love but Die didn't even care about me. When he was done packing, he waited for me in the door.

"You ready, Kao?" His voice was low and careful, almost innocent.

It made me inwardly clench. I could have retched. If he really was that innocent, why wouldn't he just tell me where he had been. Did I really have to ask him? I tried to get a grip on myself and took a deep breath. If he wanted to be like that, I would play along and do as if I wouldn't give a damn. Nodding I turned and grabbed my bags and passed him by.

We climbed into the taxi as usual and I took a seat far behind at the window. Die flopped down on the seat in front of me and it hurt. It had never mattered before where one of us sat but now it simply hurt. A half-sleeping vocalist took the place next to me and I avoided to look at him, rather staring out of the window than to meet one of my friend's eyes. I was indeed afraid one would ask if something was wrong. Something was but nobody had to know. Not yet. Maybe not ever.

Shinya poked Die's side when he had to sit next to him but Die only cast a short glimpse towards him before he stared straight ahead. Apparently my boyfriend didn't want to talk with—or answer any questions to—no one. I still wondered what Shinya would have asked if he wasn't being ignored. Damn the silent drummer! If it had been Toshiya, he wouldn't have cared for Die being indisposed. The bassist would have asked nonetheless, but with Shinya and his silent manner, I had no such luck.

No difference during our plane ride. Die grabbed himself a pillow and turned to drift off into slumber. It would have been my chance to ask Shinya about last night but since he was being annoyed by Toshiya, I resisted my curiosity. Tosh didn't need to know anything. During the whole time of the flight there wasn't another opportunity for me to talk to Shinya and I shoved my questions in the back of my mind, refusing to think about them.



Approaching Japan everybody went their own ways, except for me and Die. We shared an apartment together after all. During the ride there, he made small talk with the taxi driver. Once in our home he excused himself to the bathroom, then to do the laundry and at last he lied about having a headache because of the jet lag. At first he said he needed some fresh air and left for more than two hours. When he came back, he told me that his head wasn't any better and marched straight off into bed.

Like the biggest fool alive I sat in the kitchen, smoking and having a coffee. I stared in front of me at the cup but I felt unconscious. There were thousand things in my head, yet it was completely empty. My mind was drowned, restless but dead. There was an indescribable ache, something strangling me, squeezing me, tearing me at the same time.

But I was not broken, nor shattered – not at this point yet.

Time passed and I'm still not sure how long it takes – maybe a lifetime? – for a man to be driven blind.

End of chapter one.

## 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.*

## Kapitel 3: Chapter Three

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*