

kimochi no Requiem

Von abgemeldet

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Kapitel 1:

kimochi no Requiem
story by yuuji & lyrics by destiny

content: Kaoru and Die are desperately trying to write a song to cope with Kyo's inner coldness...

author's note: I wrote this story in order to train myself for the English a-level exams... And I passed with good marks which makes me want to publish this little piece now... My first story about Dir en grey-members only... I hope it's gonna please you... Sorry for my peculiar english, ne...

dedicated to: Eisregen, who left us and Chinami, who joined... And to tea, which always helps me calming down to write properly... (^.^)v

kimochi no Requiem

~swallow your pain, swallow your sorrow... and then spill it out at once and be free~

He felt sick and for some unknown reasons miserable but restless when he noticed the knock at the door. Almost growling he pushed away his chair to get up and walk through the dusky room where the only illumination came from a small lamp at his piano, since he had closed all the curtains.

"Who's there...?", Kaoru demanded unenthusiastically through the shut door. From outside he heard someone laugh with a pretty familiar voice and suddenly he knew who the intruder was.

"Hey Kaoru, this is Die... Let me in..."

Die... Kaoru backed away from the door and breathed slightly. What a wonderful time to come around. As if he had time for this distraction now... He sighed.

"Die, why're you here...?", he asked in a resentful voice.

"I told you guys to leave me alone this evening... I'm off, yeh know..."

There was a noise at the other side that surely was supposed to tell him that Die had leaned his large body against the door frame and now started some scratching on the wooden surface.

"I know...", the younger guitarist responded.

"But you cannot tell me you're still composing, ne..."

There was a short break while Die continued his scratching and Kaoru felt like he was going insane because of it.

"Are yeh hungry...?, Die asked some moments later.

"Cause... I brought some Curry Udon and thought you would... Anooo, maybe you're up to that..."

There was another moment while Kaoru thought about his chances to make Die leave but instantly knew he would not get rid of his friend so easily. And when he thought about that a little deeper he really felt sort of hungry. That, finally, brought him to

open the door and Die greeted him with one of his big and endless smiles while Kaoru himself could not help smiling back a little.

"What a welcome...", Die said, shaking his red head, and then stepped a little closer. Kaoru watched him take off his shoes and then told him:

"But I don't have that much time, ne... Yeh know, still composing..."

"Sure thing... Just here to eat something... Thought you needed it..."

With that the younger man stepped into the apartment and Kaoru closed the door. When he turned around he saw his friend waving with two bags and smiling widely.

"Give 'em to me, Die... Take a seat in the living room, but stay away from the piano..."

Die nodded and slowly walked into the room. Kaoru watched him disappear and then turned around to enter the kitchen. He reached for two bowls from the cupboard and opened one of the bags Die had brought. The other one was simply laid back, when the typical smell of Curry and noodles struck his nose and made him realise how hungry he really felt. He filled the content of those two plastic vessels into the bowls, put them onto a tray, noisily grabbed two pairs of chopsticks and carried everything into the living room.

Die stood a little too close to the piano, apparently taking a look upon Kaoru's music sheets when the purple-haired entered the room.

"Die, what the hell are you doin'...?", Kaoru started after a short but impressive moment of shock and disbelief. He threw the tray onto table and put his hands onto his hips, his face covered with annoyance.

"What are you here for, Daisuke...? Disturbing me...? I told you I am working..."

"If that's all you've been doing these days I wouldn't call it work...", Die replied, grabbing one of Kaoru's music sheets to glance at it.

"It's nothing...", he said frankly.

"Not even half a song... Just some notes put together in various orders... Why haven't...?"

But he could not finish. Kaoru stepped at his friend's side and reached for the paper. He glared at Die, then took it away from him.

"Food's over there...", he told him, trying to keep his voice low while both of them glared at each other. This went on for several moments while Kaoru was wondering how he could have been thick enough to let Die enter his apartment until the red-head sighed and looked away to the floor.

"I'm sorry...", he whispered and Kaoru silently led him to the low table to sit down on some comfortable

looking pillows opposite the couch.

Then they silently started their meal and Kaoru hurried for some unknown reasons. He finished when Die had not even eaten half of his Udon.

"What's up, Kaoru...?", he asked in a low but surprised voice.

"You seemed to be pretty hungry... Means it's been a good idea to come here..."

Then he smiled and continued to eat while Kaoru's gaze went to the floor. Die blinked, then observed him closely.

"Kaoru, what is it...?"

"Nothing, Die...", the elder man answered in a somehow bitter voice.

"But I think I'm not the best person to talk to these days..."

He lowered his gaze for a moment, then turned his head to automatically look at the piano in the middle of the big room he was currently sharing with the only person on earth he could never really be angry with for a longer time. There was a sudden strange feeling inside him; when his eyes met the instrument, he felt almost being

drained away and sighed. He had intended to write a few melodies this day and had hurried on the way from the studio home and still felt full of ideas when he had entered the elevator to the floor he lived on. But the very moment he had taken the lyrics Kyo had given to him a week ago to create a song for, he felt nothing but that scratching and desperate emptiness these lyrics always evoked in his heart when he tried to handle them. And there still was nothing else than this deep feeling of coldness. All his ideas had been blown away by his empty flat and when he had settled down onto the piano stool to start composing he could not...

Kaoru had begun pacing his room restlessly, hands dug in his pockets, trying hard to imagine some melody fragments but not even they did appear and he already felt like he was in bits and pieces and when he had realised Die's sudden knocks at the front door he finally knew that there was no sense in continuing and he had started to feel cold, upset... and somehow useless...

Die tore him out of his gloomy thoughts by putting down his bowl with a BANG and rubbing his stomach in satisfaction.

"Oishii ne... How I love Curry Udon...", he smiled and nudged Kaoru.

"Daisuke, you love everything that one can eat and drink..."

"Sure thing..."

Die continued to smile and nudged Kaoru again.

"What are we up to now...?", he asked, turning his head to his friend who had looked away again.

"I don't know what you're up to but I'm gonna throw you out of here to work..."

"Mou...", Die tried to fake a hurt look.

"Kaoru, don't be so mean... I just came here to see you, not only to feed you... Let me stay..."

Die had grasped Kaoru's right arm and started to tug at it, begging him with his brown eyes not to be thrown out of this apartment. At first Kaoru did not want to permit him to stay but then he sighed. Die would have been totally lost and disappointed if he would be ruthlessly thrown out now, and the effort itself was not worth the fight Die would probably give him, so Kaoru gave up, sighed again and nodded.

"Okay Daisuke, but you'll be cleaning the table and, please, be quiet, 'cause I still have some work to do..."

"No prob...", Die merrily answered and jumped to his feet to grab the tray and leave the room. Kaoru could hear him starting to clean the dishes in the kitchen and he stood to take his place at the piano again. But when his fingers struck the keys, he again felt this unsure coldness and emptiness welling up inside his head and he nearly had to force himself to read the lyrics again even though he already knew them by heart...

"Want some tea...?"

Another disturbance. Apparently I am not gonna get this finished today, Kaoru thought. He did not turn his head but simply nodded and murmured a slight "yes" under his breath and Die had to repeat his question to understand the response...

When he finally entered the living room again equipped with two steaming mugs of tea, the aroma silently filled the air and Die smiled and put one of the mugs onto a pad on the surface of Kaoru's piano. He was trying hard not to spill any drops onto the instrument since he was afraid of Kaoru mercilessly killing him for any damage to his beloved piano.

"In one go...", Die cheered but Kaoru only glared at him with empty and nearly bloodshot eyes.

"It's tea, Daisuke, none of your oh so beloved boozy stuff..."

"Don't care..."

Kaoru lowered his gaze onto the keys again and Die watched him trying some accords, writing down the notes only to reject them afterwards.

"Mmh... If you ask me, you ain't up to that...", Die noticed and shook his head. Kaoru glared.

"Thank god I'm NOT asking you...", came the hostile reply and the purple-head was once more trying the accord he had been toying with, then wrote it down. Die watched him doing this for a little while but then gave up and tried another way to cheer Kaoru up. Maybe it's the windows, he thought, there's too little light in here. He would have felt depressed as well, working under such miserable conditions. He left Kaoru and crept to the balcony door, pushed back all the curtains and opened the door to step out into the fresh evening air. He took a deep breath, then threw a look back into the room and fumbled a little in his pockets to get out his cigarettes.

"Can you give me a light...?", he mindlessly asked a little too loud back into the room when he realised he obviously had forgotten his matches. But he did not get any answer.

"Kaoru...? Any matches over there...?"

The red-head leant against the door frame to look inside and glimpsed for his friend but when he popped his head in through the living room door a little box painfully punched his forehead.

"Take this and shut the hell up, you brainless moron...", came a high-pitched scream from inside and Die, totally shocked since Kaoru normally did not mean these kinds of verbal injuries when using them, quickly retrieved them from the floor and hid behind the curtains outside of the room. He illuminated his cigarette and leant against the parapet, remaining as silent as he could. Kaoru's really in a bad mood today, he thought and rolled his eyes. He took a deep breath, holding it for a few seconds and then blew the dusky smoke out of his lungs into the somehow cool spring air; afterwards he closed his eyes and let his mind flow. The first image he got showed himself and Kaoru in the studio, arranging a song together. Die smiled softly and took in the whole memory to keep it in his heart. Him together with Kaoru working on a song. What a great feeling...

Die opened his eyes again when he suddenly heard Kaoru scream from inside.

"Goddamnit... Shit...", the elder one cursed and beat his fists against the piano keys which gave a strange chopped sound. Die sighed but did not dare to enter the room, so he just kept hiding behind the balcony door to take a silent glimpse at his friend furiously rummaging inside. The purple-head had stood up from his piano chair to pace the room and as Die watched him doing this he could nearly feel the coldness Kaoru had been feeling aware of on his own earlier. Die sighed and suddenly felt empty as well. He could not remember exactly since when his friend had begun to act in such a cold manner that he even took meals without any company. The others neither knew the reasons nor could make any trusty imagines about that and when their leader left the studio this afternoon they came together to share their worries.

"Hey... have you been noticing it...?", Toshiya had said, lowering his gaze to the floor.

"Yes, he's apparently more and more upset...", Shinya had answered, worried as well. Only Kyo had stayed silent, just shrugging his shoulders. They had already realised it nearly a week ago when Kaoru came late for the first time in his life and revealed to them that there was no new song to practise since he had not finished one. Die had felt bewildered seeing his friend in such a state which he had not been in ever before

and so the red-head had tried to talk to him to inquire about what was going on. But Kaoru had blocked all his question attempts and when he had left the studio today without bidding farewell, Die had made his decision to visit him afterwards...

He looked at Kaoru again, walking aimlessly through the room pulling a face which could scare even the furniture and realised how much he missed those intimate moments when Kaoru had asked him for help or company. That was why Die finally decided to dare entering the room. He approached from behind and grabbed Kaoru by his arm to hug him from behind.

"Don't worry...", he whispered, crushing his friend tightly.

"Your loss of creativity will disappear... As long as you're unable to compose come out for a drink with me, won't you..."

Kaoru just stood there like a marble column, unable to move at first, but then he turned around to glare at Die with cold eyes and increasing anger.

"You're stupid, aren't you...?", he suddenly yelled without any warning, pushing Die away from him so hard that he fell onto the floor barely missing the edge of the table with his head.

"How can anyone be so thick...? You're apparently, as usual, too brainless to notice it... If I won't compose any new songs our goddamn album won't be ready at dead line... That means they cannot publish it in time which causes us lots of unpleasant trouble... Got it...? And you're seriously asking me to go out for A DRINK...? How dare you, Daisuke...?"

Kaoru breathed hard and kept on glaring at Die. But then his anger suddenly was blown away and his hands flew up to his mouth and he realised what he had done. This was Die on the floor looking up to him with trembling lips. Die, the man he could never feel angry about for too long... HIS Die... Without any words he turned around and ran into the kitchen. Die tried to make him stay by reaching out his arms but Kaoru was too fast for him. He heard his friend slamming the door shut and then nothing else. Silence had its reign back within the flat, nothing moved but some little droplets of light and dust that danced over the piano's surface. Die watched them while steadily calming down. Kaoru, his best friend, had ruthlessly pushed him to the floor, had yelled and called him names and then with sudden change, as if he had gotten back to mind and decency, had run into the kitchen without any other words. Die just could not understand him anymore. There had been similar situations before when they had had to compose at least a small amount of songs when dead line had been away just one or two days. But they had always made it in time and when Kaoru had finished a song, with or without any help from Die, the lyrics had been ready as well... No problems at all...

Die shook his head and got up to his knees. Maybe I shoudn't have embraced him, perhaps that was too much for him, Die thought helplessly, but seconds later he shook his head again. That obviously was not the point since Kaoru had already felt cold, distanced and angry before but what was it, then...? Die could not imagine what was draining his friend so much. But he was sure he would find out and so he left the room to join Kaoru in the kitchen.

When stepping into the small corridor that divided the living room from the bathroom, the bedroom and the kitchen he felt aware of an odd noise. It seemed like there had been a mug of glass falling onto the floor, breaking into pieces and moments later he could hear Kaoru curse slightly again. But his voice was not that energetic any longer and when Die reached the kitchen door he dared to open it without any warning. The kitchen still was the way he had left it. The only disturbing

thing was the broken glass on the floor and Kaoru sitting in front of it, his face out of Die's field of vision.

"Kaoru...", Die broke the silence and the purple-head shrivelled up when Die began to speak.

"What've you done...? Are you okay...?"

Die crept to his side, touched his shoulders and turned him around to look into his brown eyes. When checking the mess on the floor he realised some droplets of blood between the broken pieces of glass.

"Kaoru... You're bleeding...", he cried in surprise and hurried to reach for a kitchen towel to envelop Kaoru's right hand. The elder man did not react but only stared at the floor, his eyes blank, but when Die had finished with his hand and touched his shoulders in silent comfort and called his name again he awoke.

"I'm sorry, Die-kun...", Kaoru whispered nearly inaudibly, drawling the words to no end.

"I didn't mean to..."

But Die just shook his head, firmly.

"It's okay, Kaoru-kun... You don't have to apologize... No harm done..."

Die gazed at him, catching Kaoru's gloomy eyes, then checked the wound at his fingers and sighed.

"You're lucky, baka...", he said in relief and gently stroked a finger across the wound.

"It's not a deep cut so it's gonna stop bleeding pretty soon..."

He sighed again, then got up to get a hand brush to clean up the mess on the floor. Kaoru observed him doing this but then reached out his hands to grasp Die's.

"It's okay... You don't have to do this... I caused you enough trouble for today... Let me..."

But Die obviously did not intend to.

"I won't let you handle this in the state you're in... Leave that to me and please go back to the living room and calm down, okay..."

With these words Die took the dustpan and wiped the broken pieces onto it to throw it away into the litter. His friend now seemed totally strange to him and Die made the decision not to leave before getting to know the whole facts about what was dragging Kaoru so much that he almost lost his mind for Die had never seen him like this before. The red-head therefore had to admit to himself that this Kaoru was scaring him to hell. He did not know what to think about that...

Kaoru had gotten up to his knees and had stepped out of the room, still holding the towel in place but then at the door frame he had turned and had been watching Die. He now lowered his gaze a little and then disappeared into the living room to sit down on the couch. He suddenly felt somehow relieved and did not understand why at first but when he closed his eyes he could. The pressure had nearly been wiped away from him and his empty heart was beginning to fill itself with new strength again. There was at least someone who cared for him, he did not have to be that desperate like he felt before. There was nothing to drag him down since Die was there... Die...

Kaoru breathed deeply and calm, holding the oxygen within his lungs a little moment like Die had been doing with the smoke outside at the parapet and then let it flow out. He felt calm now he had released his anger even though he suddenly felt sorry for Die as well but also exhausted and weary and when Die came to take a seat next to him he opened his eyes again.

"I've been odd to you... I'm sorry, it wasn't your fault, none of what happened..."

The purple-head leant against the pillows on the couch, embarrassed, and his tired

eyes were about to face Die again, when the younger one reached out an arm to embrace him closely.

"God damn it, Kaoru-kun... Why didn't you tell me you needed help...? You cannot handle everything on your own, no one can...Not even you..."

"I know, but I didn't want to hand my work to you... You've already finished yours so I thought it'd be time to do mine..."

"But I've always helped you when you asked me to do so, and you did the same for me..."

Die did not understand.

"Die-kun... I am sorry for that but recently I feel like I've lost all my creativity and it seems like there'd be

nothing left... Three days till dead line and I'm in some way unable to finish the last song... I got the

lyrics from Toru-kun but when I read them I wasn't so sure anymore if I could compose and arrange the appropriate melody... And when I had an idea I lost it and then you came here to cheer me up and I've been so disgusting to you though you just wanted to help me..."

They looked at each other and Die started to smile.

"It's not too late...", he whispered and nudged Kaoru who gave him a tickle in return.

"We can do that together if you like, no prob... Just show me the lyrics and I will fix 'em..."

"No, you won't... Not today...", Kaoru replied and shook his head.

"I don't want you to read them now, they will tear you the way they've torn me... Dunno, why Tooru's so desperate..."

The elder one snuggled into Die's arms and chest while the red-head carefully stroked across the towel at Kaoru's right hand.

"Then let's have a look at the mess you've created... I think it stopped bleeding..."

He pushed away the fabric and exposed Kaoru's bare fingers.

"Just as I thought, it stopped...", he established and smiled.

"You should at least have taken a rag to collect the splinters, ne..."

Kaoru blushed a little and then touched the long fresh cut on his finger.

"Die-kun...", he turned his face and embraced him tightly. Said man looked a little dumbstruck but then smiled silently.

"I know I am hard to get to along with when I am so odd...", Kaoru murmured and Die could not help it when he felt his friend so close to him and leant forward to give him a soft kiss on the lips.

"Don't worry...", he whispered after he broke the touch on Kaoru's mouth.

"I'll take care of you as long as you take care of yourself..."

He smiled again and Kaoru blushed a little more for this had been the first kiss he had so far received from Die. And it had felt... No, he should not think that...

Kaoru frowned anxiously but, at the same time, felt unsure whether to kiss the red-head in return but said man apparently did not feel aware of this. Typically Die, Kaoru thought, doesn't know what he did with his acting before thinking straight. He started to smile and then realised he had missed Die a lot lately even though the younger man had always been around him. Maybe he needed him more than he had thought...

"C'mon now...", Die interrupted his thoughts.

"Let's go out for a drink... Has been some time since we've been intoxicated together, ne...", the red-head enthusiastically demanded and got to his knees to pull Kaoru with him who observed him closely.

"Where do we go, then...?"

"Anooo...", Kaoru tried to make a decision.

"Wouldn't it be better if we just go for some grocery shopping and then return to have a smoke and the drinks at my balcony...? Maybe you can help me with that song when we're tipsy..."

Die knobbed his shoes and Kaoru searched for his and put them on while Die closed his light jacket.

"Grocery shopping...? If you like..."

"Sure thing... Let's go..."

They returned an hour later, equipped with some packages of cigarettes since Die had been smoking his remaining sticks on their way to and back from the convenience store and four bottles of wine.

Must be enough to send one to the hospital, Kaoru thought, no way to remain sober. But Die had been showing his usual resolute self at the decision about what to take and Kaoru had not even thought about interfering.

They walked across the street and then entered, slightly panting, Kaoru's apartment again, taking all the wine bottles and cigarettes into the kitchen. Kaoru sighed when his eyes caught this strange image on his usually innocent kitchen table and he shook his head.

"Too much for you...?", Die teased him and disappeared, while Kaoru observed him leave. You don't know what's coming to hit you, Daisuke, you have no idea, Kaoru thought and then grasped two of the bottles and two glasses to follow Die onto the balcony. Passing the piano his eyes met the lyric sheet Kyo had given to him but he turned his head away in order to wipe away the feeling of coldness trying to take a hold on him...

Die opened one of the bottles and emptied his glass all in one go while Kaoru needed more time to drink. The wine the red-head had decided for felt delicate on his tongue and Kaoru let it first roll across his senses before he swallowed it and leant back into a garden chair. Die sat across from him at the opposite side of the little table and watched him closing his eyes in pleasure and tasting the wine.

"The best one you can get here...", Die explained and poured another glass but only to take a sip this time.

"So...", he breathed some moments later.

"Tell me why you think you cannot finish that song...", he demanded frankly, crossing his arms while Kaoru looked at him, dejected as Die thought and shifted his clothes. Then he cleared his throat.

"You sure you wanna know...? It's gonna make you cold and... lonely... Even you..."

"What d'you mean...? How...?"

Kaoru cleared his throat again and then busied himself with a pleat on his trousers.

"Anooo... Die-kun... Do you think I'm becoming cold...?"

There it suddenly was. The question, his inner fear. Kaoru was a little surprised about this very clear image but seconds later he did not feel that sure anymore if he shouldn't have known better than to ask particularly Die such a question but he needed an answer, needed it so badly.

For a little moment Die did not know what to respond but then he pulled a face and

shook his head.

"Nope... Why d'you ask me that...?"

"Well, it's just because... "

The elder man interrupted himself, then, embarrassed, looked away.

"I have that certain feeling... that I'm becoming more and more cold and... somehow empty... deep inside my heart there's a... a loss, I believe... dunno what I'm missing but..."

Kaoru could not go on and at a loss of words he lapsed into silence. Die, while the purple-head had tried to explain, had leant forward to focus on Kaoru's eyes.

"You're not cold, Kaoru, that's rubbish...", he whispered and shifted his red head to one side to glance at his friend a little closer. Seconds later he took his hand and started to gently caress the soft skin.

"Why d'you believe that...? You're warm, Kaoru..."

The elder one sighed.

"But not inside... Has been a while since there's been anything else within me than silence..."

He sounded somehow desperate and odd to Die, so the younger one kept a hold on his friend's hand in order to caress the bare skin even more softly than before. The fingers felt cold, true, but it was not that warm outside and Kaoru did not wear that much; only a loose shirt. So it was just natural that his hands were cold.

"Anooo... D'you know what I think...?", Die tried to clear away the scratching feeling of coldness and shock when Kaoru had been revealing his fear.

"I think you need a break from work, we should skip it tomorrow... Let's call Shinya, he'll tell the others..."

But instead of agreeing to Die's suggestion Kaoru fell back into his chair and shook his head while he tried not to catch the eyes of his friend.

"Useless...", he mumbled and took another sip of the wine while Die kept on stroking his hand steadily.

"Remember the three days... I have to finish my goddamn task otherwise..."

"Then let me help you... I'm not that susceptible to things that are supposed to drag me down...", Die answered.

"And I'd be so glad if you let me..."

Kaoru could not help it and smiled. He gave up, had to...

"Then come in and I'm gonna show you what makes me feel desperate..."

With these words he got up and led Die into the apartment to show him the lyrics. He just gave them to the red-head not daring to even glance at the sheet for a moment.

"Read it...", he simply said and then turned on the spot in order to save his mind from going to bits and pieces again.

Die observed him disappear and for seconds he did not know what that was supposed to tell him. But after a little moment he lowered his head and sank onto the piano chair to read what was draining Kaoru so much...

kimochi no Requiem

Our farewell,
Our requiem,
A canticle of despair...
Left alone,

Left behind...
Imprisoned by icy walls...
Desperately I cling to you,
A faded memory...

Too many hurting memories
Too less tears to drown them...
Have nearly collapsed,
Since sorrow cursed my mind...
Without you I'm clinging to myself,
For heaven has abandoned me,
Who will starve alone
Without any chance to receive absolution at last...

Come to me again...
Hit me, choke me, torture me, rape me
Like you've always done...
Only then I can feel my pulsating heart of triviality...

The moment he had begun to read the words written in Kyo's handwriting he completely understood Kaoru and started to fight against the increasing feeling of loneliness, emptiness and incredible despair that came like a blow into his stomach. Normally he read lyrics twice but this time he did not dare. This was what Toru thought...? The whole truth...? Die could not believe it. He stared at the sheet again but when the first sentence came into focus again he threw it away onto the floor. This was too much to bear, even for him and Die, for several moments, tried to stop thinking... When he got to his slightly shaking knees again he left the living room in order to search for Kaoru, who he found leaning against the parapet on the balcony. The purple-head sadly smiled at him, apologetic at the same time. Die could not mind...

"You see, my very problem...", the purple-haired whispered, his eyes a little blank, which scared Die to death. There were still things about Kaoru he did not know...

"I don't know if there's a chance for me to finish that song and create a melody which is fitting..."

Die simply nodded and sneaked to the balcony, next to Kaoru who imperceptibly closed the distance between himself and the red-head.

"Didn't know it's that...", Die did not know how to express what he thought the most direct way. But he could not find the exact words he was looking for.

"He really feels that...?", he asked instead.

"Apparently...", Kaoru answered, then leant against Die's shoulder and closed his eyes.

"But you see, it makes that pressure even more unbearable... You know, I have to write the perfect melody for such lyrics, I cannot come up with a nice little arrangement to drain those horrible feelings away... That wouldn't be fair to Tooru... I know he's desperate... even though I'd rather have him not to..."

"Sure, no offending his feelings..."

Both of them felt silence for some moments at a loss of words.

So that is the matter, Die thought, the truth. For some reasons he leant even closer to Kaoru, embracing him softly. What a big lie, Tooru had always been telling lies to them

and Die suddenly felt sure that how it was, it could not go on this way. I must take care of him, Die thought.

"Could be a little difficult to compose a good song...", Die established some moments later and Kaoru snorted but then nodded and reached for the bottle of wine.

"Do you know now why I think I'm getting cold...? When I read this for the first time I could practically feel my whole life drain out of my heart leaving nothing but emptiness... And I am scared what an effect this might have on me..."

Die emptied his glass in one go and asked Kaoru to pour him his third one. Kaoru did not refuse and they emptied their glasses again. The alcohol made it easier to think as Die believed.

"You're not cold...", he said when he had put his glass back to the table.

"He's cold... I didn't know how cold he is, indeed..."

"And I am as well...", Kaoru whispered.

"I'm too cold to compose a song for such great lyrics... We aren't supposed to be the only ones crying when this'll be published but for me it's just the last clue..."

Kaoru glanced at Die but did not intend to give him time to interrupt.

"Due to that I noticed how it really is..."

"I don't think so...", Die contradicted as he took Kaoru's hand again.

"Why are you scared...?"

"You want to know what scares me...? I will tell you...", Kaoru answered and took away his hand from Die's who stared at him.

"Took a while to notice it... My life's gonna change and I cannot make it stop..."

"What d'you mean...?"

"Listen to me, Die-kun... Music is my life and I've always been able to create a song, yeh know... No matter what the lyrics said, I always made it nearly perfect..."

Die slowly nodded, facing Kaoru with a slight sense of disbelief. Was he really that desperate...? All the time and Die had not noticed it...?

"Sure, you made it perfectly well...", he drawled at a loss of words. Kaoru ignored that.

"But now that's it... I cannot go on any longer, I feel like I'm loosing all my ideas and skills for music... All the time I didn't want to seize that but now I am so sure... Maybe there'll be one album left, maybe two if I'm lucky but that's it then... I'm drained, then... cold... and empty..."

Die suddenly thought that some alien must be standing next to him or that he must have gotten Kaoru totally wrong and it took him a moment to get what the purple-head had been saying but when it occurred to him that Kaoru really believed in what he had been telling him, Die shook his head and reached out for Kaoru again.

"No, believe me, no...", he breathlessly muttered.

"Tooru's coldness has nothing to do with you... You won't loose to that, I'm not gonna let you..."

But Kaoru only smiled, sadly but touched.

"And what d'you think you can do, eh...?", he asked and giggled a little while he grasped his glass again. Under other circumstances Die would have taken that as teasing. But Kaoru seemed to be too desperate to even think about teasing him.

"Maybe...", he started to express again.

"Maybe there comes a time to all of us where we cannot go on... And maybe this is my time now..."

"Rubbish...", the red-head interrupted ruthlessly and sat up in front of the purple-head to glare directly at him with his deep chocolate eyes.

"This is not you... You aren't hopeless, not you... You're always thoughtful, well, at

least most of the time and you always fight until you reach your goal, so don't you dare telling me it's over... Finish that goddamn song, do it with my help, but do it... And when you've done it, you will loose that feeling of coldness, I promise you will..." Die deeply breathed and Kaoru still looked at him, a little in shock. Had those brown eyes ever looked at him that demanding but at the same time so hurt...? He did not know but could not think about that properly when Die took hold of his shoulders in a firm grip.

"But no one else is gonna do it for you, you have to start it and maybe I can help you, but as you said, it's your task..." , he now shouted at him and his breath became a sob in the air when he finished. Kaoru stared at him at a loss of words. Die was really arguing with him, that meant he cared for him, it occurred to the purple-head... Die... There was a heart beat that filled his head once again. Die had on the one hand never looked at him so hurt but on the other hand he had never disappointed him before... Kaoru observed him closely and then nodded silently.

"And you think I could still do that...? Even now...?", he asked, bewildered.

"Will be hard but I believe you're able to... I believe in you, Kaoru..."

It took Kaoru a while to remove his eyes from Die who was still glaring at him with such an anger in his eyes that the purple-head was beginning to feel scared. The younger one had never shouted at him before with so much anger and sorrow within his chocolate eyes. Kaoru really thought that they looked like chocolate in the setting evening sun, and he could not help and started to smile at them.

"Die-kun, I never thought you could be like that..." , he whispered which a sudden burst of deep affection for the younger man, persuaded at last.

"Okay, if you consider this to be the right thing to do let's do it..." , he smiled warmly.

"See, I already wrote down some ideas I'd like to use... Let me show `em to you..."

With these words both of them entered the living room where Kaoru settled onto the piano chair...

They had been composing half of the remaining night always taking a drink when their feelings threatened to overwhelm them with thoughts about their friend's attitude. Early in the morning, shortly before sunrise Kaoru had fallen asleep above the last measure. Die had yawned and suppressed a smile. Then he had taken his friend into his arms to carry him to his bedroom where he had removed his shirt, trousers and socks and

had enveloped the purple-head in the blanket. But when he was about to leave to spend the rest of the night asleep on the living room couch, Kaoru had grabbed his arm and made him stay...

Wondering how he had finally gotten into bed Kaoru rose and yawned. Then he noticed his state and with a slight headache he threw the blanket from his still half asleep body only to find Die next to him, cuddling into the pillows. Kaoru did not react for a little moment and tried to remember what had happened when they were finishing the melody but no matter how hard he tried he could not...

With that he let his gaze flow across the body next to him which was nearly undressed, only wearing boxers and a watch. The elder man smiled. So Die had carried him to his bed, he imagined. After he had helped him to finish the song to express all his pain and fear about Kyo. And there had been a lot of fear that had filled him and he remembered putting all the emptiness and loneliness into the melody...

But wait. No matter how hard he tried the purple-head was not able at least to grasp

one melody fragment he had used to finally compose this song. He tried again and searched for any left over ideas but had to give up. Oddly he remembered nearly everything Die had said while they had been working. Kaoru could even remember how the red-head had kissed him. But nothing else than that and the wine's taste...

Kaoru was interrupted in his thoughts when Die began to move next to him and opened his eyes carefully. The first thing he saw was a clamp of purple hair.

"Ohayou, Kao-chan...", he muttered under his breath and blinked his eyes to clear them from sleep.

"Ohayou, Die-kun...", Kaoru answered with a slight smile and when Die turned around to fall asleep again he bent over him to catch his eyes.

"We've finished it, haven't we...?", he inquired and Die rotated to his back to observe the other man closely who was now squatting above him. For a short second Die felt the urge to pull the blanket up to his chin to hide his bare chest since Kaoru was so close to him, but then he dropped it and nodded instead.

"We finished it...", he yawned.

"And we did a good job... Tooru'll be very pleased...", he added before noticing Kaoru focussing him deeply. He frowned.

"Anything wrong...?"

"You'll be laughing..." , Kaoru began, careful to find the right words without ridiculing himself in front of Die.

"But... I... cannot remember a single note..."

"You're just kidding, are yeh...?"

Die rose to face Kaoru closely. But the other man just smiled, both apologetically and embarrassedly.

"Not a single note... I do hope we wrote down everything, otherwise..."

He did not dare to end this sentence. But to his own relief Die slowly nodded, at a loss of words. He suddenly jumped out of the bed and grabbed Kaoru by the arm.

"C'mon, Kaoru...", he demanded and almost dragged the elder man out as well.

"Play what you've done so you'll remember, ne..."

Without any further explanation the red-head pushed him out of the bedroom to the piano in the living room and made him sit down on the stool.

"Play...", he demanded again, almost dashing and waved his hand. Kaoru, for a second, only felt capable of looking at him, mind dumb, a little taken aback, but after Die waved his hand again he lowered his gaze to the music sheet and began to play. The moment he touched the keys the melody floated into his heart again and all the memories threatened to overwhelm him again as he imagined Kyo singing to this very melody. Before closing his eyes he glanced at Die who gave him a gaze in return and Kaoru suddenly knew exactly that the man next to him was having the same impulse. Die heavily breathed and leant against Kaoru, touching his bare skin and softly stroking his neck. He knew what pressure was about to escape from Kaoru's heart when he remembered that very melody again...

When he finished, Kaoru did not dare to open his eyes again for the melody had totally overwhelmed him and was still echoing in his head. But then Die's low voice brought him back.

"You see...", the younger man whispered, near to his ear.

"What a so-called cold person can do, ne..."

Die chuckled softly but when he looked at Kaoru's face he went silent. The purple-

head was crying. Big tears, sparkling in the sunlight that came shining in through the window, were floating across his cheeks and dropping from his chin. For a moment the red-head just stood there, struck in his surprise, but then he reached out to touch the other's face and Kaoru let out a helpless sob and clung to Die, enveloping him with his arms and holding him as tight as he could. His sobs came out loud from his mouth and the purple-head pressed his lips together to suppress them but his attempts did not work.

"Hey, you crybaby...", Die whispered, both calming and slightly amused and began to stroke Kaoru's clamped hair to comfort him as he embraced him as well.

"Schsch... It's okay, Kaoru... You've been holding them back too long... Now cry, baby, cry..."

Kaoru just nodded in a hardly noticeable way and dug his face into Die's warm chest, sobbing and clinging.

After a little while he calmed down until there were no newly cried tears welling out from his eyes. Then he lifted his head to face Die again. The younger man had been holding him all the time, softly stroking across his head, without any words. Now he smiled gently and squatted in front of Kaoru who still sat on the low chair. He glanced at him in a sudden burst of deep affection and reached out a hand to touch the admirable cheeks to wipe away the last shadowing tears.

"Sumimasen...", the purple-head whispered, trying to straighten himself again. He intended to turn his head away from Die but the red-head did not let him.

"Kaoru...", he began, trying to give his voice a rush of tenderness.

"Your tears are warm...", he whispered and Kaoru frowned a little for he did not know what the other man was implying by that. But Die only smiled again and gently nudged him, while they silently faced each other.

"And they're coming from your deepest inside... That means you're not cold since you cry..."

Die's smile became more affectionate as he noticed Kaoru's glance that told him the purple-head did not understand.

"The song you've created for Tooru proves that... So you're warm, Kaoru... Very warm... I can feel that..."

With those words Die leant forward a little to gently kiss his friend again like he had done the evening before. The lips he was touching now were wet and Kaoru, after he got used to the unfamiliar sensation Die was conveying to him, leant into the kiss and their tongues slowly engaged in a passionate dance while Kaoru felt Die's arms around him making him rise from the chair to embrace him a little closer...

When they parted Kaoru felt himself blush and there was something he needed to know now. He cleared his throat and straightened his shoulders.

"Why ... why did you kiss me...?", he murmured almost inaudibly even though he had intended to sound mature and strong but suddenly realised he could not. Die glanced at him.

" 'Cause I thought you needed it so badly...", he replied and Kaoru could not help believing him.

"Another thing that you thought I needed, ne...", he chuckled slightly, remembering their dinner.

Die smiled again and then let go of his friend and brought some distance between them. He observed Kaoru closely as he observed him in return and then both of them

blushed for they were wearing only boxers and nothing else.

"I'm hungry..., Kaoru tried to end that embarrassing moment and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

"Me too...", Die agreed. Both of them turned around to stroll across the corridor when Kaoru suddenly thought of something he had almost forgotten.

"Chotto, Die... You brought two bags last night but we just opened one... So what's the other containing...?"

"Anoo...", the red-head muttered.

"Our breakfast...", he revealed and smiled teasingly.

"Eh...?"

Both of them had reached the door frame that led to the kitchen as Kaoru stopped and turned to face Die.

"Why the heck did you bring breakfast when you definitely couldn't be sure if I'd even let you in for dinner...?"

"Oh, I just made a guess, you know..."

Die sounded like he did not understand Kaoru's question. Then he shrugged. Kaoru was looking at him in surprise but then just sighed and shook his head.

"Sometimes you really surprise me with that hidden thoughtfulness of yours, Die-kun... So you can be like that actually...?"

Kaoru started to smile and apologetically nudged Die in a friendly way.

"But that's what I like... Thank you, Daisuke... I could have never finished that song if it hadn't been for you only..."

"Don't say that...", the red-head responded and both smiled at each other in deep affection again.

"Just promise me to never let yourself down again, will you...?"

Kaoru nodded.

"I will as long as you're there to care for me, will you do that...?"

"More than anything else..."

Die, at this, touched him on the neck and gently stroked the warm skin beneath.

"Indeed more than anything else...", he repeated. Listening to these words Kaoru gratefully gave him a little peck on the cheek and then pushed him with gentle strength into the kitchen...

owari

That's been a long piece of work for me... But you may ask now what happened after that...? Well, I'd be very pleased if you'd tell me your guesses... Just what you think happens with their relationship... *smile* I dare you...

I've been planning this story for a little while, then wrote it but felt unhappy about its style... So I changed it round, replaced some statements, added some and now I think it's at its best... (^.^)v

At that I'd like to thank destiny for her lyric advices and her first part of the lyrics that drove Kaoru empty... That's really been a great help...

stay tuned for the next crime...

Kapitel 2:

kimochi no Requiem
story by yuuji & lyrics by destiny

content: Kaoru and Die are desperately trying to write a song to cope with Kyo's inner coldness...

author's note: I wrote this story in order to train myself for the English a-level exams... And I passed with good marks which makes me want to publish this little piece now... My first story about Dir en grey-members only... I hope it's gonna please you... Sorry for my peculiar english, ne...

dedicated to: Eisregen, who left us and Chinami, who joined... And to tea, which always helps me calming down to write properly... (^.^)v

kimochi no Requiem

~swallow your pain, swallow your sorrow... and then spill it out at once and be free~

He felt sick and for some unknown reasons miserable but restless when he noticed the knock at the door. Almost growling he pushed away his chair to get up and walk through the dusky room where the only illumination came from a small lamp at his piano, since he had closed all the curtains.

"Who's there...?", Kaoru demanded unenthusiastically through the shut door. From outside he heard someone laugh with a pretty familiar voice and suddenly he knew who the intruder was.

"Hey Kaoru, this is Die... Let me in..."

Die... Kaoru backed away from the door and breathed slightly. What a wonderful time to come around. As if he had time for this distraction now... He sighed.

"Die, why're you here...?", he asked in a resentful voice.

"I told you guys to leave me alone this evening... I'm off, yeh know..."

There was a noise at the other side that surely was supposed to tell him that Die had leaned his large body against the door frame and now started some scratching on the wooden surface.

"I know...", the younger guitarist responded.

"But you cannot tell me you're still composing, ne..."

There was a short break while Die continued his scratching and Kaoru felt like he was going insane because of it.

"Are yeh hungry...?, Die asked some moments later.

"Cause... I brought some Curry Udon and thought you would... Anooo, maybe you're up to that..."

There was another moment while Kaoru thought about his chances to make Die leave but instantly knew he would not get rid of his friend so easily. And when he thought about that a little deeper he really felt sort of hungry. That, finally, brought him to

open the door and Die greeted him with one of his big and endless smiles while Kaoru himself could not help smiling back a little.

"What a welcome...", Die said, shaking his red head, and then stepped a little closer. Kaoru watched him take off his shoes and then told him:

"But I don't have that much time, ne... Yeh know, still composing..."

"Sure thing... Just here to eat something... Thought you needed it..."

With that the younger man stepped into the apartment and Kaoru closed the door. When he turned around he saw his friend waving with two bags and smiling widely.

"Give 'em to me, Die... Take a seat in the living room, but stay away from the piano..."

Die nodded and slowly walked into the room. Kaoru watched him disappear and then turned around to enter the kitchen. He reached for two bowls from the cupboard and opened one of the bags Die had brought. The other one was simply laid back, when the typical smell of Curry and noodles struck his nose and made him realise how hungry he really felt. He filled the content of those two plastic vessels into the bowls, put them onto a tray, noisily grabbed two pairs of chopsticks and carried everything into the living room.

Die stood a little too close to the piano, apparently taking a look upon Kaoru's music sheets when the purple-haired entered the room.

"Die, what the hell are you doin'...?", Kaoru started after a short but impressive moment of shock and disbelief. He threw the tray onto table and put his hands onto his hips, his face covered with annoyance.

"What are you here for, Daisuke...? Disturbing me...? I told you I am working..."

"If that's all you've been doing these days I wouldn't call it work...", Die replied, grabbing one of Kaoru's music sheets to glance at it.

"It's nothing...", he said frankly.

"Not even half a song... Just some notes put together in various orders... Why haven't...?"

But he could not finish. Kaoru stepped at his friend's side and reached for the paper. He glared at Die, then took it away from him.

"Food's over there...", he told him, trying to keep his voice low while both of them glared at each other. This went on for several moments while Kaoru was wondering how he could have been thick enough to let Die enter his apartment until the red-head sighed and looked away to the floor.

"I'm sorry...", he whispered and Kaoru silently led him to the low table to sit down on some comfortable

looking pillows opposite the couch.

Then they silently started their meal and Kaoru hurried for some unknown reasons. He finished when Die had not even eaten half of his Udon.

"What's up, Kaoru...?", he asked in a low but surprised voice.

"You seemed to be pretty hungry... Means it's been a good idea to come here..."

Then he smiled and continued to eat while Kaoru's gaze went to the floor. Die blinked, then observed him closely.

"Kaoru, what is it...?"

"Nothing, Die...", the elder man answered in a somehow bitter voice.

"But I think I'm not the best person to talk to these days..."

He lowered his gaze for a moment, then turned his head to automatically look at the piano in the middle of the big room he was currently sharing with the only person on earth he could never really be angry with for a longer time. There was a sudden strange feeling inside him; when his eyes met the instrument, he felt almost being

drained away and sighed. He had intended to write a few melodies this day and had hurried on the way from the studio home and still felt full of ideas when he had entered the elevator to the floor he lived on. But the very moment he had taken the lyrics Kyo had given to him a week ago to create a song for, he felt nothing but that scratching and desperate emptiness these lyrics always evoked in his heart when he tried to handle them. And there still was nothing else than this deep feeling of coldness. All his ideas had been blown away by his empty flat and when he had settled down onto the piano stool to start composing he could not...

Kaoru had begun pacing his room restlessly, hands dug in his pockets, trying hard to imagine some melody fragments but not even they did appear and he already felt like he was in bits and pieces and when he had realised Die's sudden knocks at the front door he finally knew that there was no sense in continuing and he had started to feel cold, upset... and somehow useless...

Die tore him out of his gloomy thoughts by putting down his bowl with a BANG and rubbing his stomach in satisfaction.

"Oishii ne... How I love Curry Udon...", he smiled and nudged Kaoru.

"Daisuke, you love everything that one can eat and drink..."

"Sure thing..."

Die continued to smile and nudged Kaoru again.

"What are we up to now...?", he asked, turning his head to his friend who had looked away again.

"I don't know what you're up to but I'm gonna throw you out of here to work..."

"Mou...", Die tried to fake a hurt look.

"Kaoru, don't be so mean... I just came here to see you, not only to feed you... Let me stay..."

Die had grasped Kaoru's right arm and started to tug at it, begging him with his brown eyes not to be thrown out of this apartment. At first Kaoru did not want to permit him to stay but then he sighed. Die would have been totally lost and disappointed if he would be ruthlessly thrown out now, and the effort itself was not worth the fight Die would probably give him, so Kaoru gave up, sighed again and nodded.

"Okay Daisuke, but you'll be cleaning the table and, please, be quiet, 'cause I still have some work to do..."

"No prob...", Die merrily answered and jumped to his feet to grab the tray and leave the room. Kaoru could hear him starting to clean the dishes in the kitchen and he stood to take his place at the piano again. But when his fingers struck the keys, he again felt this unsure coldness and emptiness welling up inside his head and he nearly had to force himself to read the lyrics again even though he already knew them by heart...

"Want some tea...?"

Another disturbance. Apparently I am not gonna get this finished today, Kaoru thought. He did not turn his head but simply nodded and murmured a slight "yes" under his breath and Die had to repeat his question to understand the response...

When he finally entered the living room again equipped with two steaming mugs of tea, the aroma silently filled the air and Die smiled and put one of the mugs onto a pad on the surface of Kaoru's piano. He was trying hard not to spill any drops onto the instrument since he was afraid of Kaoru mercilessly killing him for any damage to his beloved piano.

"In one go...", Die cheered but Kaoru only glared at him with empty and nearly bloodshot eyes.

"It's tea, Daisuke, none of your oh so beloved boozy stuff..."

"Don't care..."

Kaoru lowered his gaze onto the keys again and Die watched him trying some accords, writing down the notes only to reject them afterwards.

"Mmh... If you ask me, you ain't up to that...", Die noticed and shook his head. Kaoru glared.

"Thank god I'm NOT asking you...", came the hostile reply and the purple-head was once more trying the accord he had been toying with, then wrote it down. Die watched him doing this for a little while but then gave up and tried another way to cheer Kaoru up. Maybe it's the windows, he thought, there's too little light in here. He would have felt depressed as well, working under such miserable conditions. He left Kaoru and crept to the balcony door, pushed back all the curtains and opened the door to step out into the fresh evening air. He took a deep breath, then threw a look back into the room and fumbled a little in his pockets to get out his cigarettes.

"Can you give me a light...?", he mindlessly asked a little too loud back into the room when he realised he obviously had forgotten his matches. But he did not get any answer.

"Kaoru...? Any matches over there...?"

The red-head leant against the door frame to look inside and glimpsed for his friend but when he popped his head in through the living room door a little box painfully punched his forehead.

"Take this and shut the hell up, you brainless moron...", came a high-pitched scream from inside and Die, totally shocked since Kaoru normally did not mean these kinds of verbal injuries when using them, quickly retrieved them from the floor and hid behind the curtains outside of the room. He illuminated his cigarette and leant against the parapet, remaining as silent as he could. Kaoru's really in a bad mood today, he thought and rolled his eyes. He took a deep breath, holding it for a few seconds and then blew the dusky smoke out of his lungs into the somehow cool spring air; afterwards he closed his eyes and let his mind flow. The first image he got showed himself and Kaoru in the studio, arranging a song together. Die smiled softly and took in the whole memory to keep it in his heart. Him together with Kaoru working on a song. What a great feeling...

Die opened his eyes again when he suddenly heard Kaoru scream from inside.

"Goddamnit... Shit...", the elder one cursed and beat his fists against the piano keys which gave a strange chopped sound. Die sighed but did not dare to enter the room, so he just kept hiding behind the balcony door to take a silent glimpse at his friend furiously rummaging inside. The purple-head had stood up from his piano chair to pace the room and as Die watched him doing this he could nearly feel the coldness Kaoru had been feeling aware of on his own earlier. Die sighed and suddenly felt empty as well. He could not remember exactly since when his friend had begun to act in such a cold manner that he even took meals without any company. The others neither knew the reasons nor could make any trusty imagines about that and when their leader left the studio this afternoon they came together to share their worries.

"Hey... have you been noticing it...?", Toshiya had said, lowering his gaze to the floor.

"Yes, he's apparently more and more upset...", Shinya had answered, worried as well. Only Kyo had stayed silent, just shrugging his shoulders. They had already realised it nearly a week ago when Kaoru came late for the first time in his life and revealed to them that there was no new song to practise since he had not finished one. Die had felt bewildered seeing his friend in such a state which he had not been in ever before

and so the red-head had tried to talk to him to inquire about what was going on. But Kaoru had blocked all his question attempts and when he had left the studio today without bidding farewell, Die had made his decision to visit him afterwards...

He looked at Kaoru again, walking aimlessly through the room pulling a face which could scare even the furniture and realised how much he missed those intimate moments when Kaoru had asked him for help or company. That was why Die finally decided to dare entering the room. He approached from behind and grabbed Kaoru by his arm to hug him from behind.

"Don't worry...", he whispered, crushing his friend tightly.

"Your loss of creativity will disappear... As long as you're unable to compose come out for a drink with me, won't you..."

Kaoru just stood there like a marble column, unable to move at first, but then he turned around to glare at Die with cold eyes and increasing anger.

"You're stupid, aren't you...?", he suddenly yelled without any warning, pushing Die away from him so hard that he fell onto the floor barely missing the edge of the table with his head.

"How can anyone be so thick...? You're apparently, as usual, too brainless to notice it... If I won't compose any new songs our goddamn album won't be ready at dead line... That means they cannot publish it in time which causes us lots of unpleasant trouble... Got it...? And you're seriously asking me to go out for A DRINK...? How dare you, Daisuke...?"

Kaoru breathed hard and kept on glaring at Die. But then his anger suddenly was blown away and his hands flew up to his mouth and he realised what he had done. This was Die on the floor looking up to him with trembling lips. Die, the man he could never feel angry about for too long... HIS Die... Without any words he turned around and ran into the kitchen. Die tried to make him stay by reaching out his arms but Kaoru was too fast for him. He heard his friend slamming the door shut and then nothing else. Silence had its reign back within the flat, nothing moved but some little droplets of light and dust that danced over the piano's surface. Die watched them while steadily calming down. Kaoru, his best friend, had ruthlessly pushed him to the floor, had yelled and called him names and then with sudden change, as if he had gotten back to mind and decency, had run into the kitchen without any other words. Die just could not understand him anymore. There had been similar situations before when they had had to compose at least a small amount of songs when dead line had been away just one or two days. But they had always made it in time and when Kaoru had finished a song, with or without any help from Die, the lyrics had been ready as well... No problems at all...

Die shook his head and got up to his knees. Maybe I shoudn't have embraced him, perhaps that was too much for him, Die thought helplessly, but seconds later he shook his head again. That obviously was not the point since Kaoru had already felt cold, distanced and angry before but what was it, then...? Die could not imagine what was draining his friend so much. But he was sure he would find out and so he left the room to join Kaoru in the kitchen.

When stepping into the small corridor that divided the living room from the bathroom, the bedroom and the kitchen he felt aware of an odd noise. It seemed like there had been a mug of glass falling onto the floor, breaking into pieces and moments later he could hear Kaoru curse slightly again. But his voice was not that energetic any longer and when Die reached the kitchen door he dared to open it without any warning. The kitchen still was the way he had left it. The only disturbing

thing was the broken glass on the floor and Kaoru sitting in front of it, his face out of Die's field of vision.

"Kaoru...", Die broke the silence and the purple-head shrivelled up when Die began to speak.

"What've you done...? Are you okay...?"

Die crept to his side, touched his shoulders and turned him around to look into his brown eyes. When checking the mess on the floor he realised some droplets of blood between the broken pieces of glass.

"Kaoru... You're bleeding...", he cried in surprise and hurried to reach for a kitchen towel to envelop Kaoru's right hand. The elder man did not react but only stared at the floor, his eyes blank, but when Die had finished with his hand and touched his shoulders in silent comfort and called his name again he awoke.

"I'm sorry, Die-kun...", Kaoru whispered nearly inaudibly, drawling the words to no end.

"I didn't mean to..."

But Die just shook his head, firmly.

"It's okay, Kaoru-kun... You don't have to apologize... No harm done..."

Die gazed at him, catching Kaoru's gloomy eyes, then checked the wound at his fingers and sighed.

"You're lucky, baka...", he said in relief and gently stroked a finger across the wound.

"It's not a deep cut so it's gonna stop bleeding pretty soon..."

He sighed again, then got up to get a hand brush to clean up the mess on the floor. Kaoru observed him doing this but then reached out his hands to grasp Die's.

"It's okay... You don't have to do this... I caused you enough trouble for today... Let me..."

But Die obviously did not intend to.

"I won't let you handle this in the state you're in... Leave that to me and please go back to the living room and calm down, okay..."

With these words Die took the dustpan and wiped the broken pieces onto it to throw it away into the litter. His friend now seemed totally strange to him and Die made the decision not to leave before getting to know the whole facts about what was dragging Kaoru so much that he almost lost his mind for Die had never seen him like this before. The red-head therefore had to admit to himself that this Kaoru was scaring him to hell. He did not know what to think about that...

Kaoru had gotten up to his knees and had stepped out of the room, still holding the towel in place but then at the door frame he had turned and had been watching Die. He now lowered his gaze a little and then disappeared into the living room to sit down on the couch. He suddenly felt somehow relieved and did not understand why at first but when he closed his eyes he could. The pressure had nearly been wiped away from him and his empty heart was beginning to fill itself with new strength again. There was at least someone who cared for him, he did not have to be that desperate like he felt before. There was nothing to drag him down since Die was there... Die...

Kaoru breathed deeply and calm, holding the oxygen within his lungs a little moment like Die had been doing with the smoke outside at the parapet and then let it flow out. He felt calm now he had released his anger even though he suddenly felt sorry for Die as well but also exhausted and weary and when Die came to take a seat next to him he opened his eyes again.

"I've been odd to you... I'm sorry, it wasn't your fault, none of what happened..."

The purple-head leant against the pillows on the couch, embarrassed, and his tired

eyes were about to face Die again, when the younger one reached out an arm to embrace him closely.

"God damn it, Kaoru-kun... Why didn't you tell me you needed help...? You cannot handle everything on your own, no one can...Not even you..."

"I know, but I didn't want to hand my work to you... You've already finished yours so I thought it'd be time to do mine..."

"But I've always helped you when you asked me to do so, and you did the same for me..."

Die did not understand.

"Die-kun... I am sorry for that but recently I feel like I've lost all my creativity and it seems like there'd be

nothing left... Three days till dead line and I'm in some way unable to finish the last song... I got the

lyrics from Toru-kun but when I read them I wasn't so sure anymore if I could compose and arrange the appropriate melody... And when I had an idea I lost it and then you came here to cheer me up and I've been so disgusting to you though you just wanted to help me..."

They looked at each other and Die started to smile.

"It's not too late...", he whispered and nudged Kaoru who gave him a tickle in return.

"We can do that together if you like, no prob... Just show me the lyrics and I will fix 'em..."

"No, you won't... Not today...", Kaoru replied and shook his head.

"I don't want you to read them now, they will tear you the way they've torn me... Dunno, why Tooru's so desperate..."

The elder one snuggled into Die's arms and chest while the red-head carefully stroked across the towel at Kaoru's right hand.

"Then let's have a look at the mess you've created... I think it stopped bleeding..."

He pushed away the fabric and exposed Kaoru's bare fingers.

"Just as I thought, it stopped...", he established and smiled.

"You should at least have taken a rag to collect the splinters, ne..."

Kaoru blushed a little and then touched the long fresh cut on his finger.

"Die-kun...", he turned his face and embraced him tightly. Said man looked a little dumbstruck but then smiled silently.

"I know I am hard to get to along with when I am so odd...", Kaoru murmured and Die could not help it when he felt his friend so close to him and leant forward to give him a soft kiss on the lips.

"Don't worry...", he whispered after he broke the touch on Kaoru's mouth.

"I'll take care of you as long as you take care of yourself..."

He smiled again and Kaoru blushed a little more for this had been the first kiss he had so far received from Die. And it had felt... No, he should not think that...

Kaoru frowned anxiously but, at the same time, felt unsure whether to kiss the red-head in return but said man apparently did not feel aware of this. Typically Die, Kaoru thought, doesn't know what he did with his acting before thinking straight. He started to smile and then realised he had missed Die a lot lately even though the younger man had always been around him. Maybe he needed him more than he had thought...

"C'mon now...", Die interrupted his thoughts.

"Let's go out for a drink... Has been some time since we've been intoxicated together, ne...", the red-head enthusiastically demanded and got to his knees to pull Kaoru with him who observed him closely.

"Where do we go, then...?"

"Anooo...", Kaoru tried to make a decision.

"Wouldn't it be better if we just go for some grocery shopping and then return to have a smoke and the drinks at my balcony...? Maybe you can help me with that song when we're tipsy..."

Die knobbed his shoes and Kaoru searched for his and put them on while Die closed his light jacket.

"Grocery shopping...? If you like..."

"Sure thing... Let's go..."

They returned an hour later, equipped with some packages of cigarettes since Die had been smoking his remaining sticks on their way to and back from the convenience store and four bottles of wine.

Must be enough to send one to the hospital, Kaoru thought, no way to remain sober. But Die had been showing his usual resolute self at the decision about what to take and Kaoru had not even thought about interfering.

They walked across the street and then entered, slightly panting, Kaoru's apartment again, taking all the wine bottles and cigarettes into the kitchen. Kaoru sighed when his eyes caught this strange image on his usually innocent kitchen table and he shook his head.

"Too much for you...?", Die teased him and disappeared, while Kaoru observed him leave. You don't know what's coming to hit you, Daisuke, you have no idea, Kaoru thought and then grasped two of the bottles and two glasses to follow Die onto the balcony. Passing the piano his eyes met the lyric sheet Kyo had given to him but he turned his head away in order to wipe away the feeling of coldness trying to take a hold on him...

Die opened one of the bottles and emptied his glass all in one go while Kaoru needed more time to drink. The wine the red-head had decided for felt delicate on his tongue and Kaoru let it first roll across his senses before he swallowed it and leant back into a garden chair. Die sat across from him at the opposite side of the little table and watched him closing his eyes in pleasure and tasting the wine.

"The best one you can get here...", Die explained and poured another glass but only to take a sip this time.

"So...", he breathed some moments later.

"Tell me why you think you cannot finish that song...", he demanded frankly, crossing his arms while Kaoru looked at him, dejected as Die thought and shifted his clothes. Then he cleared his throat.

"You sure you wanna know...? It's gonna make you cold and... lonely... Even you..."

"What d'you mean...? How...?"

Kaoru cleared his throat again and then busied himself with a pleat on his trousers.

"Anooo... Die-kun... Do you think I'm becoming cold...?"

There it suddenly was. The question, his inner fear. Kaoru was a little surprised about this very clear image but seconds later he did not feel that sure anymore if he shouldn't have known better than to ask particularly Die such a question but he needed an answer, needed it so badly.

For a little moment Die did not know what to respond but then he pulled a face and

shook his head.

"Nope... Why d'you ask me that...?"

"Well, it's just because... "

The elder man interrupted himself, then, embarrassed, looked away.

"I have that certain feeling... that I'm becoming more and more cold and... somehow empty... deep inside my heart there's a... a loss, I believe... dunno what I'm missing but..."

Kaoru could not go on and at a loss of words he lapsed into silence. Die, while the purple-head had tried to explain, had leant forward to focus on Kaoru's eyes.

"You're not cold, Kaoru, that's rubbish...", he whispered and shifted his red head to one side to glance at his friend a little closer. Seconds later he took his hand and started to gently caress the soft skin.

"Why d'you believe that...? You're warm, Kaoru..."

The elder one sighed.

"But not inside... Has been a while since there's been anything else within me than silence..."

He sounded somehow desperate and odd to Die, so the younger one kept a hold on his friend's hand in order to caress the bare skin even more softly than before. The fingers felt cold, true, but it was not that warm outside and Kaoru did not wear that much; only a loose shirt. So it was just natural that his hands were cold.

"Anooo... D'you know what I think...?", Die tried to clear away the scratching feeling of coldness and shock when Kaoru had been revealing his fear.

"I think you need a break from work, we should skip it tomorrow... Let's call Shinya, he'll tell the others..."

But instead of agreeing to Die's suggestion Kaoru fell back into his chair and shook his head while he tried not to catch the eyes of his friend.

"Useless...", he mumbled and took another sip of the wine while Die kept on stroking his hand steadily.

"Remember the three days... I have to finish my goddamn task otherwise..."

"Then let me help you... I'm not that susceptible to things that are supposed to drag me down...", Die answered.

"And I'd be so glad if you let me..."

Kaoru could not help it and smiled. He gave up, had to...

"Then come in and I'm gonna show you what makes me feel desperate..."

With these words he got up and led Die into the apartment to show him the lyrics. He just gave them to the red-head not daring to even glance at the sheet for a moment.

"Read it...", he simply said and then turned on the spot in order to save his mind from going to bits and pieces again.

Die observed him disappear and for seconds he did not know what that was supposed to tell him. But after a little moment he lowered his head and sank onto the piano chair to read what was draining Kaoru so much...

kimochi no Requiem

Our farewell,
Our requiem,
A canticle of despair...
Left alone,

Left behind...
Imprisoned by icy walls...
Desperately I cling to you,
A faded memory...

Too many hurting memories
Too less tears to drown them...
Have nearly collapsed,
Since sorrow cursed my mind...
Without you I'm clinging to myself,
For heaven has abandoned me,
Who will starve alone
Without any chance to receive absolution at last...

Come to me again...
Hit me, choke me, torture me, rape me
Like you've always done...
Only then I can feel my pulsating heart of triviality...

The moment he had begun to read the words written in Kyo's handwriting he completely understood Kaoru and started to fight against the increasing feeling of loneliness, emptiness and incredible despair that came like a blow into his stomach. Normally he read lyrics twice but this time he did not dare. This was what Toru thought...? The whole truth...? Die could not believe it. He stared at the sheet again but when the first sentence came into focus again he threw it away onto the floor. This was too much to bear, even for him and Die, for several moments, tried to stop thinking... When he got to his slightly shaking knees again he left the living room in order to search for Kaoru, who he found leaning against the parapet on the balcony. The purple-head sadly smiled at him, apologetic at the same time. Die could not mind...

"You see, my very problem...", the purple-haired whispered, his eyes a little blank, which scared Die to death. There were still things about Kaoru he did not know...

"I don't know if there's a chance for me to finish that song and create a melody which is fitting..."

Die simply nodded and sneaked to the balcony, next to Kaoru who imperceptibly closed the distance between himself and the red-head.

"Didn't know it's that...", Die did not know how to express what he thought the most direct way. But he could not find the exact words he was looking for.

"He really feels that...?", he asked instead.

"Apparently...", Kaoru answered, then leant against Die's shoulder and closed his eyes.

"But you see, it makes that pressure even more unbearable... You know, I have to write the perfect melody for such lyrics, I cannot come up with a nice little arrangement to drain those horrible feelings away... That wouldn't be fair to Tooru... I know he's desperate... even though I'd rather have him not to..."

"Sure, no offending his feelings..."

Both of them felt silence for some moments at a loss of words.

So that is the matter, Die thought, the truth. For some reasons he leant even closer to Kaoru, embracing him softly. What a big lie, Tooru had always been telling lies to them

and Die suddenly felt sure that how it was, it could not go on this way. I must take care of him, Die thought.

"Could be a little difficult to compose a good song...", Die established some moments later and Kaoru snorted but then nodded and reached for the bottle of wine.

"Do you know now why I think I'm getting cold...? When I read this for the first time I could practically feel my whole life drain out of my heart leaving nothing but emptiness... And I am scared what an effect this might have on me..."

Die emptied his glass in one go and asked Kaoru to pour him his third one. Kaoru did not refuse and they emptied their glasses again. The alcohol made it easier to think as Die believed.

"You're not cold...", he said when he had put his glass back to the table.

"He's cold... I didn't know how cold he is, indeed..."

"And I am as well...", Kaoru whispered.

"I'm too cold to compose a song for such great lyrics... We aren't supposed to be the only ones crying when this'll be published but for me it's just the last clue..."

Kaoru glanced at Die but did not intend to give him time to interrupt.

"Due to that I noticed how it really is..."

"I don't think so...", Die contradicted as he took Kaoru's hand again.

"Why are you scared...?"

"You want to know what scares me...? I will tell you...", Kaoru answered and took away his hand from Die's who stared at him.

"Took a while to notice it... My life's gonna change and I cannot make it stop..."

"What d'you mean...?"

"Listen to me, Die-kun... Music is my life and I've always been able to create a song, yeh know... No matter what the lyrics said, I always made it nearly perfect..."

Die slowly nodded, facing Kaoru with a slight sense of disbelief. Was he really that desperate...? All the time and Die had not noticed it...?

"Sure, you made it perfectly well...", he drawled at a loss of words. Kaoru ignored that.

"But now that's it... I cannot go on any longer, I feel like I'm loosing all my ideas and skills for music... All the time I didn't want to seize that but now I am so sure... Maybe there'll be one album left, maybe two if I'm lucky but that's it then... I'm drained, then... cold... and empty..."

Die suddenly thought that some alien must be standing next to him or that he must have gotten Kaoru totally wrong and it took him a moment to get what the purple-head had been saying but when it occurred to him that Kaoru really believed in what he had been telling him, Die shook his head and reached out for Kaoru again.

"No, believe me, no...", he breathlessly muttered.

"Tooru's coldness has nothing to do with you... You won't loose to that, I'm not gonna let you..."

But Kaoru only smiled, sadly but touched.

"And what d'you think you can do, eh...?", he asked and giggled a little while he grasped his glass again. Under other circumstances Die would have taken that as teasing. But Kaoru seemed to be too desperate to even think about teasing him.

"Maybe...", he started to express again.

"Maybe there comes a time to all of us where we cannot go on... And maybe this is my time now..."

"Rubbish...", the red-head interrupted ruthlessly and sat up in front of the purple-head to glare directly at him with his deep chocolate eyes.

"This is not you... You aren't hopeless, not you... You're always thoughtful, well, at

least most of the time and you always fight until you reach your goal, so don't you dare telling me it's over... Finish that goddamn song, do it with my help, but do it... And when you've done it, you will loose that feeling of coldness, I promise you will..." Die deeply breathed and Kaoru still looked at him, a little in shock. Had those brown eyes ever looked at him that demanding but at the same time so hurt...? He did not know but could not think about that properly when Die took hold of his shoulders in a firm grip.

"But no one else is gonna do it for you, you have to start it and maybe I can help you, but as you said, it's your task..." , he now shouted at him and his breath became a sob in the air when he finished. Kaoru stared at him at a loss of words. Die was really arguing with him, that meant he cared for him, it occurred to the purple-head... Die... There was a heart beat that filled his head once again. Die had on the one hand never looked at him so hurt but on the other hand he had never disappointed him before... Kaoru observed him closely and then nodded silently.

"And you think I could still do that...? Even now...?", he asked, bewildered.

"Will be hard but I believe you're able to... I believe in you, Kaoru..."

It took Kaoru a while to remove his eyes from Die who was still glaring at him with such an anger in his eyes that the purple-head was beginning to feel scared. The younger one had never shouted at him before with so much anger and sorrow within his chocolate eyes. Kaoru really thought that they looked like chocolate in the setting evening sun, and he could not help and started to smile at them.

"Die-kun, I never thought you could be like that..." , he whispered which a sudden burst of deep affection for the younger man, persuaded at last.

"Okay, if you consider this to be the right thing to do let's do it..." , he smiled warmly.

"See, I already wrote down some ideas I'd like to use... Let me show `em to you..."

With these words both of them entered the living room where Kaoru settled onto the piano chair...

They had been composing half of the remaining night always taking a drink when their feelings threatened to overwhelm them with thoughts about their friend's attitude. Early in the morning, shortly before sunrise Kaoru had fallen asleep above the last measure. Die had yawned and suppressed a smile. Then he had taken his friend into his arms to carry him to his bedroom where he had removed his shirt, trousers and socks and

had enveloped the purple-head in the blanket. But when he was about to leave to spend the rest of the night asleep on the living room couch, Kaoru had grabbed his arm and made him stay...

Wondering how he had finally gotten into bed Kaoru rose and yawned. Then he noticed his state and with a slight headache he threw the blanket from his still half asleep body only to find Die next to him, cuddling into the pillows. Kaoru did not react for a little moment and tried to remember what had happened when they were finishing the melody but no matter how hard he tried he could not...

With that he let his gaze flow across the body next to him which was nearly undressed, only wearing boxers and a watch. The elder man smiled. So Die had carried him to his bed, he imagined. After he had helped him to finish the song to express all his pain and fear about Kyo. And there had been a lot of fear that had filled him and he remembered putting all the emptiness and loneliness into the melody...

But wait. No matter how hard he tried the purple-head was not able at least to grasp

one melody fragment he had used to finally compose this song. He tried again and searched for any left over ideas but had to give up. Oddly he remembered nearly everything Die had said while they had been working. Kaoru could even remember how the red-head had kissed him. But nothing else than that and the wine's taste...

Kaoru was interrupted in his thoughts when Die began to move next to him and opened his eyes carefully. The first thing he saw was a clump of purple hair.

"Ohayou, Kao-chan...", he muttered under his breath and blinked his eyes to clear them from sleep.

"Ohayou, Die-kun...", Kaoru answered with a slight smile and when Die turned around to fall asleep again he bent over him to catch his eyes.

"We've finished it, haven't we...?", he inquired and Die rotated to his back to observe the other man closely who was now squatting above him. For a short second Die felt the urge to pull the blanket up to his chin to hide his bare chest since Kaoru was so close to him, but then he dropped it and nodded instead.

"We finished it...", he yawned.

"And we did a good job... Tooru'll be very pleased...", he added before noticing Kaoru focussing him deeply. He frowned.

"Anything wrong...?"

"You'll be laughing..." , Kaoru began, careful to find the right words without ridiculing himself in front of Die.

"But... I... cannot remember a single note..."

"You're just kidding, are yeh...?"

Die rose to face Kaoru closely. But the other man just smiled, both apologetically and embarrassedly.

"Not a single note... I do hope we wrote down everything, otherwise..."

He did not dare to end this sentence. But to his own relief Die slowly nodded, at a loss of words. He suddenly jumped out of the bed and grabbed Kaoru by the arm.

"C'mon, Kaoru...", he demanded and almost dragged the elder man out as well.

"Play what you've done so you'll remember, ne..."

Without any further explanation the red-head pushed him out of the bedroom to the piano in the living room and made him sit down on the stool.

"Play...", he demanded again, almost dashing and waved his hand. Kaoru, for a second, only felt capable of looking at him, mind dumb, a little taken aback, but after Die waved his hand again he lowered his gaze to the music sheet and began to play. The moment he touched the keys the melody floated into his heart again and all the memories threatened to overwhelm him again as he imagined Kyo singing to this very melody. Before closing his eyes he glanced at Die who gave him a gaze in return and Kaoru suddenly knew exactly that the man next to him was having the same impulse. Die heavily breathed and leant against Kaoru, touching his bare skin and softly stroking his neck. He knew what pressure was about to escape from Kaoru's heart when he remembered that very melody again...

When he finished, Kaoru did not dare to open his eyes again for the melody had totally overwhelmed him and was still echoing in his head. But then Die's low voice brought him back.

"You see...", the younger man whispered, near to his ear.

"What a so-called cold person can do, ne..."

Die chuckled softly but when he looked at Kaoru's face he went silent. The purple-

head was crying. Big tears, sparkling in the sunlight that came shining in through the window, were floating across his cheeks and dropping from his chin. For a moment the red-head just stood there, struck in his surprise, but then he reached out to touch the other's face and Kaoru let out a helpless sob and clung to Die, enveloping him with his arms and holding him as tight as he could. His sobs came out loud from his mouth and the purple-head pressed his lips together to suppress them but his attempts did not work.

"Hey, you crybaby...", Die whispered, both calming and slightly amused and began to stroke Kaoru's clamped hair to comfort him as he embraced him as well.

"Schsch... It's okay, Kaoru... You've been holding them back too long... Now cry, baby, cry..."

Kaoru just nodded in a hardly noticeable way and dug his face into Die's warm chest, sobbing and clinging.

After a little while he calmed down until there were no newly cried tears welling out from his eyes. Then he lifted his head to face Die again. The younger man had been holding him all the time, softly stroking across his head, without any words. Now he smiled gently and squatted in front of Kaoru who still sat on the low chair. He glanced at him in a sudden burst of deep affection and reached out a hand to touch the admirable cheeks to wipe away the last shadowing tears.

"Sumimasen...", the purple-head whispered, trying to straighten himself again. He intended to turn his head away from Die but the red-head did not let him.

"Kaoru...", he began, trying to give his voice a rush of tenderness.

"Your tears are warm...", he whispered and Kaoru frowned a little for he did not know what the other man was implying by that. But Die only smiled again and gently nudged him, while they silently faced each other.

"And they're coming from your deepest inside... That means you're not cold since you cry..."

Die's smile became more affectionate as he noticed Kaoru's glance that told him the purple-head did not understand.

"The song you've created for Tooru proves that... So you're warm, Kaoru... Very warm... I can feel that..."

With those words Die leant forward a little to gently kiss his friend again like he had done the evening before. The lips he was touching now were wet and Kaoru, after he got used to the unfamiliar sensation Die was conveying to him, leant into the kiss and their tongues slowly engaged in a passionate dance while Kaoru felt Die's arms around him making him rise from the chair to embrace him a little closer...

When they parted Kaoru felt himself blush and there was something he needed to know now. He cleared his throat and straightened his shoulders.

"Why ... why did you kiss me...?", he murmured almost inaudibly even though he had intended to sound mature and strong but suddenly realised he could not. Die glanced at him.

" 'Cause I thought you needed it so badly...", he replied and Kaoru could not help believing him.

"Another thing that you thought I needed, ne...", he chuckled slightly, remembering their dinner.

Die smiled again and then let go of his friend and brought some distance between them. He observed Kaoru closely as he observed him in return and then both of them

blushed for they were wearing only boxers and nothing else.

"I'm hungry..., Kaoru tried to end that embarrassing moment and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

"Me too...", Die agreed. Both of them turned around to stroll across the corridor when Kaoru suddenly thought of something he had almost forgotten.

"Chotto, Die... You brought two bags last night but we just opened one... So what's the other containing...?"

"Anoo...", the red-head muttered.

"Our breakfast...", he revealed and smiled teasingly.

"Eh...?"

Both of them had reached the door frame that led to the kitchen as Kaoru stopped and turned to face Die.

"Why the heck did you bring breakfast when you definitely couldn't be sure if I'd even let you in for dinner...?"

"Oh, I just made a guess, you know..."

Die sounded like he did not understand Kaoru's question. Then he shrugged. Kaoru was looking at him in surprise but then just sighed and shook his head.

"Sometimes you really surprise me with that hidden thoughtfulness of yours, Die-kun... So you can be like that actually...?"

Kaoru started to smile and apologetically nudged Die in a friendly way.

"But that's what I like... Thank you, Daisuke... I could have never finished that song if it hadn't been for you only..."

"Don't say that...", the red-head responded and both smiled at each other in deep affection again.

"Just promise me to never let yourself down again, will you...?"

Kaoru nodded.

"I will as long as you're there to care for me, will you do that...?"

"More than anything else..."

Die, at this, touched him on the neck and gently stroked the warm skin beneath.

"Indeed more than anything else...", he repeated. Listening to these words Kaoru gratefully gave him a little peck on the cheek and then pushed him with gentle strength into the kitchen...

owari

That's been a long piece of work for me... But you may ask now what happened after that...? Well, I'd be very pleased if you'd tell me your guesses... Just what you think happens with their relationship... *smile* I dare you...

I've been planning this story for a little while, then wrote it but felt unhappy about its style... So I changed it round, replaced some statements, added some and now I think it's at its best... (^.^)v

At that I'd like to thank destiny for her lyric advices and her first part of the lyrics that drove Kaoru empty... That's really been a great help...

stay tuned for the next crime...