

# Ocean Avenue

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## Kapitel 15: Sureshot

Hiruma awoke the following Sunday, because some annoying ring tone woke him up. He tried to move, to put his hands out of the bed, but he was tucked comfortably under somebody's chin and held tightly in said somebody's arms. He tried to remember what had happened last night when suddenly he was hit by the memory.

He had talked with Musashi who had admitted that he had been living a lie; that he was fed up of faking his own personality for the better good, even though he had planned to continue doing that for five more years. Hiruma had laughed at him and they had made up afterwards, kissing wildly and hotly until Hiruma decided to put up a little show and take off his shirt in front of the other slow and tantalizing.

Obviously he had been a little too slow, because the next thing that he heard was loud snoring. Instead of watching him, Musashi had fallen asleep, too exhausted from the prior days. First, Hiruma felt neglected, but he was not able to be pissed off for long as he saw Musashi sleeping like a little child, waking not even when Hiruma tried to wake him up by pulling on his hair. Thus, he decided that he had no other choice but to lie down next to his lover and try to sleep as well. Fortunately, with Musashi lying next to him, he did not have any problems falling asleep.

And now, the other man held him so close in his arms that he was hardly able to breathe, but that was not what had woken him up.

"Hey, old man," he said, not too loudly, because he was not quite yet awake himself, "wake up. Your phone's ringing... Hey! Wake up!"

Musashi grumbled and groaned, blinking his eyes open drowsily. "Hm? What?..."

"Your phone is ringing," Hiruma repeated, starting to get impatient. "Oh, and while you pick it up, it would be nice if you gave me some space to breathe."

Musashi grumbled something unintelligible as he turned to lie on his back, reaching blindly over to the nightstand where he found his mobile phone lying around and he picked it up. "Hello? ...They hung up."

Just as Hiruma finished rolling his eyes, the phone started ringing again. This time, Musashi picked up the call more quickly than before. "Hello? Oh, it's you... What?... I

promised to watch your match today? ...Well, yeah. Sorry. I forgot. When does it start? ... In two hours? Fine, I'll try to be there as fast as I can. Love you, bye-bye."

Hiruma pouted. He had hoped that he would get his make-up-sex now, after Musashi had fallen asleep on him so indignantly the night before, but with only two hours to get to Deimon High School that would only leave a quickie in the shower as an option. And that was something that not even Hiruma wanted, no matter how deprived he was. Even he wanted something that could count as celebration.

Thus, he turned his back on Musashi, closed his eyes and tried to get some more sleep. Naturally though, the other man had other plans.

"Hey, come on, get up," he cheered, wrapping himself around Hiruma's back, kissing the sensitive spot right beneath his ear. "We've got to go to a football match, Deimon Devil Bats against the Shinryuujii Naga."

"What, they're still using these old names?" Hiruma snorted, not turning around though.

"They're good names, both of them," Musashi smiled against the blond's neck, breathing out and smiling when he felt Hiruma shiver.

"They can have whatever names they want, for all I care," Hiruma mumbled, still not moving an inch. "I won't be going."

"Oh yes, you will," Musashi countered, using his strength to wrap his arms around Hiruma's waist and pull him over onto his lap. Hiruma squeaked despite himself, struggling against the other's strong hold. Back in the days he would have hit him or worse for that, but right then he was so surprised that he didn't even manage to struggle free.

"You will come with me because you promised my wife, me and most of all Ken," Musashi elaborated, emphasizing his point with a gentle nip at Hiruma's left ear, eliciting a moan from the blond that made him all the more want to ignore his son's request.

"Fuck you! Fucking old man, let me down!" Hiruma cursed, kicking his legs up in the air.

"Only if you come with me later," Musashi cooed, biting the blond's ear again.

Hiruma bit his lower lip not to cry out or mewl or make any other strange sounds, but ceased his struggling. "I refuse. I already accompanied you yesterday against my will."

"But that was for your own sake. This time it's because you actually made a promise to a member of my family," the other man elaborated, "and also because I know you want to see a good football match."

Hiruma said nothing, but glared up at the ceiling. "You say that like Deimon is really good... Well, they have to if they play against Shinryuujii right at the beginning of the

term..."

Musashi said nothing to that, just smiled and released the blond out of his hold so that they could go and take their showers respectively.

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"Or Shinryuuji has gotten extremely bad over the years," Hiruma sighed at the end of the second quarter. "How the fuck could that happen?"

Musashi chuckled, not exactly happy with the outcome himself. "Well, ever since the old Sendouda died things have gotten worse for the Nagas. Kongo Unsui had tried to take over, but taking care of his mental brother and the family business was taking up too much of his time so they never got a good coach again."

Hiruma snorted. "What a pity."

"Yeah, I know," Musashi sighed. "Somehow American Football has lost a lot of fans since you left Japan. Thus, the funds that had been used for those clubs have flown into other clubs... Really, it's a pity."

Hiruma shrugged, pretending indifference to the compliment.

"Come on, it's undeniable that thanks to you American Football has gotten popular during that year we made it to the Christmas Bowl. You did one hell of a good PR-job back then," Musashi poked him further.

"Yeah, but that doesn't have anything to do with that farce they call game down there on the field," Hiruma grumbled.

"Well, both teams lack a good coach," Musashi said and the blond made a face due to the hint behind his statement.

"I'm not going to train them, understood?"

"I'm not trying to talk you into it, I'm just stating the facts," Musashi explained, watching his son's team moving over to their side of the field, obviously talking about strategies to turn this match around.

"They're not that bad," Hiruma mumbled, his mouth for once working faster than his brain. "The quarterback is good... What year is he in?"

"From what I heard he's a first year and that's his first football match ever," Musashi explained, wrecking his brain for the name of the boy, but somehow it deluded him, no matter how hard he tried.

"A natural, that's good," the blond said. "I take it the fatty in the line and the receiver

are in your son's year?"

Musashi nodded, "Yes, they have been training together during the past year. The other two boys stayed over a few nights and Mamori and I had to tell them of the old times. They watched all the videos from our old games one night... They remind me of us back then..."

"The other guys play like shit," Hiruma stated as if Musashi had not said one word.

"Yeah, they're all first years, the only ones that seemed to be interested in such a club. I bet a lot of them will leave after this game," Musashi sighed. "And they had just found enough people to form an entire team..."

"I need to take a piss," Hiruma said suddenly and stood up.

Musashi looked up at him in surprise, mumbled something that they were still where they were when they left school and asked if he should show him. The blond ignored him though and said that he was well able to take a piss by himself. Thus he left without saying any other word.

When he returned about ten minutes later, he had a look on his face that he usually had when he had found a strategy to defeat the opponent.

"...What did you do?" Musashi asked as he looked at the other sitting down.

"I took a piss. Nothing else," Hiruma said, looking smug.

"You know I don't believe you, don't you?" the other man said, raising an eyebrow with an amused smile.

The blond just shrugged, saying nothing. A few moments later he was saved from answering any more questions as the match continued.

It was Deimon's offense, the score was 7:8 with Shinryuuji in lead, 43 yards to go. All other offenses before had ended up with nothing, except for one where the receiver had luckily managed to catch one of the quarterback's more well-aimed throws. This time though, they seemed to be going for a run, because as soon as the ball was thrown back, the tall, thin running back dashed forward, welcoming the ball from the quarterback just to keep on dashing forward right into the awaiting arms of Shinruuji's defense.

But as everybody focused on the running back, nobody noticed how the quarterback put up the ball in a kicking stance. Ken, who had stayed behind as a last line of defense, took a small start-up and then kicked the ball with all his might. The visitors of the game jumped up from their seats, following the ball with wide eyes and loud cheers as the cheerleaders jumped up and down, singing some supportive chants. Everybody stopped moving because the ball was soaring so high that nobody would have been able to stop it; now the only thing that mattered was the fact whether or not the ball would fly through the poles or not.

Musashi, who was standing just as almost everybody else, squinted a little, but he knew from experience that the ball would be inside the poles. Still, he held his breath just like everybody else as Hiruma beside him chewed on his bubble gum as if nothing was strange at all. When the ball finally flew through the poles and fell down on the ground like it as supposed to, Hiruma popping his gum went under in the loud cheerings.

“How did you know that he was able to kick the ball that far?” Musashi asked Hiruma as he sat down again.

The blond just shrugged. “I asked him. He said the farthest successful kick that he had ever done were 56 yards and that happened only once, so I figured this would be easy for him. The feint was their own idea though.”

“...Well, thanks to that, they’re leading now 10:8,” Musashi noted. “Let’s hope it stays like this until the end of the match.”

“Oh yeah, it will make the fucking match even more boring,” Hiruma mumbled, blowing another bubble with his gum.

In the end, Deimon tried to use some surprising moves a few more times, as did Shinruuji, obviously goaded on by Deimon’s try. The result was close, but with 17:18 it was Shinryuujii’s win. Hiruma stood up as soon as the game ended, fully intending to leave the place, but Musashi caught his arm first.

“Hey, Ken! Good game!” the man yelled down to his son, blinking in surprise when the captain of the cheerleaders came running towards his son, jumping into his arms and kissed him viciously, making Musashi shake his head with a fatherly smile.

“Oh, I remember that girl,” Hiruma said next to him in a bored tone. “From the night that I stayed over at your family’s house.”

Musashi just rolled his eyes. “Well, great. Come on, let’s get going.”

“Gen! There you are!” a familiar voice cried out. “I thought we’d meet before the game!”

“I’m sorry, honey, but we overslept a bit,” Musashi apologized to his wife.

“Oh, I know. Ken told me that he called you,” Mamori smiled. “I hope you had a good night. Hiruma...”

The blond looked indifferent, but that was only to cover up a slight pang of guilt. How could he look at her without feeling guilty after what her husband had told him last night?