

## ETERNAL MELODY

### Chapter 1 - Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow

A young woman with long chocolate brown hair, wearing a white off-shoulder sundress, with a purple-colored cardigan on top, sat in front of an easel. The sound of gentle brush strokes. She was painting slowly today, and yet her palette seemed to run out of paint quickly.

It seemed she would have to drag him back home soon, Sumire thought as a cold gust of wind blew across the room.

The story of their love was quite a roller coaster. Sumire understood that well. From the very moment he reappeared in front of her, she knew her future would be in his hands.

The moment she initiated that kiss, and the moment she accepted his hand.

Perhaps it was more of an experiment because of the feelings that had been building up inside her heart. Yet despite it being an experiment - it was something she couldn't forget. Her gaze fell on the young girl looking at her paintings.

"Hey Lila-chan, do you want to listen to a story?"

"Mommy, you're just going to talk about father again."

Sumire chuckled, "This is a different story." Her gaze softened as she pulled her daughter onto her lap. "A pure romance story, like the one's you like reading about."

Lila looked up, "I'm listening."

"You see, Lila-chan when I met your father after losing touch. It was already our fourth encounter, but this time he stayed in my life for longer."

When they first met again? It was during the harshest time of her life. She went through so much pain and suffering before she could find happiness.

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Twenty years ago Monday, February 4th, TOKYO 2015

In a nightclub was where it all started- the place where she met him again.

Love was just an illusion.

After she lost her boyfriend because of an accident, Sumire escaped to Tokyo to forget it all. If it's in this place, maybe she can forget everything. But that's a lie, she won't forget no matter how much time passed by.

People hate liars, and yet, many like them too. They lie and play with a person's emotions, its human nature. But liars lose nothing since nothing they say is real. They had nothing, to begin with.

She is a liar - and yet for the first time in so long; she wanted something to happen. Something to change.

Sumire had always been so reckless, but of all the things she had ever done, this had been the most reckless. She arrived in Tokyo only three hours ago. Usually, one would use that time to settle in. But instead, she wandered aimlessly around the streets, with no destination in mind.

But now? Now she found herself pinned against the wall in a popular nightclub, cornered and vulnerable? No, not vulnerable. They cannot use such words for a person like her.

The man who pinned her against a wall had black hair as dark as the pitch-black skies, and his eyes. For the past few minutes, Sumire tried to determine what color his eyes were.

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A palette of brown shades appeared in her head. Beaver, beige, buff, chestnut, coyote, desert sand, or maybe even the color of earth? No, it differed from that.

'Chocolate brown.' Yes, it was the same colour as chocolate. 'Would his lips be just as sweet as the color of his eyes?' Sumire couldn't help but think such crazy thoughts now they are this close to each other. She wondered what type of situation is this.

Who is this stranger? She didn't know him personally, but she heard rumors and saw him surrounded by girls. The moment her violet-colored eyes met his, she felt an electric shock through her body. But Sumire avoided him, and yet they still ended up like this.

Seconds turned into minutes. Sumire didn't even know what she was expecting from this.

"So hey," he slurred his words. From the looks of things he was very drunk, and yet she didn't push him away. "You're Ibuki Sumire, right?"

Sumire blinked when she heard those words. Huh? Why does he know her name?

She quickly composed herself and asked him. "I am and you are..."

"Terashima Yuhi."

The name that left his lips was one she couldn't forget. Memories of her childhood flashed through her head. Different colored paint, bright and vibrant colors. A small studio and a thread, a single color. A combination of something new. For a moment, Sumire froze. She didn't know what to say, 'it's him?'

Sumire noticed one thing. Yuhi wore a black hoodie, and he seemed to blend in with the surroundings. 'Wearing clothes like this, normally nobody would

recognize him.' Then again, she was wearing similar clothes. She wore pure a black leather jacket and grey trousers. Also, her gaze fell on the white material at her feet, 'and a mask.'

But when Yuhi cornered her, he threw it away.

He also wore a pair of black frames across his eyes. Those aren't sunglasses. A normal pair? Is his eyesight bad?

"I came to fetch you," Yuhi rubbed the back of his hair awkwardly. "I mean, you will be living off-campus, right?"

Off-campus? Sumire had yet to regain control of her senses. She couldn't process it. It's him, it's Yuhi. What does she do about this? She didn't think she would encounter him so soon. Or rather, to think he was the one who those people asked. She has to talk to them later. Why did they send Yuhi of all people to fetch her?

Then again, her agency wouldn't be so careless asking Terashima Yuhi to pick her up. A famous figure like that getting involved with her would end up in another scandal. 'It must be Asuka.' Out of all their mutual friends, only that girl would intervene this much.

She took a deep breath; she needs to calm down. "I will be fine alone."

"Why are you acting tough for? It's stupid."

Stupid?!! Sumire angrily turned away. She did not want to waste her time on him. Sumire quickly walked away and hastened her steps. At first, she heard him following behind her, but his footsteps quickly faded away. A deep sigh crossed her lips. 'What is she doing?' Did she have to get mad at him?

He only meant well. Now that Sumire thought about it, even though those girls surrounded him. He wasn't flirting with them. It seemed like he predicted her

coming here before she did. Should she go back and apologize? But, Sumire recalled the way he looked at her. It would be better if she doesn't go back.

Her thoughts broke off when she felt a menacing presence. Sumire immediately stepped aside. But the moment she did, somebody grabbed hold of her from the back. Despite the dim lighting in the corridor, Sumire knew who they were.

The girls from earlier who were with Yuhi. It seemed they saw him taking her away. 'What a problematic situation.' Sumire wanted to walk away, but she couldn't. The girls continued attacking her verbally.

A group of girls with voluptuous figures, far different from her own. While people complimented her for looking mature, figure wise, Sumire knew she couldn't compare. It made her feel bitter knowing Yuhi hung around with such people. But she quickly shook that thought out of her mind.

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"Bitch, I can't stand you hanging out with our Yuhi-sama!" one of them exclaimed.

"Yeah," the girl with curly blonde hair agreed. "Do you think you're so great because you debuted recently?"

The short girl at the front sniggered, "This girl is a bitch. I mean, wasn't she dating that Mamo- whatever recently? Just because he died she is flirting?"

At that comment, her gaze darkened. Sumire wasn't angry before, she was calm. But now? She was angry. She felt her blood boil due to the intense anger.

"Flirting? She's openly seducing. What a slut. Then again, maybe that's what that guy liked about her."

Sumire could no longer take it, and spat on the girl. Since she was standing close to her, it landed directly on her eyes. The girl screamed. "Aaah."

The one holding her down seemed startled, and she used that chance to break free.

Initially, she was casually dodging, but when one of them landed their fist on her shoulders. Sumire's lips curved into a smile, and in the next second, she was fighting back.

Regarding stuff that people rarely believe in, Ibuki Sumire believed it easily. However, they're also individuals who hold a belief in strange matters that she didn't see the significance in, like the imprint on her palm.

She heard many tales on the matter. Tales on which each color meant, but out of all those colors, she instantly realized that she had an unusual one.

The nurses had made a big deal out of it upon discovering she and another child had it. That child was Mamoru, Tsueno Mamoru.

"Why you, don't think you can get away with this," one girl at the front growled as she rushed forward. Sumire quickly appeared at the girl's side and knocked her out using her palm. The girl landed on the ground with a huge thud.

"Do you still wish to continue?" Sumire asked. She saw the fear in their eyes, and yet they responded by charging towards her.

What a foolish group of people. But isn't she the same?

When she and Mamoru noticed it, their reaction was pretty much, 'Oh it's the same' - then the conversation ended like that. He hadn't been the type of person who focused on such matters, nor did she. But perhaps there was already a silent agreement between them, that even if they didn't have the same that it wouldn't have mattered.

People always believe in rumors connecting them to another individual. In the end, isn't that because 'Humans crave for love and attention?' It was one of the few things she learned from that person in the past. How accurate that statement was.

Her gaze flickered onto the pile of bodies that lay at her feet and the surroundings. The fight ended a few seconds ago when she knocked down the leader. Uh oh, she did it again. Why does she keep causing problems like this? Is she a hopeless case after all?

Sumire saw something from the corner of her eyes. The colour red.

A crimson red color.

'Not her favorite scarlet red.' Sumire crouched down and bent down. Her gaze darkened. She didn't have to look at the state of her hands to know. Her hands stained with this color time repeatedly. She did it again. How many times does this make this?' Her thoughts broke off when somebody pulled her to her feet.

Her amethyst colored eyes met his chocolate brown ones. "Can you run?"

"I can."

Sumire's eyes widened when she realized he wasn't letting go of her hand. He increased his speed and ran. So Sumire had no choice but to follow along. She couldn't see his expression anymore, only his back and yet. 'This sight is familiar to her; this happened back then too.' A young boy who dragged her along everywhere.

Long before they had ever met, this destiny awaited them. They were not like ships passing in the night. It wasn't like they didn't understand each other. They understood each other better than anyone else, and they focused solely each on each other.