

Eternal Melody 31 Warmth

"I'm here with someone."

Sumire did not understand why Yuhi had to say that. She is standing right here. It's not like she is further away. Then again Sumire understood from the way the girl greeted Yuhi. This girl must like him. Maybe she is being ignored? Just as Sumire thought that, the girl looked over at her. "Ibuki Sumire-chan?"

"Uh..."

Why does this pretty girl know my name? Also... Sumire couldn't help but look at the girl's arm, which clung to Yuhi. Asami followed her gaze; the girl looked back and forth at her and Yuhi before letting go.

"I'm so sorry!" She apologized. "I didn't know you two were dating. Yuhi-kun, you should have just said so."

Wait, wait, they are what now? She isn't dating Yuhi. From the sounds of things, this girl is somebody from their school.

"Right now, we're dating now."

"Ehhh?! So it's true. Yuhi-kun, I will give you the keys back on Monday and mail the other girls to do the same. But you should warn them too."

"I know."

Keys? That's right; people said he was a player. So it was true, after all. Yuhi did admit it to her, so Sumire does not know why she was so surprised.

"I'm from the same class as you. Hanato Asami." Asami clasped her free hand. "I've wanted to talk to you, but you aren't around."

The same class as her? Sumire, however, couldn't recognize her.

"This is good timing. Our seats are quite close to one another, so I was thinking we could get along and exchange numbers. Oh I'm in your class but I'm also a fashion student. Did you know about the fashion design department..."

The girl started to rant.

"Asami!" A female voice called out from the door. "We're heading to karaoke now. I called up the others."

Asami nodded. "I'm coming." She turned to them. "If you two want to join, we're at the usual place." With those words said, the cheerful girl left.

A relieved sigh escaped her lips, and Yuhi squeezed her hands. "Too much for you?"

"I don't know how to handle people like that," Sumire admitted.

Yuhi nodded, he bent down and kissed her forehead gently. "I'm here for you."

Should she tell him to stop doing that? Then again, he does not have any bad intentions towards her, so maybe she should leave it be. Sumire turned to the chip lane and put a bag of Doritos onto the basket. Yuhi removed the bag and replaced it with a packet of lays.

Sumire raised her eyebrows at this but did not say a word and removed the bag of lays.

"Hey, now, do you want to fight with me over this?"

"You're the one being petty." Sumire pointed out.

"Lays taste better, and the flavors are more natural," Yuhi argued.

They both spend the next two minutes arguing with one another.

Sumire rolled her eyes. "As much as I want to continue this debate, were attracting too much attention." She noticed many people looking over at them. "Let's continue shopping. What would you like for dinner?"

"Hamburger steak."

"You can't eat meat all the time."

"I don't want to hear that from you."

Well, she can't argue with him there. The two of them make their way to the meat section of the store. Whenever Sumire bought anything she liked, she would take her time; today was no exception. Yuhi even let go of her hand because he wanted to get something. It was peaceful for a short while until she felt somebody nuzzle their face against her neck and hug her from the back.

Sumire immediately recognized who it was and sighed. "Weren't you going to buy something?"

"I was, but hmmm, I will let you decide."

"You have become so lazy..." Sumire trailed off when she felt him place kisses on her neck. Her gaze turned hollow and her feelings seemed to turn numb the more he kissed her neck. "Are you done?"

"Sumire."

"I will look at the other lane."

To her surprise, Yuhi agreed, and let go of her. Sumire hurriedly walked away and sighed. It's not like she wanted to push him away. There was something comfortable about Yuhi's kisses whenever she sleeps beside him, its warm. A different sort of warmth than Mamoru's.

She wonders what Yuhi thinks of the current situation between them. The two of them aren't dating one another, and yet many people see them as a couple already.

Why do people see them as a couple? Sumire did not have to question why, and this is because of him.

Yuhi acts so boldly and touches her so easily. In the few days where she attended school, Sumire is sure people noticed it. Her thoughts broke off when she heard the sound of her phone. Sumire dove her hand into her pocket and pulled out her phone to see a simple text message.

From: Asuka

How are you?

From: Sumire

Don't tell Yuhi anything more about me.

From: Asuka

Even if I don't say anything, he will find out anyway. It's better that you know he is learning everything from me.

Sumire sighed when she read that message. Indeed, if Yuhi personally investigated that stuff about her, she would get offended. If Asuka tells him, then she won't be mad.

She wanted to say something else to her friend, but she quickly put her phone away and returned to shopping. She was distracted the entire time. Yuhi is a good guy and all. But isn't he too perfect? He knew the right thing to say whenever she was upset; he knew what to do whenever she had a breakdown. Terashima Yuhi is too perfect; sometimes, she ends up suspicious. A guy as perfect as that cannot exist without flaws.

There has to be something wrong here. Her thoughts broke off when she felt somebody reach out for the can she was trying to get. Sumire looked over and saw Yuhi.

"You didn't bring the trolley with you."

"Right..." Sumire looked down at the ground. Why did she have to make it so awkward? "Lets.. go around together." She mumbled.

Yuhi said nothing but nodded.

Eternal Melody 32 I hate liars

It was an awkward journey back home. Sumire knew she overdid it, but Yuhi shouldn't be doing such things with her anyway. Does he have to make it so difficult for her? Or maybe she is the one over complicating things. If Yuhi wanted to take advantage of her, he would have done so a long time ago.

Sumire took a deep breath and glanced over at him since they left the store he would not look her in the eye. But her gaze fell on the bag in his hands. He still offered to carry everything. Sumire took a deep breath and extended her hand out, so she was holding the bag too.

Yuhi blinked. "It's okay. I can carry it."

"I want to help." Sumire looked away. "I'm sorry for earlier. I didn't mean to.."

At that comment, Yuhi shook his head. "No, it isn't your fault. I mean, I should learn the meaning of self-control. Even if you are beautiful, and it's hard for me to be around you without attacking, I will learn to control myself."

A light tint of red appeared on her cheeks. It was a good thing; it was dark; otherwise, she knew he would comment about it. This person is truly unreasonable. Most of the time, he is clumsy and awkward. He does things without thinking, and he is very reckless. But sometimes he is like this; he comes up with the perfect answer. It's like he understands what she is thinking.

"Did you just call me beautiful?"

Suddenly Yuhi looked away from her, but it was already far too late, Sumire saw it. His entire face turned red to his ears. Woah-- is he embarrassed?" A beautiful shade of red.

"Oi, don't look at me."

"Yuhi, I want to look more."

"H--Hey, don't get so close," Yuhi warned her.

Sumire, however, continued to get closer to him. She wanted to get a better look. This is the first time she saw Yuhi embarrassed like this. Sure she saw him blush a few times since she came here, but it was nothing like this.

Closer and closer, until there is no longer a distance between them. Before Sumire knew it, she was very close to Yuhi.

"Damn, are you doing this deliberately?"

"S-sorry." Sumire apologized and backed away. But Yuhi grabbed her arm. "Let go."

"Since I already did a bad thing tonight, let me say something else that will upset you." Yuhi leaned forward. Before he could do anything, however, Sumire lost her footing.

Yuhi quickly caught her. "You are so clumsy."

"I--I--"

This is so humiliating, and why does she feel so nervous? Stupid hormones.

"I think I broke my heel." Sumire did not have to look down at her feet to know that.

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The steps were cold, and yet Sumire did not want to stand up due to her current predicament. Her gaze fell on her now bare feet. Yuhi was busy fixing her shoes for her.

"You know, I didn't realize you were wearing heels."

"I just grabbed whatever when we went out."

Yuhi nodded. "Mm, I'm surprised you even own a pair of heels."

At that comment, Sumire sighed. "Do not make me sound like such a strange person. I'm still a girl, you know, of course, I wear heels." Yuhi chuckled. "I know."

Sumire could not miss his tone when he said that, so she swiftly changed the topic. No more awkward moments, otherwise she won't be able to sleep.

"How come you know how to fix female shoes?"

"Well, I have done this before."

Ahh- stupid. Why did she ask this question? So Yuhi is a player. She genuinely found it hard to believe. He is so kind and gentle to her. Ever since she arrived in Tokyo, Sumire did not see him with many girls. Or rather now that she thought it through, Yuhi is always with



me. Is that the reason why he isn't fooling around now, because of her?

Yuhi did say he liked her, she knew his feelings were genuine. But Sumire did not think he would stop seeing other girls the moment she came. It's not like they are dating, so he can do whatever he wants. But she recalled Yuhi's expression earlier when that girl asked. It seems like he is serious.

"Does it bother you?"

"Well.." Sumire trailed off. "Not just the shoe thing. But how come you can paint nails perfectly too?"

When she stayed over the first time, it surprised her when she saw the bottles of nail varnish.

Yuhi chuckled. "Did you guess that?"

"Ah-huh."

"I guess I learned it. The girls who stayed with me were very fussy. They would wake up late in the morning and rush. I got used to helping them out."

Her eyes twitched in annoyance. Why does it sound like he is showing off now? Then again, she shouldn't act this way. She isn't jealous or anything. But this makes her uncomfortable.

"You know I missed you a lot."

Eh? Wait what?

"Since we're on this subject about me seeing other girls, I will have you know this. I only saw those other girls to fill the longing I felt for. I didn't stay with any of them long, and the relationship was pure lust."

"Y—you don't have to explain it to me."

"I want to. I don't want you to misunderstand."

This guy is so straightforward and honest. She can't even play her usual mind games with him since he would see right through her. Sumire took a deep breath and shifted closer until she sat right beside him.

"I feel like you're the one messing with me." Sumire sighed.

"Am I?"

"I've never met such a foolishly honest person before."

"I'm surprised too. Since you came here, I haven't lied once."

"Do you dislike liars?"

Yuhi shook his head. "I don't. I feel like lies are necessary, sometimes the truth will hurt another person."

Her gaze softened when she heard those words. Honestly, what a foolish person. "You know people hate liars, and yet many like them too. You see, even though I'm a liar too, I don't like liars."

Yuhi did not say anything, and Sumire is grateful. This is one of the things she likes about him. One of the many things, Sumire, quickly found out that there were many things she liked about the man named Terashima Yuhi. He looks like a delinquent; people even mistook him as a member of the yakuza when he doesn't smile.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 33 Uncomfortable

March XX 2015 - Iro Road High Art Building Class A1

Sumire understood that all those days of skipping wouldn't go unpunished. But for somebody who loves art, a punishment involving painting another picture isn't a punishment for her. She could choose the theme too. When she heard that last part, the punishment seemed half-hearted.

Her gaze fell on the easel in front of her. For the past few minutes, she was having a hard time painting the cherry blossoms. After the failure of the first branch, Sumire tested it out several times on scrap pieces of paper.

It still doesn't look right to her. Is it too flat? No, the tree is far away. If it were flat, it would be very obvious. So what is it? Maybe it doesn't look like a cherry blossom. Her thoughts broke off when somebody entered the room. Sumire glanced over.

"Yuhi."

"So this is where you were. Its almost lunchtime."

"I just have to finish this up."

"So hey," Yuhi said. He was dangerously close to her again. "A couple of us will have lunch outside since the weather is good, do you want to join?"

Sumire looked at him, puzzled. She knew that he usually disliked such gatherings. He would spend them in his studio or the abandoned building rooftop. She quickly learned his schedule and pattern very well.

"I have work to finish." Sumire pointed to the half-completed painting in front of her.

"Huh? What is this, an extra assignment?" Yuhi asked.

A dark gaze appeared on her face when she recalled the conversation she had with Nakarsensei this morning. Sumire explained everything to Yuhi. "He wanted to set me some other work, but I'm still an art student."

"Hmmm.." Yuhi trailed off. "This part is wrong."

"Ah, where?"

Yuhi pulled up the spare stool and sat down beside her. "Over here." He took her brush from her hands and pointed to the top of the painting. "Cherry blossoms are not difficult once you get the hand of it. Careful and light brush strokes. You don't even need to use the whole brush, just flick it like this," Yuhi flicked the brush tip, which still had paint on it on the canvas.

Small bead-like shapes appeared on the tree; it looked like random circles at first. But the more Yuhi added, it quickly changed. Her eyes brightened when she saw her cherry blossoms transformed.

"That's amazing, Yuhi."

His lips curve to a smile. "One thing you have to remember is there is a technique to drawing anything. But you have to find what suits you best."

"Techniques, huh?" Sumire mumbled. "I learned how to paint all by myself, and everything I know is based on bits and pieces I have seen. But I guess it isn't good enough."

"Don't beat yourself up about it; these things take time. Honestly, you have achieved a lot for somebody who learned randomly."

"I know." Sumire agreed. "But aren't we judged on technical skills for a lot of our pieces? Even our simple sketches not too long ago."

Yuhi paused and then nodded. "That isn't an issue. If you want I could teach you, and also I have many books at home, you can read them." Her gaze softened at his words. "Then I will accept your offer." She trailed off when she got a proper look at him. There were traces of paint on his face, hair, and fingertips. "Were you painting something?"

"I ended up demonstrating outside."

A live demonstration?

"You see many people from other schools visit during the day. Just now, a group of other students from another school saw me, and it ended up this way."

Now that she thought about it, how come Yuhi doesn't get harassed on school grounds? It was a real mystery to her. Then again, it's a good thing. If Yuhi got harassed in school grounds, she would not get any peace either. The two of them seldom separate from one another. The live piece Yuhi did, she is interested. Her gaze fell on her painting and then back at Yuhi.

"I guess we could eat with others for a change."

Yuhi bent down and briefly kissed her forehead. "Cool, let's go then."

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When they arrived outside, it seemed like all of Yuhi's friends were in the middle of some kind of competition. The girl from the other day Asami was there too with a bunch of girls from other classes. Sumire felt very uncomfortable when she saw how large the crowd was. Yuhi had yet to announce their arrival, but she already saw people looking over at them.

She felt her breathing become unsteady; her vision seemed to blur. People's voices seemed to mix and blend. She could not make sense of anything. After the accident, Sumire did not go out for a long time, and when she did go out for the first time, it was awful. It was the middle of the night; she woke up after finally falling asleep.

It was late and yet there were so many people, all of them were looking at her. At first, Sumire thought she imagined things, but the more time that passed by, the more she realized they were all looking at her. She recalled that time very well; she woke up very confused. The first thing I did then was to call Ru, only to realize he wasn't answering the phone.

It was strange, and that's why she decided to go look for him. Barely dressed, she left her house and headed to his house. After walking for fifteen minutes, Sumire noticed people were looking at her.

Poor unfortunate girl.

That's the one, right? The one who got into an accident.

I heard she was the one who asked him for a lift.

So she indirectly killed him, oh dear.

She indirectly killed him. That's right; it was because of her that Ru died. Ru was dead? Sumire remembered it then. Ru is dead - so even if she went to his house, nobody would be there to greet her. He would not be there to hug her and hold her tightly. She couldn't forget the looks on people's faces and the group of people who threw things at her.

She quickly hid behind Yuhi.

Yuhi squeezed her hands. "Too much?"

Sumire nodded. "Sorry."

Like the kind and perfect gentleman, Yuhi didn't call her annoying or say it was a bother, instead, he took her hand in his and walked away. He brought her to an area behind one of the buildings. Sumire slumped her head on his chest, and he gently caressed her hair.

"I thought you would be ready, sorry."

Sumire shook her head. Her breathing still felt unsteady, but it was slowly returning to normal. "Its okay, Yuhi." She is the weird one. It was not too long ago where she sang in front of such huge crowds. But now? Now she shrinks away whenever she sees a small group of people.

Would forty be considered a small group, though? If she compared it to the large audience, she used to sing for, then yes, it was small. But for the current Ibuki Sumire, these numbers are huge.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 34 I do trust you

For her, it was too much, but she didn't think she would end up having an attack. Just when Sumire thought her breathing was returning to normal, she suddenly felt a tightening pain around her chest. Before Sumire understood what was happening, her vision blurred, and she passed out.

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Iro Road High School - Infirmary - Art Building

Sumire slowly opened her eyes and stared blankly at the ceiling. For a moment, she did not know where she was. Her head hurt a lot, and there was a burning sensation in her right eye.

She must have passed out. Sumire sighed, 'why do I keep causing Yuhi problems? But more importantly, I had an attack...' Sumire immediately sat up and realized something. Yuhi doesn't know about that, so he didn't use a bag, could it be--- she placed her hand on her lips.



He must have kissed her. This time around, it was to help her, but it left her feeling strange. Her thoughts broke off when she glanced over and saw Yuhi fast asleep beside her.

Ah, that's why it was so warm.

She truly doesn't understand anymore. It isn't fair on him, but if she were to push him away, then she would truly fall apart.

"Mmm," Yuhi said. He seemed drowsy, and yet caressed her hair. "You okay now? Do you need anything?"

"I'm okay Yuhi, it was just excess breath."

"Just?" He seemed slightly angry but shook his head. "I know you don't like yourself, Sumire, and I understand how you feel better than anybody. But this isn't okay."

"I know it's weird—" Her sentence fell short when Yuhi traced her lips with his fingers. There was something sensual about this action of his, that led to her heart beating fast. Sumire however ignored it and spoke up. "I'm sorry for not telling you, Yuhi."

"Good." He seemed pleased with her reply. "I know you might find it awkward to speak to me about these things. But please tell me, you can talk to me about anything, Sumire. I know you went through a hard time when you were younger and can't communicate with others properly. But remember, I am the same as you, you're not alone." Yuhi pulled her into his arms then. "You never were, and I will never let you be alone."

If a guy gives a perfect answer all the time, there is something wrong. Something like that would be too good to be true. He is only hiding his

true colors, he can whisper these sweet and honey-coated words to her every day, but nothing will change. Its a lie, all of it is a lie. Yuhi is only saying this so he can obtain her trust and hurt her most painfully later.

She has to keep telling herself this. But Sumire already understood deep down what kind of person Terashima Yuhi is.

After a few minutes passed, Yuhi pulled away from her. He turned to the bedside table and pulled out a needle. Sumire looks at it cautiously. "What is that?"

"Morphine."

"Morphine? My injury isn't physi-" Her sentence fell short when she felt Yuhis hands on her skirt.

"Are you going to show me, or do I have to take it off?"  
'It does seem stupid hiding it from him. But I am not proud of it.'

Sumire took a deep breath before she exclaimed. "Okay, okay! I did, a little bit earlier. But it isn't as bad as you make it out to be." Besides, it was only brief, since Yuhi has this bad habit of watching her twenty-four seven.

"See, it wasn't that hard." Yuhi patted her hair.

Sumire sighed. "Don't treat me like a child." She shrugged his hand away.

"Is that all?"

She nodded slowly. "I don't cut on my arm anymore." Even when she is upset, she no longer cuts on her arm.

"Is there anything that caused this?" Yuhi asked.

Sumire can't tell him it was because she saw how he interacted with Asami-san the previous night. Even if it's Yuhi, he will judge her, won't he?

"Okay." Yuhi looked at her tights. "Can you remove it?"

Sumire nodded, and Yuhi looked away. She blinked when she saw this for somebody quick to kiss her whenever he wants... Sumire chuckled. It seems like he is more of a gentleman than she thought. She quickly slipped her tights off and placed it to the side. "You can turn around."

Yuhi did so slowly, he seemed to be cautious, and Sumire laughed. "I won't trick you again."

"Well, you can't be too careful." Yuhi pressed his thumb across the large scratch above her knees. "Does it hurt if I do this?"

"It stings a little."

"The wound is fresh this morning?"

"Uh, when you went to shower," Sumire admitted. She still felt awkward about this entire arrangement. Only a day has passed, and yet she can't adjust. Thankfully Yuhi didn't notice her unease.

"A few hours have passed then." Yuhi examined the cut. "I will disinfect it and put dressing on it. I'm a bit concerned that it is infected already, but it is better now than never."

"Thank you, Yuhi."

"No need to thank me, I was the same before. When things were rough and I couldn't cope emotionally, I would do the same. Unlike you I did it in visible places and didn't cover it up. Back then I thought, I'm already messed up and people know that. Why do I still have to please them?"

"Did you get in trouble?"

Yuhi nodded. "Yeah. A few teachers expressed their concern but I shrugged it off. Since I did that, they quickly turned on me and said I did it for attention."

Sumire looked down. "Was this when---"

Yuhi laughed. "Don't blame yourself, Sumire. Back then, you were going through a lot too, and you wanted to help Mamoru."

That's true, and yet Sumire felt terrible. Yuhi came to her, he relied on her and yet she could not do anything for him. "Honestly, don't feel bad. I'm more worried about you."

"How much did Asuka tell you?"

"Well, she didn't tell me as much as what your thinking."

"That has to be a lie," Sumire exclaimed.

"No lie." Sumire saw his lips curve to a smile. "It was easy to guess your next move and what you were thinking."

This feels frustrating. She has a tough time figuring him out, and yet he reads her so easily, like an open book. Is she that easy to read? But Asuka and her other friends say they have a difficult time understanding what she is thinking. The only people who can read her so easily are people like Yuhi and Ru.

Yuhi applied some ointment on her cut. Naturally, it stung the moment it made contact with her skin. Yuhi quickly dabbed a small piece of cotton over it. "I wish you would talk to me about these things more. Do you not trust me?"

"I do, I trust you." Sumire blurted out.

Yuhi blinked before he burst into laughter. "I didn't think you would react so strongly."

Her cheeks grew hot when she realized how loud her voice was.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 35 Beautiful

What is with that bright smile on his face? That's cheating. She trusts him, huh? Even though she shouldn't trust him. Yuhi is very kind to her. Sure his perfect behavior towards her makes her suspicious at times. But he is a very good person. She understood that much. Now that she thought it through didn't Ru occasionally mention Yuhi? Her thoughts broke off when he tucked a strand of loose hair behind her hair.

"I think everything about you is beautiful," Yuhi commented.

Her eyes widened when she heard those words. This time around, she definitely heard him, he called her beautiful. For a guy like Terashima Yuhi, saying such words is simple. But for her? Sumire felt overwhelmed hearing such a word used on her.

Sumire knew her appearance didn't look bad; she wasn't ugly. Many people have often complimented her for being a beauty. But whenever others complimented her, she felt disgusted and violated. The beauty they see is superficial. The moment anybody sees her scars, all of them react the same way.

'..wow...'

'Who would have thought?'

'That's sick, get away from me you psycho.'

'To think you're one of those types.'

'You're only doing that for attention.'

Tsueno Mamoru and Terashima Yuhi were the only exceptions. Sure she has other male friends who are kind; they don't criticize her. But whenever they see it, Sumire cannot miss the pained looks on their faces. They don't judge her, and that is a good thing.

However, she cannot stand the looks on their faces. Please don't make that face, and it isn't their fault. The one at fault is her.

Her thoughts broke off when she felt Yuhi's hands linger on her cheeks. Soon both of his hands were on her face. "What are you doing?" Sumire questioned.

"So, hey." Yuhi muttered. ".. you're prettier than I thought."

Sumire tried to look down, but it was difficult.

"Now that I think it through, I never got a proper look at your face back then. You always kept your head down around me."

That's because she was embarrassed, and she couldn't look him in the eye. Ru often teased her about it before they started dating. One of the conditions of her dating Ru was him insisting that he would make her forget Yuhi. For a while, she did forget and yet... her gaze fell on Yuhi, who was looking her up and down.

She never looked at Yuhi properly; she was very nervous around him. He was not only somebody she respected but somebody she loved.

"Your red Sumire." Yuhi pointed out.

"Anybody would lose their composure if you breach the personal space thing."

Yuhi chuckled. "That's true, but you're normally so composed around me."

This idiot doesn't understand anything. Then again, it is better for her if he remains this way. If Yuhi doesn't understand, then nothing would change between them.

"Yuhi.."

A flash of sadness appears on his face, but it quickly vanished. "Let me treat your other wounds. Do you have anymo--" Yuhi paused. "- in areas I probably shouldn't look at." he concluded.

Sumire looked away awkwardly. "I do, but I think I can handle the rest myself."

"Just be careful from now on. If you do end up doing this, make sure to treat the wound right away. If it gets infected, it will hurt more."

"Okay, Yuhi."

"Also, the nurse said earlier that you're not eating properly." Yuhi shook his head. "I find it strange since we always eat together."

At that comment, Sumire laid back down on the bed and hid under the duvet. She can't tell him that whenever he looked away, she would pour the food down her sleeve or tuck it away in a napkin. If he knew then, Yuhi would undoubtedly feel guilty; he would blame himself for not watching over her properly.

She heard the sound of the bed creaking and realized that Yuhi climbed on. "H--Hey, what do you think you're doing?"

"As you can see, I am taking a nap."

"Huh?" Sumire looked at him puzzled. "Cl--Class, you should go back."

"No."



This person is so unreasonable! Then again, does Yuhi even need to attend class? He isn't like Ru, but Yuhi is very smart and learns things quickly. His IQ must be very high. According to what she learned from Nakara, Yuhi skips class a lot.

Since she came here, Sumire also observed how Yuhi likes his naps. He takes them often. Her gaze fell on the clock, and a knowing ah escaped her lips. This is usually the time he takes naps. Sumire turned to him. "I'm sleeping too?"

"You're anemic as well, so you're excused. The nurse said if I am skipping anyway, I should take care of you."

Sumire laughed. "I see."

"She also said if I wanted to try something, I could do so since the walls here are soundproof now."

She hits him lightly, but Yuhi grabbed hold of her hands.

"I think this is nice," Yuhi mumbled. "I mean spending time with you like this. Back then, we were close, and yet we couldn't spend time like this."

Back then, huh? Sumire knew what he was referring to. The moments they had with one another than were fleeting like snow. Cold, and yet beautiful moments. There were moments where they only had a few minutes to speak, and even if they spent most of the day together, they would part at the end of the day.

"Yuhi, you remember those times very well. Is your memory that good?" Sumire asked.

She usually would avoid speaking of the past since it ends up making things awkward. But everything's different now. Right now, this is the perfect opportunity for her to get to know the man called Terashima Yuhi. Sumire took a deep breath. "Will you talk to me? I'm not sleepy."

Is this pushing it? Yuhi never misses his daily naps. To her surprise, Yuhi nodded and wrapped his arms around her waist. He brought his face to her hair and mumbled softly. "I can't sleep when you insist on hearing my voice. What would you like to know?"

"My previous question."

"I thought the answer would be obvious, but it isn't because of my memory. Sure I have a strong memory, but it isn't because of that." Yuhi paused and looked at her cautiously. "I think I should leave it there. I don't want to make it awkward."

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 36 Warm colour

So it has something to do with her? This person, perhaps she underestimated his feelings. But then again, when Terashima Yuhi confessed to her, Sumire was not ready at all. He confessed to her so abruptly last year, and it shocked her. Never in her wildest dreams did she think that Terashima Yuhi liked her of all people. Even now she found it hard to believe.

In a few year's time, the things that worry her today will probably seem so small. So insignificant, that it will make her laugh at her past self. But to her current seventeen-year-old self, those problems cover her entire world.

She always knew that if she broke out of her shell, all the lies she had piled up would come back and haunt her. Sumire takes a deep breath; in the process, she saw Yuhi looking at her. That's right; today, she won't hold back. The moment you have been waiting for has come at last. He probably knows too - and that's why he's staring at her. Hurting people and getting hurt are still so scary to her. However, she isn't going to cry about it anymore.

She wants to get stronger. Sumire buried her face in his chest and mumbled. "Will you let me fall in love with you?"

It was a question that had been on her mind since she came here. But she felt conflicted. "It will take time." She quickly added. "Right now, I still can't enter a relationship with anyone, even friendships are difficult. But I want you to stand by my side. Asking you something like this is very selfish, but I want you to wait for me, Yuhi."

"Your so silly, Sumire. You don't have have to ask me to wait."

Sumire looked at him with wide eyes.

"I will wait for you." Yuhi placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Forever."

Sumire sighed. "Forever is too much if you wait that long you will turn old and grey."

Yuhi chuckled. "Would you no longer like me?"

"Well, even if I am a modest person, I won't deny liking handsome faces."

"So, I'm handsome now?"

"You always were handsome, perfect height, good at cooking, and studies. Honestly, you're the perfect guy."

Yuhi is perfect; what is there not too like? Sumire knew the more time she spent with him, the more things she finds that she likes. The only issue is, "Say Yuhi, what about those girls?"

Sumire is the type of person who dislikes such petty conflicts.

"Don't worry. I will handle the rest."

"How many keys did you give out?"

Yuhi looked away. "Well, let's not talk about that dull topic. The nurse said you're anemic, do you want to eat something sweet?"

Sumire shook her head. "I would rather not." Her sentence fell short when she felt a throbbing pain in her eyes. She placed her hand there, puzzled. Lately, her eyes hurt a lot. A throbbing sensation, no burning sensation, like a flame. Is this what Atushi mentioned to her before? He told her he would leave to go abroad to try and fix this problem; however, it seems he did not find anything. He would have said something otherwise.

"Sumire?"

"Nothing."

Even though it is painful not allowing him to say those words, not allowing him to say what is on his mind. It must be painful. Sorry, but

in the end, between the two of us, there really cannot be anything more than this even though he is so very dear and important. Even though he is more important than anybody else, that importance cannot turn out to be feelings of love. Your color is the prettiest. She wasn't lying at all when she said those words to him.

She asked him if it was okay for her to fall in love a few minutes ago. But Sumire was not confident. She did not know whether she could fall for him. For the longest time, her world revolved around the person named Tsueno Mamoru.

For the past few minutes, Sumire noticed that Yuhis eyelids were slowly closing, so when he fell asleep, it did not surprise her.

A lion...

Atushi said that, right? Sumire observed Yuhi carefully. When Yuhi falls asleep, he looks like a tamed lion. Usually, the aura around him is frightening and intimidating. She understood where the yakuza rumors came from. But even when Yuhi is like that, Sumire never saw him as frightening.

Yuhi's color is black.

It is not like Ru's red.

Sumire knew that all too well that the two differed from one another.

Yet, regardless of that, there was something about it that attracted her to it. There was something that drew her in.

Was it because she always found the bright colors of the world blinding? Was it because it was always something she saw too?

Even now, she did not have the answer to that, but Sumire no longer minded. Even though it is a dull colour, even though it is plain and usually associated with negative things. She was drawn into his darkness and loneliness. It is warm, almost like her very own flame and yet so very sad.

Yuhi has his problems and darkness to deal with. But ever since she arrived here, she did not see him break down even once. It worried her, but she was relieved at the same time. The current he cannot help him; she is far too weak.

Sumire edged closer, and Yuhi tightened his hold around her. Sumire blinked when she realized he was suddenly awake. "Sorry, did I disturb you?"

"No." Yuhi shook his head. "But, I think you should sleep too, Sumire."

Her gaze softened. "I think I'm becoming lazy too. I want to stay here and not attend the rest of the class."

Yuhi lips curve to a small smile. "Let's skip for today and sleep. Don't worry about people interfering, I locked the door and put a sign."

Sumire laughed. "So silly."

"Sleep well, Sumire."

Eternal Melody 37 A world of colour

'In my world everything was grey.

She didn't know that other colors existed. From her earliest memories, people and places were all grey.

After meeting you for the first time, I discovered the brightest colors for the first time.

I discovered the bright colors of this world. For the first time, I felt the desire to protect something.'

Sumire didn't intend to skip despite her words. But sleeping in Yuhi's arms felt so comfortable, and before she knew it, the day already passed. It was very late when she woke up, and Yuhi was not beside her anymore. Sumire thought he already went home, but he didn't; he was answering a phone call outside. Now the present. Yuhi found a spare classroom for her to use, and here she was painting away.

It was already well past after school hours. Yuhi, however, told her to relax and freely use the room. He seemed busy with another phone call. She overheard the words schedule change before he left again.

Hair that seems translucent into the light, and hair glistening through the dusk. Sumire could only use one word to describe him. "Beautiful."

Whenever it came to a drawing of him, a painting of him, the colors came naturally, she didn't have to think about it, and it would turn out exactly the way she imagined it. Or even better. However, when it was others, it wasn't the same; she didn't get that same feeling she wondered why that was.

Trying to draw an image of a person's face whom you can't remember isn't exactly easy. Or rather she's supposed to be painting the piece for the festival and yet she finds herself being unable to do so. As expected without him here, she cannot paint. What an odd feeling.

Yet she finds herself naturally drawn to the colors from her old pieces. What sort of feeling did she have when she created works like this? What sorts of feelings was she trying to express?

If only she could find it, then maybe it would all become clear to her.

If she could get lost in a world of color, then she wonders what would happen. Would the reality she has always known change? It's something that would leave someone curious. To her these colours are so so very important. But to the rest of the world, to any other individual colors do not hold meaning, let alone have a place in their heart. Ah, what a cruel fate. O cursed spite.

The brunette reached over for one of her sketchbooks and flicked through it. It's only rough sketches...and yet this person, must be the one she's been searching for. Somehow...she feels as though she had already seen this face somewhere else before. But in the end, even if she does remember for a split second, the image will fade away faster than ever.

Her gaze landed on the ceiling as she took a deep breath. The smell of paints, oil paints, acrylic, and watercolor. The charcoal markings from the vigorous drawings she had been doing. Everything in here describes who she is and what her current emotions are now. As well as the message, she intends to convey through her work. For sure, that message is something that has been sleeping inside the depths of her heart.



"If you're going to paint me, you should wait until I arrive." A familiar voice whispered in her ear.

Sumire laughed. "Sorry, I got a bit carried away. Yuhi, you can sit down."

Yuhi nodded and walked over to the window, where she positioned the stool. "So what's the pose? Maybe you want me to strip." Yuhi said with a teasing smile

Sumire rolled her eyes at that comment. "Don't take your clothes off stupid. Just sit down and look out at the window."

"You know other people would be flattered, you're the only one who would reject me like this."

"Those girls only want one thing from you; stay still already."

For the next few minutes, nobody hears anything but the sound of her pencil. Though she already did a brief painting before Yuhi came, just now, when she saw him, she changed her mind. So Sumire pulled out another canvas quickly and started over. Sumire looked at him carefully; the theme for the next assignment is complicated. So she decided to ask Yuhi for help, and he came up with this. Portraits happen to be one of her specialties, so she quickly agreed.

Terashima Yuhi as the model. Sumire sweat fell; when other people learn this, they will freak out. According to the rumors, Yuhi usually says no when people offer to draw him. If she told them he was the one who suggested this, nobody would believe her.

..

After a few minutes of drawing, Yuhi suddenly stood up to have a look at her progress.

"S--sorry." Sumire apologized. "I got a bit distracted, so please don't look at it so closely."

"Hmmm, you're really good."

Sumire blinked when she heard those words escape his lips. She is very good? Sure, portraits are her specialty, but Sumire didn't think he would compliment her.

"I have nothing to say about your technical skill this time. It's strange, how come you're better at this than me?"

"Eh, better than you?"

Yuhi nodded and walked over to the filing cabinet. He opened the third draw, down and pulled out a single sheet of paper. "Here, have a look."

Sumire scanned the drawing, and she immediately understood. It was a beautiful picture of a woman with short blonde hair, but something was missing. This woman, however, Sumire recognized her from somewhere. It did not take her long to realize who it was.

"Your ex-girlfriend?" Sumire muttered.

At that comment, Yuhi took the drawing from her. "Wrong picture."

This is a first, seeing him react this way. Yuhi is a player, and he saw multiple girls at the same time. It was the same when he was dating

this woman, correct? If it were the same, then she wonders why he is making -- Sumire paused in mid-thought when she realized something. The woman in that portrait is the one who cheated on Yuhi.

No wonder he has a complicated expression on his face right now. Sumire edged closer until she leaned her face on his chest. "She is very pretty." Awkward laughter escaped her lips. "I think I am jealous."

Yuhi ran his hands through her hair. "That pleases me." He did not say anything more than that, but that was enough for her.

"Are you going to add color?"

Sumire nodded. "Yes, I will. I know most people would usually sketch their pictures onto their sketchbooks first. But--" Her gaze fell on the drawing she did on the canvas. "I prefer this."

Drawing on a larger scale right away and not being afraid. Sumire liked drawing this way.

It made her feel free and alive.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 38 Mix and match

"Your one of the few people who would say something like that," Yuhi said.

Sumire noticed that his gaze was still on the drawing in his hand. She could not miss his tone either. One of the few, huh? She wonders who the other people are. It must be about the ex-girlfriend, it seems

Amano Touko was more important to him than she thought. Perhaps she ought to ask somebody about this.

The problem is, with all the skipping, she does. Sumire is not familiar with the people in her class very much. She could ask Nakarsensei, he would know something. But for some reason, Yuhi does not like it when she hangs out with sensei alone.

These days whenever she stops by the physics prep room, he would come with her. Or rather, Yuhi strictly told her to tell him whenever she comes there. He acts very weird about it.

"Did you like her that much?" Sumire asked.

"Well, it isn't like that either."

But his expression just now...

"You know we only dated one another because of the talent factor. She was a very good artist and she was my previous partner. We had to work together because nobody else wanted to work with us. Touko is the ambitious type, she liked those with talent. She was the one who asked me out."

"Ah.."

"When I told her there was somebody I liked. She told me it was okay, we only had to date for appearances. She just wanted an excuse to stay by my side. Later on I learned that it was because of her father. Her father learned of the rumors regarding us. He told her if we weren't in a relationship, we couldn't spend time together. It was very strange, I guess the old man is the traditional type. But yeah, that was how it went."

"I'm guessing after you spent so much time with one another, you ended up falling in love."

"It wasn't love, but--" Yuhi paused and nodded. "She was a good friend. Nobody will feel good about being cheated on."

She does not understand that feeling, though. Mamoru never cheated on her, and they both treasured one another. It felt strange; why is she listening to Yuhi talk about relationships? This is an uncomfortable subject for them both; she does not want this to end up with her mentioning Mamoru.

"What kinds of colors should I use?" Sumire casually changed the subject. Considering how she was looking at her canvas the entire time, it did not look suspicious.

Yuhi put the drawing away and walked back over until he stood in front of her canvas. "What brand of colors do you like to use?"

"For paints? I usually mix them up. I know others don't advise this, since some colours clash depending on the brand. But, I find it easier to use a mixture."

A mix of colors in a design, mixing, and matching until she finds the perfect colors.

"Do you have to finish this up today?" Yuhi asked.

"Ah, no, I have finished sketching already."

"Then let's go to the city."

....

### Tokyo Central

Yuhi and her were walking around the city when somebody accidentally spilled water on her leading to the current situation. They entered a random shop, and Yuhi immediately picked out some clothes for her. She felt very embarrassed about it, though. "I can choose my own clothes."

"Yeah, yeah. Just try these on." Yuhi said and pointed to the changing room.

Sumire sighed and took the clothes from his hands. When she took them, however, her hands briefly brushed against his causing her heart to skip a beat. But she quickly shook her head. Don't be a fool Ibuki Sumire. It is far too soon, far too soon for her to move on. Sure she said that stuff back in the infirmary, but it will take time. Sumire was not sure if it was possible for her, she promised Ru. If something were to happen, then she would not -- her thoughts broke off when she caught a glimpse of the ring in her hand.

Now that she thought about it, what does Yuhi think whenever he sees this ring? He always holds her hand, so he must see it. Is he upset? He must be. She truly isn't cut out for love.

Sumire made her way across the room until she arrived at the changing rooms at the side. She smiled politely to the female clerk and picked the changing room at the furthest end. Her thoughts kept drifting off.

For her, Tsueno Mamoru played an essential role in her life. He helped pull her out of the never-ending darkness that was her world for so long. When he first asked her out, Sumire was very surprised. It

looked like he was encouraging her to date Yuhi, so it caught her off guard. What is this person thinking? Later on, Sumire learned that while he supported her feelings for Yuhi, he understood her feelings more than her.

You like him so much, but you think he is too far from your reach.

Mamoru hit the nail on the head there. She did like Yuhi; ever since that concert five years ago, she liked him. But the problem was? While she inherited her family fortune. Sumire felt they belonged to different worlds. This person is too far from her reach. He achieved so much at a young age, and even now, he is achieving. Yuhi is constantly improving himself in all areas, art, and music, especially.

She quickly slipped on the clothes Yuhi picked for her and had to pause when she put on the last item. Sumire looked at her reflection in the mirror; she wore a gorgeous stary nightshirt, a turquoise colored skirt with gorgeous sketch-like drawings. A white short-sleeved jacket with an emblem on the right-hand side.

It seems he has a good fashion sense too. His experience with other girls bothered her a bit.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 39 Close but distance

**\*UNEDITED\***

It would be a lie to say it didn't bother her. But now that she thought it through, Ru told her that she was the easily jealous type, even senpai said that. Sumire quickly exited the changing room deep in thought. It seems like she is having a harder time than she thought. Unlike a month ago, she is a lot better -- but it is still difficult for her to interact

with other people. The only one she can speak to normally right now is Yuhi. If she were to push him away then she would be truly alone. If that happened then things will return to how they were before.

Sumire slapped her cheeks and frantically shook her head. Don't brood..

"Yuh-" Sumire trailed off when she realized something. Yuhi was talking to a very pretty girl behind the counter.

Is that somebody he knows? Yuhi knows a lot of people, he seems to know many pretty girls. Sumire decided not to interrupt them and patiently waited at the side.

"Hey, cant you give me a discount on this?"

"That depends, is it a gift for one of your playthings?"

"It's a gift for my girlfriend."

"You have a new one---" the shop clerk paused in mid-thought. "Wait huh? You admitted it?"

Sumire who was eavesdropping could not help but glance over. What is he trying to buy? By girlfriend, he means her right? Or maybe she is overthinking it. Sure everybody in school thinks they

"So what is her name?"

At that question, Sumire felt her heart beat speed up at his words.



If he does end up saying a different name, she would feel stupid.

"Sumire."

He--He said her name! Sumire did think it was her, currently there are no other girls around Yuhi but her. However there was also a chance he was seeing people in the time they werent together.

"50%."

"Hey now."

"Alright then 75%. Normally I am not allowed to do this, but since you seem serious about this girl.."

Sumire heard the sound of a beep, indicating the transaction was done. She quickly hid behind the railing again. What did he get for her? She was very curious.

"Playing hide and seek?" a familiar voice from behind her said.

At that comment Sumire froze and Yuhi sighed. "I thought I saw you, well if you heard it anyway then I wont bother surprising you." He looked around. "Lets go somewhere else, this isnt the best setting to give you a gift."

"Ah but these clothes."

"I paid for it already."

....

## Tokyo Tower

Sumire heard the rumors already, but even then she did not expect such a beautiful sight. She leaned against the railing happily. "The view here is very pretty. Thank you for taking me here Yuhi."

Yuhi wrapped his arms around her from the back. She felt his breath against her skin causing her heart to skip a beat. "You like it?"

"Ah yes."

"I hope you like my gift too, stay still." Yuhi instructed.

She followed his command but it was very difficult, remaining still. Sumire could not miss how his lips lingered against her neck for a few minutes more than necessary. Seconds quickly turned into minutes and Sumire felt her entire face growing hotter. He isn't doing this deliberately is he?

Yuhi eventually spoke up. "That was hard to fasten."  
Sumire looked down at her neck and saw a beautiful moon and sun charm pendant. A gold coloured sun and silver moon. "Is this for me?"

"It is, like it?"

"Was it expensive?" Sumire asked. Earlier he was bargaining with the sales clerk. Normally Yuhi would buy it without hesitation. He does not show of his wealth, but Sumire knew he had a lot of money.

"Well lets just say we ought to stay home and eat for awhile."

Sumire blinked. He clearly got a discount but it still cost him a lot? The necklace was indeed very beautiful but was something like -- Sumire examined it again. "Wait is this real gold?"

Yuhi looked away and her eyes widened, his reaction gave it away. Is he serious? Why did he randomly buy her a real gold necklace. She would understand if it were her birthday or something, but that is not until June. Sumire thought he was more careful when it came to money but it turns out that is not the case here.

"Don't look at me like that, because of this I came up with the theme for our graduation piece."

"The theme?" Sumire turned to him.

"Yeah." Yuhi pointed to the moon and sun on her necklace. "Decide if you want to paint the sun or the moon, I'm fine with either."

The sun and the moon? What kind of theme is Yuhi going for there? Sumire wanted to ask him but unfortunately Yuhi did not say anymore. It seems like he is giving her a chance to think about it. Still, she thought this earlier but -- Sumire looked at her surroundings. There are far too many couples in this place. It already surprised her seeing so many people walking around on the streets but now the unusual amount of couples bugged her. Is this one of the famous date spots or something? She was not a fan of reading magazines but she did recall her best friend reading about famous date spots. Tokyo tower was included. Her gaze fell on Yuhi who was now beside her. After he put the necklace on her, he moved away.

So even though he wants to take advantage of her, it seems he has great self control. Her gaze softened at that thought and she rested her head on his shoulders. Yuhi caressed her hair. "You okay? We could sit down if you want."

Sumire nodded and Yuhi brought her over to the seating area. It was less crowded over here and it seems like they could get a better view. Sumire wondered why the rest of the crowd preferred to stand when it is better over here.

"This area is private." Sumire commented. She could not see a sign anywhere but there should be one.

"Yeah, I used my pass."

Sumire laughed. "Abuse of power."

The two of them chose seats right by the window. Sumire rested her head on his shoulders again and Yuhi grabbed hold of her hand. She felt so content and at ease whenever she was with him. Yet, whenever she gets too comfortable all she has to do is look at the ring on her finger. This reminds her that she cannot get too close to Yuhi.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 40 The reason I came here

Yuhi talks about the painting, and for the next few minutes, all she does is listen. Sumire did not want to disturb him. This was the first time for her, seeing Terashima Yuhi talk so much. He isn't very talkative; he prefers silent gestures and actions rather than words. But when it comes to painting, the color of his eyes change, and he speaks with such passion and enthusiasm.

Sumire likes this side of him. Yuhi must love painting a lot, maybe even more than singing. Now that she thought about it, ever since she came here, she did not see him go to work once. He always walks home with her too. They are only away from each other for at most a few minutes, the longest an hour.

She looked at him, worried. Is he skipping out on work because of her? Maybe she ought to start talking to other people in class. She does not want to trouble Yuhi too much. She could start with that Asami girl; she appeared friendly enough.

"By the way, Sumire, I wanted to ask you something."

Sumire looked over.

"When was the last time you s--" Yuhi paused and took a deep breath. His reaction puzzled her. "-spoke to Atsuro?"

Atsuro? Ah. "Did Nakarsensei ask you to tell me?"

"Yes."

"I haven't spoken to him in a while. I think he felt guilty that he could not do anything to help Ru."

The last time she saw him was two or was it three months ago now? She already lost track.

"I see you haven't kept contact with him."

"Did you expect me too?"

Yuhi looked away at her comment. "You know I thought Atsuro, and you had something going on before. Sorry if I am wrong, but I don't think I was the only one who thought that."

Is this Yuhi acting jealous? Sumire laughed, and Yuhi sighed. "Hey, don't laugh."

"But I find it strange."

"You two were close."

"Atsuro is on the same level as everybody else to me. I like him, but I say the same thing about everyone."

The person Yuhi mentioned just now is Shin's friend and the male idol group EMMA center, member. Right now, he is abroad and promoting for his group. That was the official reason anyway. The real reason he went abroad was because he was trying to avoid her. Kusaji Atsuro an idol but also a doctor. He was Rus' doctor, and thus the only other person who knew about Mamoru's illness.

He blamed himself terribly for what happened, and she also blamed him. Sumire could not forget the horrible words she said to Atsuro that day. Holding a bleeding Mamoru in her arms, she called him a devil.

It was terrible of her to say such things. But at the time, she could not think straight. Sumire did not think to contact him even when she returned to normal. Normal huh? On the surface, she looks okay. She can walk around the streets without freaking out or having a mental breakdown.

Sumire still struggled to be around large crowds. She wondered if Yuhi realized that because whenever they went anywhere, he would hold her hand.

Tokyo is a busy city and overpopulated. So it was difficult for her to live here. She knew how bad her condition was before she left, so she was not unaware. The reason she still came here was because she wanted to meet with Terashima Yuhi.

Yuhi cupped her cheeks, causing her to look at him. "Sorry for not being there for you."

Sumire thought he would comment on what she said to Atsuro, but instead, he focused on her again. Why does this person behave this way? Even though he should get angry this time. He never gets mad at her, but if he does, it is for her own good. When it comes to a dispute between her and another person, Yuhi will choose her side immediately.

Why is he apologizing? She was the one who pushed him away and told him to go back to Tokyo. She was the one who told him that she did not need him.

So why? Why did he-- her thoughts broke off when she saw the look on his face. It was like he was searching for an answer just by looking at her eyes.

"Yuhi?" Sumire mumbled. There was something about the way he looked at her, which made her feel incredibly nervous.

"You're turning red again."

"Why do you think so, jerk."

Yuhi chuckled. "You know I don't intend to mess with you; you just fall for my traps far too easily."

"That's because I trust you," Sumire admitted.

When she is around other people, she is cautious and has her guard up. Sumire does not let anybody get remotely close to her. Some people have even commented that she is an ice-cold beauty—the way she coldly replies or brushes people away whenever they try to get close to her. But Terashima Yuhi differs from all the others.

He is the only one other than Tsueno Mamoru, no, Sumire shook her head. Not even Mamoru could get this close to her. He would always tell her things like he liked challenges. But whenever she saw him struggle to get close, Sumire would deliberately let her guard down.

That guy was a genius, so he surely knew that, but he never said a word.

"I'm glad you trust me, Sumire."

Once again, Yuhi gave her a reply she did not expect. Why does this person never fail to surprise her? He must be doing this deliberately. Yet Sumire already knew that Yuhi was not the type to scheme or calculate. He is an honest person, and that is why his actions are very pure.

When will he let go of her? This is very embarrassing. Sumire is grateful that nobody else is around.

"You know you really are beautiful. Why did I not notice this before?"

Is Yuhi indirectly admitting that he did not fall for her because of her looks? Then again, Yuhi did say that he never got a proper look at her face before, so his reply should not surprise her too much. But right now, Sumire hesitantly brushed their forehead together.



This action led to Yuhi letting go of her cheeks.

"I think you're a huge fool. You keep doing these unpleasant things and then apologize. Did you know Yuhi? You act tough, but whenever you touch me, you end up with a guilty look on your face."

He hides it very well, but Sumire could tell. She does not understand what is going on in his head whenever he touches her. However, she could guess. Yuhi must have the same or similar complicated feelings as her. Is it truly okay for them to get close like this?

"That's.."

"I care for you, I do," Sumire mumbled. "But I can't right now. The scar from the accident hasn't faded yet. I liked him more than I thought I did. But I only realized this when he already left this world."

Chapter end