

Eternal Melody 41 The only one

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She was not originally in love with Tsueno Mamoru.

When she first met him, Sumire thought he was an idiot. He was always smiling, even when people pushed him around. Whenever anybody used him he would laugh it off. He was a huge fool, and yet Sumire quickly learned to like him. It was not hard, even if he was a fool, he was a kind guy.

Unlike other people who treated her like a monster, Tsueno Mamoru treated her like a normal girl. He was the only one who saw her for who she was. The only one who knew the Ibuki Sumire from back then.

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Kaleidoscope Bar

Sumire opened her eyes when she realized she could not breath. The moment she opened her eyes, that feeling lingered for a few minutes before vanishing. It felt like she was drowning, someone shackled her to the bottom of the ocean after throwing her there. It was a peculiar dream, because it was something that happened before.

After the accident that killed her parents, Sumire lost the guard who helped her escape and the enemies cornered her to the ocean. One of them succeeded in pushing her away. She could not forget the emotions she felt that day.

She was cold, tired and very hungry. But she did not die immediately. A normal human would have died. That was the first time where she realized she was not normal.

When Sumire opened her eyes, she realized where she was. Kaleidoscope bar.. and .. Her gaze fell on the person beside her. She woke up in Yuhi's arms again, she has to stop doing this. It isn't healthy for either of them to get used to something like this. But she knew Yuhi would not want her to leave.

"Morning."

"Ah, good-" her sentence fell short when he buried his face in her chest. "Yuhi?"

"It's Saturday, we have no classes today. Let's go back to sleep."

"Yuhi, it's already eight and I'm hungry."

"Mmm, night."

Sumire rolled her eyes and sighed. Well nobody can argue against him when he is like this. Since they found a theme, Yuhi was drafting sketches every night. She didnt know which one she wanted to paint yet but Yuhi was already drafting sketches.

This person truly loves painting and yet occasionally he would get that hollow look on his face. Sumire wanted to learn more about him. Sumire played with his hair. "Are you not hungry Yuhi?"

"Are you cooking?"

"I think so. Atushi said he was going to buy some liquor in London, so he will be gone for the day."

"Going that far? What a weird guy." Yuhi trailed off. "I guess we can eat now."

Sumire beamed happily. "Okay."

"I'm going to shower, you go ahead of me."

She nodded and Yuhi pulled away from her. He lets out a large yawn as he gets up from the bed.

Sumire quietly made her way down the steps until she reached the first floor, the bar. It was a chilly morning and she draped her arms around her shoulders.

She always liked winter mornings, there was something mesmerizing and enchanting about it. She walked over to the adjacent door by the jukebox and opened it. The bar kitchen was strangely spacious despite how small the main seating area looked like.

When Atushi learned she was living together with Yuhi, he made some strict rules. They spend the last three days of the week here at the bar. Sumire did not mind it too much, it's not like anything has changed.

She quickly got out the necessary equipment, frying pan, oils, eggs and bacon. A traditional english breakfast. Sumire learned that Yuhi was a very picky eater. He would only eat certain foods on particular days. According to Atushi, this was because Yuhi travelled the world a lot when he was younger, so he developed a sensitive taste bud.

Ever since the case with the infirmary, Yuhi always watches her eat or sometimes he would feed her. The latter made her feel embarrassed because she was not a child. She did not need somebody to feed her.

The days seem to go by so quickly, soon it will be April. How many months have passed since she last came to Tokyo? Sumire stopped counting the days. These days she is calmer and a lot more relaxed. But she still can't forget. This is the world without Tsueno Mamoru, a world without him. Pain emerged in her chest and she clenched her fist.

Would anything have changed even if the accident didn't happen? She would still end up losing him wouldn't she?

"Mmm, bacon?" A familiar voice said behind her.

Sumire nodded. "I was going to add sausages too, but I can't reach it."

While she was tall the cabinets and freezers in this place are very high up. Yuhi walked over to one of the top freezers and casually picked up some sausages. He walked back over to her and placed it on the other pan. Sumire laughed. "Will you help me Yuhi?"

"I guess I could." Yuhi trailed off. "You know I'm surprised you can cook, you couldn't do so before."

"I learned."

Sumire did not think it was necessary before, but she learned it for Mamorus sake. When Mamoru became very poorly and his condition worsened, he often had to stay at home bedridden. Back then they could not go anywhere and so she learned. She wanted him to taste various foods even if he couldn't go outside.

She even did crazy things like ask the chefs from the restaurants they went to for recipes or tips. Naturally they would not give such a thing out easily. There is a reason why each restaurant has different flavours when it comes to different foods.

Yuhi placed a gentle kiss on her forehead and squeezed her hands. "It is a helpful skill."

He did not comment on it despite noticing the look on her face.

Yuhi is too kind, sometimes she wishes he would say something mean to her already. If Yuhi treated her cruelly then it would be easier to push him away, she would feel less guilty.

"When did you learn Yuhi?"

"Hmm, I guess when I was travelling. Back then I did not have much money since I was just starting my career up. I had to be careful with the things I bought. As a star I had to keep up my image, so I could not live in a cheap place. The same went for transport, I couldn't use public transport and had to buy an expensive bike and car. The expenses for those things was a lot already. So to save money, I never ate out and learned how to cook instead."

It seems like Yuhi went through a lot too.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 42 Thirsty

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"Only in the dark

Do I dare look at you in secret across the stage.

Only deep inside

Do I dare to avoid the cold masks

The relationship makes me sad."

What is this? She has never heard a voice like this before. Sumire thought she already knew the extent of Terashima Yuhi's capabilities as a singer. But this is something else. Could he always sing like this? The last time she heard him sing was only a few months back. Sure in the time since Mamoru passed away, she avoided listening to music. But even then, this is very surprising.

"Desperate and fascinated.

In what name can I give you a hug?

If I'm doomed not to shake off the yolk

I can't help but keep indulging in your eyes.

Be a brave butterfly.."

A voice like this deserves more than just praise. How can a boy's voice sound so gentle and soothing?

"Going to fall for me?"

Sumire looked away. "Don't speak like that."

Yuhi laughed and brushed his hands across her cheeks. "Did you like it?"

"Yes."

Of course she liked it. She didn't think anybody could sing that way. Terashima Yuhi is truly the number one singer in the entertainment world. Nobody can match that voice of his. Not even the last number one Ahoji Francis could sing such high notes with ease. 'That gentleness too.' Her gaze softened. It seems like she will learn a lot from this person.

"Yuhi, do you like singing?" Sumire asked.

"Yeah." Yuhi nodded. He rubbed the back of his neck. "Though I'm not the type to express it, I do like it a lot."

'I can tell.' Only somebody who loves music can sing like that. It was only a brief few lines of the song, and yet Sumire felt so many deep emotions behind his singing. The message this person is trying to convey, towards the person he loves? Just now was he singing for--- Sumire shook her head. Yuhi isn't that honest. Besides if he wanted to tell her his feelings, he wouldn't have to do it through a song.

Her thoughts broke off when Yuhi slumped his head on her shoulders. Ah..

"Hey, stay still. I'm tired. Or do you want me to borrow you lap instead?"

Sumire frantically shook her head.

"You don't have to reject me that strongly."

'Should I offer my lap?' But, that's far too embarrassing. Besides, Yuhi is getting a bit too close and too comfortable with her. Her gaze fell on his face and she saw faint dark circles under his eyes. "Not sleeping well?"

"Mmm."

"Yuhi, if you want to sleep properly, go to the bedroom."

"Then, you join me."

Sumire sighed. "So spoilt."

Yuhi responded by laughing.

"Tell me something Yuhi.."

"Yeah?"

How long do you intend to wait? Sumire shook her head. Did he not already give her an answer to that the other day? He said he would wait forever, even if she was old and grey. The response was very sweet. Anybody who heard that line would fall for him immediately. Indeed she was moved by those words. Her thoughts broke off when she noticed Yuhi's hand casually getting closer. Sumire sighed and hesitantly grabbed hold of it.

"It seems like you're quite honest today."

"No." Sumire muttered. "I'm just tired."

"Tired?" Yuhi repeated. "Are you sure you don't want to go back to sleep? You do realize it is the weekend right?"

"Then I guess I can go back to sleep."

She can't possibly ask him to join her. But will she be able to sleep peacefully without him? Sumire felt his arms wrap around her waist, he buried his face in her neck and mumbled. "Wait for me upstairs."

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Sumire woke up to a gentle hand stroking her hair. It felt so warm and comfortable.

What is this strange situation?

"Hey."

"Uh.."

Yuhi chuckled. "You have a fever."

So that's why she feels very hot. "Yuhi will take care of me?"

"Yeah, as long as you don't act insane like you did last time."

Her cheeks burned red when she recalled the last time. When she woke up the next morning, she felt very embarrassed. How could she act so bold, in front of Yuhi too. Yuhi brushed his hands across her forehead again.

"It seems worse, are you dizzy?" Yuhi asked.

"A little."

The scenery of the room seemed slightly blurry to her and yet Yuhi's face is clear to her.

"You keep getting sick these days. But I'm sure you're eating properly now." Yuhi seemed very puzzled. "Unless..."

"Yuhi?"

Yuhi shook his head. "It's nothing, would you like a drink?"

At that comment Sumire suddenly placed her hand on her throat, she suddenly felt parched. Her throat felt dry. Her head throbbed with pain and her heart beated loudly. Huh? What is wrong with her? So thirsty, so very thirsty and yet she doubts water can help her. Yuhi placed a cup in her hands and Sumire drank large mouthfuls. But it was exactly like she thought, the water wasn't enough. The more she drank, the thirstier she became. What is this feeling?

Yuhi patted her back. "Be careful."

She still feels so very thirsty. Why does her throat feel so dry? Is there something wrong with her? Yuhi gently laid her back down and brought his lips to her forehead. A sweet and gentle kiss. In this situation it felt right, she craved for more, for something more intimate. Sumire frantically shook her head. What is wrong with her? She must be going crazy.

Now that she thought it through, something like this happened in the past didn't it? In the past with Ru. He always did something to calm her down.

Unfortunately no matter how much Sumire thought of it, nothing would come to mind. Yet she was positive something like this happened before. Her gaze fell on Yuhi who was looking at the bottles on the bedside table. He looked very troubled. Sumire coughed and Yuhi turned to her. "Cough medicine first? But your fever is bad.."

"Yuhi." Sumire mumbled. "My throat."

"Hmm? Do you need more water?"

Sumire shook her head. "The water isn't enough. My throat feels very dry."

Her throat feels dry and there is a throbbing pain in her head and her eyes. Sumire was glad that she could not see a mirror. She felt like there was something wrong with her eyes right now. Yuhi cupped her cheeks and he seemed startled.

For the next few minutes he did not say a word, when he lets go of her cheeks. Yuhi suddenly stood up. "Wait here."

Sumire blinked but weakly nodded. She watched as he quickly left the room. After Yuhi left, it felt like a battle to her. Her entire body felt so hot, like a volcano. She was burning all over. The entire room looked like it was spinning.

Unlike earlier, she could no longer see anything clearly. Sumire glanced over in the direction where the bottle of medicines were. Those are surely medicines that do not involve her having to eat

anything. She needs to take anything - anything would do. Sumire wanted to get rid of her dizziness, her fever.

She weakly reached out for one of the bottles. But due to the lack of strength, she ended up dropping it. Sumire tried again but she could not see properly and thus the same thing happened again. Her grip was weak and her eyesight became blurry and blurrier by the minute.

So dry, and so hot. What can she do right now? Ru... Ru please help her. Sumire never felt so bad before. It was not like this the last time. She knew no matter how much she called for Mamoru, he would not answer her. How could he respond when he is dead?

Sumire felt approaching footsteps and faintly saw the outline of Yuhis shoes. He came back.

Yuhi bent down. "Sumire." His tone seemed distressed. "Can you get up?"

"I can't."

"Alright then, excuse me." Yuhi said and he scooped her up. Yuhi did not place her down on the bed and kept her in his arms as he sat down. "Can you drink Sumire?"

She shook her head, she felt very sick. Sumire knew that she would not be able to consume anything in this situation. "Then, please excuse me."

Yuhi gently pried her lips open and in the next second, she felt his tongue in hers. A strange liquid... What is Yuhi trying to give her? Whatever it was, it tasted sweet and very nice. She wanted more of it. When she drank the last of it, Sumire felt disappointed. But there

appeared to be more, since she hears the sound of rattling. Soon Yuhi was feeding her. Sumire slowly regained strength and wrapped her arms around his neck.

This wasn't kissing, he was simply transferring the contents of the drink to her. But it did not take long before the atmosphere grew more heated and intense. Her head hit the pillows and Yuhi continued his advances, at some point it felt like the liquid was no longer there but Yuhi did not stop.

"Sumire.."

Ah, her vision is slowly returning to normal now. She could not miss the passionate look on Yuhi's face and immediately looked away. Yuhi pulled away from her and ran his hands through his hair. He points to the cup on the bed side table.

"Drink more."

Eternal Melody 43 I want to learn more

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"Okay." Sumire picked up the glass cup. She examined the drink carefully, a bright red drink. It looked like cranberry or strawberry juice. But for Sumire it looked like blood. Unfortunately she could not tell the difference, it smelled sweet and refreshing. The brief taste she had of it when Yuhi gave it to her made her want more so she quickly drank it.

"If you ever feel like this again, tell me okay."

"Alright."

After drinking it all, the dry feeling left her throat. She still had a fever and was dizzy. But it was not as bad as it was before. She glanced over at Yuhi who kept avoiding her gaze. Is it because of what happened just now? He must feel awkward about it. Now that Sumire regained her senses, she realized how intimate that was. It surprised her that he even stopped despite that situation. Terashima Yuhi is the very definition of a gentleman.

She debated for a few minutes before she finally said. "Yuhi, thank you."

Yuhi turned to her. "Do you need anything else?"

"Yuhi, don't feel awkward. It makes me feel bad."

"No err..." Yuhi coughed. "Just, maybe you should stay away from me right now. I don't trust myself."

At that comment Sumire burst into laughter and she reached over and buried her face in his arms. "I'm grateful, you do so much for me Yuhi. How can I ever repay you?"

"For one, maybe you should change your clothes.."

Huh? Her clo-- Sumire looked down and realized she no longer wore the same clothes that she did before.

She wore her nightgown. When did she get changed into-- Sumire immediately pulled away from Yuhi and hid under the covers.

"L--L-Look-" Yuhi said awkwardly. "I didn't have much choice, you were burning up so much."

H-he changed her clothes?

"Don't misunderstand me, I just picked the first thing I saw..."

Sumire however did not want to listen to him. Her previous behaviour when she was sick was already embarrassing enough, but now? Now this current situation is very different. How much did he see? Did he see everything? Her mind was playing tricks on her now. What if he tried to touch her when she was not conscious? Goodness, how can she ever look at him in the same way?

The choice of clothing is the last thing on her mind. He probably chose this because it was the only garment with no sleeves. She mainly brought winter clothing with her, so she does not have many summer clothes.

Her thoughts broke off when she felt him wrap his arms around her from the back. "Sumire, do not misunderstand me. I didn't do it deliberately. I was worried, you were burning up so much.. If I made you shower with your clothes on, you would get sicker by the minute."

Even if it wasn't, she still felt awkward about being seen.

"Also uhh you do not have anything to be ashamed of, you're very beautiful."

"That last part is unnecessary, but wait, what shower?"

At that comment Yuhi turned quiet. "Well, you were hot so..." So not only did he change her clothes, he also gave her a bath? Can this get anymore humiliating? "I don't want to look at you right now." Sumire muttered.

"Sorry Sumire." Yuhi apologized. "It won't happen again. Maybe I should hit my head against a wall so I could forget it?"

Sumire sensed his serious tone and turned around. She hesitantly extended her hand out to touch his face. She wonders why this person does so much for her?

Sumire is fully aware of Yuhis feelings for her, but is that enough for him to sacrifice so much for her sake? She recalled the documents from earlier and frowned. "Yuhi, do your work."

His lips curve to a smile. "It seems like you already figured it out, huh?"

"Your so very stupid."

How could he sacrifice so much of his free time for her sake? Just because he loves her? Sumire did not understand it at all. Is love a powerful enough emotion for him to do so much? Sumire watched as Yuhi got up. "Alright. But can I do my work here?"

"Yes, please do so."

She is slightly curious how Yuhi works. Even though he gave off a lazy impression. Sumire heard from others how hardworking he was. She already got a glimpse of him working hard before but that was regarding something art related. When it comes to music, how serious is the man named Terashima Yuhi? Sumire wanted to learn more about him. Since they are practically living together now, she will get the opportunity to do so won't she? It seems like Yuhi does not intend to keep any secrets from her.

Sumire watched as he returned with his laptop, documents and guitar. Ah, is he going to adjust songs in front of her? Yuhi set up a music stand and put some scores there.

"I will be a bit noisy, if your head hurts again, please tell me."

"Okay." She replied simply but Sumire was very curious.

When Yuhi set his guitar up, and played a few chords. Her eyes brightened, "why does he sound so good?' Now that she thought it through, people call Yuhi the legendary god of composers don't they? It was a strange and peculiar title. For a long time, nobody knew who this legendary composer was, not even her. But a year back, during an event, somebody exposed it. She just happened to be with Yuhi then and even helped him escape from the paparazzi.

He sang a few verses from the same song as earlier and yet something seemed different to her.

This person can change his voice range whenever he wants. Normally for singers it would be difficult to change their range depending on the song, but Yuhi can do it with such ease. He can adapt his voice to any kind of song. A voice like this, she wonders why nobody else is praising him? How could the music critics of this time miss out on this voice?

During his snowy concert five years back, Sumire already realized that Terashima Yuhis voice is special. But even for her this was a first. Only five years has passed and yet he has improved so much. Then again maybe back then she did not get a glimpse of his real abilities.

"Sumire." Yuhi suddenly called out.

"Yes?"

"Are you feeling too weak to play the guitar?"

Ah, does he want to focus on singing? She felt slightly bad but unlike before she had more strength. "It's okay, I can do it."

Oh, this reminds her of before. It reminds her of back then.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 44 Angel Voice Part 1

Three and a half years ago -XX Town - Karaoke

After she witnessed such a beautiful and dreamlike concert, Sumire knew that she could not control herself from singing too. Unfortunately, the person she came to see the live with did not want to cooperate. He was one of her classmates who asked her out on a date two weeks back. Due to her busy lifestyle, Sumire did not agree immediately.

But after she saw how persistent he was, she invited him here. However, that jerk left her alone! What was wrong with her complimenting Yuhi? Yuhi is a celebrity, her reaction as his fan is normal. That jerk got jealous for no reason.

A deep sigh escaped her lips as she finished paying for a room. She thanked the worker at the counter, got her keys, and walked down the hallway. Sumire went to karaoke often to blow off steam. It was difficult for her to sing at home, her parents did not like that kind of thing. Her aunt did not let her sing either. So the only time she could sing was when she found a quiet area at school.

Sumire would choose a karaoke place that was further away to avoid people seeing her. But due to the heavy snow outside, she had no

choice but to pick someplace near. It ought to be okay, right? She doubts anybody would drop by here during this time. It did not take long before she reached her room, and she dumped her bags on the side. Sumire picked up the mic and quickly chose one of Yuhis songs.

(Terashima Yuhi - Angel Voice)

It was one of her favourite songs from him. Unlike the rest of his songs, there was something different about this one. It felt like Yuhi wrote this while thinking of somebody important. Yuhi is the same age as her, so she wonders if he has someone already. How else can he sing such a beautiful love song? Thirteen years old, and has a special someone? It must have been love at first sight.

For her, the word love felt foreign and unknown. Her parents arranged a fiance for her recently, and she does not know what to think. Apparently, he is four years older than her, and from a prestigious family, Sumire felt very conflicted when she heard those details.

What would a seventeen-year-old guy want with a thirteen-year-old? Surely that is not legal. Her parents, however, told her that they would not meet unless she comes of age. In the meantime, they were exchanging letters, but Sumire disliked the situation.

How is it possible for her to get engaged to somebody she has not met before?

Her thoughts broke off when she heard clapping. Sumire glanced over and saw somebody familiar standing at the doorway. She ended up dropping her mic.

"Your singing is amazing."

Eh--? Her singing is....

The person who just complimented her was none other than her idol Terashima Yuhi. He walked over and picked up the mic she just dropped. When he started to sing, she felt the tears well up in her eyes. Whenever she listens to this person's voice, she ends up feeling very emotional. How could somebody's voice move her to the point of tears? Sumire listened to many songs before, and yet nobody's voice has made her feel this way.

Her thoughts broke off when Yuhi extended the spare mic toward her. Her eyes widened when she realized what he wanted. Uh? Uh? Is it okay? Sumire did not have the time to debate about this since the next verse started. Sumire clumsily sang the next line, and Yuhi laughed. He stood beside her and gave her shoulders a reassuring pat. She sang the next line smoothly due to this small encouragement, but the entire time she was very nervous. Sumire could not miss the sound of her beating heart when their shoulders briefly touched.

After singing a few songs together, Sumire slumped down on the chair.

"Good work."

To think she just did something outrageous like that...

"Terashima Yuhi?" Sumire said in a daze after they finished.

His lips curve to a smile. "Yeah." He trailed off and blinked. "Wait, you're the girl who gave me that drink after the concert.."

Uhhh, what is this situation? To think she would meet her idol again.

Yuhi closed the door, and Sumire blinked. Wait, why is he staying? After meeting a fan more than once, usually wouldn't the other person say something like your stalking me? Why is he calmly sitting down like that? Yuhi picked up the menu.

"Hey, do you mind if I order something? I haven't eaten." "Uh, y--yes, of course." She stammered.

She only came here to blow off some steam. How did she end up having a duet with her idol of all people? The concert ended two hours ago, but he has not eaten yet?

"I was busy with interviews; the press did not want to let me go after my little stunt."

His little stunt, huh? She did not have time to ask him earlier, but she wants to know why he did not put the dome around himself. Sumire still felt slightly nervous, but she asked him.

Yuhi blinked but chuckled. "I'm trying to save money."

"Save money?" Sumire repeated. That was not the answer she expected. Terashima Yuhi debuted when he was eight years old, as a child singer. Since then, he has taken the entire music world for a ride. Six years have passed since his debut, so shouldn't he have a lot of money? Sumire found his reply strange.

Yuhi clearly understood what she thought since he said. "Living the life of a celebrity is extravagant. I have to keep up my image for the strangest things, accommodation, clothes, transport, and even what I eat. Though I bend the rules a little for the last part."

"Bend the rules?"

"Mm." Yuhi nodded. "I cook my own meals."

He cooks? Sumire raised her eyebrow at this, it was hard to imagine this person cooking. Terashima Yuhi is apparently the same age as her. But with his appearance, he could pass on as a seventeen-year-old boy.

She must look childish next to him. Sumire played with her hair and the hem of her dress. Her hairstyle and this dress, Sumire thought it looked nice before. But now that she looks closely, everything looks childish to her.

What's more, Sumire did not expect him to reply so honestly to her. "Is--Is it okay to be telling me all this?" Sumire asked.

Yuhi laughed. "Well, you don't look like the type to blab. But if you do, it will make for an interesting article."

This person is a bit more laid back than she thought. Sumire assumed that a child genius would be more strict and cold-hearted. But his smile is so bright, and he is easier to talk to.

"So, you're singing." Yuhi brought up.

"Ah..."

"Relax I won't evaluate you. Your agency must be preparing for your big debut, with a voice like that, the event will be grand."

Sumire blinked when she heard his words. Agency? Debut? Could it be, Yuhi thinks she is also a member of the entertainment industry? If it is that reason, then it explains why he is so casual around her.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 45 Angel Voice Part 2

It would also explain why he is sitting here with her. If she were an average fan, Yuhi would not have come into this room. Sumire was so busy thinking how to tell him that she did not realize how close Yuhi was getting to her. It was not until he was sitting directly beside her did she notice him. For some reason, he was looking at her closely.

"Is—is something wrong?" Sumire asked as she averted her gaze and attempted to distance herself from him.

"I was thinking, do I know you?"

Eh? She looked at him surprised, that was the last question she expected. But then again, she also thought the same. When she first became his fan a year ago, Sumire felt that there was something familiar about him. At that time, so many other singers debuted, and yet among all of those she became Terashima Yuhis fan, why was that?

"Y—you probably passed by me at work."

Sumire did not intend to lie; she wanted to tell him that she was an ordinary civilian, not a singer. But she wanted to avoid this question.

Yuhi nodded. "I suppose that makes sense."

He still looked doubtful, but before he could say anymore, they heard a knock on the door. Yuhi got up, but she stopped him. "Let me get it." She insisted. What if fans are walking nearby? What if the server is a girl and a fan of Yuhi? It would be bad to get caught in this situation.

Sumire walked over to the door and slowly opened it. It was the man from the front desk earlier, he was carrying a trolley. He pushed the door open, and Sumire blinked, surprised. Even if it is a guy, Yuhi is famous...

"Damn you, don't abuse your friendship with me."

Yuhi laughed. "Sorry. But I might get caught if it was anybody else."

She looked at the two puzzled, and Yuhi noticed her gaze. "He is a classmate of mine."

Ah, so it was something like that. Then again, it would not be easy for him to enter a place like this without getting caught.

"Kinoshita." The ginger-haired man introduced himself. "Your..that girl with the really good voice."

Huh?

"I work in other karaoke places in this town and the ones in the surrounding area. I have seen you before."

He has? But she does not rec- Sumire paused when something came to mind. An image of several workers with the same face but different-colored hair. Ah, "The guy who gets lectured a lot."

At that comment, Yuhi burst into laughter, and Kinoshita looked annoyed. Sumire was about to apologize, but the ginger head man shook his head.

"Well, I can't argue with you there." Kinoshita trailed off. "Well, it was nice to meet you. I will get back to the desk." With those words said, the man exited the room.

Yuhi attends school too, and he even has regular friends. She wondered how that felt, being famous and yet attending a regular school. Yuhi pointed to the seat beside him. "Come here."

Sumire nodded and returned to her seat. Yuhi took out several plates from the tray and placed it down on the table. He ordered so much that the small table could not fit everything, and they had to leave some food on the tray. Her gaze fell on the plates before her and was surprised to find so many of her favourite dishes. Is it a coincidence that they like the same foods?

Yuhi picked up a stick of karage and extended the plate towards her. "This is the best food here, I guarantee."
Sumire laughed when she heard those words. Does he come to these places often? Sumire picked up a stick and put it in her mouth. Indeed it was exactly like what Yuhi said.

"Yummy."

"Im glad." Yuhi trailed off. "So, what should I call you?"

She almost choked on her next piece of chicken then, but Yuhi passed her some water. "Sorry, I know you might want to remain anonymous since you have yet to debut. Let's see..." He trailed off and looked her up and down. "Ange."

Sumire blinked when she heard that name. "Ange as in a shortened version of the English word for tenshi?"

"Ah, a girl with brains. Yeah, I thought it would suit you."

What is with this guy? How come he can say such cheesy things so easily and with a straight face. Sumire did not reply and continued to eat. What a strange feeling, who would have thought this would happen? Earlier she rushed to finish all her work so she could make it in time for the concert, but to the very last minute, her mother nagged her about her dance.

Mother kept saying how her dancing was not refined enough and how she lacked elegance. As a girl born from a prestigious family, such words are considered a grave insult. But for her? Sumire did not care about it at all.

"Say," Sumire trailed off. "Could I ask you something?"

"Yeah, go ahead. Don't be so stiff, though, were both members of the entertainment world. While I may be your senior, I don't care for hierarchy. Besides, with a voice like that, you will knock me down before long."

Uhh, what? Sumire could not believe the words that just left his lips. He must be saying that just to flatter her, he can't mean those words.

"When did you start singing?"

"I guess when I was five."

F--five years old? That young?

"Or maybe it was before, it's a bit hard to say. My circumstances were not good then. I didn't even think of debuting either. But I ended up substituting for a friend."

"Ah, the young boy's talent contest."

Yuhi nodded. "Who would have thought I would end up winning a prize."

Everything started from there for him. A coincidence, no, an accident leads to him becoming a famous singer. It is funny how such things happen. It is almost like God is sending them a message.

"Since you are asking me questions, I want to learn where you learned to sing. Did you go through some special training?"

Sumire shook her head. "Ah, no." She trailed off. "My family is quite strict; they don't approve of the entertainment industry. So I had to learn how to sing by myself."

To her surprise, he did not reply right away, and a troubled look appeared on his face. Uhhh, did she say something wrong? She watched as Yuhi rummaged through his bag, and he eventually pulled some sheets of paper out. He placed it in her hands.

"Okay, sorry in advance. I said I wouldn't test you, but I want to make sure of something first." Yuhi said. "Could you sing this for me?"

Sumire glanced down at the score sheets. The title caught her attention, "Snow voice?"

Eternal Melody 46 Snow Voice Part 1

Yuhi nodded. "This is embarrassing for me to admit. But angel voice is an incomplete song. I tried to adjust it several times but it didn't work. It ended up becoming a completely different song."

Sumire immediately understood where he was coming from. So this must be the continuation... Her gaze fell on the scores, and she sifted through them. It was a good song; she could sense the connection to Angel's voice, and yet it was very small. The message is supposed to be the same, but it was hard to connect the two songs.

"Say, can I change this part?"

Yuhi nodded and passed her a pen. "Here."

She knew this was very bold of her. Terashima Yuhi is the number one singer in the entertainment industry. Ever since his debut six years ago, nobody could beat him. The only one who would stand a chance is the number one female in this industry, but that person already announced that she would retire soon. In terms of the present generation, there is nobody that could beat Terashima Yuhi.

A talented singer but also a gifted composer.

For a young boy, he was a musical genius.

But even geniuses have their flaws. Sumire neatly crossed out the parts she was not satisfied with and replaced it. After a few minutes of adjusting, she passed it back to Yuhi. She watched as he examined it in detail before he burst into laughter.

Huh? That was not the reaction she was expecting.

"You're very interesting," Yuhi said. "Hey, why don't you join my company?"

Sumire still felt like this entire situation was a dream. But now? Now she was wide awake. Did Terashima Yuhi just offer for her to join his company? The entertainment company he is in now, Phoneix world, is the number one company in the Entertainment industry. Did this man offer her a place? Yuhi squeezed her hands and brushed his lips against her ear.

"W--what?"

"Just to let you know, I'm older than you."

H--huh? He is what?

"I'm fifteen, but my agency wants me to pretend to be younger to appear a genius."

So he debuted when he was ten, not eight? So it was something like that.

"Hey Ange, do you have to go home right away?"

.....Apartment

Meeting her idol, talking to him, singing together, and eating together was already enough for her. But to think she would even end up visiting his home. Sumire was cautious and on her guard, unlike earlier. Now that she has learned his real age, she wants to be careful. To think his agency made him do something like that for.

Does that mean he also has to attend school with children who are younger than him? Terashima Yuhi's apartment was on the other side of town, among the luxurious buildings. It was not a housing district, and the apartment building blended in with the regular shops.

During the entire way upstairs, Sumire could not say a word. She wanted to turn back and tell him yes she did have to go back. When her mother finds out, she ended up following a stranger home; she will undoubtedly get lectured. But for some reason, Sumire trusted him.

"Make yourself at home," Yuhi said as he flicked the light switch on. Her eyes widened when she saw the inside. What is this place? A castle? While she lived in an actual castle-like building. It was nothing in comparison to this.

Sumire awkwardly walked over to the couch and sat down.

"Hmmm, you're underage, so I guess juice will do for you."

Her cheeks puffed into a pout. Is he treating her like a child now? Then again, for a fifteen-year-old, she probably does look like a child. To think he lives in a large place like this by himself, does he not get lonely? Yuhi eventually came over and placed a cup in front of her. It was not juice but hot chocolate.

Yuhi sat down beside her and extended his hand out to play with her hair, startling her. "Uhh.."

"So hey, consider my offer. I would like to work with you."

Sumire felt her cheeks grow hot. She was already exploding before, but now? Now she could no longer remain calm and composed.

Unfortunately, she could not hide her face on time. Yuhi caressed her cheeks.

"I guess I could wait for you to grow up."

Isn't he a kid too? Sure fifteen is last year of middle school, almost high school age. However, he does act more mature than her. Is he retreating his offer until she is older than? She feels slightly disappointed. Then again, Sumire does not understand exactly what she wants from him. What does she expect by coming here?

"Um, why did you invite me here?"

"Oh, uh.." For the first time Yuhi looked awkward. "Actually the trains have stopped for tonight. Initially, I planned to crash in the karaoke place, but when I met you, I realized it would be better to bring you to my place instead."

Have the trains stopped? Sumire immediately pulled out her phone and saw several missed calls from her mother. Sumire wanted to call back, but there was no signal.

"The weather is bad," Yuhi commented.

Sumire stood up and walked over to the window. She pulled the curtain, and her sweat fell when she saw the blizzard. Bad? It looks like a nightmare outside. Then again, the weather did look bad on the way here.

"Do you mind? Staying over." Yuhi asked. "Though it is too late to refuse.."

"I don't mind."

Actually, she did, this person is a bit strange.

Yuhi laughed. "Don't force yourself. Relax, there are many rooms here that are locked. I will give you the key to one, and not even I can access it."

Sumire looked at him cautiously. All she can do is trust him, besides she knows martial arts.

.....

When Yuhi told her there were many rooms here that are locked, she thought he meant a single room. But this? It was another wing in the apartment.

Yuhi pointed to the buttons on the side. "So, if something bad happens, you can use this. This one calls the police directly, and this one is for fire... Oh, this one activates a trap."

Her sweat fell when she listened to these instructions. What kind of apartment is this? But then again, he does live alone. There is nothing wrong, being cautious. She is a member of the elite, but they do not need for security like this since there are psychical guards that will protect them.

"Hey, you okay?"

"Uh, yes."

Yuhi nodded. "Then, if you need anything, I will be down the hall. Just call me." With those words said, Yuhi left the area.

Sumire slumped on the bed and closed her eyes. She shook away all the troubling thoughts.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 47 Snow Voice Part 2

Two hours later

She did not sleep for long and woke up in the middle of the night. When she opened her eyes, she saw Terashima Yuhi in front of her. He was wiping the sweat from her forehead.

Sumire looked at him, alarmed. The first thing that came to mind was. "You lied to me."

"Huh? No, I didn't."

"Then how did you get in?"

Yuhi sighed. "You're the one who pressed the button and let me in." He pointed to something.

She glanced over and noticed one of her hands still on the call button. She immediately removed it. H--How embarrassing...What was she thinking? Sumire wondered if she pressed it unconsciously or something. But, to think he came running here. She could tell he ran due to the beads of sweat on his face.

"I guess it was a false alarm, but--" Yuhi extended his hand out towards her. "Did you have a nightmare or something, your face is pale."

Sumire looked towards the mirror and confirmed his words. A nightmare, huh? She supposes it was something like that. "Sorry." She apologized. "About just now and making you come here. You can go back now."

"Na, it's cool," Yuhi said. "I mean, even if you're a kid, you're still a pretty girl."

He was joking around and trying to lighten the atmosphere. This person is quite foolish. "Do you always do things like this? Pick up girls and bring them home?"

At that comment, he looked troubled. "Don't make me sound like a weirdo. Honestly, this is the first time. I don't have guests over, so you're the only one who has stayed here too."

Now that she thought about it, the room looked brand new when she came in. The bedsheets and everything. So he had nobody else over before? Why did he ask her to stay then? Is it because he is a nice guy or... "Are you that interested in my voice?"

"Yeah."

So that was the reason? She is a bit disappointed. But then again, him knowing she exists is already good enough. Sumire sighed. "I don't think my voice is amazing or anything, there are many people who can sing better than me."

"Don't sell your short, and you're very good." Yuhi trailed off. She watched as he pulled something out of his pocket. A cigarette and a lighter.

Wait, he smokes?

"Give me that."

"Huh? You want one, but your underage.." Yuhi passed it to her.

"You're underage too," Sumire said and threw it out. "Why don't you take this chance to quit smoking?"

Yuhi looked even more troubled than he did earlier. She found it quite cute.

"You know, now I'm regretting inviting you over."

Sumire laughed. "I think it's too late."

"I know smoking is bad for my health. You might find this strange, but the smoke helps me think better."

"That is strange." Sumire nodded. "But I think I get it," she picked up the lighter on the ground and brushed the dirt from it. She passed it to Yuhi. "Here."

To her surprise, Yuhi put it away. "Well, forget it, you're a weird girl. If you can't sleep, then maybe I should sing for you."

Her eyes brightened when she heard those words. She wanted to hide her excitement, but it clearly showed on her face. Yuhi laughed and ruffled her hair. "It seems to me that you like my voice more than I thought."

She puffed her cheeks, annoyed. "I'm your fan, of course, I like your voice."

"My fan, huh?" Yuhi said. She could not miss the look of sadness that appeared on his face when he said that.

She wonders why a person like him who has everything at such a young age would pull such a face. But even if he has everything, what use is it if.. "If you can't share it with anyone," Sumire said out loud.

Yuhi laughed weakly. "I guess you figured it out, you're a sharp one for a kid."

"Are you lonely?"

"Yeah," Yuhi admitted. "I know you think it is strange for me to be lonely, but that is just how things are. I have everything, wealth, intelligence and fame. I do not have anybody around to restrict my actions and I can do whatever I want. But this type of life is suffocating, what I want is something else. Sometimes I think to myself that I should quit singing."

Her eyes widened when she heard his words. This person is a lot similar to her, such thoughts are conceited of her, but she genuinely thinks that they are the same. Maybe Yuhi sensed it too, and that's why he brought her back.

Who knows what the real reason is? But right now, she does not want to leave his side. These feelings are bizarre. For the past year, she has looked up to this person as his fan, she admired and respected him. But now, her feelings toward him are changing slightly.

Yuhi suddenly pulled her down until they both laid down on the bed. He wrapped his arms around her waist and buried his face in her neck.

W—what? Sumire looked at him, alarmed.

"I guess I may have overdone it a bit."

Sumire noticed his face had turned bright red; he was panting heavily. "Are you sick?" It was a stupid question. Of course, he is sick; he did a seven-hour concert in the snow. She bit her lip, why did he have to save money for? He should think of his health.

"It's okay; this always happens."

What is he talking about now? This always happens? That does not make it okay. Sumire carefully moved him away from her. It was challenging, but she somehow got him to lay down. She quickly left the room and headed out of the door. The place is massive, but she used the paintings as landmarks to navigate, soon she arrived in the central room.

Sumire walked over to the kitchen like area and opened up the fridge. It looks like there are enough ingredients. She looked around for a few things and set the items on the table. She rolled her sleeves up and immediately got to work. Sumire decided on the menu, chicken soup, and some other stuff. A simple meal should do since he is sick.

To think she is here in her idol's home, and cooking... When she returns home tomorrow, she will undoubtedly get lectured. But for now, she wants to stay here and help him. Unlike her, he does not have anybody who could take care of him.

Is she overstepping her boundaries a bit? They are children; during this time, she ought to call an adult over. That would be the most logical thing to do.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 48 Snow Voice Final

Due to her parents always being busy with work, she was often left alone with her aunt; the latter couldn't cook. So before Sumire knew it, she cooked all the meals. Making a thirteen-year-old girl do all the cooking, what an irresponsible adult. Still, she supposes it came in handy.

It did not take her long before she finished cooking, and Sumire carefully carried the tray up the stairs. She navigated through the corridors again and found herself in the same hallway as before.

When she arrived in front of the door, however, something prevented her from entering immediately.

(Enter key)

Sumire's face color turned pale when she realized something. The doors auto-lock on the way out, and she forgot the key. Just as Sumire pondered on that, the doors opened. She blinked and looked at the entranceway, puzzled. Huh? She hears a voice from the intercom on the side.

"Come back."

The voice belonged to a very weak sounding Yuhi.

Ah, maybe he saw her? There are probably cameras somewhere. She walked down the long hall before she finally reached the room. She carefully opened the door and re-entered the room. Yuhi was still laying down weakly on the bed.

"Hey." Yuhi greeted her with a smile. "That smells good."

"Of course, it does."

Yuhi chuckled. "You're that confident in your cooking, eh?"

Sumire looked away when she heard him say those words. "Well, of course, I have to be confident."

Yuhi nodded and sat up. "Give it here."

She placed the tray down in front of him and watched as he weakly picked up the spoon. Sumire bit her lip when she saw him struggling. She debated about it for a few seconds before she grabbed the spoon from him. "Let me feed you."

His gaze was gentle when she said this, and Sumire felt very nervous.

"Then, I will rely on you."

It seems like so many impossible things have happened today. Sumire carefully fed Yuhi, and to her surprise, he did not make a silly remark

like he did earlier. He must feel terrible, his entire face is red, and he is sweating a lot.

If she did not come with him earlier, then right about now, this person would be sick and all alone. He would be suffering by himself. How many days would he have to suffer alone?

Sumire knew she was overreacting there. If he did not show up to work for a few days, then somebody from his agency would check on him.

"This is very tasty, thank you, Ange."

A single thank you, and yet there was something about those words that made her happy. She wonders when was the last time somebody thanked her like this.

"After this, you have to take some medicine."

"I'm sure I don't have any fever medicines."

Sumire sighed. "I noticed." She trailed off. A nicely furnished house and kitchen that has nearly everything. But why does this guy lack medicine? "I will lend you some of mine."

"You're a great help."

"Well, I have to thank you for giving me a place to stay."
Her mother called her, but she knew it was only to check on her. The one at the house right now is most-likely her aunt. Her parents are not home, and her aunt would not care even if she was there or not. While

Yuhi's invitation was sudden and frightening, Sumire understood that he would not harm her.

"About what you said earlier."

"About quitting singing?"

"Do you think that way because of your situation?"

"I suppose so." Yuhi trailed off. "Sometimes, I think if I weren't a singer and just a normal guy, then maybe things would be different now."

"I won't ask you anymore since that would be insensitive of me. But I want you to know that you have so many people who love you. You may think it is superficial love since people can easily turn their backs on you if you do something wrong, but there is no kind of love without any pain or suffering involved.

They are like droplets of snow falling from the sky, one second they are whole and in the next second they have disappeared. There are many snowflakes out there, some who will not fade even if you make a mistake. You just have to find that person, even if it is only one."

I want to be that person for him...

But with her current situation, nothing will come out of this. After this night, she will not meet with him again. Sumire knew he would try to search for her again, but she would hide from him. After she saw that song earlier, she finally understood. The two of them belong to two different worlds.

"Hey." Yuhi suddenly called out.

"Yes?"

"Could you sing a song for me? I like your voice."

Her gaze softened when she heard those words. Does he like her voice? Even though he sings better than her, he still gives her this much attention.

"Who do you see at the end of the broken road? In this blizzard You hear a gentle voice Like pure white snowflakes.." Sumire sang.

After singing a few lines, she watched as Yuhi fell asleep. She moved the tray away and put it aside. The position he is standing in right now is entirely different from her. To become a singer, she never thought about it before. But here is a person who loves her singing.

In his dreams, all he saw was snow, but among them was a beautiful girl with long hair wearing a white dress.

When Yuhi woke up, he saw the face of his manager and sighed. "What an ugly thing to wake up to."

"I knew you would be like this!" She snapped. "Why on earth did you have that concert in the snow? You should have just canceled."

"So many people attended--- hey, did you see a girl here?"

Senna rolled her eyes. "Don't tell me you brought a girl home after the concert?"

"Well, something like that."

Her gaze dimmed at his words, and she hit him. "Even though you have me."

"Yes, yes, so where is she?"

"She left when I came by. She told me to pass this letter." Senna trailed off and pointed to the letter on the bedside table. "I didn't read it, but I am prepared for the blackmail. Tell me how much she wants."

Yuhi picked it up.

Dear Terashima Yuhi-san, Thank you very much for yesterday. But after speaking with you, I realized that I still cannot match up to you. Your offer made me happy, but I will have to turn it down. But thanks to you, I have decided to debut. One day we will meet again, on the same stage.

PS: I made some food to last a week, so please just heat it up. Love Ange

He blinked once and then again before bursting into laughter. Senna looked over at him, puzzled, and shook her head.

What an interesting woman. Ange huh? Yuhi recalled the faint initials he saw on the girl's phone. IS.. It seems like there is no need to look for her. If she is serious about music, then he will meet her soon.

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 49 Give me your energy

The present-day Year 2015- XX Agency.

After resting for an entire day, she felt better. Today was Monday, but she was not in school; instead, she was accompanying Yuhi to work. Her gaze fell on the man walking ahead of her. Even though she told him it would be a terrible idea since somebody could recognize her.

Yuhi disregarded her words and made her follow him. She wore a white sweater which has navy blue crosses across, a checkered blue and white pleated skirt, and black tights. Yuhi placed his cap on her hair.

"There you go."

Sumire sighed. "If you're worried about it too, then why am I here?" she questioned. She does not understand why he forcefully dragged her along.

Yuhi sighed. "Well, I thought you would want to come. I'm recording for one of my songs, snow voice."

At that comment, her eyes widened. She found it strange why Yuhi never released that song. But now he is suddenly releasing it after five years? What made him suddenly cha— Sumire paused when she realized something. Is it because of her? But not even Yuhi would bother waiting for her, would he? Then again, she can't rule out that possibility. Yuhi seems to be very fond of her.

Sumire tugged on his sleeves. "You mentioned that so casually, but when we met again before you said nothing."

"Well, that's because I was nervous."

Huh? Sumire raised her eyebrow at his words. "Nervous?"

Yuhi nodded. "Yeah. I mean, not only did we not meet in so long. But when I realized you were the girl I lost to..."

Sumire laughed. "I see, I think I understand."

Yuhi turned to her and grabbed her hands; he gave it a gentle squeeze before he mumbled against her ear. "Don't be nervous; when we get inside, just walk naturally. If you freak out, then people would be suspicious. I will warn you in advance, there will be many people. If you think you can't take it, we could use the back door. Tell me now; it would be harder to do so later."

She thought it through for a moment before saying. "We can go in through the front."

"Are you sure?" Yuhi asked. "I don't want to push you if you're not ready."

Her gaze softened. This person is truly kind and considerate of her. Other than Mamoru, nobody else has treated her like this before. "I will be fine, but could I keep holding your hand?"

"Sure, I would like that better."

After a few more reassuring words, Yuhi led her inside the building. Like he told her moments ago, there were a lot of people inside. Despite him warning her, she is very surprised. It is only seven in the

morning, why are so many people around? Does everybody in Yuhis agency work hard?

"Yuhi!" Somebody called out. "You jerk, you finally show up. Do you know how much work you have piled up? You even left all your concert prepar"

Yuhi passed the woman an envelope, and she opened it. The girl's eyes brightened. "So, you can do work."

"It is my concert. Why would I let anybody else prepare it?"

"That is more like you---" She trailed off. Her gaze hardened when she saw her. Sumire froze and immediately hid behind Yuhi. "Hey, who is that?"

Sumire could not miss the hostility in the woman's voice.

"My girlfriend."

"Y---Yo--ur what now?"

Even though Yuhi told her this was the best relationship cover. Sumire still felt strange about it. What if somebody recognizes her? If they recognize her after learning the dating status, people will judge her. She does not feel comfortable, but Yuhi already does so much for her.

Yuhi is not the type of person to take advantage of the situation, so Sumire guessed he suggested this for a reason. Her gaze fell on the woman who scrutinized her. It must be because of this person.

"I'm his girlfriend," Sumire interjected.

If looks could kill, she would be dead now.

"Who are you?"

"I'm his manager, Shindou Senna." Her eyes twitched in annoyance.
"Who are you?"

Oh, that's right, the name! Yuhi planned this so abruptly that they did not have much time to discuss it. To her surprise, Yuhi suddenly answered for her. "Ange."

Senna seemed startled when she heard that name. "Wait, are you the same one from before?"

The same one from before?

Yuhi again answered for her. "She is, so if you have a problem..."

The fiery look in the girl's eyes vanished. She seemed timid and looked away. "You have a photo shoot and an interview together. They are waiting for you in the fifth-floor studio." With those words said, the woman swiftly left.

Did she do a good job? Yuhi tugged on her hand and told her to follow. Sumire nodded; she could not miss the way people looked at them. It felt nerve-wracking and frightening, but one of the reasons why she was not scared was Yuhi. He is a man of little words, and yet his actions since they entered the building reassured her that he would have her back.

.....Sumire did not want to cause Yuhi problems, so she simply waited by the door. But Yuhi pulled up a chair nearby for her to sit down.

People kept looking over and whispering; however, nobody directly confronted her. How large is Yuhi's influence among these people? Normally somebody would have said something by now. Her gaze fell on Yuhi, who was in the middle of a photoshoot. Still, Yuhi is a star, huh?

After spending so much time with him, she almost forgot about it. He acts like a normal boy. But she felt her heart thumping when he looked over at her. She saw him as a man, not just a celebrity. That is the one thing she has to keep to herself. No matter how well her relationship with Yuhi is going, she cannot take a step forward.

Her gaze flickered towards the ring on her finger. Ru is gone, but that promise, the plans they were working on before he died, she cannot abandon it easily.

A part of her wanted to consult Yuhi about it. But at the same time, something told her not to tell him. If he were to learn the truth about her, how would he react?

She did not realize when Yuhi came over since she was too busy debating in her head.

"Hey there."

"Uh, hi," Sumire replied dumbly.

Yuhi laughed and suddenly pulled her into his arms. "The real reason I asked you to come over was because I need you for my breaks."

Sumire looked at Yuhi, puzzled. She did not understand what he was trying to say.

She felt his lips on her neck. "Give me your energy, Sumire."

Chapter end

Eternal Melody 50 Nervous

People described her as a calm and collected person; she always wore the same and indifferent look. But there were times where people caught her off guard. Since she is normally so calm, whenever she blushes, gets angry, or gets upset, the effect on her is large.

Yuhi chuckled. "Sorry, sorry. Are you getting embarrassed?"

Sumire hits him. "Quit it. I told you not to tease me like that."

This bantering did not go unnoticed by the one in charge.

"Terashimkun, who is this?"

"Oh." Yuhi nodded. "This is my girlfriend, Ange."

The guy kept looking her up and down. "You know, just now, the female model who was meant to work with you ended up canceling since she sprained her ankle. I discussed things with the team, and they said you would be fine alone, but I still think something is missing." He turned to her. "Miss, if you're free. Do you want to join?"

His suggestion surprised her. A joint shoot with Yuhi? But she is supposed to be low-key right now. What if somebody recognizes her? Yuhi squeezed her hand. "Let's go with that international theme you suggested. We have blonde wigs, right?"

"Terashimkun, you don't look good in blonde."

"Not me, her," Yuhi said. "Ange has fair skin, she has jewel-colored eyes, and she is tall for girls her age."

Sumire's gaze softened when she heard his compliments. It should embarrass her, and it did, but at the same time, she felt touched. Yuhi is watching over her carefully; he is really looking at her.

After discussing things with the director, Sumire decided to help out. It should be fine; they even said she could keep her glasses on. If it is like this, then nobody should be able to tell that it is her.

...Changing room

"Sorry about this." Yuhi apologized once they were left alone. "But I didn't feel comfortable with the looks people gave you."

"Ah, so this was deliberate?"

Yuhi nodded. "I asked him at the start to watch you. It seems like you caught his attention enough for him to agree with my request."

So it was something like that, she supposes that made sense. "Anyhow, Yuhi-san, what do you think you're doing right now?" Sumire questioned.

Why on earth did he follow her inside?

"I'm helping you choose some clothes." His lips curve to a devilish-looking smirk. "What were you thinking?"

This jerk is trying to tease her again. Sumire took a deep breath; two can play that game. She leaned forward and wrapped her arms around his neck. "You came here to help, didn't you? What else would you help with?" She ended her sentence suggestively.

To her surprise, Yuhi suddenly turned a bright shade of red. Sumire eyes widened when she saw this. She did not expect this reaction from him at all. But then again, even Yuhi has a clumsy side. If the person he likes says such things to him, even he will get embarrassed. She wonders why this person even fell for her. Somebody like Terashima Yuhi could get any girl he wanted, but in the end, he still chose her.

Another romantic thing he did to show he loves her is the song. The fact that Yuhi waited five whole years before releasing this song, Sumire felt touched. Any girl would fall for him. From the very minute they met, she did not present herself as girlfriend material. So Sumire does not understand why her.

"Are you done staring?" Sumire shook her head. "I want to look more."

Yuhi sighed and flicked her forehead. "Alright, quit it. Just because I get embarrassed easily does not mean you can take advantage of me."

She wasn't trying to take advantage of him, though. Sumire slumped her head on his chest. "The thing is I was only messing around with you because I was trying to get rid of my nerves."

"You're nervous?"

An awkward burst of laughter escaped her lips. "I am very nervous. I know I agreed to it, but I only did that because I thought Yuhi would be there for me." She trailed off. "I still think that I trust you. I know you will be there for me. But, it is still scary. So many people will be

watching me. When the magazine comes out, there will always be that fear that somebody will recognize me."

It's frightening to take the first step. After she woke up and realized that Ru was no longer around, she felt like a dead person walking. The rest of the world, and everybody living in it, all of it was meaningless to her. But even then, she could not stay away from music or anything to do with the entertainment industry whenever she walked through town and saw anything music-related. Her eyes would naturally get drawn in.

For her, music will always remain important. But with the current situation, she cannot sing, even if she wants to. She felt Yuhis hand on her hair, and she looked up surprised. "Yuhi?"

"Uhh, wait, wait," Yuhi said. "I was thinking long and hard about what I could do for you, and this is the only thing that came to mind. I mean I could hug you again but every time I do that your scent drives me crazy. Since we are at work, I need to keep my hands off you..."

She could only stare at him with wide eyes. How come this person knows exactly what she wants? He knew the right thing to say whenever she was upset or angry. With this much knowledge, it is not only challenging to push him away, but it leads to her trusting him.

Honey coated words that anybody could say.

Perfect replies and actions that match.

Is Terashima Yuhi genuinely kind, or is he really calculating? Sumire already knew the answer to that. This person will never harm her; he will stand by her side forever. Even if she turns him away, he is the type of person who would chase after her.

Chapter end