

## ETERNAL MELODY

### Chapter 9 - That Important

Rose Apartment - Tokyo 2015

Yuhi didn't know how he could carry her back home. He would have taken his bike, but he parked it a bit too far from the school. He does this, so the teachers don't catch him out. His entire brain felt fogged due to the lack of rest, and his steps weakened by the minute. However, he wanted her somewhere safe.

He somehow entered the pin code to her apartment despite carrying her. Don't ask him why he knows the code; he needed to get her inside. If she is inside, then she is safe. Sumire is that important to him; everything else paled in comparison.

When they entered the apartment, he noticed only a dim light was on in the corridor. It gave off a cold feeling. He fumbled around and switched on the lights.

But that didn't make any difference. Pitch black walls, narrow grey stripes from the ground to the top to the black wall. Plain oak flooring and the lights were pale too.

'She's living in a place like this?' Even though only a day has passed, Yuhi found it hard to believe. Still, he managed to get inside with her key, so this must be it. Yuhi settled her down on the couch. He would have brought her to her bedroom. However, Yuhi wanted to cook a meal for her.

He has a feeling that her room is the same way. How could she stay in such an uncomfortable place? Maybe he should convince her to go to the dorms. Yuhi walked over to the kitchen area and noticed how clean it was. 'Did she not eat breakfast...?' He glanced back at the girl and sighed.

It seems like he has to take care of her. Right now, she is hopeless alone.

Once he found the cooking equipment, he opened the fridge. It was surprisingly full. If she has food, she should eat it. He picked up some ingredients and brought it over to the counter.

To measure a person's worth, you must do more than push them. The real way to test their worth is to give them power. When they gain the freedom to act outside the boundaries of law and ethics, it becomes easier to see their souls. When the weak become strong.

Terashima Yuhi, he was raised without ever knowing who his parents were. If he had them, he certainly wouldn't know anything about whether or not they were alive or cared about him or not. Throughout most of his life, he was alone.

He had to do everything by himself. Whenever he tried to reach out for the things that most people took for granted, people treated him as this savage beast. Somebody told him that no matter how hard he tried, nothing would change. His status in society was determined already.

A monster, a beast. A tool he had heard it all before, at a very young age, he was told by the person who took care of him—a dojo teacher who found him abandoned in the middle of the forest.

That teacher told him, 'You are a person who is different than that of a regular person. Your actions and words will influence a great number of people in the future. Your words alone are like 'Gods.'

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Back then, Yuhi didn't understand what those words meant. However, once his sensei passed away, Yuhi left the dojo. He was faced with the rest of the world. He understood it. The second he stepped foot into society, it became apparent.

His thoughts broke off when he felt a pair of arms wrap around his waist. For a moment, Yuhi is startled.

"Yuhi," Sumire mumbled.

"You alright?" Yuhi asked. "You have a fever. I think you should go back to sleep." Or rather, he wanted her to quickly get away from him. He does not want to misunderstand her intentions.

"I feel bad." She admitted. "But I wanted to ask why you came here?"

"Someone has to look after you."

"I'm not a child," Sumire argued.

Yuhi sighed. "What use is there acting stubborn? Go, rest."

The reason he sent her away was because he didn't want to get close to her. If he is close to her again, who knows what he will do?

Sumire buried her face in his back. "You're so cold, Yuhi. Yet you're here; your right here." Sumire mumbled.

Yuhi bit his lip when he hears her pained words. He put the fire on the stove down and turned around. He scooped the girl up and carried her back to the living room. "Do you want to move to the dorms instead?" Yuhi asked.

"Dorms?"

"Yeah, won't you be lonely out here?"

"It's okay, I'm fine." Sumire quickly interjected.

Fine? How can she be fine in a place like this? Yuhi would scold her, but the girl already looked so fragile and weak. Yet he couldn't forget her smile when she was painting earlier. As he thought, he wants the best for her even if she doesn't end up choosing him.

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Yuhi brushed his fingers across her forehead. The heat from her forehead transmitted from her skin to his palm. "You're still feverish, after all. Can you go to your room and get changed?"

"Okay." Sumire agreed. Yuhi settled her down and watched as she weakly walked over to the staircase.

'Will she be okay?' He shook his head and turned to the food he was preparing for her.

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After he made her meal, Yuhi made his way to her room. It was easy to navigate since the girl left the door to her room open. He carefully pushed the tray into her room. Sumire has all the kitchen supplies and even food. But why did she not eat? Yuhi did not understand that logic at all.

Yuhi searched the room for the girl. He found her on the ground, with ice packs all over her body. For a moment, he did not know what to do until he saw her pained face. He put the trolley of food aside and rushed over to her.

Yuhi removed the ice packs from her cheeks, "What are you doing, you, stupid girl? You gave me a shock. No matter what, you can't paste too many ice packs on." He briefly scanned the room, and his gaze darkened.

It was like he thought. This room is lifeless and dull, or rather is this place a room? No signs of life at all. She may have just moved in, but it's frightening how cold this place is.

"B-but I'm feeling so hot. One isn't enough." She edged closer to him. "Yuhi, is that really you?"

"Yes."

"Why are you here?" she trails off. "Or maybe I'm dreaming? Or maybe it's the fever that's making me feel weird."

Yuhi's eyes widened when he heard those words. Damn, how many times will this girl catch him of guard? Is she doing this deliberately? Isn't she admitting that she dreams about him? He hesitantly placed a soft kiss on her forehead.

"Yeah, it's me. Sorry for kissing you."

Sumire doesn't respond to that and wrapped her arms around him. She...

"I was so lonely, so very lonely. I didn't have anyone. I wanted to see you, but it felt wrong."