

# Ocean Avenue

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## Kapitel 2: Kids

The alarm went off at exactly 7:00, but when Takekura Gen awoke, he was alone in his bed. To make things worse, he had a hard-on so bad that he was wondering what he had dreamt before. He remembered only holding somebody in his dreams, sleeping peacefully in a too small bed, nothing like the queen-size bed that he shared with his wife.

Groggily he sat up, rubbed over his face and decided to take a really cold shower. Maybe that would help him both to wake up and get rid of his problem south. Feet searching for slippers, he padded over to the bathroom and shed his pajamas, dropping them somewhere on the floor. He could take care of them later. Raking a hand through his tousled black hair, he stepped into the shower and let the icy water rain down on him. As soon as he was able to open his eyes without difficulties, he heated up the water and started to wash his hair and body. He continued to ignore his slowly dying hard-on until it was completely back to normal just to get out of the shower as soon as he was done with his washing.

Toweling his hair, he went back to the sleeping room and went to look for some boxers. When he did not find the ones he was looking for, he gave up and resorted to being a typical husband: Clad only with the towel around his waist, he yelled down towards the kitchen: "Honey! Where are my favorite boxer shorts?"

"They're on your dressing chair, honey! With your favorite dress shirt, suit and tie!" a female voice yelled upstairs, while the smell of freshly brewed coffee slowly made its way to the man's nose.

He inhaled deeply, thanking the gods for such a considerate wife and went to the chair standing and the foot ending of his side of the bed, where he found the items she mentioned. Smiling as he saw the little red bats on the otherwise black boxer shorts, he thanked the gods that he had not gained much weight over the years, else than other people he knew that were of his age. Of course, he had grown a bit more stomach compared to the time when he was twenty years younger, but not too much. Also, he was still able to lift the same weights as twenty years ago, which came in handy when he decided to help out on one site or the other.

Those occasions became less and less though and nowadays he visited the sites that Takekura Constructions was working on only seldom. He saw that as a sign of success,

that this expansion from the rather small business his father had built to a big corporate group with other small businesses – the one that Tamahachi had built up, for example – had been the best idea he had ever had. It also meant that the money his family had spent on his studies had not been in vain, even though he had told them he would take over the business as soon as he was done with High School. But everybody had pursued him to study, saying that "it would be a waste of his intelligence", if he did not go. Thus he enrolled at the Tokyo University together with his now wife and... Hiruma.

Gen stopped moving, right in the middle of tying his tie, remembering what he had dreamt of.

~\*~FLASHBACK~\*~

It were the days after he had come back to High School in his second year. After he had left for over a year and half, giving up everything personal to help out in his father's business. He knew that the one that had been hurt most thanks to his betrayal was not he himself, not matter how much he wanted to believe it, but Hiruma.

While trying not to let it show outwardly, one look to the blond's eyes told Musashi everything that he needed to know then. Hiruma missed him, thus avoided him and thus missed him even more. And Musashi let him, because in his self-torture he had thought that it would be best for him and the blond if they did not see each other anymore. He despised that Hiruma seemed to seek solace somewhere else, but he did not say a word. In fact, he ignored it the best way he could and that was by working hard.

But then, quicker than he thought he would, he was kicking balls again, thanks to that monkey-ish boy and the one with the fast legs. Still, he tried not to think about American Football anymore but failed miserably. In the end, he admitted that he missed Football and Hiruma more than anything in his life and came running back to both.

It was hard not to pull Hiruma into his arms on the field, right in the middle of the match against the Seibu Wild Gunmen. He rectified that after the match though, and Hiruma being Hiruma was not happy with it until they had made up properly in the shower afterwards. And in the locker room. And the toilet... and his room, his bed, his bathroom and almost everywhere in his flat. In the end, they had fallen into an almost comatose sleep, the blond holding onto him like his life depended on it – and it probably did.

Musashi on the other hand was happy to hold the other tight the entire night, waking up with him in his arms afterwards. And Hiruma sleeping soundly in his arms was a memory he would never forget, no matter how many other happy memories he had made over the years.

~\*~END FLASHBACK~\*~

Takekura Gen cursed his affection to that memory. The moment he had recalled it, he felt his hard-on growing again and even though he was able to will it away, his skin kept tingling as if he was still a High School boy madly in love.

It also was not so much the memory of having sex with Hiruma that had turned him on, but more the fact how it felt, sleeping with the blond in his arms, the trust and gratitude he was rewarded with by the blond still being with him in the morning. Not even the memory of holding his first-born child managed to take that away. It came in the spot, but he did not cherish it more than that memory, for what reasons ever.

Sighing deeply, Gen finished tying his tie and put on the jacket of his suit and went back into the bathroom, where he brushed his hair out of his face, fixing it with some gel. He had shaved the evening before, so that he was now sporting his characteristic stubble again, as he would for the rest of the day. After all, it was his birthday, and what would he do, looking any different than any other day?

Finally done with his morning ritual, he went downstairs, just to be greeted by his wife and the youngest of his children.

"Mmmm, that's yummy, isn't it, Sachiko-chan? Yes, it is," Mamori chanted as she fed the little girl some pulp. The baby girl giggled, laughed and clapped her little hands together, obviously happy with whatever her mother was giving to her.

Gen smiled, helping himself to a mug of steaming black coffee as he ruffled the little girl's ginger curls.

"Good morning, you two. Have you slept well?" he asked.

"Oh, / did," Mamori answered, a little sourly maybe, "until this little lady here decided that I had to change her diapers about 2 hours ago. Isn't it so, you dirty little girl?"

As an answer, Sachiko only giggled and wrapped her little hands around the plastic spoon Mamori was holding. The woman shook her head with a smile and continued to feed her.

Gen snorted softly, now knowing why he woke up alone this morning. Also, he knew why he dreamt of Hiruma so suddenly, because he only seemed to do that when Mamori was not sleeping next to him.

"Oh! I almost forgot about it!" Mamori suddenly said and handed Sachiko the spoon, who tried to eat the pulp herself, but rather smeared it all over her face than put it into her mouth. Watching her from a safe distance, Gen shook his head with an amused smile and wondered why all of his children rather wanted to play with their food than eat. Or maybe all children did it? He did not quite know.

"Hey, I dreamt of Hiruma just before I woke up," Gen said while his wife checked the refrigerator.

"Oh, really? What was it about?" she asked, putting something big onto the counter

next to her, kicking the door of the fridge shut.

"Good ol' times," Gen answered, finally taking the spoon from Sachiko's hands to feed her properly. "I'd give you details, but we have children in the room."

Mamori laughed as she lit a match. "As if Sachiko would understand what you said."

"Who knows? Don't want to spoil her such a young age, huh?" Gen said, cleaning her mouth with the spoon as well as he could.

"Well, maybe it's a sign or something? You don't dream very often of him, do you? And every time you do, something happens," Mamori suggested, just before turning around to her husband with a large cake in her arms. "Happy Birthday!"

Gen's eyes turned big like saucers. "Did you make that for me?"

"Yes, I did bake it yesterday and put some icing on it while you were in the bathroom last night... It's not completely dried yet though, I think," she said, looking unhappy about that.

Putting the spoon down, the man stood up and kissed his wife on the cheek. "Thank you very much. I bet it's tasty."

"It better is! I put a lot of effort into it... and it's your favorite!"

"Hm, Chocolate Cake..."

"Did I hear the word 'cake'?" a cheeky voice said from the entrance.

"Youichi!" Mamori greeted her oldest son, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, mom," the blond young man said, kissing her on the other cheek. "Is that Dad's cake? It looks perfect!"

"Yes, it's mine, and nobody will get a piece of it, unless they ask me nicely, understood, young man?" Gen grinned.

"Hey! I always ask nicely, dad," Youichi protested. "Happy 45th Birthday, by the way."

"Don't remind me how old I am, please?" his father winced. "It's bad enough that I will hear it for the rest of the day."

"What should I say? I'll be turning 20 in a month, I'll be old then! Not a Teen anymore, you know?" the young man protested, receiving nothing but uncomprehending looks from his parents. "Don't look at me like that! That's... that's bad, you know?"

"...says the one, who's practically the second in command of Takekura constructions," Gen chuckled, patting his son's shoulder. "Don't forget your studies though, okay?"

"Of course I won't," Youichi pouted. "I only have lectures this afternoon though and thought I'd do something for *my* business until then. I'd not be missing much anyways if I didn't go."

"I know," Gen sighed. "Better than you think I do. But do that for your mother and me, please? It'll make the future easier for you."

"I don't know what this has got to do with anything, but I'll go anyways. This way I'll get to see my friends," Youichi said as he helped himself to his own mug of coffee, putting some whitener into it.

"...good morning," another voice said, followed by the sound of feet shuffling on the kitchen floor. A tired lump fell down onto the chair next to Youichi, just to let his head fall down on the table.

Mamori sighed. "Takeshi, if you did not play video games until late at night you would not be this tired every morning."

"Ye~s," the ten-year-old boy mumbled, barely able to lift up his head again.

"...Why do I even bother? You won't stop playing anyways," Mamori sighed as she placed a bowl of cereals in front of him. "...Haven't you forgotten anything?"

"Hm? Oh," Takeshi mumbled and tried to sit up, but he only managed to roll his head around so that he was looking at his father, who sat down on the other side of the table, snatching a toast from the basket in the middle of the table. "Happy Birthday, dad. Hope you have a nice day and such..."

"Please, cover your mouth, I don't think your dad wants to see what you ate last night," Mamori reprimanded the boy, making Gen chuckle softly.

"You don't need to make him say that. Let him wake up a little first," he said, suddenly noticing the missing set on the table. "Where is Ken?"

"Already at school, you know how devoted he is to his training," Mamori explained. "He left about 5 minutes to 7."

"Just before I woke up," Gen snorted bemusedly. "Well, I'll see him tonight, right?"

"Yes! Our little family party tonight! I already prepared the meat," Mamori beamed. "Just the best! Oh, and for dessert there will be creampuffs from Kariya, you know, they still make the best in town and-"

"I know you'll do your best to make it a night to remember," Gen smiled as he finished his toast and his coffee. "I'll miss my secretary today."

"Aw, I'll be back tomorrow," Mamori smiled fondly. "But you understand that I need this day off-"

"Of course I do. I just said that I'll be a little lonely, answering all these calls on my own."

"You'll survive it, I'm sure," his wife winked. "But you better get going now, or you'll be late."

"Hm? Oh, you're right," Gen mumbled after he glanced at the clock. "Well, I'll be going now. I'll see you later. Youichi, work hard for your studies, understood?"

"Yes, dad!" the blond mumbled, chewing on his second toast. "I always do, you know that."

"Of course I do," his father said as he grabbed his briefcase. On his way out he ruffled Takeshi's hair. "And you young man, do what your mother says. Sitting in front of the computer for a long time is not good for your eyes, understood?"

"Yes, dad," the little, black-haired boy mumbled, his face half-hidden by the bowl of cereals.

His wife kissed him good-bye on the cheek. "Have a nice day, honey."

"I hope it will be full of surprises," Gen said, his eyes twinkling slightly with mischief, making his wife shake his head. "See you tonight."

"Be careful!"

"I will!"

Takekura Gen did not know which surprises the day held for him. It would be the biggest surprise of his life.