

Disclaimer: I do not own TWTYH... although I secretly wish I did, only the story wouldn't be as interesting that way.

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"I love you. I see you... and I love you..."

"Get out! Get out! Get out!" Yayoi tapped her temples with open palms; something she found effective at rattling her brain, but not meant for getting rid of the sweetest love confession she had ever heard.

It was strange. Hearing those words aimed at her made her happy and sad at the same time. How could words have that kind of power to make a person's heart feel light and heavy simultaneously?

There goes that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde feeling again. Heavens, and it didn't help that Miyabi was either naïve to what had transpired between his friend and girlfriend or he just didn't care. It haunted her as she thought of the scene, when they finally had to answer the knocking door...

"Miyabi!" Akito grinned opening the door to Yayoi's dressing room.

"Akito." The dark prince looked at the blonde. "I thought you were going to the stage area to check on things with Shuya."

"Oh, no. We ran into Musashi and Sayaka-San." Akito beamed. "Sayaka left once the golden couple got a hold of one another. Not wanting to be a third wheel I continued on and stopped realizing I haven't spoken to Ya-Chan in a while, right?"

"R-Right." Yayoi flushed. Why did Akito put her on the spot like that?

"Doesn't she look great?" Akito looked at her, beaming. "I was telling her those boots look dangerous."

"Oh." Miyabi looked at Akito, then at Yayoi, and finally her shoes. "Why do girls wear such painful looking shoes?"

"They don't hurt!" Yayoi smiled and spun a quick circle. She beamed at Miyabi then a glance at Akito whose million-watt smile suddenly dimmed to about 100 watts, and she felt hers fade a little, her heart tinged with a strange guilt.

"Yeah, looks like you can dance all night in them." Akito smiled at her then looked at Miyabi. "I should go see if everything is ready. Almost show time you know."

"We know." Miyabi looked Akito in the eye, a clear message for Akito to leave and that he should've been gone five minutes ago.

"Well, Ya-chan." Akito looked at Yayoi before his gaze averted to her shoes then slowly back up her legs. "It was nice talking to you." Her face burned, as she recalled, and experienced again, his lips on her thigh. "And, don't forget what I said." He tapped her hat. "Hurry up okay?"

"Y-Yes." She clasped her hands in front of her, to stop the nervous shaking. Why was he doing this in front of Miyabi?

"Oh! You look so cute!" Akito pulled her to him in an embrace.

To anyone looking, it meant nothing. This was typical Akito; bubbly, silly, cutesy, and above all else, one to freely give skinship to his closest. To Yayoi, who was in his arms naught but a moment ago, on the receiving end of a love confession, this made her nervous with Miyabi in the room. A quick look at Miyabi and she no longer felt guilt. She felt... disappointment? He didn't flinch at what transpired before his eyes.

"Akito." Miyabi began to scowl, more than usual as this huggy, fluffy, pink moment had gone on far too long. He wanted; no he needed alone time with Yayoi before the show and time was ticking.

"Okay! Okay! I'm gone!" Akito practically skipped out of the room the door slammed behind him. His saddened look hidden by the closed door.

"M-Miyabi-Sama."

"What were you two talking about?" He sat in her chair.

"I-I'm sorry?" A guilty pang.

"Don't forget what I said?"

“Nothing... just... talking.” Another guilty pang.

“Oh.” He sat in her chair. There was that look of fire, intensified by the smoky makeup of black and red. His gaze burned and her knees melted into jelly.

“Come here.” He tugged her to him and she stumbled into his lap.

“Miyabi-Sama...” She looked him in the eyes; For the show he had one ice blue eye and the other his natural dark brown eye. Their gazes remained locked for a moment. She feared he’d see that something was amiss in her eyes. That he could see those guilty twinges.

In the corners of her mind, her thoughts still lingered on Akito. The love that was in his light eyes. The pain he held deep inside as he continued to wait. And he was waiting for her no less. A princess of fluff and sweetness, the kind that needed saving from the dark prince; the kind that wanted saving from the dark prince. No, her type of princess was locked away in towers by dark princes like Miyabi. Yayoi was the kind of princess that sought a white knight, one in shining armor on a white steed... a prince like Akito.

“You look...” Miyabi’s eyes searched her face as hands slowly crept up her thigh, one daring enough to rise up her skirt to cup her bottom. “..Perfect.” He breathed as if he’d been holding his breath along with the word.

Perfect?!? What was that, perfect? Perfect for what?

“Thank you.” Her face burned as she looked into his eyes longer. His eyes fluttered closed as he leaned in to kiss her, her own followed suit. His lips glided against her own and she was briefly relieved she had opted for lip gloss instead of the lipstick that would have them both looking like children who had been dipping into fruit punch. He was fierce in his lip locking, as usual. Forceful as his hands contradicted those lips and caressed her skin gently.

Yayoi could only whimper, enjoy the feelings that would overwhelm her and try to follow suit. Miyabi rose to occasion, of course, as he was the initiator. He wanted her and she... was reduced to a puppy willing to follow a conditioned command.

He said “come here” she couldn’t resist. He gave her a look and she was a quivering mess. He could touch her and she would let him. This was how he used her. This was how he would drain her. This is how he could mold her into an emotional mess. She didn’t want much, she didn’t ask for much; all she wanted... was to know she was locked into his heart and he could have his way with her as he wills it. All she wanted was...

“Love.” The word came out quiet. If there had been others in the room they wouldn’t have heard it. Yayoi had barely heard the word escaped in between kissing. Their moment came to a halt; not an abrupt halt as he himself wasn’t sure if he’d heard it at first, but a halt all the same.

“Mm, Miyabi-Sama.” She whispered resting her forehead against his shoulder, her lungs short of breath and her skin on fire with desire. When her mind was finally aware of their ceasing she pulled back and looked at him.

“I should go...” He cleared his throat. “Start warming up.” Another inconspicuous cough.

“Oh!” She jumped up off of him and immediately went to fix her skirt to bring it back to the volume it once had. Miyabi looked at her a moment more, looking as if he had unspoken words that burned his tongue like a hot pepper. She watched him in the mirror, an unreadable expression on his face.... ‘Miyabi-Sama...’

Yayoi blew out again returning to the present. A time of ringing ears and lightly bruised body parts from screaming fan girls (and guys). What was it about love that caused so much discomfort in Miyabi? Did he never intend to love? Is love so different from the darkness that he wallows in? Or is it...? No. She didn’t really to think like that possibility that ate away at her.

Miyabi couldn’t possibly still be holding a black flamed candle for... Yumi?

“*He doesn’t love you...*” The words of Akito echoed once more in her mind.