The Boyfriend Type (Kaoru Hitachiin x Male Reader)
by DreamDepot

Summary

You never imagined your study abroad in the lap of luxury would be spent as an entertainer for ladies with too much time on their hands, especially when you prefer gentlemen.

Notes

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This story will follow naming conventions as used in the English Dub. For example, names will be written like Tamaki Suoh instead of Suoh Tamaki. This is done for ease of reading as this story is written in English.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The Debut of the Foreigner Host!

Only those with excellent social standing and those from filthy rich families are lucky enough to spend their time here at the elite private school, Ouran Academy. The Ouran Host Club is where the school’s handsomest boys with too much time on their hands entertain young ladies who also have way too much time on their hands. Just think of it as Ouran Academy’s elegant playground for the super-rich and beautiful.

“Why is everything pink?” you muttered to yourself as you mounted the steps to the administration building. “It was pink in the brochure, but I didn’t think it’d be this pink.” You could feel many eyes watching your every move. “Uh hi!”

A few of them seemed to scoff. You caught words like “commoner” and “filthy”, but most of them stood transfixed. Did people like this really exist? Could people really be this sheltered?

The main building was as impressive as the campus grounds. It could have passed for a cathedral with windows two stories high, letting in enough light without making the halls unbearably hot. The chandeliers appeared covered in 24 karat gold leaf, and, given the surroundings, you were sure they were.

“Ah, you must be Mr [L/n].” A man in a pressed cream suit with a pink tie approached you with a bright smile. “My name is Yuzuru Suoh. I’m the Chairman of the Ouran Academy Board.”

“Yes, sir!” You said with a quick but deep bow. “It’s an honor to make your acquaintance.”

The chairman seemed impressed. “Your Japanese is remarkable. You must have studied very hard. We pride ourselves on work ethic here, and I’m sure you’ll fit right in.”

“Thank you, sir.” You hadn’t studied Japanese for the past year at university level intensity for nothing.

“Please allow me a bit of pleasure,” he said, transferring flawlessly to English. “It’s rare I get to practice conversational English.”

“Of course,” you smiled, instantly at ease with this charismatic man.

“I trust you had a comfortable flight?”

“Yes sir,” you said, remembering how wonderful flying in the school’s private jumbo jet was, though you did find it a little excessive. You were the only student passenger and the rest were maids catering to your every need. The simple act of asking for water was an ordeal with several types of still and sparkling water of different flavors served in gold-rimmed champagne flutes.

“You will find we take care of our students, especially guest students like you. You’ll have to tell your principal to raise your school’s standards!” Mr. Suoh laughed at his little joke. You laughed, but only out of respect. Your principal was close friends with Mr. Suoh, and the two decided on a special program to welcome an exchange student from your country.

Mr. Suoh led you into a salon that appeared to be an office where another man, the Ouran Headmaster was waiting.

“Hello Mr. [L/n], it’s an honor to meet you.”
“Please, the honor is mine,” you replied.

“I apologize it took so long for you to get here, but you understand how bureaucracy can be.” A good part of the school year had already gone by, and you were entering in November. This was due partially to the difference in school years from your home country and Japan, but also due to the sheer mountain of paperwork. Since the Japanese school year ends in March, you would be returning for the rest of the semester after the holidays, requiring a bit of an extended visa.

“Ah yes,” the Headmaster smiled. “It’s good to see that you will be joining us. This trial program I’m sure will go well.”

“My friend always had an eye for talent,” Mr. Suoh smiled. You didn’t want to tell him it was sheer luck to win the school lottery and pass the entrance exam. After all, when word got out about Ouran Academy, everyone wanted to join. “Please tell me, where are you from again?”

“[Hometown] in [Home Country].”

“Really? I haven’t been to [Home Country] in many years. I hope you bring a fresh foreign perspective to our work here.” The chairman set down his teacup. “Now, I’m sure you must be a little intimidated by the students. Please excuse them, many have lived sheltered lives. Now unless I’m mistaken, you will be in Class 1-A.”

The headmaster consulted a clipboard. “That’s correct, Chairman Suoh.”

“I’m sure some students from 1-A will be by soon to give you a brief tour of Ouran.” No sooner had Mr. Suoh finished, a knock came at the door. “Please enjoy yourself, Mr. [L/n]. Ouran is always ready to welcome greatness, and I’m sure you will not disappoint. We will see you soon.”

“Thank you, sir,” you said, bowing again. As you pushed open the doors, you had the sinking feeling that coming here might have been a huge mistake.

Outside, two twins with fiery red hair wrapped their arms around a rather feminine looking brunette boy. “How do you do?” you said with a bow. “My name is [Y/n] [L/n], it’s an honor to meet you. Please take care of me.”

The twins looked at each other then burst into laughter. The brunette waved them off and bowed. “The pleasure is ours, but you don’t have to be so polite. My name’s Haruhi Fujioka. These clowns are Hikaru and Kaoru Hitachiin.”

“So, you’re another commoner, right?” Hikaru – or was it Kaoru? – said. “You’re just like Haruhi then!”

“Pay no attention to them,” Haruhi replied, leading the way. “Welcome to Ouran.”

The tour went quickly, but each stop was more impressive than the last. Why a school would need multiple five-star cafeterias was beyond you, but considering the delectable aromas coming from them, you wouldn’t complain! That wasn’t even counting the several athletic facilities, the gigantic rose hedge maze, the numerous fountains, the health clinic, the Big Ben replica that actually served as the bell system; it was all so much it sent your head spinning! You found yourself walking with light steps, fearful that if you scuffed the floor you would have to pay some kind of fine for repairs.

Your new companions seemed pretty friendly. The twins appeared to be close to Haruhi and not exactly trusting of you. Haruhi on the other hand, while a little dry at times, was actually very kind and helpful.
“And this is Music Room 3,” Haruhi said, trying to pull you away.

“What’s in there?” You asked. The twins had a rather conniving look while Haruhi winced.

Before anyone could respond, the doors swung open with a gentle breeze carrying little flurries of rose petals towards you. A gentle fragrance blew your way, putting you at ease, though Haruhi acted as if it were a siren’s song. Not a siren’s song as in he was attracted to it, but rather he was trying to save you from certain grisly doom.

“Welcome,” came several voices.

As the petals cleared, you saw several beautiful men all in magazine-cover poses before you. You felt blood rush to your cheeks, never seeing so many handsome men all in one place before. Suddenly, staying at this school didn’t seem like such a bad idea.

“Oh, a boy?” the tall blond one commented, almost with a sigh like a graceful prince. “That’s rather unexpected.”

With that, the fantasy tumbled down. You remembered that despite its usually progressive views, Japan wasn’t the most accepting of homosexuality yet – strange, considering the popularity of various entertainment genres like shonen-ai, shojo-ai, yaoi, yuri, bara/gei-komi, gachimuchi, and so on. Then again, yaoi wasn’t exactly the best representation of the homosexual community, but, hey, you took what you could get.

A little blond boy clutching a pink bunny cocked his head. “Well, he certainly seems like a guy, but Ha—” He was cut off by a tall muscular guy with short black hair.

“Regardless,” the fourth and final member, muttered over the top of his notebook, “business is business. I’m afraid you’ll need an appointment. We are booked solid for today’s activities.”

You turned to Haruhi. “Activities?”

Haruhi rubbed his temples. “This is the Host Club where we entertain guests through romantic roleplay and other activities.” He raised a hand to cut off the obvious question that popped into your mind, which was more than enough to mean “No.” He then turned to the others. “[Y/n] is not a customer. I was just showing him around.”

“You couldn’t help but introduce him to Daddy!” The blonde princely guy cheered, embracing Haruhi. Were their views on gays were more relaxed than you thought? Then again, prince-boy seemed more “twink” than “daddy” to you.

“[Y/n] [L/n],” Book guy cut in, making a check in his notes. “You’re the new exchange student. Since our fearless leader is distracted, allow me to welcome you to the Ouran High School Host Club. My name is Kyoya Otori.”

“I’m Mitsukuni Haninozuka, but you can call me Honey! This is Mori!”

Mori looked at you and gave you an approving nod.

“And I am Tamaki Suoh.” The tall blond seemed to almost glow as he moved, though it came off as a tad narcissistic.

“Actually,” Tamaki mused, studying you. “With a little polish, you could be quite attractive.” You weren’t sure whether to thank him or punch him, so you stood still as he ran a finger down the center of your face, as if drawing a line. “Yes… your proportions are almost Vitruvian! And you have very
nice features, a sort of classical handsomeness if you will. The perfect addition to our host line-up!”
He stopped. “But alas, we don’t have room for you. You’re the wrong type.”

“I’m sorry?” You said, completely unsure of how to respond to that. Was everyone here insane?

“As you can see we have several types to offer. Mori-senpai is the strong silent type, while Honey-senpai is the boy Lolita. The twins are the mischievous type. There’s also the cool type like Kyoya or the princely type like me. And of course, you can’t forget our Haruhi, the natural type.” Tamaki sighed. “I’m afraid that as it stands now, we’re balanced, and we don’t have one for you. We’re just out of types.”

“Out of types?!” A voice shrieked out of nowhere. The floor trembled as you heard a powerful motor start-up, lifting a platform – and a young lady. What kind of music room was this?!

“Renge Hoshikuji,” Kaoru – you think – whispered in your ear. “She’s in Class 1-A too. She’s an otaku.”

That… sort of explained more than you expected.

“Tamaki, I’m really disappointed in you,” Renge scolded. “There are far more types than what the Host Club has!”

“What did you have in mind, Renge?”

“Oh Tamaki, don’t you know? Ladies love variety, and nothing provides a better variety than a hot exotic foreigner!” She pointed dramatically to you. “The accent! The slang! The looks!” You were quickly learning what a slab of meat at a deli must feel like.

“But aren’t I a foreigner?” Tamaki asked.

“You’ve been around too long,” Hikaru (maybe?) added.

Kaoru (probably) snickered. “Yeah boss, you’ve lost your exotic side.”

Tamaki sent death glares to the twins while Kyoya stepped up. “To be fair, [Y/n] represents a nationality that typically isn’t common at Ouran. It could do well for sales. Would you be interested [Y/n]?”

Honestly, you wanted to tell him exactly what you thought of being swept into what was apparently not a brothel and where he could shove his precious sales. Yet, one look around the room at the attractive men and your higher brain functions hit a critical failure. Lizard brain kicked in and you slurred, “Sure.”

Kyoya made a quick notation in his book. “Then it’s settled, you’ll be the Foreigner Type.”

Tamaki wore the smuggest smile you’d ever seen and settled into his chair, crossing his legs. “Well men,” he said with a snap of his fingers, “let’s get to work.”

In a flurry of makeup and hair products, you found yourself facing a mirror looking like you walked off a Parisian photo shoot. You’d never seen yourself look so attractive before. You couldn’t tell exactly what they did, but your eyes were striking, your hair stunning, and your smile could steal a heart at fifty paces.

Haruhi tapped you on the shoulder. “You’re looking great, [Y/n].”
“Thanks, Haruhi,” you blushed. “I… it’s just a bit overwhelming.”

“It was for me too. It’s a lot easier than you think, just smile and have fun with it.”

“Right,” you said, walking back into the main room. It felt like you were walking in a bubble with everything as white noise around you. Was this even real life? You just got here, and now you were some kind of escort! Before you could protest further, several students – who Tamaki insisted were to be called Princesses – were sat across from you.

“Hello [Y/n]!” one of them greeted. “You’re our new foreign student, right?”

“Are you from a rich foreign family?”

“Do you travel often?”

You took a deep breath. *Just smile and have fun with it…* “A pleasure to meet you ladies,” you said, leaning in with hooded eyes. “This is my first time to Japan, but I have to say meeting you has already made it the most memorable trip I’ve ever taken.”

“Ahhh!” The three squealed. “His accent is sooo sexy!”

Your first day had been successful. You sat with several different groups and told them about how life was back home, how much you enjoyed being in Japan, and what you did for fun. They also loved all of the questions you asked them. You knew they were mostly interested in your accent, which seemed a bit shallow, but you were here to entertain them. It wasn’t like you were dating them, even if it outwardly appeared so. Besides, they were all sweet and kind. If anything, you were all hanging out as friends who happened to flirt with each other. As you cleaned yourself up you saw one of the two twins waiting. “You did pretty well today,” he smiled.

“Uh, thanks… Kaoru?”

He laughed. “Lucky guess. I didn’t think Tamaki would try to draft you, but everyone seems happy to have you. Welcome to the family.”

You weren’t exactly sure what he meant by family, but you smiled all the same. “Thanks.”

_Takashi, do you think [Y/n]-chan is fitting in well?_

Seems so.

*I hope so, but something seems different about him. It’s like he’s not that interested in the customers like Tama-chan, but he doesn’t seem like Kyo-chan either._

Hmm.

*He likes doing the work and all the customers love him, but he acts like he’s on edge. Maybe he’s getting sick?*

No.

*I don’t understand Takashi. Did we do something wrong?*

You’ll see Mitsukuni.
Next time: The Host is a Homosexual! The Ouran Host Club will be waiting for you...

We’ll see you then!
“Well,” you whispered into the microphone, your voice breathy, “I hope this haircut meets all of your expectations, but if you need me to make any adjustments, please don’t hesitate to return. You can always call me on my personal number that I wrote on my business card. Well then, good-bye for now, my beautiful friend.”

You stopped the recording a moment before the door burst open. “[Y/n]-chan!” Honey-senpai cheered, leaping into your arms. “Do you want some cake?”

You laughed, still having trouble believing that he was two years older than you. “Just finished up the new audio. Who knew these new ASMR recordings would sell so well?”

“Do you want chocolate or strawberry today?”

“Not sure,” you replied. “I promised I’d help the twins out first though. Can we share later?”

“Okay!”

You left the side room for the main space of Music Salon No. 3. There were a few guests inside, waiting for a special session.

Today, you were doing a joint session with the twins after a certain princess had paid a little extra to have the three of you act out a certain fantasy. Renge, of course, had coordinated the skit. It was still before the bulk of club activities for the day.

“Well, we’ve been looking for you,” Hikaru cooed, grabbing your arm. Both of them were in basketball jerseys. You had already changed into a generic school uniform and thick-rimmed glasses.

I guess we’re starting then. You thought. “What are you doing?” You whimpered.

“Doesn’t the cute little nerd want to play?” Kaoru purred in your ear.

“I… I don’t know what you mean…” you said, clutching your prop textbooks closer.

Suddenly, the textbooks were knocked away. The twins pushed you roughly down onto the settee, Hikaru on top of you, Kaoru cradling your head. You tried not to laugh seeing the blushing ladies; some held handkerchiefs to their nose to stop the nosebleeds.

“Kaoru, what are you doing,” Hikaru growled as he tugged you towards his chest by your necktie. “He’s mine. I don’t want to share.”

“I saw him first, Hikaru!” Kaoru ripped off your tie, sending you falling backwards into his lap.

You pretended to tremble. “May… maybe you two could share me? Just this once?”

Hikaru hummed, leaning in. “I suppose…”

“No!” Kaoru shouted. Both of you shot him a look; he was going off script. “Hikaru, you always take my toys away from me. I want him for myself!”

You reached up, stroking Kaoru’s cheek while slightly arching your back. You pulled his head closer to you until your lips were nearly touching. “Oh Kaoru, can’t you share me this once? I promise I’ll make it up to you.”
“Oh… okay,” Kaoru hoarsely replied. Before you could do anything else, you heard a cluster of thumps as your guests fell over in a cold faint.

“Aw, we didn’t get to the best parts!” Hikaru laughed.

“Quit joking; let’s get them comfortable,” you said. “At least they liked it… I think.”

“Hey Kaoru, why’d you go of script?”

“Oh, I thought it’d be more… natural? I like improv better.”

“It can be more fun,” you agreed. “Sometimes you gotta wing it right?”

“Yeah,” Kaoru laughed. The three of you untangled and got some pillows for your guests.

“So why do they always go for those kind of scenes?” you asked. “Isn’t it basically rape? I mean, you guys kinda shoved me on the couch without even asking. Totally not a healthy relationship.”

“Beats me,” Hikaru replied.

“Maybe it’s a power fantasy?” Kaoru offered. “Doesn’t make it right I know, but you know we’d never do anything you didn’t want, right [Y/n]?”

“Of course not, I trust you guys.” Kaoru had a big bright smile at that, making you smile as well.

With your guests taken care of, the twins went off to bug Haruhi, while you cleaned up for the main club activities.

So far, the Host Club had been nothing but fun. Haruhi had run you through the ropes; adjusting to the lavish lifestyle of the rich was not easy. You had a decent following with a few loyal guests, but nothing insane like Tamaki or the twins managed to scoop up. That said, you enjoyed the club’s, shall we say, flamboyant side. Unlike Haruhi, you embraced the ridiculous schemes Tamaki cooked up, though you weren’t completely sold on the feminine costumes for Haruhi. The poor guy didn’t seem into cross-dressing, so you weren’t sure why Tamaki kept trying to force it.

“Ah [Y/n],” Kyoya said, pulling you aside. “Your new costume just arrived for our… special event next week.”

“Thanks, Kyoya-senpai!” You couldn’t contain your excitement. The special event was an idea you and Kyoya had come up with. Kyoya’s family company, the Otori Group, worked with the health and pharmaceutical industry, but they were preparing to expand further into the entertainment sector. After all, happy life meant better health, right? One of their new attractions needed to be tested, so the Host Club and their guests would be what the professionals called a focus group trial. You called it being a cheap audience. “You have the final script, right?”

“Of course. I have to say, I approve of your changes. Surprises like those are always welcome.”

“Thanks, I’m going to try this on then before my guests arrive.” You turned and left for the changing room.

“Hmm,” Kyoya murmured to himself. “Wasn’t Haruhi going to try on her costume as well?”

You threw open the curtain, excited to try on your costume. You didn’t realize that it was occupied. “Ah, sorry Haruhi!” You shouted, quickly sliding it shut. “Wait, was that a bra?”
You spun around to see Tamaki and the twins watching you with death glares. “Heeey… guys…”

Tamaki and the twins hogtied and tossed you onto a chair before you could even defend yourself. “So, [Y/n] is a Peeping Tom…” Tamaki growled. Somehow, the king of the host club was dressed like a bancho, complete with bandaged arms and a baseball bat.

“How the hell…?” You began.

“No good pervert!” Hikaru interrupted, brandishing a hockey stick.

Kaoru was oddly silent, but his glare was as dark as the others. It was the scariest, but it might have been because of the chain he brandished.


“I don’t know, maybe he was just pretending to be a host, so he could get close to her!”

“I didn’t know she was a girl until two seconds ago!”

“Liar!” Hikaru shouted.

“Liar!”” Hikaru shouted.

Kyoya crossed his arms, clearly not planning on helping you further. Yet, Mori looked at you with compassion, as if encouraging you to say something. Honey was oblivious.

“I… I didn’t mean to. It was a complete accident. It’s not like I was going to prey on her or something; I don’t even like girls!”

Tamaki and the twins stopped stone cold. “What?”

“Dudes, I’m gay.”

“What?!”

You took a deep breath. “Yeah, I’m into guys, but that doesn’t matter. I’d never hurt Haruhi! He, err, she is like my best friend!”

“Wait, we have a real homo in the club?” Hikaru whispered, before getting punched by Kaoru. “What? I wouldn’t’ve guessed.”

“Yes, but you’re almost as blind as the boss,” Kaoru muttered.

You shrugged, a surprisingly difficult maneuver when tied to a chair. “What were you expecting? The only thing that makes a guy gay is if he likes guys. There’s no cookie-cutter template or anything. Gay guys come in all kinds of shapes, sizes, and colors with all different interests. It’s not like all of us are seme/uke bishies like in the doujins.”

Haruhi shut the door behind her, straightening her tie. “Guys, if I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a thousand times, it’s not a big deal who knows.” She then saw you in the chair. “Uhh, what’s going on?”

“We thought [Y/n] was peeping on you,” Hikaru said.

“But he’s actually into dudes,” Kaoru replied with a hint of a smile.

“So, you guys pulled a Casanova on him?!”
“Don’t you mean Bossa Nova?”

“Are you guys talking about Kasanoda in Class 1-D?” You offered.

Haruhi untied you, sending an equally dark look at the twins and Tamaki. You rubbed your sore skin, while looking at the ground. “I’m sorry if it grosses you out, but I’m gay, that’s who I am. I understand if you want me to leave the club…”

“Don’t be ridiculous!” Tamaki shouted, eager to avoid Haruhi’s gaze.

“You didn’t take us for uneducated commoners who can’t accept differences did you?” Kyoya scoffed. “Besides, you’re a natural, and we don’t have to worry about you getting too – ahem – close to the guests.”

“Be proud of who you are,” Mori smiled.

Honey clamped onto your waist. “We like you, so you should too!”

“You’re part of the family now,” Kaoru said, a little distracted.

“Doesn’t mean we aren’t gonna tease you about it.” Hikaru snickered.

“Don’t worry about it. My dad is trans,” Haruhi added, “so we’re all pretty supportive.”

Tears filled your eyes. “Thanks guys!!”

“Wait a second,” Hikaru piped up. “If you’re into dudes, why’d you join?”

“You guys gave me about five seconds to decide! I figured it be a great way to make friends. Well, that and it’s kinda fun to mess around and do some harmless but over-the-top flirting!”

“Over the top?” Tamaki asked blankly.

“Yeah, I mean, you guys act like you’re some kind of shoujo love interest! And I don’t mind, I mean the girls are friendly and all, but kinda blank slates you know?”

“It’s a gay fanfiction [Y/n],” Kyoya stated. “No one is here for the girls.”

“I’m sorry?”

“Nothing.”

The Host Club is now open for business!

“[Y/n],” one of your guests asked. “Did something happen? You seem so happy today!”

“You have no idea,” you beamed. “I was worried about some stuff, but the other hosts all supported me on it. Everything is better now!”

“What happened?”

“It’s a little personal,” you said. Thankfully, you didn’t have to find an out as there was a crash of porcelain. You spun around to see Kaoru trembling with a broken Wedgeworth teapot at his feet.
“Kaoru, are you okay?” You ran to his side.

“I’m fine, sorry, hand slipped.”

“Wow, you’re really red.” You pressed your hand against his forehead, a bit warm. “You aren’t getting sick, are you? You’ll miss the special event.”

“Nah I’m fine, just… I’m gonna go in back for a bit after I clean this up.”

“Oh, okay, I’ll help.”

You went to fetch a mop for the spilt tea, when you were ambushed by a few of your guests. “Oh, [Y/n], what special event?”

“Are you doing something special for us?”

You shot them a sultry glance. “Of course, I always want to do special things for you.”

“[Y/n] don’t joke! Please tell us!”

“Oh, well, it’s a secret to everybody, but I’d talk to Kyoya about buying a ticket if you’re interested. But don’t tell anybody!”

The guests nodded furiously, though you knew the secret would be spread to the entire school by this time tomorrow. Ah well, it was good for business. You grabbed the mop and headed back.

____________________

Say Haruhi, do you enjoy reading classical literature?

Um, sometimes. Why do you ask Kyoya-senpai?

Well, [Y/n] and I have prepared a little event for our guests.

You mean you’re testing your family’s tech again, aren’t you?

I believe commoners refer to it as a win-win situation. You know the Otori Group loves to test new forms of entertainment.

Of course…wait, why are you handing me a train ticket?!

Next time: A Murder on the Ouran Express! See you then!
“Welcome ladies,” you greeted, standing with perfect posture. Wisps of steam curled about your feet as you stood on the train platform. A large steam locomotive stood at the ready, headlamp shining and eager to begin the night’s journey. Your guests excitedly huddled around you on the platform, their breath visible in the cold air. The way that they dressed in their fine furs near the restored luxury coaches and locomotive made it look like a night from Roaring Twenties rather than the late 2010s. “I am [Y/n], your conductor for tonight. Please have your tickets ready to board.”

Hushed whispers of excitement rose like the steam from the guests. You directed the ladies aboard the coaches after punching their tickets. “You will be in car three, room five,” you said with a smile. “Enjoy your trip.”

As they finished boarding, you waved to the actual conductor who stood out of sight. “You sure you aren’t looking for a job?” She joked. “You looked like a natural out there.”

“Maybe another time. You have the final script, right?”

“Of course,” she said producing the packet. “It’s not exactly what you’d expect, but we can work with it. After all, that’s what the Otori Family wants right?”

“Right. Oh, one moment please.” You pulled out a small two-way radio. “This is Eagle, are we go for launch?” Code names were Tamaki’s idea.

“This is King, all clear!”

“Shadow Queen,” Kyoya begrudgingly called. “All clear.”

“Usa and Kuma ready!”

“Devil Twins ready!”

Haruhi sighed. “I’m not using this name… but I’m ready.” You smiled and nodded to the conductor.

She nodded. “ALL ABOARD!”

The whistle sung a long note to the sky, as the locomotive hissed and pulled forward into the night.

You strode through each of the restored coaches, making sure that everyone had made it to the dining car. Each of the cars were restored from old coaches from the Japanese National Railways, but the Otori Group refurbished them to look like luxury train cars from Europe, particularly those of the legendary Orient Express. Kyoya explained it all to you, but to be honest, you might have zoned out a bit. Long story short, the tourist market was thriving off of nostalgia between reboots and remakes and purchasing all sorts of antiques. Making a fake European train in the middle of Japan got the best of both worlds: exotic and nostalgic.

“Good evening everyone,” you called as you entered the dining car. All of the ladies had gathered inside, unaware of the impending events. “I hope you’re all enjoying your refreshments. Our trip will take us through some of Japan’s most beautiful scenery. With tonight’s full moon, I’m sure you will enjoy the spectacular views.”

The other hosts mingled with the guests at certain tables, all playing different characters. Tamaki was
a French Marquis on holiday. Kyoya played a businessman, which seemed a bit on the nose for you, but it was his suggestion. Honey and Mori played a young prince and bodyguard from a distant Arabian kingdom. The twins were a team where Hikaru was a singer, and Kaoru was his manager/songwriter. Haruhi was a lawyer returning home from vacation.

Suddenly the lights snapped off as the train shot into a tunnel. Screams came from all sides. “Please!” you shouted. “It’s just a small outage. The power will be back in a moment!”

Sure enough, the lights snapped on, but a new chorus of screams filled the car.

“There’s been a murder!” Tamaki shouted. Kyoya’s body lay in the middle of the car, with a knife sticking out of his back.

“Everyone please, stay calm!” You roared, bringing the chaos to a halt. “With the train moving, the murderer must still be aboard. If only we had a detective with us…”

“Did someone say a detective?” The door burst open and three women dressed like Sherlock Holmes rushed in. “Never fear, the Zuka Investigation Team is on the case!”

“They weren’t on the script!” Tamaki hissed.

“Yeah,” you whispered back, “but I thought it’d be better this way. Kyoya agreed since we didn’t have enough people.”

“C’mon boss,” the twins whispered in unison. “You’re holding up the show.”

“We must do all we can to protect such beautiful maidens, don’t you agree?” Benibara, the leader of the troupe, asked as she edged close to Haruhi.

Tamaki looked as if he was about to have an aneurysm.

“This is a large train and the murderer could be hiding anywhere, waiting to strike again!” Benibara shouted. “We’ll need to deputize you all to help us catch the murderer before they can escape when we arrive at the station!”

The ladies all got excited and scrambled to grab some of the notebooks and magnifying glasses you provided. They scattered and began to search and interview the other host “witnesses”.

“I was there with all of you,” you said to the group of girls. “We all were there when he was stabbed.”

“Did you know the victim?”

“No, I’m afraid not. I’m just the conductor. I met all of the passengers today.”

One of the ladies flipped through her spiral notebook. “That’s strange… because Mr. Otori said you used to work for him.”

You fought to hide your smile, happy they caught you in your lie. You composed yourself. “I’m sure you have me confused for someone else.”

“No, I’m pretty sure Mr. Otori fired you. There’s a motive, and you know the train’s route – specifically when it would enter the tunnel, giving you the perfect moment to strike.”

You crossed your arms. “If you’re insinuating something, I’d prefer you come out and say it.”
Benibara and her groupies showed up then. “Is there a problem?”

“No,” you said with mock anger. “Just hope your detectives think through their hypotheses before they accuse people. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have work to do!” You left in a huff, snapping the vestibule door shut.

You stepped into the baggage car. Part of it was set up to be a crime scene, though most of it was more for actual storage and keeping the extra food. You snuck into the back to grab new tablecloths for the dining car.

“Psst, [Y/n]?”

It was Kaoru. “Oh hey, done with the questioning for now?”

“Yeah, they’re vicious. They’re convinced I did it.”

“Isn’t that the point of a good mystery?” You snickered. You looked at the storage racks. “Hmm, that’s strange.”

“What?”

“The tablecloths are missing. Except,” you stopped and pulled out one, stained dark red.

“Is that…?”

You rubbed your finger on the stain – still wet. “It looks like blood.”

Suddenly some boxes fell over behind you. You and Kaoru spun around. A figure cloaked in a black sheet swayed with the train.

“The murderer is real?!” Kaoru trembled.

The cloaked figure moved closer. Before you could say a word, Kaoru stepped in front of you. He trembled but spread his arms in front of you. “S-s-stay away from him!”

The cloaked figure removed his hood, revealing a familiar brunette with glasses.

“Kyoya-senpai?!”

“What are you two doing back here? Shouldn’t you be watching the guests?”

“J-just switching out tablecloths,” you laughed shakily, trying to slow your racing heart. “What happened to this one?”

“Oh, that,” Kyoya muttered, “one of the false blood bags accidentally burst when I was changing. I needed to wipe it up with something. I had the staff already swap out the tablecloths.”

You and Kaoru nodded, still shaken. “I’m, uh, gonna head back,” Kaoru murmured, patting you on the shoulder. You grunted back, unable to quite find your voice.

“You didn’t actually think I was a murderer did you?” Kyoya smirked.

“No, of course not!” Kyoya kept a knowing smile as he changed into clean clothing.

All of the detectives gathered in the dining car once more with hot drinks and refreshments. The
whistle forlornly called into the night. Everyone waited with baited breath.

“Well,” you said, “we’ve almost arrived at the station. Passengers, do we know who the murderer is?”

The girls all nervously looked to each other.

“I need a suspect to arrest, or the murderer will get away,” Benibara urged, twirling a shiny pair of handcuffs on her finger. Her lackies nodded vigorously.

“Well… we think we have a suspect,” one of the guests murmured. “But we can’t really believe it.”

“But the murderer… it can’t be anyone else but you! Honey-senpai!”

Honey pouted and put on his best adorable eyes. “But ladies, you don’t really think that do you?”

“But it has to be you,” another said, flipping open her notebook. “You’re the only one who had something to gain. His business was threatening your fortune and power in your country!”

Haruhi leaned in to whisper in your ear. “A bit geopolitical isn’t it?”

You shrugged. “Most of the ladies come from multinational companies. Figured it was more relatable.”

“But that’s not evidence,” Benibara cut out above the murmuring.

“At first we thought it was Tamaki since he was so close.” Cue Tamaki looking absolutely stunned and hurt. “But the knife was struck low in Kyoya’s back, even though the angle showed an overhead swing. Why would Tamaki swing the knife over his head when he was stabbing so low?”

“Because the boss lives for drama?” Hikaru and Kaoru replied together.

“Just because I’m short doesn’t mean I did it!” Honey-senpai whined. “Haru-chan isn’t that tall either!”

“Thanks Senpai,” Haruhi groaned.

“That’s not the only evidence,” another lady added, one you recognized from the private skit you put on with the twins. “Haruhi couldn’t be the culprit. If Kyoya died, her biggest client would be lost!”

“What about the twins?” You asked.

“Of course they couldn’t. Kyoya was helping to promote their act!”

Honey looked around frantically, tears in his eyes. “Takashi… I can’t believe you murdered Kyoya!”

Mori looked absolutely shocked, but didn’t say anything.

“Mori couldn’t have done it.” Gasps filled the room. You half-expected a string orchestra to appear to play dramatic soap opera music.

“But Mori-senpai is his guard. He’d do anything Honey-senpai wants,” Tamaki countered.

“That’d be ridiculous!” The princesses argued back. “Mori-senpai was trying to escape the country with his family!”
“You went all out with this didn’t you?” Haruhi whispered.

“I may have gotten inspiration from a few old school shoujo.”

“Really?”

The princesses crossed their arms. “We’re certain that the murder weapon will show Honey’s prints. Arrest him!”

All of the girls praised the event, chatting with Kyoya all about how they wanted to do it again. You hadn’t asked him yet, but judging by the genuine smile, he had collected more than enough data for his family’s company.

“Well, thank you for having us,” Benibara suavely said with a bow. “The Zuka club always loves a good show. If you have need of us, we’re just a call away. Especially for this little blossom…” She leaned close to Haruhi, lips almost grazing her.

“Okay that’s enough!” Tamaki growled, shoving the two of them apart.

“Boss, c’mon,” Hikaru snickered, walking after them.

Kaoru followed too, as were you until Honey snagged your jacket sleeve, now free from the handcuffs. “Hey Honey, what’s up?”

“Kyo-chan told us about what happened in the baggage car.”

You let out a short laugh. “Wasn’t really a big deal, but poor Kaoru got kinda freaked out.”

“Don’t you get it [Y/n]-chan?” Honey said. “Kao-chan thought you were in danger and protected you. I think I really likes you.”

“Honey, I think he’s just a good guy – doubt it actually means he like-likes me or anything like that.” Mori simply shrugged, silent as usual.

You shook your head. “C’mon, we’d better get back. Everyone’s waiting.”

“Time to celebrate a good job with cake!”

“Sounds good,” Mori added.

You and the other hosts left the platform, ready for a slice of cake and a good night’s sleep.

_Ha-ru-hi! Aren’t you excited for the Winter Ball?_

_Tamaki-senpai, it’s still two weeks away._

_Doesn’t mean you can’t be excited! You’re gonna dance with me, right?_ 

_Aren’t we supposed to dance with the guests?_

_Well, of course, or you can take a date._ 

_Do you think [Y/n] has a date yet?_
You aren’t gonna ask him are you?!

No! I’m just curious!

*Next time… The Mysterious Suitor! The Host Club will be waiting. See you then!*
Winter was coming. Little flurries of snow danced on the icy winds, but the snow had yet to stick. Much like students at any school, those at Ouran High were barely able to focus on their studies, despite final exams waiting just around the corner. Most were already thinking about their trips home to visit family and friends or the holiday feasts or presents or other things far more interesting than classical Japanese Literature. Yet, despite the excitement of the impending holiday season and looming exams, you were interested in another little puzzle that came in the form of a bag on your desk one Friday morning.

It was a candy-cane patterned plastic wrap tied with a neat cherry red bow. Inside, someone had handmade a baker’s dozen of star-shaped milk chocolates. The sender attached a little note, which read:

_Happiest of holiday wishes to my true love ~Your Secret Admirer_

“Chocolates and a secret admirer!” Renge tittered. “It’s so great I could eat three bowls of rice!” You weren’t quite sure if it was a translation issue, but some of her comparisons seemed a bit strange.

Haruhi shook her head. “I thought chocolates were supposed to be for Valentine’s Day?”

“Yeah, but who am I to pass on free chocolate?” You smiled, sliding off the ribbon.

“You’re gonna share right?” Hikaru hummed, sneaking a hand over.

“We all get to have some right?” Kaoru agreed.

“Guys, it’s [Y/n]’s chocolate, stop trying to mooch!” Haruhi scolded.

“Nah, it’s alright,” you said. “I’ll let you guys have one.” You popped one in your mouth. It was sweet but not exactly smooth. There were some lumps that told you the chocolate might have burned a bit or didn’t melt so evenly. Whoever made it probably didn’t cook too often; not that you cared of course, because again – free chocolate is free chocolate. “Delicious,” you sighed.

Renge smacked her hand down in front of you. “You’re missing the big picture [Y/n]! Who sent the note?”

“Well,” you said while tossing another piece in your mouth. “The note’s typed, so we can’t tell by handwriting. It’s also probably someone involved with the club. I don’t talk with people outside our group or our customers.”

“That should narrow it down,” Haruhi said, trying a piece for herself. “Just so long as we’re the only ones who know. The search might get hard if word gets out.”

“Why’s that?” you asked.

“You’re popular, idiot,” Hikaru snarked. “A buncha girls are falling over themselves to be with you – not that they have a chance. If it gets out, everyone’s gonna claim to be the one who sent the chocolates.”

“Right, so a secret then?”
Naturally, when the time came for club activities, the whole school knew about the bag of chocolates. “How am I gonna find out now?” you grumbled as you changed clothes.

“Maybe you’ll get another note?” Hikaru offered from the next changing stall.

“But what if someone else pretends to be the first person?”

“So what? Then you get more chocolate. It’s a win-win.”

You popped your head out. “Hikaru, I’m serious. I wanna meet them. They seem nice. Maybe we have a lot in common”

“They sent you a single sentence note. It wasn’t even a love poem.”

“Maybe they were nervous and that’s all that they could say,” Kaoru chimed in, a slight edge to his voice.

“I don’t know guys,” you sighed. “I have a good feeling about this person. They made something from their heart for me. I want to meet them, give it a chance, you know?”

“I think that’s nice,” Kaoru murmured from his stall.

Hikaru shrugged. “Hopeless romantics, the both of ya.”

You plopped a large black pointy hat on your head with a huff. Since the Winter Ball would be more holiday themed, the club was doing one last special theme: this one being a medieval setting, though with Renge’s involvement, it took on a bit more of a JRPG feel. The room had been partitioned and then decorated to where it appeared to be the perfect recreation of a medieval village straight out of the Dark Ages. Tamaki was, of course, the local lord. Hikaru was a bartender while Kaoru was a bard. Kyoya was the Lord’s Advisor (who was planning to overthrow him). Honey and Mori played the part of Knights, though Honey was more of a squire. Haruhi was a priest, after a lengthy debate over being a princess. You had the best job of them all, playing the local wizard and alchemist.

You took your plastic grocery bags and tossed them into your “room”, sorting away the contents of various packages from the supermarket. This was for a special surprise you had planned that would blow away your guests. In the back of your mind, you hoped your secret admirer would visit.

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**The Host Club is Open for Business!**

“Oh yes,” you cooed, patting the customer’s hand. “My dear princess your travels must have left you quite exhausted. But I have the perfect concoction for you.” You turned around with a twirl to the myriad of bottles and jars on your shop’s shelves. “Here we are, powdered mandrake root mixed with chilled mountain spring water.” It was actually drink mix for one of those electrolyte-filled sports drinks, but she didn’t need to know that. As you stirred the drink, it turned a bright, and almost sickly, green.

“Drink this and I’m sure you’ll perk right up.”

She took a deep sip and gasped. “Why, it tastes like lemonade! How did you do that?”

“Magic, my dear.” The other girls giggled and clamored for a concoction all their own. Haruhi told you the story of when she first joined the Host Club and how all of these rich sheltered kids were surprised by instant coffee. It gave you the perfect idea to use more cheap powdered drink mixes
from the supermarket to create your “potions”.

“What about me?” Another girl asked. “I’ve been really cold lately, but I don’t like coffee.”

“Ah, a simple request for an alchemist of my caliber,” you boasted. “All you need is, hmm.” You wiggled your fingers as you scanned the shelf. “Ah! Ashes from a dragon’s nest, milk of the silkworm, a fresh cutting of a cloud on a sunny day, and spider eggs!”

The guest turned up her nose. “That sounds absolutely horrid!”

“Not at all my dear! You see, now that the milk is warm I add the ashes. We add it to a cup and top with the cloud and spider eggs. And for you, I’ll even add a little ground brimstone. Nothing warms you up like a bit of a demon’s home!”

“Again, disgusting!”

You pouted, pretending to be wounded. “Well, is anyone brave enough to try it?”

“I will!” Another girl called.

“Wonderful!” You ladled hot (cow) milk over hot chocolate powder, adding whipped cream from a can you relabeled as Instant Clouds, tiny marshmallows, and crushed chocolate sandwich cookies.

The girl took the drink and took a deep sip. “It’s so good! Whoever you marry will be lucky to have such a good cook!”

You laughed, trying to hide the awkward feelings that sort of comment made. Some of the girls were giving you sultry looks to catch you eye. No one had actually mentioned the chocolates, but you knew it was only a matter of time.

“Could you make one for me?”

“How about me?”

“No, no me first!”

The rooms seemed to be packed with more people than ever. Girls pressed in from all sides, asking for special drinks and a dance at the Winter Ball. Thankfully, you got a distraction: Kaoru.

“Ah, our bard has arrived! What can I do for you my good sir?”

“Hoping for a drink,” Kaoru replied, a little sheepish. Was what Honey said on the train was true?

“Wouldn’t the bar be better for that?”

“Ah, I need something that is a bit more soothing for my voice.”

You smiled and tossed a few herbs into a tea steeper and set it into a nice cup of warm water.

“So… what kind of magic potion is that?”

“Vanilla and lavender, one of your favorites if I remember correctly,” you said, deciding to test the waters – so to speak. “No need for a magic potion for someone already so magical right?” You turned to the shelves to hide the tinge of red on your face.

“Um, yeah, sure, thanks.”
He was really cute, and you loved when he got flustered. After what happened on the train, maybe he was interested? You really hoped so. You weren’t the type to play games, but maybe today you could do something to figure out… Sure, it was breaking up the “Forbidden Love” thing, but hey, it was also not a normal club day.

“Perhaps you could pay for it a different way?” You smiled.

“S-s-such as?!”

“A song.” You said innocently as possible.

“Well…”

“Kaoru, where are you?” Hikaru shouted from outside. “The guests want your music!”

The two of you stopped and laughed. “Your adoring fans,” you snickered. “Don’t forget your tea okay?”

“Yeah.”

As he left you could feel your smiles overtake your whole body, going from a friendly grin to schoolgirl giddiness. Maybe he really did like you!

“Uh, [Y/n]?”

You snapped back to reality, seeing a line of guests all flushed and dabbing away nosebleeds. “Sorry ladies, just a little lost in my own thoughts?”

“Of Kao-”

The question was silenced instantly by the others, worried that it might break what they thought was a spell of gay love. They had no idea it might run deeper than just a club skit.

“Now ladies, what else can I get for you?”

The orders for more potions kept you busy the rest of the day, but the happy feelings kept you warm all night long.

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Kaoru, you okay?

Um, y-yeah Hikaru, what’s up?

You’ve been staring off, we’ve got stuff to do! The Winter Ball is just around the corner!

Oh! Yeah!

You’ve got a big list of people who wanna dance with you, lucky guy.

Hmm… yeah…

Kaoru…

Next time: Maybe You’re My Love!

The Host Club will be waiting… see you then!
“Ah, Mr. [L/n]!” You were relaxing in the library when Chairman Suoh approached you. “I just heard about your performance this semester. Well done; I heard your term paper in French was particularly well done. You must have studied very hard.”

“Yes sir.”

“Now if my memory is correct, you leave for home tonight.”

“That’s right. My family wants to spend the holidays together. I’ll be leaving after the Winter Ball ends.”

“Ah, what a good son you are! Well, you have a nice time then tonight at the Winter Ball. I hope you have a safe flight. If you get back early, please join us for the Ouran New Year’s Party.”

“Thank you sir, happy holidays!”

“Happy Holidays, Mr. [L/n].”

Little did you know, another person overheard your conversation.

You ran into Music Salon No. 3 with your roller suitcase bouncing along in tow. The room was empty, like most of the school. Most of the students had already left for home for the holidays; plans ranging from nights at Swiss ski resorts to lounging on the coast of Bora Bora. The other hosts were downstairs in the main ballroom, ready to open the festivities of the Winter Ball. You tossed your suitcase inside and ran to the changing room – knocking first this time – to change into your tuxedo.

In the changing room, there was a note with a beautiful rose boutonniere.

* A flower for my love, in hopes that we may meet tonight. ~Your Secret Admirer.

Of all the things you were excited for tonight, the chance to meet your secret admirer was the most exciting. You pinned the crimson rose to your tuxedo, careful not the crinkle the petals. For a second, you rested your hand on top of it, hoping your admirer could feel your love wherever they were. You also hoped that the red petals were symbolic of your admirer’s passion… and hair.

Actually, the more you thought about it, the obvious answer was Kaoru. It had to be him, with how much the two of you hung out, with how he was extra possessive of you during your skit, how he protected you, and how he always found an extra excuse to be close to you. You had to admit that the boy was great to be around. You loved how he could be a little mischievous but was caring and considerate. He was smart and philosophical, often having little debates with you on everything from the meaning of life to symbolism in a book between classes. There was nothing quite like having a nice intellectually stimulating conversation with someone.

You strode with confidence down the quiet hallways to the main ballroom. The adorable thought of Kaoru in the kitchen trying to make chocolates for you filled you with happiness. You might be leaving today, but you hoped that maybe you and Kaoru could dance tonight. If you could get a moment alone…

There was no time to think about “what-ifs” though. It was time for you to get to work. You tossed open the double doors to make your entrance.
The grand ballroom seemed to sparkle. The Host Club hired a special crew to hang little crystal snowflakes with near-invisible wire, creating a beautiful snowfall illusion without making it look tacky or gaudy. You smiled to yourself, seeing Haruhi over at the snack table, helping herself to a plate of fancy tuna. You smoothed out your tuxedo jacket as you made your way through. Students filled the dance floor in a variety of beautiful dresses in a rainbow of colors, accompanied with white rose corsages. However, none of them matched your red blossom.

“Welcome one and all to the Ouran Host Club Winter Ball!” Tamaki announced. “We’re so glad you chose to spend this winter night with us. Before we begin tonight’s festivities, a toast!” Everyone raised a champagne flute, though it was filled with ginger ale. “To another semester done, and to a wonderful holiday season! Cheers!”

“Cheers!”

You scanned the room trying to see who your secret admirer might be. “Who is it?” You then looked over at the twins. Kaoru wasn’t wearing a boutonniere at all. Honey might have been wrong…

“Let the dancing begin!”

Snow began to fall outside. You groaned on the inside, knowing your taxi was going to take forever to get to the airport. Your flight might even be cancelled. Worse yet, you couldn’t find anyone with a red rose. Still, you had to admit, the fluffy flakes looked stunning against the pink buildings of the Ouran campus. You stepped out onto the balcony overlooking the courtyard for some air. It was freezing, but the chilling breeze and snow felt nice after the stuffy air inside. This was your first break all night. You wiped away some sweat from dancing and took a sip of your “mocktail”. The snowflakes flurried around you, a few sticking to your eyelashes. You absently stroked the boutonniere and watched your cloudy breath.

Behind you, you could hear the soft click of the glass door open and shut.

“Kaoru?”

The redhead smiled warmly. “Hi [Y/n], you’ve been standing out here for a while.”

“Sorry, lost track of time.” You noticed he was a bit distracted. “Is everything alright?”

“Today’s your last day here, right?”

“I’m going home tonight to see my family. We always spend the holidays together. Plus, Chairman Suoh offered to pay for the flight. I couldn’t say no.”

“Oh,” he said quietly. “You could’ve stayed with my family for the holidays. We always have extra room.”

“Thanks, but it’s tradition, y’know?”

For a moment, the two of you watched the snow fall and flurry. “Too bad there isn’t enough to make a snowman,” you joked. “We could make a snow-Tamaki or something. Give it a crown and everything.”

“Yeah,” Kaoru laughed but his heart wasn’t in it. “Well, the party is gonna be wrapping up soon. We’d better head back in.”

“Wait a second.” The music was drowned out by the blood pounding in your ears. Your throat went
dry. “Um, Kaoru… I… I was wondering… areyoumysecretadmirer?”

“Um… sorry, what?”

You took a deep breath. “Are you my secret admirer?”

Kaoru wouldn’t look at you, keeping his gaze fixed out on the courtyard. “No,” he finally said. “I’m not.”

You could practically hear your heart shatter. “Oh,” your voice cracked. “Oh… this is embarrassing. I’m sorry, I just… I…” A huge lump formed in your throat, tears starting to form. “I’m going to… I need… I need to go to the bathroom.”

You tried to walk through the ballroom, but your feet kept moving faster and faster. Without thinking you were now sprinting out of the ballroom and down the hall, tears falling and sparkling in the moonlight. You slammed the bathroom door and slid down the wall, sobbing. “Stupid,” you sobbed. “So stupid.” You could hear the party winding down and resolved to leave.

You hurried back to Music Salon No. 3 and picked up your suitcase. Hastily, you tore off the tuxedo, not removing the boutonniere. As you turned to leave, you saw someone standing there. “Haruhi!” You shouted. “Sorry, you scared me.” Thankfully, the room was dark, hiding your bloodshot eyes.

“[Y/n], where were you?”

“Oh, stomach ache. Guess eating all of that cake with Honey-senpai was a bad idea.”

She eyed your suitcase. “Are you leaving?”

“Oh,” you said, trying to buy time for another lie. “I… got a notice from my flight. I need to be at the airport earlier than I thought. I should have been there like ten minutes ago.”

Haruhi was silent, but you could tell she wasn’t buying it.

“I’ve got to go, Haruhi. Happy Holidays.”

“Happy Holidays…” she replied flatly as you bolted out the door.

Narita International Airport was absolutely packed. People seemed to move everywhere at once. You stood in line at the security checkpoint, trying to lose yourself in the noise. For some reason, you felt empty. You were going home; shouldn’t you be excited? You shifted between your feet, messing with your passport. “It’ll be better once I’m on the plane,” you muttered to yourself. “I’ll just sleep the whole way. Everything will be better once I’m home.”

Why wasn’t it him? You thought.

Your stomach twisted, and you could feel fresh tears trying to form. “Maybe I’ll watch some movies on the flight,” you said to try and distract yourself. “Too bad I can’t use the school plane this time.”

Just get away from Japan. As far as possible.

You felt a hand on your shoulder. “[Y/n] [L/n]?” It was one of the security guards. “I need you to come with me.”

Perfect…
You followed the guard to a secure room. “So what?” You asked. “Special random search?” The guard left without a word. You collapsed with a huff onto the long bench against the wall. Then, a knock came at the door.

“Who’s there?” you called out, sarcasm dripping from your voice.

“[Y/n]!” The door burst open and you saw the Host Club, all standing there still in their tuxedos. Kaoru stood at the front holding the boutonniere.

“I…”

“Kaoru?”

Suddenly you found a pair of nervous lips on your own and deep in Kaoru’s embrace. He pulled away slowly, tears on his cheek. “I’m sorry, I got scared… I didn’t want to start something only to have you leave forever!”

“Kaoru…”

Kaoru shook his head. “Please let me finish. I love you. I was scared that maybe you didn’t love me or maybe people wouldn’t talk to me if I was gay. But you were so comfortable with it and… I admired that. You gave me the strength to be true to myself. But… but now we can’t even be together.”

“You… you do know I’m coming back right?”

“Huh?”

“My stay is until the end of Ouran’s school year. I’m only going home for the holidays.”

“Oh…” Kaoru buried his head in your shoulder. “I’m… I’m glad.” His soft hair tickled your neck. You held him close, feeling your hearts beat as one.

Kaoru seemed to tremble in your arms. “Are you alright?”

“Just nervous. I’ve… I’ve never actually dated someone before.”

You fought hard not to laugh. “You’re a host! You basically date people every day.”

“But that’s acting!” Kaoru stressed. “I… I don’t wanna mess this up. I almost lost you once.”

You leaned in and gave him a quick peck. “You won’t. Cuz’ you’re you, and I know you care. And I love you too.”

“I’d hate to break this up,” Haruhi said, “but [Y/n]’s gonna miss his flight.”

“Oh crap,” you muttered.

“Wait,” Kaoru said, squeezing you. “Our family owns a private jet. We can get you home!”

“Damn rich people,” you laughed. “You’re just doing this so we can be together on the flight huh?”

“Maybe.”

Before you could tease him more, your cell phone rang; the number was one you knew well. “Hi Mom,” you said. “Yeah, I’m gonna be a bit late. I’m on a different flight now… yeah… Hey, um, do
you mind if I bring someone home with me? He’s… he’s my boyfriend.”

Kaoru’s smile could nearly take over his entire face.

“Hey, you’re taking the rest of us too, right?” Hikaru asked.

Tamaki agreed. “It’s only right for the Host Club to visit each member’s home.”

“I believe our schedules are free,” Kyoya added.

You shot a look to Haruhi who shrugged. “They did it for me.”

You rolled your eyes, but with a warm smile. “Yeah, actually Mom, make that some-ones. It’s my club… Yeah, the hot guys… The others want to come visit.”

Kaoru snuggled up into you as you finished your call. It was going to be a long flight, but you knew this would be an unforgettable holiday with your new boyfriend.

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End Notes

Hello everyone,

This is going to be a lighter, shorter story than Prince of the Wild, more or less themed with the holidays. This one is a sort of trial, writing outside my comfort zone, by focusing more on comedy and pacing in the vein of OHSJC rather than adventure and action. Hope you enjoy it!

DreamDepot

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!