

Night

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Characters:	Oozora Akari , Hikami Sumire
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Night

by [melodytchi](#)

Summary

This isn't a TV drama like last time.

"S-Sumire...?"

What Akari was seeing across the bedroom was without a doubt one of the most unusual things she had ever seen- though this night was odd enough to begin with. For whatever strange reason, she had dazedly woken up in the middle of the night. She didn't look at the clock, however, because the first thing she saw when she woke was her roommate, who was wide awake. She was normally clothed, too, as if she had just gone out, and was drinking out of her usual tea set, as if it was a relaxing evening in their dorm and they were drinking tea. Something about this entire scene confused Akari so much that all she could do was mumble in her half-asleep state.

"Oh, Akari." Sumire responded nonchalantly, barely taking note of Akari being awake, before her whole face changed to shock and she dropped her glass from her hands.

"Wha-- Sumire?! Are you okay?!" Akari yelled, jumping up and nearly getting out of bed in an attempt to stop the other's coughing, though she had stopped after a few moments. Though Akari hadn't meant to surprise her like that, she couldn't help but wonder why Sumire was awake at this hour. From the darkness of the room, it was clearly nighttime, much before she needed to be awake for Oozora Weather.

Sumire stood up slowly, and grabbed a small towel to clean up the spilled liquid on the floor. All Akari did was stare awkwardly at the other, since she was unsure of what to do or say. What could she say? Something like this had never happened to Akari before. As Sumire sat back down on her own bed, Akari let a small chuckle in some vague attempt to lighten the mood. Though the small smile was wiped off her face as soon as she took a closer look at the cloth Sumire held in her hands, stained a strange, dark red color. Akari knew that tea could have brown or light red colors, but nothing that would stain the towel so deeply. Sumire noticed her roommate's expression and quickly shuffled her hands behind her back, hiding the towel from Akari in a feeble attempt to make her a bit calmer.

"I-if that's what I think it is..." Akari fumbled to make words, in her usual scattered manner, "...Well, I mean, we finished filming the Vampire Mystery drama a long time ago... But, I have heard cases of actors and actresses who retain their roles from shows and movies into their real life! I-I'm sure you just practiced so hard for that role! You did great, by the way ___"

Her rambling was interrupted by Sumire, who was now giving Akari a tight hug. She then sat next to Akari on the bed and gave her a nervous look, almost as if she was guilty of something.

"Akari... I'm really sorry about all of this. I would've liked to tell you at another time, but it seems that's not possible anymore, huh?" Sumire smiled just a bit, watching Akari's expression, which was a mix between confusion and nervousness. A supernatural being like this, believed to be nonexistent, was only inches away from her. This was the same person who she had shared a dorm with for the past year, shared many close moments with, and even almost had the blood sucked out of her in a drama... though Akari couldn't help but wonder

if Sumire was just acting in that movie. There was no way someone as passionate and kind as her could be a cold and bloodthirsty vampire, right? The very thought of something happening to her in the next minute made Akari stiffen up and pull her legs in a little closer to her body, away from the girl she had believed to be a human. Sumire noticed this, and let out a small sigh.

“Akari... You know I would never attack you out of the blue, right?” Sumire said, smiling once more, and made a point to look directly at her bewildered friend, “someone who as important to me as you are... I don’t want to ever hurt you. That’s part of the reason why I never told you. I couldn’t bear to do something like this to you.” Sumire stared down at her feet for a moment before speaking again.

“I don’t like... who I am. I want to always feel the happiness of singing and dancing with everyone, and do my best in staying loyal to my fans, and nothing else... but I can’t survive otherwise. I really hate hurting those around me, especially those who I know care about me as an idol... Since the food here is well-made, I can usually hold back for a few days, but after that I just can’t. It’s so backwards, hurting the ones I say I care so much about...”

Sumire stopped to catch her breath, as well as wipe away the few tears that she hadn’t realized began rolling down her cheeks. She didn’t have a chance to keep talking, though, because Akari was now giving her an even tighter hug than the one she had given before. Akari did not let go until Sumire rested her hand on Akari’s and gave a light squeeze. Although the situation was still mysterious, and she had many questions, Akari did not want to do anything else but make Sumire know that she was here now. She put on a brave face and gave Sumire a determined look, before throwing her off guard and placing firm hands on her shoulders.

“Sumire! Keeping secrets like this isn’t good for you. I don’t know what other way to say it than to be completely straightforward, so- just know that I’m here for you! I might not really know what’s going on, but if it’s you... I don’t think that I’m afraid. Even if you say things like that, I know what you’re really like. I know I can trust you, so... Please talk to me when things get rough, from now on!” Akari smiled much more genuinely now, feeling a bit safer now that she had also projected her feelings. Sumire couldn’t help but smile as well, and feel relieved that the whole ordeal had gone over much smoother than she had thought it would have. She was honestly expecting a barrage of questions and maybe even a pillow thrown at her, but support was something she wasn’t anticipating. Something about that made her feel a bit more comfortable with who she was. Her hands were released from Akari’s grip when she began tugging on her collar and grinning a bit awkwardly.

“And, maybe, um... If you ever get desperate... J-just know I’m available, if...” Akari trailed off, unsure of what she had just said, feeling a bit embarrassed. Sumire looked surprised for a moment, before laughing a little. The two then looked towards the window, which was still dark. Instinctively Akari let out a yawn, and settled in her seat. Sumire sat up from the bed and made her way towards the closet.

“Good night, Akari.”

“Yep, see you later, Sumire.”

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