

## To Get Back Home

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# To Get Back Home

by [guesswhattimeitis](#)

## Summary

Hotaru can't help but listen as the piano softly plays.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Hotaru peaked into the living room. She wasn't supposed to be up this late but it was hard to sleep when mama and papa were still up. Papa was playing the piano slow and quiet, as mama sat nearby on the couch reading. They did this often. The balcony doors were open, a light summer breeze making the curtains billow inwards. Moonlight cast long shadows across the wood floor. Hotaru hid in the door frame, hoping they wouldn't catch her up and about at the late hour.

After a couple of minutes, Haruka stopped playing. She seemed to ponder for a moment, and then began playing a new song. It was slow again, and Hotaru felt it tug at her heart for some reason. It built slowly and to Hotaru's surprise Haruka started to sing like a whisper on the breeze. She almost gasped; papa almost never sang, saying mama was the better singer. It was hard to pit them against each other, Hotaru couldn't help but love them both.

At first Haruka seemed to be singing to herself, but soon she angled her head at Michiru. She was lounging on the couch nearby, and she put her book down as she listened. After a couple bars, while Haruka continued to play, Michiru moved to join her on the bench. Michiru was so measured and graceful Hotaru felt she looked like an angel in the soft light.

As Haruka finished the chorus, Michiru placed her hands on the keys, and added her own accompaniment to the song. She joined in singing too, and the two looked at each other like Hotaru often saw them do. Finishing the song, Haruka leaned in and kissed Michiru. It only lasted a moment, and as Haruka pulled away, Michiru rested her head on Haruka's shoulder.

Hotaru felt a presence behind her, and knew someone had caught her out of bed. She felt a gentle hand on her shoulder, and Hotaru knew it could only be one person. Looking at Setsuna, Hotaru saw she had her finger on her mouth as if to say 'be quiet.' Bending down, Setsuna lifted Hotaru into her arms, stronger even than she looked. She walked into the living room, and the two lovebirds at the piano turned when they heard her.

They didn't say a word, smiling as Setsuna walked over to them. Their faces were a little red, not aware they had an audience. Depositing Hotaru between the two of them, Setsuna stepped to the side of the piano to lean against it. Haruka and Michiru looked down at Hotaru, but their smiles told her she wasn't in trouble.

"Want to hear some more?" Haruka had a soft spot a mile wide, and Hotaru nodded vigorously with a wide smile on her face. Haruka couldn't help but rest her hands on the keys again. Who could say no to a face like that?

"One more, and then bedtime." Michiru gave Haruka a look, and she chuckled. Hotaru felt so lucky, sitting there with the three of them, and even bedtime didn't seem so bad.

## End Notes

This is a short one, but the vision of it just came to me and I felt I had to write it tonight.  
Bonus points if you can guess the song.

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