She helped me ashore and called her kin. There I found a people I did not know, did not understand. But they welcomed me with smiles and open arms, and I knew I had found a new home.

The wave crashed over the moon, the bright full circle disappearing beneath the water as the ship moved forward through the endless seas towards, towards, well Yogo Tadashi wasn't sure where they are going. The man ran his hands through black hair that was just beginning to silver. With a shake of his head the man reached into his kimono and took out a small carved kiseru pipe, the ivy leaves dancing up the silvered metal to bloom into a flower around one end.

"You know I wish you wouldn't do that," a strong male voice called out from behind Tadashi.

Tadashi turned and saw the black clad form of his husband. The butterfly mask that covered his face almost entirely hid his face from everyone else. Not from him though, never from him. It hid neither the faint worry and concern nor the fond indulgence.

Tadashi shrugged before he spoke in a rich, almost mesmerizing baritone, "Sorry Norio, I didn't mean to drag you out here."

Norio shook his head and moved across the wooden deck, bringing his hands up to the kiseru and placing the careful herbal blend of the Mantis Weed and aromatic tea leaves and a few other plants that smelt good and to taste inside. Then with a few short words in a language that Tadashi knew from his childhood but could never say, a small spark set the pipe alight.

Tadashi took the smoking pipe back and inhaled. The faint rush of smoke in his lungs settled in as he felt himself become more alert, more stable.

Norio offered a fond smile as he moved to stand beside Tadashi against the bow of the ship.

"You changed your blend again."

Tadashi exhaled a smoke ring through the air. "Switched out the cinnamon for ginseng"

"Well I like it better than the last blend…but I still don't think we'll play the flute together tonight," Norio said.

Tadashi laughed a little. "Didn't think so, needed to calm myself is all."

"Soshi-sama knows what she's doing," Norio offered.

"Of course she does, she's following orders, and we're all doing that, but it's been weeks now…I miss dry land, never had your sea legs," Tadashi answered.

"Well, come to bed, and I'll help you with those legs," Norio bantered. "Without the smoke."

Tadashi shook his head and watched his husband go, soon following after.