Note: This chapter is independent of the actual story.

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He was supposed to be a knight. So how was it possible that he could play a musical instrument like a professional? That thing bugged her time and again to the point that Themis got tired of leaving the question unanswered. She stepped forward, this time, with the determination to squeeze the answer out of him.

“Hey you,” Themis said just as he completed a classical song titled *Vivere La Vita.*

“How nice to not call me by my name,” he returned an eerie smile that sent chills down her spine.

“I-I’m not intimidated by it,” she stomped.

“By what?”

“Never mind. Anyway, I’ve been itching to ask.”

“Go on,” he pulled out a thick book containing nothing but music sheets from a bookshelf. Along with it came tumbling down another few more, one knocking onto Themis’s head so hard that she collapsed from the impact.

“Hey! Don’t mess up the infirmary already, will ya?” she head-butted him on the stomach.

“My bad. So, you wanted to ask something?”

“Oh! Yeah. Um. Uh. Oh. What kind of music you play?”

“Piano,” he said, raising his eyebrows with that “Isn’t it obvious girl?” look.

“No! No, I mean, I heard you play a different kind of piano piece apart from the one you played just now. The one where you tapped your feet or something…”

“Oh, I see. You mean this?” he put down the book, playing three notes in a small measure that jogged her memory.

“Yeah. What’s that… err… genre?”

“Trance piano.”

“What?”

“The kind of songs that won’t make you sleep, in other words.”

“Right…” it sounded like a foreign language to her.

“What about it?”

“You playing that same song everyday perked my interest, that’s all.”

“The song’s titled *Parousia*, telling a tale of a second coming of… err… someone,” he said, pulling out the music score that featured an insane number of triple notes in one line. He looked forward, his face tensing up before he begun into a slow initial ride.

This was a first. He normally didn’t openly show a piece that he haven’t fully mastered to anybody before. The privilege allowed her to witness the areas where he struggled at, most notably at the background music that complemented the melody. His fingers were so flexible that it looked like the hand itself was dancing to the beat. The slow ride dropped to a rapid pace, with a never-ending barrage of notes that weaved together into a messy but strangely beautiful piece of work.

“Listening to it gives me goosebumps,” Themis commented as he rose from his seat.

“That’s how it’s supposed to be. It would’ve been nicer if I didn’t struggle at the part leading up to the chorus though…”

“It’s already impressive by itself,” she slouched forward. “How could you criticize yourself like that?”

“It’s just me. Err, I feel like I’m forgetting something.”

“Yeah, and that’ll be taking a rest.”

“Err, not yet. I was about to practice this song for the New Year’s Day when your presence distracted me,” he pulled out another set of sheets from the book. She peered over his shoulder, capturing the title *Pure White* on it before he pushed her aside gently.

Unlike the previous song he played, he appeared more relaxed, entering into a comfortable pace that instantly threw Themis’s mind into a parallel universe. The tune was one of those things that could only happen in dreams. Everything that was pure and innocent, devoid of any form of corruption filled her mind. If only she could live in such a dream…

*Wake up!* Her subconscious slapped her on the face. She blinked twice, staring blankly at Klavier, who sounded like he was about to end the piece already. Wait, how was it possible for him to be able to stir such emotions with almost no effort? There wasn’t any musician who had such skill, at least in her most recent encounters with them.

“How was it?” Klavier asked.

“Err,” she folded her arms. “Okay, I guess.”

“Okay, huh. Maybe I should change it to something else.”

“No! I don’t mean, okay lousy! I meant… uh… never mind.”

“Loosen up, will ya?” he pat her on the head. “Not like I’ll kill you for being honest.”

“You should use it. I think it’ll be a hit. Though your current attire doesn’t fit it.”