

“Looks like you have your hand full with that one.”

The soft, yet slightly teasing voice reaches Franz's ears, and only one person he knows possesses such a voice. He lifts his head up, his gaze eyes meeting Lizelle's as she stands not far from where he is standing, twirling the parasol in her hands with a playful smile on her face, head tilted to the side. The silver-haired vampire shrugs, his expression remaining neutral as he keeps his gaze on the other for a bit longer before he finally averts it elsewhere. The silence remains between the two of them before he finally speaks up.

“As full as they can be when it involves one such as himself. Alas, I'm not going to interfere with his business any more than I already do. What will happen after this is now fully in his hands.”

Then, he turns his attention back to her. “And you. I thought you're still traveling around the world to find what you lost. What brings you here?”

Lizelle hums softly. Leaning the parasol against her shoulder, she steps closer to where Franz is, the heel of her shoes clicking against the concrete of the roof they are both standing on. The smile on her face didn't falter, instead growing even wider than before and for a moment, her eyes seemed to glow underneath the moonlight. Franz finds himself unable to look away from them—he has always found her eyes to be like ruby, beautiful and captivating, and every time he always finds himself admiring them, just like how he always finds himself admiring her whenever they meet. He forces himself to snap himself out of his thoughts, reminding himself that now is not the time to be thinking of such things. The blue-haired vampire giggles softly, one hand moving up to cover her lips before she looks up at him.

“I am, but I figure that I should greet some people while I'm still here. While I expected Reo to be here, I did not think that you would be here as well, Franz.”

Franz shrugs, maintaining the neutral look on his face.

“I just happened to be here at the right time, that's all.”

Lizelle laughs again and at that moment, Franz thinks that it's the most beautiful sound in the world. It's been awhile since the last time he heard Lynette's laugh, and to hear it again now... it almost feels like that he has once again discovered something that has been missing from him all of these centuries. And it's always, *always*, whenever she is with him, no matter where they are, no matter how long it has been since their last encounter with each other. Lizelle always manages to make Franz feel something that he's hesitant to put a name on yet, even after all this time. But he knows that it's only a matter of time before he eventually has to admit the emotion running through him whenever Lynette is in his presence, sooner or later.

He shouldn't feel this, shouldn't allow himself to feel this, but whenever it comes to Lizelle, he couldn't stop himself from feeling this way.

She smiles as she steps closer to him, one hand holding on to her parasol while she holds the other one towards him. "The full moon is absolutely beautiful today," she says, the smile turning into a small grin as she continues her words. "It's been quite a long time since our last encounter took place. So dearest Franz, care to have this dance with me?"

Typical of her, always straight to the point. That's what he likes the most about her.

"Now, what kind of person am I to say no to such a request?" he asks, expression shifting into one of amusement. If those who know how he is see him right now, there's no doubt that they will be utterly surprised to see Franz making such an expression—after all, he has always presented himself as someone stoic, someone who kept his emotions under control. Alas, he couldn't bring himself to care about such trivial matters right now. Taking Lizelle's hand into his, he pulls her closer, placing his other hand on her waist. No words are exchanged between the two as they begin to move, bathed in the light of the moon as they dance.

Franz's gaze never leaves Lizelle, not even once. He is mesmerized by her, like he always does whenever they are together, and he doesn't think that he will stop being mesmerized by her any time soon. If he has a heart, then he has no doubt that it will beat as fast it can, with her being this close to him, closer than ever, with the distance between them being practically non-existent. As they continue to dance, Franz finds himself not wanting this moment between them to end, that he can continue holding her like this, to never let her out of his arms, out of sight, just like how he never let her out of his mind even after decades has passed since their last meeting.

It's foolish, since he knows that this moment will eventually come to an end, but he can't help but to wish for such things. And he knows that she feels the same as him. Lizelle is aware of the growing feelings between the two of them, and yet she doesn't push, waiting for him to fully accept them until the time finally comes.

That's why, as long as this night allows it, until the sun rises and the two of them have to part ways once more, they will enjoy this precious moment between the two of them to the fullest.

With the moon as the silent audience to their waltz.