

Regretful Thoughts

Von abgemeldet

Title: Regretful thoughts

Theme: 15.Death

Pairing: TeruxHisashi

Rating: G

Comments: sadness³, written for 50stories, dedicated to Momo-san!

'Why?' I always ask myself and still do to this very day.

'Why you?' Thoughts like this keep cruising through my mind and didn't stop driving me almost mad until now.

It was a day like most days before, quite normal, no special events and even the weather wasn't that special, clouds here and there, a few sunbeams fighting their way through wherever they could. The hours passed by in a blur and afternoon turned into early evening. The time to leave had come before I knew it. Grabbing our stuff, we left the studio. The cold wind tucked at our coats, so we headed straight to Shinbashi Station. Hisashi was just to turn left, heading for the spot where he had dumped his car, when I realized how little time we've come to actually spend together, since the big money started rolling in, so I just asked:

"Anyone up for a drink?"

All I got was the usual bitching around, at first, the usual 'gotta be home' and 'my wife's gonna kill me', just like always, but in the end we decided one round of drinks ain't gonna kill anyone.

We had pretty much fun all together but when we were curious because you didn't drink anything, you said you wouldn't because you had to drive home. Even the offer of drinking just a little bit you refused to be sure, that special smile playing around your lips. You just ordered a non-alcoholic drink.

Jiro and I told funny jokes, Takuro reminded us of dumb things we did when we were just an indie band (for example the accident I had and how I went to the live though, just wiped away the blood) and you laughed a lot, here and there putting in your comments.

~*~

You've never been the type to say that much until you weren't able to avoid it anymore, but that was one of the things I liked about you.

Sometimes, er...to be honest, often I think it was more than just 'liking' you, much more...but I never had the courage to show that to you because I knew you were straight. I knew it when you came to practise after your first date, the glimmer in your eyes, the smile tucked around your lips, the way you moved back then.

I admit, I was attracted to you since I saw that photo of you for the first time...but I banned those thoughts far away in the darkest corner of my mind because...I didn't want to run from our little group of friends.

Only a few times I kinda gave in but that was because of the adrenalin at stage (bad excuse, I know), then I just couldn't hold it back that well. It was around one year ago when I placed a soft kiss at your cheek out of pure happiness. To my surprise you smiled, a smile I began to adore through the years. Back then I so much hoped you wouldn't hold any grudges for me because of doing this but you didn't show any sign if you did.

Another thing were these times when it was time to sing together with you (my favourite thing to do at stage). I gently put my hand down at your shoulder, the more I neared your head the more I felt good and when the time had come, we sang together.

I always felt like 'Please, let this moment never pass.' but it passed, pretty quick every time we did and I had to leave your warm presence to go on.

There were times when you looked at me and even that gave me shivers of excitement but you never said a word about that and neither did I. No one of us could, to be realistic, we both had our wives and love them, of course.

~*~

I wasn't that much drunk when we were about to leave the bar but I had to pay the toilet a visit though. After finishing I nearly crashed into you for I was in a hurry, the others were waiting for me and I just didn't expect you to wait for me in front of the toilet in that narrow aisle.

Of course I apologized and chuckled a few times because it was just embarrassing! Realising the expression in your eyes I stopped laughing immediately and coughed.

"What's up?" I asked, unsure what to say else to that gaze. You only shrugged, still looking at me with that mixture of sadness, determination and another thing I just couldn't place, or rather couldn't believe.

"You tell me!" Was your plain reply and I had to blink a few times due to your strange attitude right then. You've never been talking to me like this before, and that for nearly 11 years at that time.

"Eh?" That was the only thing I could manage and stared at you, confused to no end. 'Where does this come from so suddenly?' I asked myself.

"You surely know what I'm talking about! How long are you going to keep this charade on?" You asked me and it was like you would have punched me right into my face. Again I blinked and then finally realized what it maybe was you were talking about, a burning sensation reclaimed my cheeks then.

I just shrugged and pretended I didn't know what you meant. How could I tell you about THAT? How could I tell you...I had something like a crush on you since the '80s??? And the question I wanted to ask was: 'Since when did you know?' But...I just couldn't. After all of these years I had calmed in some way and had pushed that strange feelings aside, so I was able to work properly. I just couldn't let myself giving into it because then maybe I would never be able to stop it anymore.

~*~

I thought it would ruin everything we had...what a cruel irony.

~*~

"Fine, you've had your chance!" With that you turned quickly and I watched you to disappear behind the next corner, too surprised to say anything else than some stammered words no one would have ever been able to understand. Some minutes of just staring at the corner you walked around went by until I finally snapped out of it because a strange feeling began grabbing my heart, a feeling named fear.

~*~

I didn't know what made me feeling like that and of course I had no clue where this suddenly came from...but I must have apprehended something. To this day I still blame myself for not listening to my intuition and there's nothing, I repeat, NOTHING I can do about it anymore. Sometimes I just want to scream because I feel so guilty and frustrated but...would that change anything?

~*~

When I finally met the others again, only to meet their annoyed glances because they had to wait nearly ten minutes just because of me, I recognized you not being there.

"He just ran out. I even called after him but he didn't seem to notice." Takuro rubbed his temple and wrinkled his forehead in worry.

"What did you do NOW?" Jiro grumbled and gave me a piercing gaze.

I waved in an apologizing way. "Nothing..."

~*~

That was one truth, but another was I did something by doing nothing. That's like I think of it today but back then I thought it would be the best, I didn't know...I couldn't know....

~*~

Takuro and I were about to enter a cap(taxi) (our apartments aren't that far away from each other) when they called.

That was the moment when everything went wrong...

First his eyes widened, then he paled and at the end it was a quick whispered 'Hisashi...' and everybody knew something bad had happened to you. But we had the

hope...the hope everything would be alright after some time at the hospital.

~*~

Hope is one of the things that keeps people alive, what keeps them from freaking out, what gives them some kind of support...but if your last hope is scattered...

~*~

Right after we arrived there, I ran over to the ambulance and harshly shoved them aside, I brushed past them, total disbelief in my mind but when I arrived there they...they....

W-when I arrived there they...had already given up on you. HOW COULD THEY????!! They tried to hold me back, tried to make me not seeing you like this...but they couldn't.

"He isn't DEAD! He's just...just..." I tried to still keep my hope even if I somewhere within myself knew there was no point in doing that. I just didn't WANT to believe...after we parted like that. "Let, the FUCK, go!" I screamed and finally made it into the ambulance.

Quickly I 'ripped' the cloth away which was covering your hole body and...it was a horrible sight.

~*~

I don't want to even think of it anymore, I don't want to but every time there's no way in even trying to avoid to think of it because the pictures re threading into my mind mercilessly and I can't do anything against.

Your eyes...I still have the impression they looked accusing back then.

~*~

I couldn't look at you anymore. It hurt me so much and I lost my ability to speak, just stared, at a far away point.

My sight got blurred then and everything seemed to happen very slow.

Fortunately Takuro was there to put a strong hand at my shoulder to keep me from going down to my knees. He dragged me away although I struggled some time. He was stronger, like ever, but when we stopped I saw the tears in his eyes and suddenly realized a warm sensation pouring over my cheeks too. I reached there and was in some way surprised I hadn't noticed the tears earlier.

"He's..." I choked. "He's..." I couldn't end this sentence and still can't.

Takuro took me in a tight embrace, holding me close he tried to soothe me when a part of my world broke apart, scattered into million pieces.

~*~

I'm very thankful for what he did. It helped me a lot through the time after you weren't here anymore. I had lost my aim as well as my faith but he brought me back to life. He's the best friend one could ever had.

Today there again was one of these days when I wake up bathed in sweat. I sat up immediately at my bed, breathing very much, my heart pounding against my ribs.

"It was...just a dream..."

"...just a dream." I whispered to myself again and again, closing my eyes I tried to get rid of those pictures of the 'nightmare' flashing by.

"...just a dream..." I felt my eyes becoming wet when my mind cleared a bit so the horrible truth became more and more clear.

"...just...a dream...."

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Everyday there're times when I'm about to turn to you and say something or just tell you something...but then I realize you aren't here anymore and.... it breaks my heart.

OWARI