

RA-SE-N

j-rock tribute... or something like that ^^

Von abgemeldet

Disclaimer: none of these persons belong to me... though I really wish Sugizo could be mine... ^^

I don't want to make any profit out of this story, so please don't sue me, 'kay? ^^
this is just a work of pure fiction and nothing real... I know something like this could never happen... but I think it would be great... sort of... ^^... not in this life though...>_<

but it's kinda interesting and even sort of ... erm... amusing what people's minds can make up ^^

Warning: AU, Mystery, Angst... sort of... ^^

Comment: okay... for that I hit a writer's block with my other stories (I don't lack ideas... but I'm failing to put them into words >_<) and this one's penetrating me since I wrote 'Millenium'... I'll give in for once and try to write it down... as if I had nothing else to do than writing fics... >_<

gomen, I really love to write, but... erm... yeah... it's not easy sometimes... y'know what I mean, ne?

Dedication: I'll dedicate this story to hide, Kami, Kazuki, Shaisuke... and all other J-Rockers who had to die too young and too early...

May they all rest in peace!

Silence was all that welcomed him when he suddenly woke up in the middle of the night. Not that he expected something else, for that it was just a few minutes after midnight. He didn't even bother to take the slightest glimpse at his alarmclock and he didn't need to - he just knew it. He could feel it.

Why did he wake up anyway?

There was nothing to hear, and all he could see were the dark shadows and the silver

moonlight floating through his bedroom. He concentrated on his breathing, his long slender fingers stroking his hair, as if to keep him calm.

He could feel a thrill running down his veins, giving him the creeps.

What the hell was that?

Sighing heavily, he tried to ignore it, hoping to get back to sleep soon.

He failed.

He never felt like that before and he sure didn't like it.

After some time that felt like a whole decade he turned his head to the window and looked outside. He raised his eyebrows and frowned. Of course it had to be full moon tonight. What surprised him more was the fact that he couldn't remember ever seeing such a big moon in his whole life before. Was this the reason for that he couldn't sleep?

He wasn't too sure about it, but it was possible.

He always had this thing with the moon. But this was... incredible.

For one moment he thought seeing someone in his room - impossible!, he thought, how could anyone get in here? - and his head shot to this direction, just to see nothing. He was alone.

But he could swear that he saw a shadow moving! And this shadow felt familiar to him. How could that be?

Then he heard a strange sound coming from his living room, though faint but it was audible.

So his senses didn't trick him before - or did they?

Slowly he got up, trying hard to not making any sound. If there was a stranger in his house he should go and check it. He couldn't call the police for nothing.

He made one step to the door - and stopped. There was another sound... like some glass shattering. Without moving he stood still and listened carefully. He had the gnawing sense that there was more than just one person in his living room...

No voices yet, but still...

Footsteps...

Something grinding...

A chair being moved...

Around him just darkness, flushed by the glimmering light of this constrained moon.

The noises from people who couldn't be there.

Then suddenly a whisper behind the door.

"... knows about... better leave... go... before he..."

That was too much for him.

Either there were people in his house he never invited or he began losing his mind. Both possibilities didn't please him. He never liked the thought of going insane, nor did he want others to sneak in his house.

Or was he just dreaming?

Maybe.

But maybe not.

He was quite sure that this was no dream.

Another step forward... He had to force himself to move on. Never felt the way to that goddamn door so heavy as it did now.

As he reached the dark wooden frame, he took a deep breath and raised his hand. He could feel the cold metal on his skin when his fingers enclosed the door knob.

Closing his eyes he prayed for his sanity, though he didn't know who he was silently talking to.

He clenched his teeth and cursed under his breath.
Since when was he such a coward?
Slowly he moved his hand a little - with no effect.
He went pale at the realization that his bedroom door was locked.

"That's mean, you know," Kami threw in unsure.
"Nani?" hide giggled.
"Kami is right," Kazuki said. "You can't do that."
"What... it was your idea to go here..."
"No, it was yours," the former Raphael guitarist replied.
"I can't remember you complaining," hide snorted.
"No one said anything about scaring him!"
"He's got nerves... he will be glad that he can see me again."
"I don't think so." Shaisuke scratched his head.
"Gnah... why the change of mind all of a sudden?"
"You said you wanted to visit Sugizo! Nothing about scaring him." Kami turned to look out of the window.
"He's awake anyway!" hide grinned. "Why not go see him?"
Kazuki frowned. "And you think it will be normal to him that his dead friend visits him because he missed him." He was sarcastic.
"He might as well join us."
"hide!" That was Shaisuke.
The pink haired guitarist raised his hands in surrender. "You win..." he sighed. "But I'd better unlock the door. I don't think he will be pleased to find his own bedroom door locked."
"Seems like you got back to your senses.. but it's too late," Kazuki whispered. "He already found out."
hide blinked. "Well... then I'll bet he's pissed." A mischievous grin grew on his face. "I'll open the door anyway... there's no use in locking him up and leaving him in his bedroom." He did like he said.

He jerked a little when he heard some hisses and a click as the door was being unlocked. Not sure if he should try the knob again and confirm himself to open the door, or if he'd rather stay here and wait.
But for what?
That the sun would rise?
Then he could wait for hours.
And that he didn't want.
That he was sure of.
Holding his breath he decided to try the door knob - and this time it moved. Slowly the door swung open... Carefully he peeked in his living room.
There was nothing.
The people he heard before - or thought hearing - weren't there.
Did he fancy the whole thing?
A relieved sigh escaped his slightly trembling lips and he relaxed. So there was

nothing to worry about. Now he was glad that he had decided against calling the police. They wouldn't find anything or anyone anyway.
He wanted to return to his bed, maybe he could finally go back to sleep now.
He felt someone laying a hand on his shoulder and nearly jumped out of his skin.

~~~ O.wa.ri ~~~

I just couldn't help it. ^^ I had to write it like this... ^^;; though I wanted it to be a little different at first... >\_< But... well... I got bored at work and this came out of it. ^^  
Just tell me what you think of it, onegai? ^^