

# **A Broken Promise**

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*When the truth crosses a lie one too many times, Shuichi leaves, taking his own web of lies with him. **Rx S & YxS***

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## 1 - A Broken Promise

# A Broken Promise

With only a thin pair of trousers and a sweater covering his too-skinny frame, he shivered. Not wanting to look behind him, he kept on walking through the harsh rain, although he knew, he felt, the eyes glaring at his retreating back. "It's over," he whispered quietly.

*I should be happy.*

A wry smile marked his lips.

*But then why? Why am I crying?*

He licked the salty traces of tears from his lips and stopped walking for a second, closing his eyes, only to pick up his pace twice as fast afterwards.

"You'll regret this, Shuichi, and you know it," the blond man behind him yelled.

Shuichi brushed a mix of rain and tears from his cheeks and glanced at his hand for a brief moment, studying the wetness on his pale fingers.

*Even Heaven is crying. So maybe it's alright that I do too. I think it is.*

He resisted the urge to look at the man, only nodded in response to his yelling, not letting him see the tears. He wouldn't, couldn't, understand what Shuichi was going through now. So, no, he shouldn't let them see, it would be unwise.

*Unwise? Like, running off like a wanted criminal, unwise? Like I'm doing now?*

He snorted softly and quickened his pace, not wanting to hear him anymore, not wanting to let his words

break his already fragile heart. He strode towards the waiting cab and opened the door. Shuichi stood still for a moment, as if hesitating to get in, watching his perfectly laid out imperfections on the reflection in the darkened glass. He traced his outlines, but suddenly stopped when the man spoke again.

“I swear to the Gods, Shuichi, I will find you, no matter what, and I will find out what you’re hiding from me.”

*I know, my love, I know. And I pray to whatever Gods there are that you will be as forgiving as I was all those years ago, for I know I cannot ask for it myself.*

His quivering hand still on the cold window, he turned around slightly and nodded knowingly. “You will,” he breathed, “and I will be ready then.” He tried to steady his hurried breath and sighed a second later. “Just give me time, that’s all I’m asking.”

*I’m sorry.*

How hard it was to say such things aloud, such lies, such a twisted form of reality. He swallowed and, not having the heart to wait any longer, to see his lover – or was it ex-lover? – break, he rushed to get in the car and slammed the door firmly shut.

*Out of sight, out of heart, that’s what they say. It shouldn’t matter – and maybe, just maybe, one day I’ll be able to convince myself that it doesn’t.*

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A soaked to the bone Shuichi knocked harshly on the wooden door in front of him. “Open up, damn it!” he yelled, his voice a little hoarse. “I know you’re in! You shouldn’t –”

The door opened and he fell silent, although the tears never stopped streaming.

*I’m a monster. But then again, aren’t we all?*

“Gods, Shuichi! He’s really done it this time, no?”

He gave the older man a nod and brushed past him, into the hall and then into the comforting livingroom.

The older man followed him in silence and then began pacing in the midst of the room, his eyes hidden behind a hand.

*Making holes in the expensive Indian carpet, are we now? Will you do that to me too? Or will you leave me as decoration, hanging beautifully on the wall, greeting your visitors with my patterns, making them dizzy so they will forget who I was? Who I am?*

“Tell me, Shuichi. Tell me what happened.”

*Or am I already? Do you even know who I was, who I am?*

Shuichi, avoiding his question, looked around for a moment, as if studying every detail of the brownish room. Inwardly, he pushed all those unwelcoming thoughts aside and then turned around to face the older man with a soft, innocent smile, as if never having heard his question in the first place. “I’m here, aren’t I,” he said, his smile never leaving, but never reaching his eyes – not then and maybe not ever again.

*Yes, Ryuichi, do you see? I’m finally here, like you wanted me to. But will you love me for it? Or will you hate me for what I did? Or, better yet, for what I didn’t do?*

*Will you at least try to mend me? Or will you be like him and even more like me, broken and shattered? Do you even know that I’m giving you everything I own? Because I’ll give you everything I am.*

“I’m home now.”

*A broken promise.*