

A Stab in the Dark

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Sanzo has finally reached his breaking point with the burden of everything on his shoulders becoming too much to take. Turning to the only person who has always been there for him...Wanting to forget everything, even if it is only for one night... Go

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Disclaimer: I own nothing of Saiyuki. I am only barrowing these amazing characters to fulfill my own plot bunnies. Saiyuki belongs to the proper creators, which, sadly, none include me. T-T

A/N: Konnichiwa, minna-san! ^^ This is my very first shonen-ai/yaoi piece of work. I hope it is okay. I would love to hear what you all think of it, and it is a one-shot-remaining as such. I know it is not that long, but I hope you enjoy it anyway! ^.^

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Sanzo lain on the bed, his head smashing down on the once fluffed pillow. As he was laying there in the still blanket of the night all thoughts of sleep where both null and void. He was beginning to feel the strain of this seemingly never ending journey to the west, as each day passed, each mile they got closer the weight upon his shoulders grew heavier.

A wanting to just stop and forget was all too welcoming to him, and yet, at the same time he knew that such a thing could never come true. All he knew was that he was feeling his sanity slowly slipping away from him. Could feel it sliding down and in between his fingers like all the blood he had and will continue to spill in his lifetime.

Rest, just to have a break would do him good. The constant stress of having the whole of Shangri-la resting on his mind and soul was easily weakening his defenses; making the mantra that he had lived by for so long become like a lost ancient tomb that lay buried at sea.

He could begin to feel himself coming undone, the small voice of a lost and broken child screaming loudly out of the hole that was now punctured in his ice coated heart. The walls were moving and

starting to slowly let *him* in. The ice was being clawed at and punched at and was now starting to feel the abuse. He wasn't used to feeling emotions, or so, the emotions that he was feeling now.

These emotions he had kept locked away in a corner of his soul that was a no touch zone. He dare not let his mind enter into this zone too deeply. If he was to venture slightly deeper than he normally does, then he would be surrounded by tears and cries of confusion. A long rooted fear of taking life was implanted in him at such a young age, but then learning that blood could be washed from ones hands made this fear get locked away and hidden in the dark.

The dark was something he found comfort in, leaving him to forget and to never know; to forget the pain of caring so deeply for some and also the comfort in having a confident to reach out and talk to. Sanzo was merely groping blindly in the dark wanting to grab hold of someone's hand and at the same time stubbornly swipe it away. As time passes the former seems more and more alluring, but the image and the walls upon walls of icy defense was not allowing for this outcome to be true.

Alone in the world, according to his logic that's what everyone was and should always be. Forever allowing one to be their own person without the problem of change, to not feel the amazing pound of guilt that one feels when taking a life or being unable to please the ones they care for, and most importantly... not having to feel the pain of being left behind either through unwanted death or chosen abandonment.

But, there was one person who would never let him be, even before they had met, Goku, the baka who was always invading Sanzo's mind with meaningless talk and always trying to dig deeper into Sanzo's true being. A pest and nothing less and one that could never and would never leave Sanzo. Stuck with him because Goku could be just as stubborn as Sanzo...and yet, could Sanzo ever leave? Could he ever desert him? Could he ever shoot him like he says he would if Goku didn't stop complaining? No. That was the answer to each and every one of those questions and any other question like it.

Truly realizing this was less of a shock then he thought it would be. He was starting to feel the need to be found. Yes, the pressure of this mission was weakening him, or possibly it was strengthening him, Sanzo was not sure which it was. But, he was beginning to understand what it was that he was told at the start of this whole fiasco... To look with the eyes of his heart, and right now, at that moment, Sanzo finally thought he understood what that meant.

Stopping his train of thought for the moment, Sanzo made himself slowly get up from the bed and head

toward the door. The inn that they were staying at was slightly run down, something that one could easily tell from the ancient wood that they would feel under their bare feet. The walls were stained and worn as much as the floor, but the beds were comfortable to say the least. Meanwhile the ceiling seemed to be stained black from previous persons who had smoked and let the stream of smoke curl airily upward.

The cold metal from the doorknob on his hands sent chills up his spine; after all, the night was frozen over with the climate associated with the season of winter. The damp coolness was overwhelming to most, but Sanzo found it comforting, the fact that he was freezing seemed to fit his mind, heart, and soul...or so, he wished it would. A bright, luminous light was almost showering his veiled world of total blackness into a world full of life; a comfort and a worry.

Once the door was open instead of heading straight to Goku's room, he stopped, took out his packet of cigarettes, placed it gently in his mouth, put the pack away, took out the lighter, light the cigarette, and then took a drag. The nicotine was a needed high or so it can be described, giving him the needed strength for what he was about to do next. To willingly let a part of his hard worked wall fall to pieces among the hardened ground of his soul.

As his body leaned against the cold wood, which could be felt even through his rather thick robes, he finished off his supporting cancer stick. Moving rather quickly he put out the cigarette in the ash tray and left the cold room. He shuffled quietly down the hallway the soft moonlight pouring smoothly in through the windows that lined the small stretch of space. Stopping at a door right at the end of the hallway, the stairs were just before it, Sanzo hesitated just so. For a moment he was almost unsure of himself, something that did not happen very often, but he no sooner thought this then it was gone.

This doorknob was not cold like his, it instead radiated soothing warmth, and it felt extremely good on Sanzo's iced hands. Turning the knob he could hear Goku move inside and hear the muffled sound of his voice saying something along the lines of meat buns. It was then that Sanzo realized that Goku was most likely asleep, it was fairly late. This thought didn't affect him and so he barged into the room, not bothering to try and wake the boy who slept so soundly, up.

That sight that met him was Goku half laying and half falling off his bed. The pillow was tucked under his head, which rested on the floor, and the blanket was twisted in a complicated tangle around his body. The only reaction that Sanzo could think of was an impatient sigh. Not wanting to try his luck with poking the dead-to-the-world-sleeping Goku, he took out his harisen and gave Goku a whack upside the head. The result of this was automatic; Goku shot up like he was struck by a bolt of lightening (and in the case of how strongly Sanzo thrashes the boy it may have been too similar to such an experience) and a

loud," OW, Sanzo!" was emitted through the barren room.

The initial shock of the "surprise attack" wore off and was left with utter confusion on Goku's part. The reason for why Sanzo was in his room in the middle of the night was unknown to him. Not expecting to receive an answer to his questioning look Goku was only slightly surprised when he heard Sanzo's normally rough (and shouting) voice come out with a soft, "Why?" And he continued to watch as Sanzo's drooped eyes scrunched upward in confusion and his eyebrows becoming slowly knitted because of this emotion as well.

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"What? Why...What, Sanzo?" Those words just barely made it from Goku's shocked lips. Never had Goku seen Sanzo so lost, so frightened, so...childlike. Though Goku's confusion only mounted when he was rewarded with an answer from Sanzo's pale and parched lips.

"Why are you so stubborn? Why do you constantly talk inside my head? Why do you never leave me alone? Why do you always try and get close to me? Why are you trying to melt this well frozen ice labyrinth that lies around my heart? And why are you always trying to shed a world of the living upon my dead one? Why...Why are you making me go crazy like this?" A flow of confusing thoughts from Sanzo's mind were let loose on Goku who knew no real way to answer. The only one he could come up with made him blush such a deep red. The answer, he knew, would only cause him pain because of Sanzo's paper fan of doom.

Seeing Sanzo so un-Sanzo like made him answer truthfully, "I do all that stuff Sanzo, because...I love you." The words came from his mouth so easily once the courage had been found. Still, he instinctively flinched as he felt Sanzo move closer, expecting an onslaught of hits from the infamous harisen. No hits ever came though.

A string of words were met in response to Goku's confession. "I thought that might be your answer. I think that might be my answer, too. But, I really don't know. This journey has been too much of a burden on my mind; I don't think I can take much more of it. My mental state is shaky at best and...and, I think...I think I just want to end this pointless fieldtrip. But, looking at you with that dumb look on your face...I just don't know anymore." There it was. The whole confession, it all just came pouring out, no longer able to be kept in.

Not knowing what else to do, Goku brought Sanzo into an embrace, one that Sanzo clung dearly to. And slowly Sanzo realized the vice grip that he had held on him only to look up into those innocent orbs and ask, "Please, please...Let this pain inside of me disappear, even if it is only for one night...Please..." That was when Goku knew for a fact that Sanzo had finally lost it. That the walls that were built up over the years were finally smashed, shattered into thousands of pieces that needed to be picked up. That the little boy, Kouryu, could finally shine through.

It was this breakthrough that led Goku to another one. He would be the one that would pick up all the pieces of Sanzo's once strong, and now shattered, self. That he would answer his pleas. Yet, before a reply could be given, Goku felt Sanzo move even closer than he already was, and then felt the monk's lips upon his own.

Static, it was like a jolt of electricity was pleasantly swimming through his veins. Igniting all his senses and then joining them into one. This elated feeling was felt by both of them. It was so mesmerizing as Sanzo gently rolled his tongue over Goku's bottom lip asking silently for entrance, and Goku readily obeyed; the ferocious dance of their two tongues, each one wishing for ownership, yet neither one willing to give in. Arms wrapped tightly around each other, they finally broke apart for much needed air.

They still held each other as they gasped for air after such a straining (and at the same time) fulfilling kiss. Arms still encircled around each other Sanzo once again pleaded, "Please make me forget. Make me forget who I am and who I am supposed to be. Make me forget this journey that we are on- the beginning, the middle, and the nearing end. Make me see how much you love me, and let me show you...how much I love you."

Thus, the night was filled with tantalizing kisses all over each other's bodies. The warm touch of their lips upon the skin made such a tingling sensation that neither had felt before, but now knew very well, for it littered their skin. The once cold heart melted and the once confused one was now found. The barren cold of the outside world disappeared in a world filled with heat and passion.

Both reached out their hands...Both cried for help...Both blindly made a stab in the dark...And both were able to forget...Because both were able to find each other...

A/N: There ya go. I started in Sanzo's POV but then I switched to Goku's so I could elaborate on both of their feelings. I hope that it was okay. Please tell me what you think of it. It would be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

~Lily~