

A Rose to Show My Lift Me Up On Your Wings

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A One-shot written by me. Slight yaoi in it, but not much.

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Lift Me Up On Your Wings

Kanji- *sighs* Okay. . .Shaina's dad *shakes head* disconnected the internet so Shaina's on a spree of self mutilation. * points to girl in corner with letter opener* So it appears that her newest story is sort of her own story. . .just with the Yu-Gi-Oh characters instead of her.

Shaina- *looks up at them as she tosses the letter opener out the window* Hi. . .yeah tis true. . .I'm in a pretty crappy mood. . .and dad it's not just you that has pushed me to this, though I think the internet was the last thing that was keeping me relatively sane. *sighs* It's a couple of other things. . .probably that I finally figured something out. . .I have no control what so ever on my life. Well this is a story. . .a strange one. . .but it seems to be quite effective. I don't own Yu-Gi-Oh so please don't sue. Oh and this is in the first person. . .I hope it'll be okay. And I don't know if anyone has ever tried to do something like this before. It's another of my strange ideas. . .but luckily I haven't taken it as far as the character will (might). Oh and this is a one shot.

Lift Me Up On Your Wings

"It's my choice," I whisper as I stare at the knife in my hand. I look at the marks already carved into my arm. "They won't care. . .they've left me behind. . .to pursue their own dreams. Everyone is gone." I stare at the glittery metal and smile slightly. "I wonder if they'd miss me. . .any of them. . .or if they would even care. . .who knows." I remember when I first injured myself purposely two years ago. At first I only did it when I was really depressed. . .but since last month it had become second nature to pull the knife out from under my bed. No one knew or even suspected something was wrong with me. I act normal enough. . .I mean I'm a teen things that are commonly strange when we're older aren't uncommon now. I sigh as I run a finger down the knife blade feeling the metal cut through flesh and spill my blood on the blue covers of my bed and then I do the same to the rest of my palm. "Ah. . .sweet pain." I feel a tear trickle down my face and sigh. I wipe the tear away and leave a red trail on my cheek. I smile and look at myself in the mirror as I wipe the knife blade off and run my hand down my other cheek leaving a matching trail.

"Red doesn't suit you," whispers a voice from behind me. I blink and turn around and look into the deep crimson eyes of Yami. I sigh as I turn away from the ancient King of Games.

"Get out of my house Yami," I growl as I wipe my bloodied hand on the side of my pants. I feel him close to me and brush his hand off my shoulder leaving blood on his hand. Yami sighs as he looks at the back of my head. "I told you to get out of MY house." Yami's eyes harden. . .I don't know how I can tell, but I can feel them on the back of my head.

"Am I the only one who knows about. . ." asks Yami searching for the right words for what I'm doing to myself. "This?" I stand still as I feel Yami's eyes soften as he walks up behind me.

"Yeah. . .and I'd like it to stay that way," I growl as I spin around the red marks on my cheeks standing out in the mirror behind him. I gasp at the sight as Yami stands there before me his leather outfit hugging

his body perfectly. (I wonder who our mystery character is?) “ Get out.” Yami sighs and disappears in a burst of red light. I curl up on the floor as I take a rag out and wipe the blood off my face. “ What am I doing? Is this what I want?” I sigh as I look at all the scars on my arms and sigh. “ Why? Is this really what I want. . .to slowly kill myself? I don’t know what I want anymore. Darn It!” My words echo through the otherwise empty house as tears start to course down my face. I start to laugh to myself as I stay curled on the floor. My laughter soon turns to sobs as I hear words whispered in my head.

“ Escape isn’t the way
Close your Eyes
I’m close to your Heart
Here and there
Wherever the Shadows stop and the light starts
I’m your Angel
I am your Friend
Don’t hurt yourself

I’ll be with you to the very end,” the tunes play through my head. I remember the person who sang that song to me so long ago. . .when I was still young and innocent. The tune stops as I feel the blood flowing from my hand and onto my unclothed chest. I look down and smile sarcastically as I see the red marks all over my chest.

“ I feel so helpless,” I whisper as I stand up weakly as I walk over to my bed and curl up on the sheets. “ If only you were still here to lift me up.” I look up and over toward the picture of the person I’m talking to. “ If you were only here.” I pull my knees to my chest and sob as pictures of you float through my mind. “ You were my strength. . .and now you’re gone. . .never to be here for me again.” I whimper as fear grips me in its cold embrace. “ You were my friend, my light, my angel, my very. . .heart.” I let the tears flow out of me as I feel darkness curl around me trying to take all of my hope away. “ Leave me alone!” The darkness moves away slightly as for the first time in so long I actually repeal it.

“ Oh. . . but I thought you liked me,” purrs the darkness. I open my eyes and stare into the shadows as I look at my still bleeding hand. “ I thought we were friends.” I shake my head and stand up slightly. “ You can’t stop me. . .you’re mine.”

“ Leave me alone!” I shout as anger rises within my eighteen year old body. “ I’m not your friend! I’m not yours!” I feel strange energy pulse around me as the darkness screams as it disappears. “ I don’t want you!!” I close my eyes as I feel my hand tingling as the blood stops flowing. “ I want to be free! Let me go!” Suddenly I feel a pair of eyes on the back of my head.

“ That’s it,” whispers Yami as the light stops pulsing. “ Don’t let your fear consume you. . .fight it.” I nod as I walk up to him. “ Remember. . .you’re never alone. . .you have a guardian angel.” I nod as his deep crimson eyes scan mine. “ And that guardian angel isn’t me.” I laugh slightly as I playfully slap him on the shoulder. Yami smiles as he turns to leave. “ But. . .if you ever need to talk to anyone. . .I’ll be ready and willing.” I start to laugh as he rolls his eyes which cause me to break into a bigger fit of laughter. “ What?”

“ You. . .reminded me. . .of the good times. . .before I lost hope,” I whisper as I turn away. Yami smiles as he looks at the picture I’m starring at. “ I wish I had died. . .in his place.”

“ Yeah. . .and if you had died. . .he’d be in about the same spot as you are now. . .” says Yami and trails off as he looks out toward a cherry tree in the backyard. “ Or worse. . .I don’t know.” I nod slightly as I turn to look at him. “ What do you want?” I smile slightly as I look toward the marker under the tree.

“ I want a hug,” I whisper as I stand there my eyes downcast on the floor. “ I just want a hug.” Yami smiles as he opens his arms and I run into them receiving a hug from him.

“ You know Mokuba. . .you’re almost as tall as Seto was,” whispers Yami as he loosens his grip on my shoulders. “ Now stop hurting yourself. . .Mokuba. . .cause if I was Seto. . .he’d most likely have locked you up in your room. . .and taken all sharp objects out of your room. But putting a Kaiba under House Arrest is hard.” I nod slightly as I look into his eyes. “ Of course hurting yourself isn’t a solution. . .” I sigh as Yami disappears and I look toward the picture of Seto on the wall.

“ Big brother. . .you took my punishments. . .yet I couldn’t protect you. . .from a bullet,” I whisper as I stare at the picture. “ I CAN’T DEAL WITH THIS ANYMORE!” I pick the knife up off the ground and look around making sure all, but one curtain is drawn. I also look around making sure Yami isn’t in the room. I hold the knife close to my heart and start to get ready to plunge it into my heart when I hear him.

“ STOP! DON’T DO IT MOKUBA!” shouts Seto’s voice as I gasp and drop the deadly weapon to the ground. “ Please. . .Mokuba don’t. . .please don’t.” Seto’s voice is barely audible as he pleads with me not to take my life.

“ Seto,” I whisper as I look out toward his grave marker. “ Let me die. . .I can’t live like this anymore. . .there’s no reason for me to live.” I hear Seto’s sobs coming from around me and sink to my knees. “ Please. . .Seto. . .let me die. . .please.” I start to sob as I look up toward the ceiling. “ Don’t be my guardian angel. . .I’m begging you Seto. . .let me go.”

“ Mokuba. . .don’t. . .I’m begging you. . .for my sake. . .for Noa. . .for Mom and Dad. . .for your own sake. . .I’m begging you. . .me Seto. . .don’t do it,” whispers Seto’s voice tears present. “ I’m not going to let you die.”

“ I want to. . .go,” I whisper as I look toward the knife. “ I want to. . .die.” I start to sob uncontrollably as my black hair falls into my eyes. “ LET ME GO!” I feel Seto’s presence near me and my sobbing becomes even more desperate.

“ Mokuba-chan. . .stop. . .please,” begs Seto’s voice as the presence knells down near me. “ What can I do to stop you?” I shake my head as I feel a hand lifting my chin. “ Please Mokuba. . .tell me.” I open my eyes and look into the cold blue eyes of my brother. I smile slightly as I notice that he’s still eighteen.

“ Lift me up,” I whisper as I feel the warmth of Seto near me. “ One last time Seto. . .lift me up.” Seto smiles slightly as he picks me up in his spirit like arms. “ Seto. . .I missed you. . .I really. . .really missed you.” Seto sighs as he looks down into my eyes as tears start to trickle down his face. “ What’s wrong?”

“ Mokuba. . .I missed you too. . .I missed you so much,” whispers Seto as wings appear from his back.

“ I missed you my red winged and black haired angel.” I blink as his golden light consumes me.

“ Seto. . .you’re an angel,” I whisper as Seto nods. “ I’ll never be able to become an angel.” Seto looks down into my eyes as he starts to float into the air. “ Seto! Where are you going!”

“ My time is short my red winged and black haired angel. . .but I’m allowed to grant you one last wish,” whispers Seto as tears start to flow down his face. I start to cry as I look at my angelic brother. “ Tell me Mokuba. . .anything. . .tell me now. . .it’s my final gift to you.”

“ Lift Me Up On Your Wings. . .one final time,” I whisper as I reach out toward him.

“ Please. . .one final time Seto. . .free me from this world. . .one final time.” Tears start to roll down my face as Seto nods as he grabs onto my hand and pulls me up into the air with him.

“ I will my earthbound angel. . .one final time,” whispers Seto as his golden wings spread out as two red wings appear on my back. “ This is my final gift to you Mokuba. . .if I see you again is up to you. . .but I’ll always be your guardian angel.” I nod as I float next to Seto as tears roll down my face.

“ I understand Seto. . .a final gift. . .then I have a final gift for you,” I whisper as I pull something out of my pocket and hand it over to him. “ It’s an ankh. . . like the one’s from ancient Egypt. . .it represents life. . .you gave it to me when I was eleven. . .about three years before you died.” Seto nods and puts it around his neck. “ I’ll always love you Seto.”

“ My time on the earth was short. . .but worthwhile,” whispers Seto as he lets go of my hand. “ I have to go now. . .Mokuba. . .live on for me. . .I’ll be watching you.” With that Seto disappears from my sight. “ I love you!”

“ I love you too,” I whisper as I reappear in my bedroom. “ Good bye. . .Seto. . .my brother.” I look toward the knife on the floor and pick it up and look at it and smile slightly. “ I’ll lay this to rest.” I walk downstairs still shirtless. It’s okay all the servants are gone. . .I got rid of them. . .I didn’t need them. I walk over to Seto’s grave and place the knife at the top of it next to his necklace of me that’s embedded in the top of the memorial. I trace the words on the Blue Eyes shaped stone. “ R.I.P Seto Yagima-Kaiba October 25, 1985- April 10, 2004. You (I’m not good with numbers. . .and the show did start in Japan in 1996 as the manga. . .so I think this is reasonable.) will be missed. “ Lift Me Up On Your Wings. . .One Final Time. . .Before Death Comes to Take Me Away.” I smile as I look at the sentence as I look at the picture of Seto embedded in the stone at the top next to pictures of his few friends- Yami, Yugi, Me, Ryou, and Noa. . .even though he was only a ghost. . .he touched Seto’s life. I don’t know why he put Ryou in there. . .but he told me that he and Ryou came to a mutual understanding about something a long time ago. . .wonder what it was. “ Seto. . .I’ll remember you.” I feel a strange presence next to me and spin around and look in Ryou’s direction. “ Hiya Ryou.” The British man looks up at me in shock and smiles slightly. He’s twenty-three or so now.

“ Hiya Mokuba,” says Ryou as his now waist length hair falls into his eyes. “ Long time no see. . .I just came by to pay respects to Seto.

“ You were away at college when it happened. . .weren’t you?” I ask. Ryou nods sadly as he looks away.

“ I was. . .I should have been here. . .Bakura and I might have been able to stop it,” whispers Ryou and turns to look at me and notices my scarred up arms. “ Mokuba! What happened!” Ryou runs over and takes one of my arms in his hand. “ What happened. . .how did you get all these scars.” I tense and look away from the man. “ Did someone do these to you?”

“ I did them to myself Ryou. . .now lay off,” I growl and turn to walk away as Ryou places one of his hands on my shoulder. He mumbles something and I turn to look at him. “What?”

“ I loved him too. . .that’s the mutual understanding we came too,” whispers Ryou as he looks away from me. “ When we were talking one day I slipped up and told him. . .he already knew I was bi. . .and I guess he had figured out that I cared for him. He told me his heart was already taken though. . .I was jealous. . .that is until I found out it was you that he loved. I then knew it wasn’t worth beating myself up over. You had already told me a long time before then that you cared for him.”

“ Yeah. . .you’re right Ryou. . .but you might have had a chance with Seto. . .even I have to admit that you are rather beautiful,” I whisper. Ryou blushes slightly as I smile to myself. “ I. . .well. . .Seto came to me. . .as an angel today. . .stopped me from doing myself in.” Ryou sighs as he takes his coat off and wraps it around my shoulders. I look over at him and blink in confusion.

“ You’re going to catch your death out here,” whispers Ryou and closes his eyes. “ I better return to where I belong. . .in Egypt. . .helping Marik, Malik, and Bakura out.” I whisper something to him and he turns around and looks at me.

“ If you find anything on Seto’s past. . .tell me,” I whisper. Ryou nods slightly as I take his coat off my shoulders and hold it out to him.

“ No Mokuba. . .keep it. . .and don’t go doing anything stupid,” whispers Ryou and starts to walk away. I fish around in my pockets and find another ankh and run up behind Ryou and hand it to him. “ What’s this?” I pant as I regain my breath.

“ It’s sort of like a friendship necklace. . .I gave one to Seto. . .and I have one. . .and now you do too,” I whisper and smile. “ Good luck Ryou. . .chan.” Ryou blinks as he continues to walk away from me. “ I mean it Ryou. . .good luck!” Ryou continues to walk away and I fall unto my knees as tears start to stream. “ Is that how it is!” I start to sob as Ryou continues to walk toward the gate. “ Are you all just going to leave me alone?” I throw Ryou’s coat onto the ground as I wipe the tears out of my eyes. “ I hate you!!” Ryou turns his head back and looks at me. “ I hate you! You’re not worth the time!”

“ Is that all you can do Mokuba. . .?” asks Ryou as he looks back at me. “ Fine kiddo. . .you hate me. . .it’s not a mutual ideal.” A smirk wavers on Ryou’s face as I look at him oddly as he calls me kiddo. “ I’m not like Seto. . .Mokuba. . .I care for you kid. . .but not the way Seto did.” I sigh and nod slightly. “ What more do you want?”

“ How about a hug?” I ask. Ryou smiles and walks toward me and picks his coat up in the process and puts it back around my shoulders.

“ Now that I can do,” whispers Ryou as he hugs me as I wrap my arms around him. “ It’s not that we forgot you Mokuba. . .we just sort of let you alone. . .we thought that’s what you wanted.” I nod as he

lets me go. " Now can I go back to my boyfriend?" I nod slightly and blink wondering who Ryou's boyfriend is. " Yami never does deliver news. . .I'm with Bakura. . .didn't Yami tell you?" I shake my head and Ryou nods. " Now you know." I nod as he disappears as I look at the sky.

" Lift Me Up On Your Wings," I whisper as I remember Seto and smile as I hear the report of a gun behind me. Darkness

Later that Afternoon

" Mokuba Kaiba was found murdered at his mansion this morning very close to his brothers grave. . .one bullet to the back of his head is all it took," says the reporter. " Plans are being made to bury Mokuba right next to Seto's grave. Also someone claiming to be Seto's younger sister has appeared. . .if this is true or not. . .we are still trying to find out." Yami switches off the TV as tears roll down his face.

" Poor Mokuba," whispers Yami as he looks over at his hikari who is asleep on the couch. " Poor Mokuba. . .still had a lot to live for." Yugi opens his eyes and shakes his head to clear the sleepiness. " Yugi. . .Mokuba was killed." Yugi nods slightly and looks at Yami. " Aren't you even slightly fazed."

" He probably was happy to be able to finally go," whispers Yugi and dozes back off to sleep. Yami nods slightly and falls off to sleep next to his hikari.

Kanji- OK. . .I think Shaina has officially written her first true angst one-shot.

Shaina- I think I just cured myself of my mutilation habit. . .that lasted. . .two days. *laughs* So now all you guys have to do is call my house continuously at 1-715-672-8597 at late times at night and bug my Dad. . .and maybe he'll put the internet back on. Just say something to the point of " We can't read more of your daughters stories, because she can't update." Or something to that point. I think he'll get the idea if you keep him awake.

Kanji- Alright *drags Shaina off* R+R. . .this is a one-shot. . .and Shaina wrote a very good one-shot. . .a really good one. Thanks for all the other reviews. This isn't part of the 'Wings' one-shot group. . .this is entirely different. 'Wings' isn't much of an idea. . .though Shaina likes the two first ones that start with 'Blood' and 'Ice'. She still needs to think of names for the other two. I hope you liked this. The girl mentioned at the end is Keora. This is another Time Line of Shaina's stories. There are at the moment four Time Lines. 'A Rose to Show My Love' is one Time Line, Trial By Cards is another, The 'Wings' stories are another Time Line, Kages of the Pharaoh- Noah, Seth, and Ka go along with the 'A Rose to Show My Love' Time Line, then this is another Time Line. She had one more, but she lost it somewhere.

Shaina- Yeah. . .I lost it *points toward Kanji* I'm working on his background story. . .I finally have a real background for him. *smiles* Thanks to depression. . .anyone know how to remedy me. . .I think I've got me disease. * starts to sing a song* I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves, everybody's nerves, everybody's nerves, I know a song that gets on everybody's nerves and this is how it goes. I know a song*continues to sing the song she learned in speech class as the psycho doctors drag her off*. *runs back onto scene* Joy to the world Barney's dead, I chopped off his head, I thought he was naughty, so I flushed him down the potty* psycho doctors again drag off crazy teen*.

Kanji- This is what happens when a fanauthor(ess), anime fan (otaku), internet junky, and all around crazy person is sent to High School and deprived of internet. . .she'll be singing these songs all night. *sighs as he hears Shaina yelling through the doors* Well go to bed. . .sleep well. . .don't act like my authoress.