

Last Time

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Submitted: May 9, 2006

Updated: April 2, 2007

Jessie and Jason Evens, the double trouble team, are exact opposites, even though they are identical twins. But after High School something bad happens and their whole family is split up. One day, after three years of nothing, Jessie suddenly shows up

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1 - Back again

It's been three years.

Three years without a phone call, a letter, or even the slightest hint that my brother hadn't just dropped off the face of the Earth. And now, here he is, standing at my front door with a suitcase in hand and his trademark cat-grin plastered to his handsome face, looking barley a day older than the last time we had meet face to identical face.

"You gonna just stand there and gawk at me all day or are ya gonna let me in?" Jessie's cheerful voice broke through my brooding thoughts.

"I don't know, brother, how can I be sure you're not a ghost," I answered coldly, sarcasm dipping venomously from my robot-like tone. "Since you don't bother to write or call, I had begun to think you had died." Jessie flinched slightly at this comment but the Oh-So-Annoying grin stayed in its place.

Sighing with defeat, I stepped aside, letting him into the nearly empty building that I now call home.

"So, what *do* you want?" I growled angrily at his back as it retreated into the living room.

"I simply wanted to spend some time with my favorite brother." He stated as he turned to look at me, fake innocence imbedded in his overly cheerful voice.

"I'm your only brother..." I muttered dryly, earning myself a playful glare from my `other-half', (as mother had called it) the Lunatic-Grin still in its place, giving him a slightly evil look.

"Oh shut it," he threw over his shoulder as he turned his back on me again, his happy tone not matching the words that were said. "Can you, for once, not be such a... never mind, do you still have the guest room?"

"Yeah, you know where to go."

I turned toward the kitchen, intending to make sandwiches for Jessie and I to eat (ham and cheese for me, peanut-butter and banana with ketchup and mayonnaise for Jessie, I personally don't see how he could stomach it.) but I had barley made it into the kitchen when suddenly, I felt very light headed. Clutching the counter for support, near-binding pain filled my head with a crushing force as I attempted to maneuver toward the dinning room chair.

"Jason..." My brother's voice sounded as if it were muffled by several plates of metal, his face merely a cloud of bright yellow with two hazy deep green orbs where his eyes should have been.

`Jessie?' the word echoed loudly throughout my head, but I was unable to tell whether I had actually spoken, or if my brother's name had remained a simple thought. My mind was then hurled into

darkness...

BREAK

Many minutes later, a voice roused me from my dark prison; I strained my ears to hear what it was saying...

“No Jason, don't do this again, please...not now...I don't have much time with you...” what is it talking about? Who is that? Why do they have my voice?

“Jason, please...” please what? What is it talking about?

“Please...WAKE UP!”

My eyes shot open at the mental command, and I looked around me through sleep-clouded eyes, vaguely aware of strong arms encircling my torso, keeping me from falling all the way to the ground. I struggled trying to bring my arms up to hug my brother back to reassure him that I was ok, but I couldn't. I felt as if all of my energy had been suddenly forced out of my body.

“Jessie...” I mentally winced at the weakness in my own voice.

Jessie's grip slackened and he looked at me for a moment; worry evident in his forest green eyes, and his cheerful grin was merely a shadow of what I'm used to. Next thing I knew he had me up off of the floor, cradling me like I was a small child, and carried me up the stairs into my bedroom. I struggled and tried to voice my words were lost in a groan as black spots danced across my vision at the little movement I could manage.

“Does that happen a lot?” Jessie asked in a soft voice as he laid me gently on the bed.

A long pause stretched between us before answered, but Jessie held his patience, something before I thought he lacked.

“Yeah...” I mumbled, averting my gaze, embarrassed at my own weakness.

“When did it start up again?” He asked, his voice soft and his grin encouraging.

At that question I turned to glare at him, I knew the answer would only hurt him, and I didn't really want to do that. If he knew that I started having attacks again when he... No I would not let my little emotion control problem hurt my other-half.

“It's none of your business.” I mumbled, averting my gaze again, refusing to meet his pleading puppy-dog eyes.

“I'll find out eventually you know,” he told me in a soft disappointed tone.

“I know...”

And that's how I ended up in the passenger side of my own car on my way to Six Flags with my lunatic of a brother driving 60mph in a 30mph speed limit zone, all the while blabbing on about the screaming-metal-death-traps they have at this place they call roller coasters. Oh Joy.

“And there's this one ride, called the superman, I want to go on that one first. Oh! And there's this other ride...” My brother chattered on excitedly as we pulled into the Six Flags parking lot, shooting out of the car as soon as it stopped moving.

I followed him grudgingly into the place that completely gives up simple common sense for the thrill of “going really, really fast” as my brother put it. It's needless to say I wasn't happy. Even less so when as soon as we walked through the door, guess who spotted the caramel apples? Jessie that's who. As if he wasn't hyper enough with out the extra sugar.

“Oooh, Jason... can I? Puuuleeease?” Jessie begged, looking at me, eyes pleading for me to say yes. I just sighed and pulled out my wallet as he cheered childishly. After buying the apple, we walked on to the stores, leaving people in the crowds to smile at the obvious cheerfulness of Jessie, then cower and slink away from the heat of my hateful glare.

Suddenly Jessie stopped walking and turned toward me, a thoughtful look imbedded in his features (still smiling I might add). I glared at him and opened my mouth to ask him what he was up to, but he shoved something in it before I even got a single word out (I could of sworn I heard someone gasp at his bravery behind us). I closed my mouth and gave my brother a questioning look.

“You were in such a sour mood, Akei, I thought I would give you a treat to cheer you up. Nobody can be mad while eating a caramel apple!” he explained cheerfully, nodding importantly as if he had just discovered the cure to cancer.

I smiled slightly at the nickname, akei is Japanese for older brother, or my dear brother, and something Jessie loved calling me ever since I told him what it meant when we were younger.

“See! It's working already!” He exclaimed noticing my smile. Then he ran off to find the first of many rides we would go on. Though I would never, ever, in a million years admit it out loud; I did have fun that day with Jessie, and for the first time in a long time, I was happy. I wish it had lasted longer.

BREAK

Then the time came that the sun set on that wonderful day, and I know more than most people that all good things must end, but I wish they didn't. I remember, just before it all ended, laughing as we walked back to the car, Jessie suddenly stopped laughing frowning at the sky. So by now after hearing most of my story, you know that Jessie hardly ever frowns, so there was something deafeningly wrong.

“What's the matter?” I asked. I knew what was coming, and my heart wrenched at the thought of it.

“It's almost time for me to go,” He looked at me and smiled sadly “ and this time, I won't be coming back.”

I sat there silently for a moment, staring through sad eyes at the setting sun. "Why?" I finally asked, "Does it hurt you to come?"

"No... It hurts you."

"Jessie-"

"No," he interrupted "I can see that it drains you, even now you barley have any color to your face." He paused and got into the car and motioned for me to do the same. "Your tired, go ahead and sleep, I'll drive you home"

"Alright." I said quietly and got into a comfortable position.

"Jason?"

"Hm?"

"Don't forget to visit me tomorrow."

"I wont, it's `The Anniversary' tomorrow, I'll be there by 9 tomorrow." I smiled slightly with my eyes closed "Goodnight, Gutei." I laughed silently as the blanched at being called `my foolish younger brother'.

"G'night, Gukei." Calling me his `foolish older brother' in return, I smiled at our last turn of bickering and fell into a dreamless sleep.

BREAK

The next morning I woke up alone in my bed, staring at the shadows formed on the ceiling, cast by the dark curtains that blocked the sunlight. I got up showered and dressed in a matter of 10 minutes.

I stole a glance at the clock on the kitchen digital clock. "8:30 April 15, 2006" it read.

`I should be there by 9:00, I won't be late' I thought as I got in the car. And I wasn't late; I got there at 9:00 sharp.

" I told you I would be here by 9." I said to the smiling face of my brother. " I know, I haven't visited for a while, and I know I have a lot of explaining to do." I paused for a moment and kneeled down on the slightly damp earth, it had been raining earlier that morning, and the clouds still hung in the sky, perfect weather for a visit. " You were right, your visits do drain me, it does that to a guy when he's sharing his life." I laughed at my small joke. "That brings me to your earlier question; when I passed out in the kitchen. It's started up when...when `It' happened, three years ago. I was the only one who survived... It's like when we were younger and I would have panic attacks, remember? Well that's what this is. I didn't tell you before because I didn't want you to worry about me, and I'm sorry about that. Don't worry too much though; Dr. Evens said it's a natural reaction to what happened.

"You remember him don't you? He was the doctor that treated you when you came into the hospital that

day. Yeah I still go to him, he's the only one who understands... he saw it too...he knows how horrible it was. The day..." I paused and wiped the forming tears out of my bloodshot eyes.

I reached out and traced the hurtful words carved below the picture in front of me, the stone cold to the touch. `Cold as death.' I shivered at the thought as I stood to leave my twin. "Say `Hi' to mom and dad for me." I called over my shoulder, the words on the stone going through my mind as I got into the car.

"Jessie Aaron Evens

July 15, 1989-April 15, 2003

`It's been three years...'