

# **I will only cry for you.**

**By Soundless**

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*Sequel for "Another Chance". I hope you like it. Oh, ignore the random boxes and & signs; the boxes are apostrophes and quotation marks, you should be able to figure it out, and the & are only spaces so ignore the signs all together.*

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# 1 - I will only cry for you.

## I will only cry for you.

What is this? Or better yet, where is this? All I could see was black. Pitch black. Why? Wasn't I just out with Shiro? Wasn't I walking with him in the park? But what happened after that? Why can't I remember? A blur. It's all a blur. A voice & I hear a voice. Whose is it? Who does it belong to? It sounds so familiar & so warm & so comforting & Shiro &

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It was just a normal day, like any other day. The sun was up, shining brightly with all its glory, the very faint signs of white clouds floating lazily in the sky, a nice cool gentle breeze blowing, everything was just right. Birds chirped their merry tunes, fluttering around; some on the ground picking at what I guess was food, some in small puddles from last night's storm, bathing under the nice warm sun. It's days like these where I loved to be outside, enjoying the beautiful scenery that nature has to offer. It's even better when the person you love the most is enjoying the view with you. A smile formed on my lips. Perfect.

Shiro sighed contently, his chin resting atop my head, his arms wrapped around my waist, my back pressed against his hard chest & I shook my head, as if with that action I can clear whatever thoughts were about to take over my little mind. I felt my face heat up for a brief moment before a gentle cool breeze brushed my cheeks, cooling me off. Well, that was going to be embarrassing if he noticed. Shiro didn't seem to notice, only tightening the embrace as he continued to gaze at the meadow before us. I sat happily between his legs, which were currently stretched out on either side of me. My own legs were bent a bit as I leaned back, closing my eyes, basking in the sun's warm rays. And enjoying Shiro's presence of course. My smile only widened at the thought.

It has been exactly a month since that fateful night, a night that both pained me and made me happy. I was happy to have finally confessed my feelings to him, though it wasn't in the most romantic of ways, and he felt the very same way I did for him. Ever since then, we became inseparable. We would almost always be holding our hands every minute, a few members of our families would joke about how we should just super glue our hands together. I have to admit, it was rather embarrassing, but funny at the same time. I had to admit, we almost did seem that way. Joined together, wrapped around tightly together with some invisible thread. Or wire. Wired together, hah. All I know is that it's unbreakable, never to be severed. I would make sure of that. I made that a promise that I tend to keep.

He took my hand in his and laced our fingers together, giving my hand a gentle squeeze. I smiled brightly and gave him a squeeze as well, a sign of affection. I tilted my head back so I could see his beautiful face, those lovely grey eyes flashing with every emotion based on love imaginable. I felt so lucky; I felt I didn't even deserve this godly being. And yet & he loves me. He picked me over all those other women who would flock around him just to get some kind of attention. I wondered why? Besides his looks, he was extremely kind, but surprisingly not very social. Sure, he's easy to talk to, and always seems to know what to say, but he rarely spoke to anyone. Anyone but me. It puzzled me. Maybe it's

because we grew up together. Whatever the case, I was more than happy to receive him with open arms, embrace him and never let him go. Which, I won't plan on doing.

He grinned slightly, -oh how I loved it-, and suddenly fell back, bringing me down with him. I squealed with laughter as his fingers danced along my sides, finding my very ticklish spots with ease. I squirmed and tried to wriggle out of his embrace, but I was too weak from laughing so much to free myself. Tears pooled in the corner of my eyes as I continued to laugh, finally able to roll over and land on my side in an odd angle. He stopped his little assault and quickly leaned over me, worry flashing through those stormy depths. I looked up and gave him a slight grin, and his expression changed to that of relief. He really did worry too much. He treated me like I was the most fragile thing, ready to break if dropped or handled incorrectly. And maybe he's right. Maybe I am that fragile, fragile enough to break if something bad were to happen. Something terrible. I mentally berated myself for thinking such thoughts and plastered on a big smile, my eyes shining with joy as he wrapped his arms around me once again, giving me warmth. And there we lay; for hours if anything.

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I gasped suddenly, my hands flying up to my head, as if by holding my head it will make the pain go away. What was this? Why am I remembering this now? When did that happen? Why can't I remember?! I began to grow frantic, panic striking every now and then. Why is it so dark? Did that memory have anything to do with why I'm here now? If so, I need to see more. I need to know what truly happened.

I heard that voice again. It sounded desperate. As if the voice was in despair. But why? And what was that voice saying? Or trying to say? I winced and fell to my knees, though I wasn't even sure if I fell on the ground or if I'm currently floating in mid-air. Everything was black around me. No sign of life but my own. Just me and the black abyss that slowly seemed to grow, suck me in, the shadows lurking in every corner, their dark claws lashing out to get me. I screamed. I was scared. I wanted this to stop.

Why? Why is this happening? Why does this hurt?! WHY?! I shook my head and tried to focus, tears blurring my vision greatly. I rubbed at my eyes furiously, choking back a sob, threatening to come out any minute now. *Shiro* That name I tried to say his name, but no words would come out. I tried again, anxiety rising within me. I even tried to scream his name out, but no sound came. I stared at the ground, or the never ending darkness, or whatever the hell I got myself into. *Shiro* My head pounded with a vengeance as a new rush of images raced through my head, the pain almost unbearable.

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Laughter resounded in the cool air as I skipped ahead of Shiro, his watchful eyes never leaving me. I could feel it. I was enjoying our time together, right to the very end. Too bad the day was about to come to an end. My mood lowered for a moment, the thought of not seeing Shiro pained me. *It's only for a night* I reminded myself. I was truly getting too attached. Or am I being too attached? Or maybe I'm already too attached. Whatever the case may be, I don't care. He doesn't seem to mind. Maybe I'm just thinking too much.

I turned around and began to walk backwards, my hands clasped behind my back as I began to smile brightly at him. He returned the smile with one of his own award winning smiles. I could melt right then

and there. We wouldn't want that now, would we? I mentally giggled at the thought and continued to go backwards, not fully aware of what is behind me. Shiro narrowed his eyes a bit and frowned, speaking up in that musical voice of his, Meirou, walk properly and watch where you're going. You may get hurt. I tilted my head in an innocent manner and smiled. He didn't seem all too happy though. Meirou& he went on, this time in a warning tone. I sighed and nodded, grumbling, Okay okay& He seemed satisfied by this and smiled. I smiled too. Anything to see his smile.

Well, that was short lived. Once I turned I continued to walk, of course, but at the wrong time. I didn't notice the people stop walking to cross the street, nor did I notice the warnings some people called out as I passed the growing group of people. That is, until I heard a scream. Curious, I opened my eyes (yes, I was walking with my eyes closed, very stupid of me), and turned to see what all the commotion was all about. I didn't expect to see the anxious looks on all their faces, especially on Shiro's face. I stared at him oddly. He seemed not only anxious, but also the fear and panic that flashed through his eyes. A screeching sound could be heard beside me, and I quickly turned to see what it was. My eyes widened in shock, horror, and fear. The car sped at an abnormally fast pace, the tires screeching against the street as it began to swerve from one side to the other. Everyone let out a cry and a scream, but it fell on deaf ears.

It was slow. Painfully slow. The car of course was going very fast, but it looked like it was taking forever. Everything seemed to blur in the corners of my eyes, my eyes fixed on the out of control car. The lights blinded me, and all I could do was shield my eyes and let out a loud scream, but that was cut off as soon as it came out. Pain. That's all I felt. My body felt as if it broke into a million pieces. My head was disoriented, what I figured were voices all a soft murmur to my jumbled mind. I tried to comprehend what was being said, but nothing made any sense, no matter how hard I tried. Pain coursed through my body, ripping and tearing me apart, lashing out, a pain so devastating it truly did bring on a new meaning to the word pain. The darkness slowly began to take over, and whatever light I could see, began to fade, the last thing I heard were the cries of pain and despair, someone trying desperately to call out a name.

***Meirou?... Meirou?!... MEIROU!!!***

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I screamed. A loud, ear shattering, blood curdling scream. It hurt. The pain was unbearable. Why does it hurt so much? Why?! Tears spilled down my cheeks without me knowing, the crystal like liquids hot, burning. I wanted them to stop. I wanted to stop the tears, but I couldn't. I choked back another sob, but to no avail. It came out, and fresh hot tears flowed down my cheeks painfully. I hugged myself tightly, trying to hold myself together. All this pain&was it from that last image? What happened&Then realization struck me, hard. There are two things in my mind now: 1. I'm dead and have to suffer this torment for eternity. 2. I'm dying. I preferred the second one. I stuck to it, writhing in pain on this blackened ground. I felt the shadows hover over me. They were going to take me away. *No!!* My voice failed to work. I so desperately wanted to run away from those dark shadows, their dark claws ready to take me away. *Help me&*

~~~\*With Shiro\*~~~

I couldn't believe this. I couldn't believe that this is happening. Not her. Anyone but her. Why didn't I save her? I had a chance&to push her away. No. I didn't have a chance. It came too fast, it all happened too fast, yet in my mind's eye it all went too slow. And all I could do was stand there like a fool, watching as the speeding car took her and flung her in the air. I was horrified. There her body lay in a bloody heap, shards of glass embedded deep within her already pale skin. It sent me into a pain-filled rage. Now here I am, sitting at her side, her body wrapped in so many bandages I could barely see any skin left bare. And yet&even though she's now in bloody bandages, in pain, she seemed at peace. She seemed so&peaceful. Why did this have to happen to you?

I brushed some strands of hair away from her eyes, and then let my finger gently trace her cheek and then her jaw. I sighed tiredly, letting my hand slip down to hers, keeping it over her now cold hand. I was surprised at how cold it got, and a new pang of pain tugged at my heart. She's dying. She's slowly slipping from my grasp. I tried hard not to think about it, but it was no use. It was obvious, it was the truth&though I prayed to whatever God was there to perform some sort of miracle. I stared at her face, it got rather pale. I frowned, on the verge of tears. Never have I cried, not since that night when we confessed our feelings for one another. But tonight, I felt like I was about to go into a mental break down. As if someone forcefully reached into my being, ripped out my heart and proceeded to shred it into a million little pieces. It hurt, more than I ever thought possible. The pain was&hard to bare.

Meirou&please don't go&please. Don't leave me& I felt tears stinging at the corners of my eyes, threatening to fall. I allowed them to fall. Why hold them back? The one that I love is now incapacitated in a hospital bed, clinging on to what little life she has left. The thought brought me a new kind of pain. A pain of loss. Grief. Loneliness. Tears began to spill down my cheeks freely.

I will only cry for you.

~~~\*Back to Meirou\*~~~

I cried. I cried and cried and cried. But for some reason, I didn't feel like I was the only one crying. Compared to my pain, this one felt&different. This pain was intense. It wasn't physical pain at all. It stung, badly. It pulled at my heart's strings. It was almost devastating. Emotional. Then I realized what this pain is. It's emotional pain. An image flashed in my mind. It seemed so familiar. Peace filled my entire being. But that was short lived. As quickly as it came, it disappeared, replaced by new waves of pain, pulsing in my very veins, every fiber of my being burning, each flame more intense than the last. I grit my teeth and tried hard not to scream, even though my insides were slowly tearing apart, and now burning. I'll be nothing more but ashes. What a way to go. I couldn't even say goodbye&

A new emotion began to squeeze its way into the already big mass of negative emotions already taking over my body. At first it was going to trigger all the other emotions, but instead it seemed to have created its own void, all the pain, all the torment now momentarily gone. What& I was surprised that I could speak now, though that did anger me to no end. Why now? Why couldn't I before, when I tried to call out for& Shiro& The emotion began to grow more and more, warmth beginning to spread throughout my now worn out body. I slowly began to stand, albeit stumble a bit, and then finally stood up right. My breath was low and heavy, taking short ragged breaths even, and my arms and legs burned in protest at this new sudden movement. I could care less. There was no way that these shadows were going to take me away. Not when Shiro still needed me. Not when my love for him burned with a passion, a burning sensation I welcomed, for it didn't harm me. It soothed me, gave me new confidence, like always. I

smiled wearily, my eyes half lidded as a light began to make its way through the dark abyss. My smile grew. This is it. This will determine my fate, and Shiro's. Will I live, or will I be damned forever in this hellish world of shadows? My consciousness began to fade, a new darkness blanketing my tired out form. I had no more strength. I came to learn that I just couldn't fight back. My fate was sealed.

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The first thing I felt was pain. Dread filled my mind and heart. I didn't make it. Before I could wallow in my own sorrow, I heard a strange sound. It sounded so strange. Wait, was that me? But how? Didn't I hear a voice. It's there again. I can hear it, clearly now. So soothing. That soft, velvet like voice & music to my ears. A soft whisper in my mind, an almost desperate edge mixed in. I heard it again, and again and again and again. It hurt, but I finally got to move my head in the direction of that beautiful voice. A soft gasp was heard, and I frowned. Even that hurt. I felt something warm holding my hand? Yes, my hand. I winced, and that warmth was about to let me go, but I just couldn't allow that. No, I rasped out. My voice even cracked. My voice was horrible. But I spoke nonetheless.

Meirou? He almost hesitated. Why?

&Shiro& I breathed out, my voice trembling at the same time. Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes, they felt warm, almost comforting. My throat felt dry, it burned each time I swallowed. I didn't care. All that mattered now was the one sitting beside me, looking at me with those beautiful, intense, stormy gray eyes. Oh, how I missed them. My beloved Shiro, I'm here. I'm back. I wish I could speak at least & my voice seemed to have abandoned me. Shiro didn't need to think it through to understand my little predicament. He smiled lovingly, tears dripping down his chin and onto my cheek, cold to the touch. I smiled weakly, trying with much effort to squeeze his hand with that same affection I gave him earlier. Earlier? Was it earlier? Was I out for only a few hours, or a few days? That doesn't matter. What matters now, is the warmth I felt as he cupped my hand in between his two big ones, his head leaning forward to press soft, moist lips on my pale, cold cheek. My whole body filled with warmth, and the tears slipped out of my eyes willingly.

His own tears fell, mixed with mine and rolled down my cheek, together, soon getting soaked into the sheets underneath. He finally spoke, his voice seeming to tremble, trying to keep his emotions in check, and failed miserably. Though, he didn't seem to keep them back for long. Instead, he leaned his head down next to mine, his lips barely touching my ear as he began to whisper sweet nothingness. Music to my ears. My eyes fluttered closed, my cheeks flushed a faint red, and the pain began to ebb away. He whispered my three favorite words, and my smile grew. I love you.

Sleep soon began to take me, embrace me and soothe me. The rest I deserved, from all the pain and despair I went through, and Shiro as well. He uttered a few more words, though those were only a very faint whisper to me, which helped me fall into a deep slumber. Six words that drifted in my mind, unheard, but still there.

I will only cry for you.