

She Will Be Loved

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*One shot songfic about Kikyo from Naraku's POV.
I never meant to make it this sad, I swear.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

I don't own Maroon 5 or Inuyasha, but if I did I could guarantee you that the show would be very different indeed. "Fine, does this taste like chicken to you?" "Hmm, not really. Why? What is it?" "Chicken." "... "A/N: *sighs* If I screw up the song, forgive me. If I screw up the characters, forgive me. If I screw up the English language, blame the Americans. This wasn't my ancestors' country and the free cruise they were taken on didn't have Wayne Newton as promised. We're still waiting on the shuffle board scores by the way. _____ Beauty queen of only 18, she had some trouble with herself... Even when I lay bound and burned, I thought she was exquisite. The grace instilled in the simple act of tucking back a stray lock of her silken hair would have taken my breath away, had it not been claimed before in the inferno. Her eyes, like the sea after a storm. Her smile, so warm and gentle. I wanted her with every fiber of my being, frustrated in my longings by my helplessness. My world revolved around her touch, my soul ached to hear her voice. Death changed nothing. He was always there to help her, she always belonged to someone else... The hanyou. When she left the confines of the space I had wistfully considered 'our little cave', I knew it was to see to the half-breed. My skin crawled, twitching painfully against the gauze which protected the healing surface. That he could touch her hand where I could not was a daily source of torment. How many hours, how many days did I lay there imagining them together? How cruel was fate to bring her into my presence, only to leave me at my most vulnerable? I vowed that it would all change, somehow. I drove for mile and miles and wound up at your door... I knew she had searched for me after I disappeared, because I watched her from afar as she did so. To my disgust, she even enlisted the services of the half-breed. I am still not sure if I was delighted or irritated when he refused. After weeks had passed, she stopped looking. Something inside of me mourned that I seemed to mean so little to her. My heart quickens at the memories. That had all changed later on. I've had you so many times but somehow I want more... Her blood was sweet, but not half as tantalizing as the feel of her skin yielding to the claws of my borrowed form. Ah, the exquisite torture in her eyes when her lover tenderly ripped her world apart with his bare hands. Delightful. I should have left, but I wanted to experience one more perfect look of utter betrayal, so I stayed and taunted her with the lie that would kill her heart far quicker than the massive loss of blood she suffered. Her face, her angelic face was transformed beyond words when I told her in the voice that would haunt her into hell and beyond. "I never loved you Kikyo. I only used you to get to the sacred jewel." Is it not curious how simple it is for love to change? I don't mind spending everyday, out on your corner in the pouring rain... The woods are cold and dark, but I have long since moved beyond such things. Once again, I find myself driven out into the night to search for her. It is a task accomplished easily enough. No matter where she goes, I can always find her. After all, one can never stray far from one's heart can they? These days, the company she keeps is more selective than before. In lieu of villagers, she resides in the ethereal presence of her soul-gathers. Even the icy hand of death could not diminish her beauty, or her powers. As I stand here, shrouded in the mist and spring showers, I can feel her nearby. So much power, fueled and kept by the dead. She glides beneath the tree I am in, shrouded in an inner light. So lovely, so cold, so filled with hate. She is perfection. Look for the girl with the broken smile, and ask her if she wants to stay awhile... Kagura often queried why I did not simply kill her and be done with it. I dismissed her without an answer, mostly because I do not know it myself. Within me still beats the heart and love for her of a wicked thief, and now that I wear the beguiling face of a whole man, I find that I cannot approach her. Even now, I am afraid to face her rejection of me again. I offered her a place at my side once, with the goal of destroying the hanyou together. She

mocked me and left, flaunting her abilities by easily destroying my barrier and proving that even now, I am still inadequate in her eyes. If only she knew. And she will be loved, and she will be loved. I loved her then, when I was a shell of a man. As a demon, it has not changed. Tap on my window, knock on my door... Never will I admit to even myself the thrill that makes my soul rejoice when she visits the castle to give me her pitying gifts of jewel shards. They are precious to me for the power they grant, but are made doubly so for having been touched by her delicate hands. I want to make you feel beautiful. The irony of a demon who loves the priestess he himself slew rests bitterly in my mind. I cannot seem to rid myself of the desire to see her. It drives me to reckless lengths in my efforts to destroy the one she loved before. I would give all I possess to have her, but I gave it up long ago for just that reason. I know I tend to get so insecure doesn't matter anymore... Power that I lacked before flows readily to my fingertips now. If it pleased me, I could destroy a thousand souls, but I still could never touch hers. It galls me still. It's not always rainbows and butterflies... I have power, but I do not have her. It's compromise, it moves us along... A hundred demons at my command and I cannot bring myself to confess how I feel to the one I love. My heart is full and my door's always open you come anytime you want... I want her to rule this world at my side. I want her to look at me with more than contempt. I want all memory of that accursed half-breed washed away when I finally touch my lips to hers. I want. I don't mind spending everyday, out on your corner in the pouring rain... There is nothing that can bank the jealousy that consumes me when I see her with him. He loves her still, just as I do. In that small way, we are kindred spirits. However, he once had something that I never did and most likely never will. He had her love. Look for the girl with the broken smile, and ask her if she wants to stay awhile... In the palm of my hand, I hold most of a dream. The magic to grant the heart's greatest desire or the most impossible wish a mind could conceive. Perhaps with this, I can at last have what I truly want? And she will be loved, and she will be loved... Perhaps, I can tell her how I feel? And she will be loved, and she will be loved... Perhaps, I can have her love in return? I know where you hide alone in your car, know all of the things that make you who you are... She sits alone somewhere out there in the darkness, so small and lost. Even though it would cost me my life, I want to hold her. I return to my castle, my refuge in this place of angels and fiends. My gilded cage. I know that goodbye means nothing at all, comes back and makes me catch her every time she falls... In the corner of the room there is a small box. Inside of it is the ribbon she wore when she was here the one time I allowed myself to try and show her my true feelings. Pale and beautiful as the snow that blanketed the mountain peaks, she had been severely injured. My power healed her, retaining the flicker of her essence that resided in the animated clay that comprised her body. For once, it was I who gave her aid. In the end, she did not see the love that I knew was written plainly across my features when I gazed upon her. She left with only a curt threat not to end my life that day because I had saved hers. Her ribbon lay on the bed like a brand, forever marking the room and bed with the force of her presence. Twenty demons perished in the effort to place it in the box, and even now, it's purifying aura makes my skin tingle with the memory of fire. I would willingly let this one consume me to have her. Tap on my window, knock on my door... Does she realize the power she has over me? I do not believe so. I want to make you feel beautiful... "Ask me to stop, and I will. Ask me for anything and I will not rest until I have given it to you Kikyo. All that I desire is that you ask." My voice is barely above a whisper. In my own castle, I cannot trust in those who might overhear me. "Ask it, and it is yours." I don't mind spending everyday, out on your corner in the pouring rain... I know that I will go out to watch her again, and I will not stop doing so. It brings me peace to see her, even if I disgust her with my presence. Look for the girl with the broken smile, and ask her if she wants to stay awhile... I want so much to be close to her. And she will be loved, and she will be loved... To touch her hand, her face, anything and everything that is a part of her. And she will be loved, and she will be loved... "I love you Kikyo." (please don't try so hard to say goodbye.) My eyes prickle and I look out into the gathering night. Perhaps I can wish myself back to the days when my world was no larger than a small cave and I

needed nothing else besides the knowledge that no matter what, she would always come to me. For all that Onigumo lacked as he lay upon that damp earth, he had riches beyond measure. For he had the tender, caring smile of the priestess Kikyo shining down on him. He had the warmth of her living hand upon his face and the kind, encouraging words that fell like jewels, for his ears and no one else's. He had both her attention and a fraction of her heart since he knew that as a healer, she cared for all of those in her charge. My hand closes around the nearly complete jewel. I envy him beyond telling.