

The Perfect Catch

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*The story I promised ninkira like a year ago (cries) *warning: Character Death**

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The Perfect Catch

By: Ichigo-chan

Disclaimer: All characters are not my property (runs off and cries)

Authors Note: This was written for a friend at the end of her whip...I mean at her request...Its been done for about 6 months, I've just been lazy on putting it up, feel free to beat me with a limp noodle...I probably deserve it....

Warnings: PG (Character death)

Please view the picture (<http://fanartcentral.net/pictures.php?pid=46732>) First before reading, thank you (bows)

His eyelids began to droop, as if he no longer had the energy to keep them open. His mouth opened a couple times as if he wanted to say something, something important, yet the words wouldn't come.

"Mellon-nin." He finally managed to mumble

"I'm here," I answered, staring in horror at the red bloom that had blossomed over my dearest friend's heart. There was nothing I could do to save him.

"I'm sorry." His head lolled to the side, mouth open to catch any bits of breath he could find.

He was sorry? He had nothing to apologize for. It was me, me who had caused his inner pain, and maybe, even his death. "There is nothing to apologize for." I denied quickly.

"I tried not to," He stopped to take a deep gasp, and then did his best to continue. "But I'm sorry."

"Please," I had to stop him, "Be furious with me, be disappointed with me, but don't, don't be repentant."

His pale hand came up to stroke my cheek, but his hand failed to reach its target

"Don't go." Was all that could be said, a final pathetic attempt to put all of those confused feelings into words?

"I love you" It was barely a whisper, as his eyes closed, and he breathed his last breath.

"No, you can't die yet; I never had a chance to tell you."

My heart is tearing up inside

But you don't understand

This silent pain I'm suffering

This unending demand

The sun shone brilliantly on the two of us as we walked companionably through the woods. Legolas was singing happily, eyes darting about quickly as if he feared he might miss something if he blinked "How can you always be so happy?" I asked my friend, wanting to know, how in the face of all this danger, he continued to smile and sing his songs.

"How can you not?" He replied simply with a smile, "No one likes a brooding man mellon-nin"

"Arwen likes me," I shot back, referring to my wife. Legolas stuck his tongue out at me in response I glared back playfully in response, and he burst into laughter. "Then why do you stay around me?"

"Because you're one of the few people who can give me a challenge in combat," He joked easily, beginning to whistle again.

Even when we had been on our way to go fight the epitome of all evils, and he could smile and joke. Truly, I did want to know how he could smile, seeing his beloved trees in ruin, watching his own kind slaughtered by the heartless orcs, how, in the face of all this desolation, could he still sing happily. The sun caught a strand of fair blond hair, almost blinding me for a moment. Bringing yet another point of annoyance. My hand reached out involuntarily to touch one soft silky strand, but I held myself back, chiding myself for such stupidity.

"My, how the trees sing today!" He sang out cheerily.

"Sing?" I questioned doubtfully.

He must have sensed my doubtfulness, for he turned around with a reproachful look. "Must you always be so cynical?"

I sighed in response a bit annoyed at his flippant responses, glancing behind us out of reflexive habit. "Legolas, do you ever feel sadness?"

He gave me a surprised look I was stunned the words had come out of my mouth myself. "Of course there are times when my heart is heavy, but one cannot dwell on the bad times, or the good times will pass one by." He gave me a small smile but it quickly receded when he saw that I did not share in his joy. "I'll go scout ahead!" he said quickly, and with that, he ran off, leaving me to glare after him.

Something inside of me, told me that I shouldn't begrudge my friend his happiness, yet somehow I couldn't help it. That perfect demeanor, the perfect archery skill, the perfect hair. All of those were perfect examples of what I could never attain to be, what I could never wish to hold in my hand. Not that Legolas would ever flaunt any of his traits; it was just part of who he was, like the hobbits were short. I was sure that if I said anything, he would have something nice to say, something that would easily allay my feeling of, whatever they were. But once again, it would be a perfectly nice explanation.

Something inside of me, something I had never recognized before, something I had refused to recognize, realized that I could grow very easily to hate my best friend.

I sat there in the quiet midnight, watching as the smoke from my pipe dissipated in the sky. Legolas sat across from me, humming softly to himself. It was a beautiful song, with a haunting melody, and it took everything I had not to yell at him to stop it. My hand clenched my pipe so hard, for I second there, I feared it would break the small tube. Everyone else had fallen asleep listening to the beautiful tune, but for some reason, the song continued to grate on my nerves, like an orc call. Each note was a torture of the worse kind.

"Legolas," I finally said between gritted teeth, "could you please stop that?"

Legolas looked up at me surprised. I bet no one had ever asked him to stop singing before. "If you wish." He responded sedately and stopped.

We sat in silence for a bit. "Aragorn." My eyes narrowed at his interruption our peaceful silence.

"What?" I asked him annoyed.

He seemed a bit hurt by my tone. Well, not all of us can have perfect constraint, in holding in our feelings, hiding them behind that annoying smile, or singing. My pipe finally snapped into two pieces. There was a moment of stillness before he cautiously grabbed my hand, checking it over for bruises, though how one could get bruises from snapping a weak piece of wood, I have no idea. All I knew was that his hands seemed so soft on mine, that I could not fight him. Finally, after he had determined I had incurred no harm, he moved to sit beside me.

"You seem to be so distant lately," He said, looking at me worriedly as if he feared I would attempt to commit suicide.

"I'm fine," I replied succinctly, wishing he would simply leave me alone. Wishing these feelings weren't spiraling inside of me. "I just need some sleep."

Legolas sighed softly in relief. "Why didn't you just say so?" He seemed as if the some horrible weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

I simply shrugged, and turned around. Why should such a being of perfection be so worried about me? Why bother? I could never hope to equal the kind of person that Legolas was, never be that kind and forgiving. How could I be angry with such a friend?

I want to tell you all my pain

So you can make it right

But nothing can be the same again

My heart is black as night

I carefully drew back the bow, my target in sight. I could feel Legolas's nervous energy radiating off him like heat. I had to make this; I would make this. I let go of the string, and the arrow flew true. The apple fell to the ground, with a dull thud.

Legolas laughed happily, "right in the center!"

I smiled at him playfully, feeling a bit superior. "Did you ever doubt?" I was rewarded with Legolas's cheerful laughter as the elf darted forward to grab the apple.

"My hero!" He playfully mocked examining the piece of fruit. I sat down, leaning against another tree, smiling in sweet satisfaction. He grabbed another apple quickly and sat down beside me, looking up into the sky and taking a bite of his sweet fruit. "It's so nice out today."

I nodded in agreement. "Peaceful." Legolas smiled at me, but there seemed to be something in his smile that I could not interpret. "What's wrong?"

"You've been so moody lately; it's nice to see you smiling." At his statement, I could feel my blood boiling.

"Am I not entitled to have a few unhappy days?" I queried trying and failing to keep my temper in check

"No, not that," Legolas quickly denied. "I was just happy to see that you were happy I-" I stood up, my cheerful mood ruined. "It's getting late; we should get back to camp." I interrupted.

Legolas took a confused glance at the bright sky. "But-"

"Let's go!" My voice held an edge of finality, and I was glad to see him stand up, dropping his apple on the ground. I turned quickly, and made to leave when suddenly I felt his hand on my shoulder. It took every ounce of self-control I had to halt me from turning around and punching him. To make him hurt physically as I pained emotionally

"What's wrong, you can talk to me," His voice sounded pleading, like he really wanted to hear my troubles, as if they really mattered to him, the thought made me laugh. At my angry sounding chuckle, Legolas took a few steps back nervously.

I turned on him with a snarl that had him jumping back a few steps. "You are! It's you I can't..." I stopped frustrated that I couldn't put my feelings into words. All these emotions that were swirling inside of me, some of which I could not interpret, spinning faster and faster until I could feel the tears of frustration spilling down my face. I clenched my fists in riddled anger

"Me?" Legolas's voice squeaked.

"Forget it."

"What have I," he paused in confusion, "what have I done to cause these moods? Please tell me mellon-nin, so things can go back to the way they were."

That caused me to laugh darkly. "Things can never go back to the way they were my friend."

I can't look you in the face

Or the brightness of your eyes

I can't equal your perfection

Or fool myself with lies

It was dark once again, as the fire died down. I sat staring at my sleeping friend. Maybe it was just withdrawal, but I felt an irrational anger seize me every time I looked into that seemingly innocent face.

In the end, people had to learn to admit their faults, there were some things people were good at, and some things they weren't, but around Legolas, I felt like the most inferior being in this world. There was nothing I could do that he couldn't do better. No matter how much he tried to comfort me, and make it seem as if we were on the same level, we weren't.

Some irrational part of me shouted that since he was my friend, he should be trying harder not to be perfect. But the more rational part of me realized, that Legolas had probably been born like this, and would probably die like this.

My head began to hurt, and I held it, attempting to stymie the pain. I shut my eyes so tightly I could feel the tears. Why did he have to be so perfect? Someone like him shouldn't be allowed to exist. Someone with those looks, that bright personality, should be taken care of immediately.

But on the other hand, this was my friend I was talking about. One who had been with me through thick and thin, through my first arrow, to my first date, to my wedding for goodness sake? How could I be thinking these terrible things about him?

I needed advice, badly. Usually, this would be something I could go to Legolas for, something he would solve easily. I could almost hear his soft comforting words now.

"My friend, what can I do?" I asked his prone body, but received no answer. I turned to the stars for an answer, for some kind of guidance. And my earlier thoughts came back to me. Someone like him shouldn't be allowed to exist. Shouldn't be allowed to be happy while my world was so wracked full of pain. Shouldn't smile when I couldn't manage a day without pain.

"My friend, what can I do?" I repeated softly, and deep inside, I knew the answer, knew what I had to do. The only question was could I.

I watched as Legolas went through the motions of breaking down camp, making cautious talk as if were

afraid that one wrong word would trigger another fit of anger. But he had nothing to fear. I was beyond anger now. Somewhere in the night, I had reached a sort of peace with myself, serenity. Everything was going to be okay, I would make it okay.

There must have been a smile on my face, for Legolas looked at me, then smiled warmly, innocent of the fact that his best friend, the one he had known since I had been in diapers, was plotting his demise.

"Wait Legolas." I said, and the elf stopped in his tracks. "Let's stay here for a bit more, I'll go catch breakfast."

Legolas's head tilted inquisitively. "Are you sure, we could-"

"I'm sure." I interrupted. "You sit here, and I'll find the perfect catch, I promise you." A promise I thoroughly intend to keep. The perfect catch for a fitting last supper.

Legolas's smile was blinding. "Okay then."

"Yes, you just wait here for me." I repeated softly as I gathered my things. "I'll be back for you." I began to walk east.

"Aragorn," his voice rang out. "I-" He stopped.

"It's okay Legolas; we'll talk when I get back."

My heart is tearing up inside

But you don't understand

The unending pain I'm suffering

At your uncaring hand

The forest was dark, damp and cold. I had chosen this to be the place where he would die. Among his beautiful trees, that sounded like an ideal death to me. I sat there imagining how his face would look, the surprise, maybe the anger, maybe even a bit of understanding of why he had to die. I awaited this sweet moment like a child awaits his birthday. All the anticipation culminating into one bright point of happiness, making the long wait all the more worth the while

And so I waited, as the bright day turned to dusk, my arrow my faithful friend by my side. Finally, I saw him, walking past my position nervously looking from right to left. He was so beautiful in the sunset. His fair features twisted in worry for me. Quietly, I picked up my bow and arrow, pulling back the bowstring, my target perfectly in my sights.

And right at that moment, as if he had somehow sensed me, Legolas turned around. Our eyes met, and for that short time, I felt I could see into his soul. His eyes widened in horror and surprise, then in sadness such a far range in such a short amount of time. Maybe in some small way, he knew why he had to die, knew why he couldn't be allowed to continue on this earth. I let the arrow go, and once again, it flew true.

I didn't hit his heart, but then again, I hadn't been aiming for it. I wanted him to suffer as I had been suffering, wanted him to feel true pain before he died. To understand the simple fear that mortals must face each day. He didn't even attempt to evade the arrow, but allowed the weapon to hit its target. As he fell back from the impact, it was as if time itself had slowed to glorify this truly beautiful expression of pain upon his face. Eventually though, his body had to hit the ground, and it did with the most sickening dull sound I have ever heard

I couldn't move my body felt stiff in fear and confusion. My eyes remained rooted at the spot where he had fallen, and the realization of my actions set in. It felt like a drop of honeysuckle dew, sweet at first but suddenly the horrible aftertaste hit you. I admit, I was glad to finally be rid of my rival, but at the same time, I had stolen the life of my best friend. I wasn't sure who to hate more, myself for drawing the bow, or him, for taking me to this point. No, him, it was definitely his fault. Never once had I seen any sort of imperfection in him, there had to be one, somewhere. Even now, his hair lay perfectly.

His eyelids began to droop, as if he no longer had the energy to keep them open. I calmly set the bow down and walked to him, determined to be with him even in his last moments of the death that I had caused

His mouth opened a couple times as if he wanted to say something, something important, yet the words wouldn't come. "Mellon-nin." He finally managed to mumble,

"I'm here," I answered, staring in fascinated horror at the red bloom that had blossomed over my dearest friend's chest. A rose, how apt, appropriate. There was nothing I could do to save him, nothing anyone could do to save him; he would die in this god-forsaken place. And I would be the only one to witness his last few minutes

"Why?" He gasped, his eyes tearing, probably because of the pain
My hand had somehow found its way into his hair. "I could attempt to explain it to you my friend, but you would never understand it. Today will go down as the day I finished my greatest rival, for once, Aragorn would have won!"

"I'm sorry." His head lolled to the side, mouth open to catch any bits of breath he could find.

He was sorry? He had nothing to apologize for. It was me, me who had caused his inner pain, and maybe, even his death. "There is nothing to apologize for." I denied quickly, "Stop trying to be perfect Legolas."

"I tried not to," He stopped to take a deep gasp, and then did his best to continue. "But I'm sorry." His eyes begged me to accept his apology, but I could not. All my life, I'd had to make up for being inferior to him, push myself to be equal. He could not possibly apologize for all those times I had spent bleeding my heart out to be better

"Please," I had to stop him, "Be furious with me, be disappointed with me, but don't, don't be repentant" I spat out angrily. He had no right to be.

His pale hand came up to stroke my cheek, but I stopped it before it could finish its journey. This was over, though it was sad to see my childhood friend like this. I understood why it had to be.

"Don't go." Legolas cried as I stood up, ready to let him wallow in his own misery, it was all that could be said, a final attempt to put all of the confused feelings into words. "I love you" It was barely a whisper, as his eyes closed, and he breathed his last breath.

"No, you can't die yet; I never had a chance to tell you, that I've always hated you and yet," I put my hand to his cold cheek, "you will always be, my best friend." It was then that I allowed the tears to fall.

So I'll end the pain I'm suffering

This tearing up inside

But by the time I'm finished

It's my darling friend that's died

Hope you liked, C&C please!

Im working on the Sauron one but...Ichigo= lazy. FFXI has taken over my life...It owns my soul ; ;