

Aspirations - Shaman King

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One shot. Amidamaru thinks of how his relationship with Yoh has developed over time. Yoh x Amidamaru. Fluff. "He aspires to be above the traits that make us human..."

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Tsumi – Amethyst: Okay, so this is a depressing fic, or at least it's supposed to be... Poor Amidamaru. I love making bishie suffer. Please R&R me.

He aspires to be above the traits that make us human. He must abandon his emotions, his thoughts, his everything on the battlefield, using solid concentration to evade enemy attacks. At times, admittedly, it is sickening that a boy of just thirteen would shed his human self, even if for a few moments, yet I am no better.

I once possessed such an attitude. If I could not find it in myself to make a kill, no matter how dire the situation was, I would slip on a soulless mask, a façade that would one day dub me as a fiend, watching the face of my enemy as I made one final slash to his body, uncaring of the blood that splattered my robes. And then the moment would be gone, and I would return to my normal self again. I would laugh, cry, feel hunger... and feel desire. But before long, I would make a fatal error, wearing the mask that dubbed me a fiend, an outcast, a dishonourable renegade, murdered by those he would have fought beside in any battle.

I have not hidden anything since that fateful day... Or at least, not until now. Those who are akin to the shogun of my era, hiring me for assistance, are resting their weary feet, fatigue setting in after many hours of travelling. I cast my watchful eyes over them, before peering out over the boundless plains of sand, searching for any movement other than the fluttering of sand caught in the wind.

And what is it that I am hiding, one might ask? It would be foolish to simply come out and say it. I will allow myself some time to reflect, my guard wavering if but for a moment beneath this pressure to remain a calm and reliable yojimbo.

Yoh-dono and I, as much as I did not want to admit it at the time, had made a connection on Monument Hill. Upon our first integration, I was able to delve deeply into the boy's emotions, honoured and surprised that he would allow me such access to how he functioned, to how he reacted and interacted with the living world.

Since that day, things have not changed. I have been ceaselessly amazed by the boy's generosity, his light-hearted approach to subjects others would struggle to comprehend, his love for life... I cannot say that I sometimes envy him. If only it could have been me who was offered such a life!

And yet... I would not trade what I have with Yoh-dono for the world. With time I have grown attached to him... In many more ways than one.

In my day, although it was advised to be kept behind closed doors, being gay was not an issue. At one point, I believed my closest friends, even Mosuke, to be harbouring unusual feelings towards me. Deeming myself as being egotistical, I dismissed the issue, and in time Mosuke relented in his pursuits,

having not said a word to be about them.

Perhaps he feared my reaction would shatter our friendship. Or perhaps it had all simply been me, a fantasy buried deep within my heart, the desire to be held and loved taking over my lonely soul until it could be vented upon the likeliest subject.

Either way, I am passive towards people's choices concerning their sexuality. I am not troubled if someone is or is not gay, yet if someone would dare to mock or hurt those who are, Harusame would be out in an instant. My mind would be racing, blindfolding itself to reason and weariness.

Yet one of the problems I have developed of late is accepting my liege's sexuality, or at least the persona it seems to be. He will one day be crowned Shaman King, with my aid, and upon the day of his coronation, he will marry her who is believed to be the best for him, the one who inspires fear into even death. She is the one who would look death in the eye and have death clean her house first, and for that I must carry some form of respect for her, but I can't deny that I envy her. She will be with someone she does not entirely deserve, someone who can do better.

Someone who I wish I could, someday, somehow, be with.

I think that maybe some of Yoh's friends are suspecting something. Manta has become distant towards Yoh of late, leaving me and the Shaman alone for long periods of time before returning, with nothing to say of his absence. Faust has been giving me rare, sincere smiles as I watch over Yoh, turning to offer me some form of privacy. Some members of the group, on the other hand, will not notice until I declare such feelings as true, which will never probably happen, due to the unlikelihood of anything coming of it. Yoh may offer me words of comfort; yet ultimately deny me what I desperately want.

Him.

I cannot say that I blame him, whilst every fibre of my body wishes I could do so. He would not possibly exchange an attractive, even if a little demanding, fiancée who is very much alive, for someone who is not, and male at that.

If Yoh-dono would ever see me in the same light... If he would ever consider me as someone he could love, could see himself being with, he would have bestowed upon me the greatest honour I could ask for.

Day is breaking. I watch as Yoh murmurs something in his sleep, turning ever so slightly. Some of his beautiful, soft hair falls into his face, and I push it back from his face, savouring the feel of his smooth skin beneath my calloused palm.

I curl my arms around his small frame, shielding him from the cold of dawn. I nuzzle the side of his face slightly, and am shocked when he does the same, murmuring something else in his sleep before opening his eyes slowly.

I can do nothing but watch as he takes in what I have done. My mind screams at me to offer an excuse, to do anything to stop his suspicions rising, but instead I press a light, feathery kiss to his cool lips, breaking away with an aching hurt welling in the pit of my stomach.

He says nothing, simply watching in shock as I move away from where he sleeps, distancing myself from him, giving him sometime to think, or sleep, or both. I stare out to the open plains with narrowed eyes, containing the tears I have not shed in over a century.

Soon the others will awake and we will continue with our journey to Dobie Village. Upon this, we may encounter several opponents, very much prepared to take out some opposition before the second part of the Tournament is officially underway. Then I will have to integrate into Harusame, helping Lord Yoh through what could be a very testing battle. Then it will all be over, and I will be left by Yoh's side, with nothing to say for myself, with no courage to bring up the subject, leaving the others puzzled, musing quietly over what could possibly have happened to the spirit team who seemed so close yesterday.

I say nothing when I hear Yoh shift onto his side, burying his head beneath the thin coat he was using as a cover, as protection from this ghastly place, finding myself unable to ensure his safety.

Whatever happens... I will just have to wait and see. And until morning comes and the adventure continues... I can be the ever-watchful guardian, the trustworthy Amidamaru, the one whose love shall never be returned.

~ *Owari* ~