

Hate Me

By SongOfAFallenAngel

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[Songfic][One-shot] Maybe I should have told you the truth in the beginning. Perhaps that would have saved you from all of the suffering that I've put you through. In fact, you should hate me for all that I've done. So Mom, why do you continue to care, ev

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Hate Me

***I have to block out thoughts of you so I dont lose my head
They crawl in like a cockroach leaving babies in my bed***

A rat scuttled down a dank alley. A few feet away from it, the lid of a garbage bin fell over, the sound echoing through the semi-silence that blanketed the area, only broken by the yowling of stray cats and the beeping of car alarms. Soon though, silence once again covered the area.

Abruptly, a young boy turned a corner and entered the alley. He was young, no older than 15 or 16, had a beat up blue inform, and a few scratches covering his skin from his latest demon fighting assignment. Despite that, and his surroundings, he had a relaxed look on his face. His hands were shoved into his pockets and his posture was completely laid back. Still, a certain weariness seemed to hide just beneath his surface, no matter how hard he tried to hide it.

***Dropping little reels of tape to remind me that Im alone
Playing movies in my head that make a porno feel like home***

The boy, for that was what he was, no matter his strength and experience, traveled silently down the alleyway before once again turning the corner, this time out onto the street. He continued walking for about another five minutes, until he reached a beat up apartment building. He walked up to one of the doors, tried to open it, and then sighed when he found it unlocked. Careful not to make a noise, the boy then slipped into the apartment, closing and locking the door behind him.

Glancing around the small living room of the apartment, the boy grimaced. Sake bottles and cigarette packets were strewn all over the floor - all were empty. Some of the bottles were even broken. The boy glared at the glass for moment before his shoulders slumped in defeated tiredness. He had been gone for just a few days on an assignment for Koenma, and already his mom had completely trashed the apartment.

***There's a burning in my pride, a nervous bleeding in my brain
An ounce of peace is all I want for you. Will you never call again?***

That thought made the boy grimace again. Even though it had been several years, he still had yet to tell his mother who - and what - he was. Something just kept holding him back from telling. Perhaps it was

the fear of rejection. But that couldn't be it; he feared nothing! Letting out a slight sigh, the boy waded his way through the living room towards the couch where he could hear snoring.

***And will you never say that you love me just to put it in my face?
And will you never try to reach me? It is I that wanted space***

Looking down on the couch, the boy found his mother knocked out and snoring with a half-empty sake bottle in her hand. A sigh once again escaped from his lips before he brushed his mother's chocolate brown hair from her face. A frown crossed his features as old memories rush into his mind. He never had never really been a "model child", getting into fights even in elementary school. Hell, he started drinking and smoking at the age of 12! It didn't exactly help that his mother was drunk more than half of the time, but she still had done the best she could for him. And what had he done for her?

***Hate me today
Hate me tomorrow
Hate me so you can finally see what's good for you***

That thought completely froze him in place. Now that he really thought about, he had never done anything. He yelled and got into arguments with his mother nearly every time he spoke with her - even on the rare occasions that she was sober - and he had never told her anything about himself. He didn't even know anything about her for that matter. He didn't know where she came from, whether she had any family, or even who his grandparents were! ...And he had never made the effort to try to find anything out.

***I'm sober now for 3 whole months its one accomplishment that you helped me with
The one thing that always tore us apart is the one thing I wont touch again***

He had changed a bit in the last year or so though. Keiko had been forcing him work a bit harder in school, and Kurama had been on his back for so long about the bad effects that smoking would have on his health, stamina, and fighting abilities that he finally decided to quit. He had also stopped drinking, as amazing as it sounds. That hadn't been because of his friends though. In fact, it had been because of her, his mother. It had been about three months ago because of an incident between him and her that he had decided to stop. She had been completely smashed at the time and on the brink of unconsciousness, when she had suddenly looked at him in a moment of clarity and asked "Why do you drink?". He had been completely bewildered at the question and had no idea how to respond. The question had also gotten him thinking and he decided that he'd stop drinking...just for a little while though. It had been over three months now, and he hadn't drunken a drop of alcohol since.

***In my sick way I want to thank you for holding my head up late at night
While I was busy waging wars on myself, you were trying to stop the fight***

Through all the years, it really had been she who had helped him through so much. She had been there when he was down and depressed about his life and his burdens. She had been there when he was wounded and sick from fighting demons and evil spirits. And yet, through it all she had never asked questions.

You never doubted my warped opinions on things like suicidal hate

You made me compliment myself when it was way too hard to take

She had never asked what was troubling him or how he had broken his leg in three places. She simply took care of him and trusted that he was doing the right thing. In the end, that was what really cut the deepest. She trusted him so much, and yet he wasn't able to fully trust her. Of course, he would trust her with his life without a second thought, but he still wasn't able to tell her the truth. To tell her who he was. To tell her what he was.

***So Ill drive so fracking far away that I never cross your mind
And do whatever it takes in your heart to leave me behind***

Maybe, he thought, maybe he should leave. Koenma could give him a place to stay, either in the Spirit World or in the Human World, and he would be able to respond to calls for his job much quicker. It would also relieve his mother of the burden that he was. He really did love her with all of his heart, but him being who he was and doing what he did only hurt her. He could see the sadness in her eyes when he didn't tell her what happened to him, even if she didn't say anything. Yes, he finally decided, he would go straight to Koenma after packing up his things. It would be so much better that way. After all, him just being with her also put her in danger to be attacked by rouge demons bent on some twisted revenge.

***Hate me today
Hate me tomorrow
Hate me for all the things I didnt do for you***

***Hate me in ways
Yeah ways hard to swallow
Hate me so you can finally see whats good for you***

She would probably hate him for leaving, that much he knew. She would probably curse his name and burn all of the photos with him. In some ways that hurt him, but some other small part of him wished for it. It wished for her to hate him with all of her heart. Hating him would make it much easier for her; curses always are so much easier to bear than tears.

***And with a sad heart I say bye to you and wave
Kicking shadows on the street for every mistake that I had made***

With that thought in mind he quietly tiptoed into his room and started packing his bare essentials. Clothes, photographs, CDs, DVDs, and other such things were the main items that went into his scruffy blue backpack. A few old keepsakes that he found also went in, but for the most part he kept to just what he really needed. When he finished, he pulled the backpack on to his shoulder and glanced around the room that he had slept in for his entire life. He then stepped out of his room and closed the door behind him. He picked his way across the dirty living room floor slowly, memories flashing across his mind. Finally though, he reached the front door and rested his hand on the doorknob.

***And like a baby boy I never was a man
Until I saw your blue eyes cry and I held your face in my hand
And then I fell down yelling make it go away!***

Just as he started to turn the doorknob, he heard a whimper from the couch. He blinked slightly and turned back around. His mother was still lying asleep on the couch, but now she was tossing, turning, and whimpering in her sleep. His eyes soften for a moment and he let his backpack slide off his shoulder before he quickly trotted over to her. As he kneeled down beside her, his eyes softened even more and a deep sadness flashed through them. She was crying in her sleep. He could also almost see her remarkable blue eyes frantically searching back and forth beneath her eyelids. Just as they would be when she found out that he was gone.

***Just make a smile come back and shine just like it used to be
And then she whispered how can you do this to me?***

His head dropped down, hiding his eyes from view. He almost didn't want to do this. He thought for a moment of dropping the whole idea and just staying, but then stopped his thoughts in their tracks. He didn't deserve her; he really didn't. He wanted to see her smile again like she used when he was younger, but he knew that she would never be able to do so in their current situation. She would just continue to smile those sad, understanding smiles.

He started to stand up again when suddenly she muttered something under her breath. He blinked and leaned slightly and was able to just barely catch it as she said the same thing again.

"How can you do this to me?"

His eyes softened again and this time he had to push back tears. It was almost as if, unconsciously, she knew what he was doing. Knew that he was leaving. "Don't worry," he murmured. "It's all for the best."

***Hate me today
Hate me tomorrow
Hate me for all the things I didnt do for you***

With that said, he stood up once more and resolutely walked toward the door. He would do this. He would leave. He really had to, for her sake. He picked up his backpack from where he had dropped it on the floor and set on his shoulder once again. He gave once last longing glance at his mother who was still lying on the couch, before walking out the door, silently closing it behind him.

***Hate me in ways
Yeah ways hard to swallow
Hate me so you can finally see whats good for you***