

I would have joined you in death... (Kami- one shot)

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Elvarian Legends drabble.

Kami Pineal visits his deceased sempai, Rayaku's grave.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/EternityMaze/54185/I-would-have-joined-you-in-death...-Kami--one-shot>

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1 - I'm too frightened

This is just a quick drabble people.

It's about *Kami Pineal*, the guy in this picture <http://www.fanart-central.net/pic-711253.html> or the young Yazuhian general from my Elvarian Legends (he's not a general yet here however)

I thought I might illustrate this once... but maybe not x3 Also hope to make a better story one day.

I would join you in death if I was not so afraid.

-Kami Pineal-

Our lives are all decided by coincidences...

Coincidences and cruel fate, and we can never escape that fact.

I would like to think that fate can be wrong sometimes, but what do I know, I'm nobody at all... just another pretty face to look at, another mysterious person whom the girls all adore.

That means nothing to me.

They could give me all the attention in the world but I would still not be satisfied. Nothing in this world is able to make me the same person again, I'll never be truly happy.

Sometimes, I play along, making those girls believe they can truly please me, be my one reason for happiness. However, I've never been honest with them, and it's all just a game to me. It is a game to escape my own emptiness.

You left me, my only reason for happiness, two years ago, together with my reason for sorrow. But the loss of you only gave birth to new and even deeper sadness...

I would like to call it the only thing you left me... an inheritance of sorrow and deeper agony.

The wind is not pleasant anymore; it stings on my face, ruins the flowers I've brought you. However, it is always windy here, outside the holy cemetery... So I guess you won't mind, will you? It does make me wonder though... is the afterlife as cold as this? Does the wind still blow where you are now?

Sempai...?

Those creaky cemetery gate doors are a pain, the sound disturbs the peace of the silent night. Luckily nobody lives nearby. If it had been day, pesky temple servants and annoying visitors would be all over the place, that's why I always come at night Sempai.

I still wonder sometimes, why they really agreed to bury you here, after all the deadly sins you committed... homosexuality, murder... and worst of all, suicide.

What were you thinking?

I'm glad however, glad that you were buried here, together with people who once loved you, and people that you loved. Yazuhians can be cruel, can't they? Calling you filthy, making you a sinner in all of the village's eyes. And still, we all loved you so much that we let you rest in holy soil.

Are you looking down upon me from where you are now sempai? Are you proud of what you see? I had already committed one of your sins before you died, you knew that... but I will not be shameful. Nobody else knows anyway...

What a pitiful sight... your grave has not been visited or fixed up since I my last visit a week ago. That's a shame... I would really think Shizura was still sane enough to visit you.

Did you know sempai? After you killed two of your best friends, the third completely lost her mind? I do not blame you, neither does she, we all blame him... the demon lord, that filthy seducer... luckily he took his own life as you did. I just wish... that it was I who could follow you in death, and not him. You really did love him, didn't you?

I swiftly brush the withering leaves away from your tombstone, they shouldn't be there.

I brought you flowers; Maki figured lilies were most appropriate. I hope you like them.

Gently, I place them on your grave, and I sit down on my knees.

The lettering on your tombstone is already fading, sempai. I can barely see your beautiful name anymore... Rayaku Nayami.

What I wouldn't give to say your name out loud again. Nobody wants to speak of you now; nobody ever mentions your name anymore. I guess they all want to forget your tragedy. Perhaps that is really for the best. But I will never be able to forget... even if I drown myself in pleasures and attention, no matter how many lovers I have or how much I drink, I cannot forget you, or your dead face... You looked so content, sempai. Did you really wish to leave me? You knew I would be alone, I'm always alone without you... it doesn't matter if I'm in a crowd or in my room, I'm just always alone.

"Sempai..."

I whisper your title; the word disappears with the wind, just like my shirt disappears from my body. I let it slip down my arms, down to my thighs, and I remove it, exposing my bare chest to the empty dark night. My tattoos are invisible in this dark, but my nipples visibly harden from the cold wind as I place my shirt on your grave and lay down.

I'm right beside you sempai, I can almost feel your presence even if you're not really here.

Do you see me from where you are? I hope you do...

I will not cry for you, I stopped crying a long time ago, I guess I don't have more tears left, if that makes any sense. But even though I don't cry it doesn't mean I don't mourn.

I am sixteen now sempai, my birthday was three days ago. I would give everything to have had you there too... but nothing can bring you back to me.

But this is enough to me, just to lie here knowing that you are somewhat close... do you think I'm macabre? Disgusting perhaps? It's just that I find such comfort in knowing you're there... in a way.

Allow me to be content with this... back then I would have joined you in death, now I can't.

I'm too frightened, sempai...

So let me sleep with you, here on your grave, till dawn comes and forces me back home.

"Sempai..."