

Thinking of You

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This is my first story being wrote in a long time...I finished it 5:12pm...July 01, 04. It's for Fruits Basket. It's told through someone's point of veiw. I have a unique way of writing. >_>; So you can kind of pick. It's told through either Yuki or

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Kyou_Sohma/4572/Thinking-of-You

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1 - Thinking of You

Thinking of You.

By user: Kyou_Sohma (That doesn't mean you have to read it as Kyou's POV...>_>; It can be seen as Yuki as well.)

I had someone...You could have someone too. I told myself I loved her. I believed it. I made myself be happy with her. I did it for your sake. I didn't want to pry you away from something that made you so happy. Having a friend like her. I saw the way you reacted to her. She made you smile. So I stayed in my own little world. With my lie. Yet still. I catch myself looking at her, seeing the love in her eyes. I find myself wondering what it would be like to see a look like that given by you. That would make me happy. Yet I don't pursue you. I stay with her.

I used to feel so empty. I was without you. You resented me with what seemed your entire being. Now I'm fine. I can have her close to me. It isn't the same though. I can tell the way you look at her. There's something more. I can't place my finger on it. You never gave me a look like that. You love her. I can't tell what love you feel. It's love none the less. If I would ever act like that towards you. It's hard to imagine the way you would react to me. I still feel the longing. The burning. I stay with her because having her close gives me the comfort of having someone love me. Even though I can't love her the way I love you. The pain remains. When will you be mine?

Now you look at me. I look back. Do you ever think of me the way I think of you? You seem to not have the same hate for me. You seem to have adjusted to your fellow cousin as well. Maybe you'd rather have him. I close my eyes and think back. The memories you have given me. The first day we met I fell in love with you. You taught me things I never knew. You somehow found your way into my heart. Then you left. You had found another way to go along with your life. I guess I had too. There was no need for me to try and stay close to you.

I look back now. I can see your face. A still frame picture. Tried and true. You are as beautiful as ever. You still are. If someone told you this. You would reject it. You'd never believe them. You'd think them as stupid and just turn away. Never letting the thought cross your mind that you are as great as you really are. We've been through a lot. In such a little time. I want to do something else. I want to be with you. Friendship is fine. I want to look for something new with you. Yet, she stays by...keeping that distance between us.

Our lives are so close. They are simple yet complex in their own ways. Our lives seem to go on and on. Yet things really haven't changed that much lately. I think it's time for a change, don't you? It would be nice to get together and not have to worry about anything. Looking at you, I wish I could just make you go away with me. Somewhere that we could be alone. I want so much more from you than I could ever hope you might give me. I think it's time for us to just walk away from here. Let's just be together?

Do you remember the first time we met? We were so young. You were adorable. I suppose I was reasonably cute. Being young and all. You could always grab more attention. If you chose to.

Sometimes if not. Do you remember the last time we met? Before now? You looked at me. So confused and upset. It was cute. I didn't want to have to get your attention like that. She was around though. I had to do something.

I started keeping a journal. I wrote a song for you. You'll probably never hear it nor want to. I can understand that. Why would you want to, after all? I wrote about how I longed to hold you in my arms. I tried to give as many hints that I could but you never seemed to respond in the right way. You never seemed able to see all the love in my eyes for you. Now, looking at you. Your hair swaying in front of those beautiful eyes. I love the way you look. I love everything. Will you ever know? Will we ever make memories for us to remember later on?

Thinking back, I remember the way you made me feel when I was with you. I felt so at home in your presence. I hated it yet it felt right. I remember your smile. Everytime I had to leave because I didn't want to start a fight. That smile. It made me want to come back. It always brought me back to you even though she was often there. I could live with her. If it meant being near to you. She does mean something to me. Not like you though.

You gave me a look once. I wasn't sure what it was. It was only once but I can remember it clear as day. That look in your eyes. It made me fall in love. You looked at me in that way. My heart belonged to you forever. I never got to see that look in your eyes again. Was that look all untrue? I never thought that it could be untrue. That look in your eyes. Did you really not mean for it to come off as it did?

You're standing there. There's a million things I want to ask of you. So many questions. No where to begin. No where to end. I just want to hold you. To feel the soft warmth of your body against mine. It doesn't matter to me if we are cousins or that we are both male. I don't love her. I sure you don't love her either. We could be together. If only I could actually tell you how much I love you. There is no way to express the way I feel for you. I envy you. I hate you. I love you.

I can't hold back anymore. I need to feel you close. Even if you shove me away. It would be better than me never being able to tell you how I feel. I have to do something. My heart is slowly ripping apart within my chest. You're still looking at me. That questionable look in your eyes from me yelling at you. I've stopped talking but you haven't moved. The silence had returned to the room. Yet you have stood perfectly still. Did I scare you that much? Did you think I would ever harm you unless I had to? I would never do that. It's hard not to want to. I hate you so much. Yet my love remains stronger than any hate could overcome.

You'll never know. I won't ever tell. I'll keep it to myself. I can't tell you. She's there and her feelings are important. She has those feelings of love and I don't want to hurt hurt either. Hurting other people may mean happiness for me. I can't hurt her though. You either. That would cause more pain than me holding my own feelings and hurt inside. Too see you hurt would kill me. I can't tell you. It would never work anyway. There's no way.

I sigh. Something I've come a little closer to do every hour or so now. Now that everything has happen. Walking away is the sensible thing to do. I have to do it. If I stay I might say something I don't want to. Not now at least. So. I walk away. I leave you there. Standing alone. I wonder what sort of questions were swimming around your mind as we stood there. Face to face. Eye to eye. Were they the same as mine? Probably not. It doesn't matter anymore. I'm going to walk away from where you are. Find myself

alone. Having someone who loves me yet never giving my own love away.

The End.

I guess...If I get enough reviews about this with people saying they want a chapter two or second story or another version or whatever I can do it. Just tell me what you think. >_>;