

Alone I Break

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Submitted: December 18, 2006

Updated: December 19, 2006

Inspired by KoRn's "Alone I Break" and Meg and Dia's "Monster." Rick and Jay have been together in secret. When their secret's blown, what's going to happen?

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Nilitac_Tesgrah/41767/Alone-I-Break

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1 - I'm Broken

Disclaimer: Inspired by two songs at once that have no connection to each other. Might add another chapter another time if I'm bored enough.

Jay is not mine; he belongs to a friend. Rick's mine though.

A/N: DO NOT FLAME ME BECAUSE THIS IS SHONEN-AI. I AM SICK OF PEOPLE WHO CLICK STUFF THEY HATE ON PURPOSE AND THEN FLAME IT. Besides, this is just kinda fluffy random stuff.

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Soft moonlight filled a still empty bedroom, cardboard boxes piled up in one corner of the medium sized room. The bedsheets on the doublesize bed were tangled around two slim forms, one a little more toughly built than the other but still roughly the same build. The one that was built stronger had mildly tanned skin that seemed to shimmer silver in the light from the moon, and ebony strands of hair fell across a sleeping face. The closed eyes were a soft green, and the lips were slightly bruised from impassioned kisses. He was barechested, and it was almost obvious he was entirely nude, except for the fact the sheet was up to his waist. He was beautiful, in an oddly masculine way.

The form laying next to him was hugging the arm around him in his sleep, the skintone a soft, flushed-out pink color. A bruise lingered on his face, not from when he'd been with his lover next to him, but from earlier, when his father had found out about him being a queer. Why his father cared so much was beyond him. His hair was a soft chestnut color with red streaks, and his eyes were a light, but somehow dark brown. He was entirely bare as well, and the sheet came up to just under his chest. He was pretty, in a masculine-but-somehow-feminine way.

After a few quiet minutes, the paler of the two mumbled softly in his sleep, shuddering in subconscious fear. He was having a nightmare, one he had a good number of times before tonight and yet seemed to be worse than ever. His father hitting him so many times that he felt numb, cries of pain being ignored by the neighbors.

God, he wanted the nightmares to just go the hell away...

The other opened his gentle emerald eyes, and hugged him just a bit closer, kissing his cheek softly. Soft words came from his lips, and the other slowly opened his own eyes, a few silent tears slipping down his cheek. He turned his head, a bit frightened, but he calmed down when he saw it was only him.

The tanned teen boy held his lover close, his chin atop his head, and he whispered quietly, "Are you alright now, Jay?" The hair moved a little from side to side, and he sighed quietly, brushing his hand against his lover's back soothingly. "Shh... It was just a dream. It's okay now."

"Doesn't feel okay... My own dad hates me." Jay's voice was muffled a good deal because of his face being pressed against the other's chest, and faintly, sobs could be heard. "Rick, just... just don't let go

right now."

"I won't, not ever, Jay." He hugged him close, and kissed his forehead. "I love you." Jay's lip quivered, and he buried his face in Rick's chest, not wanting to think about anything but him. His warmth comforted him gradually, and he felt his eyes start to droop. Rick had that effect on him; he was warm, comforting, gentle... everything he wished he'd had in his life. His mother hadn't cared an inch when he'd told her. His sister hadn't cared either; hell, she'd told him she leaned both ways.

But his father he'd never told. His father was a bible thumper, and hated anything 'abnormal.' Meaning, anything not allowed in the flipping Bible.

When he'd found out, his father had beaten him so badly he couldn't see out of one eye. He could see a little now, but it still hurt.

Rick had only barely escaped similar punishment from his mother.

Rick kissed Jay gently after the paler boy leaned his head back, and they eventually fell asleep again after a few minutes, their breathing soft and in sync.

Zilia, the girl they were staying with, snapped a photo from the door and smiled a bit before sneaking out of the room.