

# Cut

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*Little fluff, lot of angst. Rae/BB. Read to find out what happens. ::WARNING:: Made from sheer boredom.*

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She winced as the sharp impact of the knife broke the skin.

Again and again and again she let the knife kiss her skin with what she thought was tenderness. She knew why she did this. She knew the consequences. Yet she cut herself into pieces anyway, mind and body alike.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. The pain was so unbearable...it hurts...her heart was being crushed...

She wished he would come for her. She wished he could be there for her. She wanted to scream his name out loud, but the others would hear...she didn't want *her* to hear...

They brought her back two years before. She finally emerged from that rock prison. She was happy. With him. She wanted him to be happy, but not her. Not the one who betrayed all of them.

He still loved her. She couldn't believe that he'd throw his entire dignity away by loving her. She wished that it was her instead. But why would he love her? All she did was torture him and make fun of him.

She put the knife back in the drawer. The bandages were sitting on the counter, waiting. So used to her nightly routine. She unwrapped the gauze and wound it around her wrists. She was starting to work her way up. Her wrists were too filled with scars to stay there.

The blood started to stain the bandages. She watched as the red spread along the white gauze.

Knock. A knock at the door. She whirled and swept her cloak around her.

"What?"

"Raven?" Him. It was him. Out of all of the people in the Tower, it had to be him.

"What do you want, Beast Boy?"

"I heard something. Everything alright?"

"C'mon, BB! We're gonna be late!" a bright voice exclaimed and then giggled sweetly.

"Hold on, Terra, I'll be right there," he called over his shoulder. He turned, surprised to find the door open with her standing there. God, she looked beautiful...

"Are you sure you're alright, Rae?" he asked.

“Have fun,” she replied without feeling.

He looked at her oddly. He was in love with her. But he can never tell her, never, never...

He walked away. She stared back before she shut the door behind her. She heard laughter through the door. A squeak of the door, a revving of the T-car.

She sighed a shuttering breath. She then looked back at the drawer where the knife lay. Her salvation. She opened the drawer and held the weapon in her hands. She loved the feeling. She felt that *she* was in charge of her fate. *She* was the only one who could stop it. No medicine or psychiatrist can change it.

She contemplated on what she should do with it. Arms? Maybe a swipe at the face?

*No.*

Her countenance changed dramatically. Sorrow. Guilt. Love. Hate.

She knew what she had to do.

He opened the door. They both came back at around 11 pm. He had given her the first kiss they shared. He didn't think it was as good as he thought it would be. He imagined *her* in her place. He couldn't help it. He needed to end this relationship before he died of wanting and anguish. But he couldn't wake her. He put her to bed already.

He needed to see her. He walked down the hall. He stopped in front of her door. He was surprised not to hear her mantra like normal. She didn't go to bed this early...

He knocked. “Raven?”

No answer.

He knocked again. “Rae?”

Nothing.

He shrugged and opened the door. The worst that could happen would be her kicking him out-

*Oh my God.*

There was a note there, too. He shakily picked up the piece of paper. It was addressed to him.

*Garfield-*

*What you have just found has probably shocked you and made you scared. Maybe even slightly grieved.*

Slightly?!?!

*But I wanted to let you know that all I wanted for you is to be happy. Even if it hurts me so much...I know that you love Terra, and I respect that. I just want you to be happy...I love you. I never have loved anyone as much as you. I know you hate me,*

Hate? Oh, Raven, you had it all wrong...

*But I still needed to tell you my real feelings. I hope that one day we'll meet again.*

*Forever yours,*

*Raven*

He collapsed in sobs. He called out her name, knowing that she would never answer again. After a while, he gave her a kiss on her lips and left to tell the others with tear-blinded eyes the news.

He left her the way he found her: pale and on the floor with a pool of blood settled around her.

***The End***