

# You showed me love

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*A short story that has been on my mind for a while. I really would appreciate your comments, good or bad so please, if you decide to read this, share your thoughts with me afterward. :)*

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# 1 - And love me you did

I have been alone for as long as I can remember. Not in the technical sense, there were always people around me, but still I've always felt isolated. Pain. Suffering. Anguish. Grief. Sadness. Panic. All feeling so familiar for me. But these feelings meant next to nothing. I've always been met with resentment, seen with disgust. I was called a mistake, a plague, a danger, useless pest. I remember my father's voice so clearly as he yelled for me to die. I remember his words. 'You will spare us the effort if you just die' he said, never meeting my empty gaze. I knew he was right, so I said nothing as he struck me, again and again. 'Die' he would shout 'Just die already'

I would wake up in my room again, the darkness and warm air suffocating. But I would welcome it anyway and tears of relief would spill from my eyes. I would smile, knowing that at least, for another few hours, I would not have to face my father again. I was a coward, afraid of him, afraid of what he would do, but I never gave in to my fears, for I knew I had no right to stop him. After all, were his actions not justified? I did nothing but bring suffering to my family. My brother's life was taken because of me. That night that he had chosen to bring a gun to his head, I just stood there, frozen with shock and fear. And I just cringed as the gunshot echoed through the barren room, just stood there while the blood pooled around his limp body on the floor. I could not save him, I did nothing to stop him, and because of me...because of me he was gone. Each time my father struck me, it was just to remind me of that. I accepted it.

My very being just complicated their lives. My illnesses, my mental disorders, the way I would shout in anger, the way I would tear at anything near me, the bloodied marks my fingers would leave on the walls. And the whimpering mess I would become as memories of his death shook me. Useless complications. Something that shouldn't have been there in the first place. I did not belong, I was never supposed to belong, I was never supposed to exist. Yet exist I did. They bared with me for so long, now finally for all their efforts, they deserved to be rid of me. My life was filled with suffering and neglect, and I was content knowing that it was exactly what I deserved.

But then you came to me.

You acted like no other I had met, you didn't ignore me, but looked up as I moved to sit in the room with you, noticed. Noticed? I had no right to even that, so why did you look up to meet my gaze with yours as I walked?

When I let my anger show, when I shouted at you, you did not back away, but stepped forward. That confused me. I couldn't understand what you were thinking, what your reasons for this could possibly be. I warned you, told you what an abomination I was, I screamed to you. And you...you embraced me. The only touch I ever received was that of my father's fingers curled into a fist as he struck, yet you placed your arms around me. Not to choke me, not to harm me, not a violent gesture, but just a gentle hold. I broke into sobs. I cried, tried to shake you off, struggled, struggled to grasp why you would be doing this, but you just silenced me...not by striking me, but by meeting your lips with mine. You smiled. *Smiled*. To me, as if I was actually deserving of such gentleness. I was not, yet you kept me in your arms, your smile never faded, and my world started breaking.

I lived in pain and suffering, but in acceptance, and then you came to me. You showed me kindness, you

showed me love. Showed me what life was *supposed* to have, what I never did.  
You showed me love, and it tore me apart.

Maybe you just didn't see what I truly was, yes...maybe that is the reason...and if that was the reason for your actions, I had to open your eyes. I tried, I truly did, but your warm smile towards me never faded.

And then...I did something unforgivable. I knew how wrong this was...yet stop I never did. How many nights I spent just shouting at myself I do not know. And how many more did I cut myself off from the rest of the world ? I tried so hard to run to a place where no one would ever find me, yet find me you did, and you returned to my side. I could see now, that no matter how much I shouted at you, how much I told you that I was just a mistake of nature, that I deserved to die and nothing less, you would still show that beautiful smile to me. Tell you about the danger I did, I warned you that I would just end up hurting you, that I was destroying you now, and admit I did...*that I cared*.

Don't...don't cry, not for me, I don't deserve this. I did this for my father, for my family, for my brother, for you. I'm sorry...so sorry that I could not spare you this sight, the sight of my body covered in the blood flowing from around the knife I was impaled on. I had to end this, had to stop you from doing any more. I did not deserve to be showed such kindness, such caring, and the more you acted so towards me, the more I feared I would break you.

Oh I was so afraid for you, afraid that I would cost you your life, just as I did my brothers. It was the reason I drove the knife through my side, the reason I lie here now, my face contorting in pain.

I hear your cries echoing around me. You say something to me, cry out my name, shake me.

Why ? Just leave, you are free from me, you are free so please, do this, leave me be. Leave me be.

Please.

I owe you just one last thing. For you and just for you now, I will finally admit what unforgivable act I committed.

And as I feel your arms around me, as I feel your fingers clenching my bloodied shirt I mutter just loud enough for you to hear me over your sobs. " I love you "