

Melancholy Attraction

By nextguardian

Submitted: July 31, 2011
Updated: October 28, 2011

A fatalistic boy meets a similar girl, and an attraction just sort of happens. Kept my usual OC names.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/nextguardian/59158/Melancholy-Attraction>

Chapter 1 - Dark

2

1 - Dark

Yuji lay awake long past midnight, staring at the wall. His thoughts were always worrisome at night, but they had gotten worse lately. Death and illness dominated his thoughts. Dying young without experiencing so much; illness leaving him unable to do anything at all, least of all defend himself. Death was helplessness. It was a threshold you could not return from once you crossed it.

Yuji shifted, reaching for the large pillow he kept in bed with him. It's warmth was comforting. Something solid he could grip to keep him grounded in reality. His thoughts ranged from tantalizing to horrifying, and sometimes he began to wonder if those were the truth of his existence.

What have I really done with my time here? And what's the point anyway? I'll die all the same.

The fatalistic attitude was one Yuji had almost embraced recently. It gave him a reason to feel pity toward himself. Since he could not love himself, he settled for feeling contempt for himself. Miserable, stupid, horrid creature that he was. Lonely, weak, useless. Just a spark of an existence, waiting for his life to end.

He rolled over onto his stomach, briefly wondering what would happen if she just stopped breathing. Would he give in to death? He could control it this way. Maybe that was what he wanted? A way to control something- anything- in his world?

But he sighed, knowing that would not do. He wasn't one to give up, no matter how much it seemed to appeal to him.

My masochistic tendencies define me, it seems. Whatever. Pitiful, hateful creature that I am.

Giving up on sleep, Yuji got out of bed. His room was dark even when it was light out. It suited him just fine. Stepping around scattered clothes and books, Yuji pulled on a pair of black boxer-briefs and a black tank top. He had long stopped caring that he was vulnerable if he slept naked. If he was killed, then that was all he was to begin with.

Moving silently, he entered the kitchen. A cup of tea would be...of no help at all, really. But it was something to do to keep him occupied.

His thoughts swirled around his head like provoked bees, angrily stinging him in place he could not reach. There was no solution to this problem. But couldn't something be done to make the experience a little more positive? Living didn't have to be so miserable, didn't it?

Absently, Yuji began to practice various forms from different martial arts. It kept him in shape physically, but he had practiced them so often for so many years that he could perform them free of any thought. It was just part of a routine these days, doing little to distract him.

Maybe it was loneliness. Yuji was at the age where he yearned for a female companion. That would

probably have been simple enough, had Yuji been your average male. But alas, no such luck. Yuji wanted a special girl. A relationship. A one night stand to fulfill some annoying desire simply would not do.

Giving up on his forms for the moment, Yuji took up a freeweight he kept in the kitchen. Another tea time ritual. He worked his triceps, feeling wonderful, glorious strength course through his arms. It was one of his few comforts. It gave him some sort of power; some control.

And yet, when it comes to sex, all I ever imagine is being owned and dominated. I like powerful women, so maybe that's why?

The weights gave Yuji a small measure of confidence. Not enough to approach, say, Sakura or Tenten. More like he was allowing himself the ability to fantasize. The one part of his life that may have been normal.

What was living without purpose? How could someone with such hopes and aspirations sink so low? To simply give up on dreams once pursued with vigor? What could wear down someone so young? Someone who had not yet reached the pinnacle of his strength should not have such a defeated mentality.

The tea kettle whistled. Moving without concern, Yuji moved it away from the heat, pouring some of the boiling hot liquid into a cup.

Green tea. My, how exciting.

It was a clear, summer's night outside. The higurashi made their sound; as did the frogs. The moon was bright and clear, casting its pale light on all within its reach, lording over the night.

Yuji stepped outside, holding his teacup, moving lightly onto the deck. He sipped thoughtfully, though no one thought crossed through his mind. It was the gesture of thoughtfulness, perhaps, that was enough for now, insincere though it might be.

For some reason, the dark thoughts would not dispel tonight. It made Yuji frown. Perhaps a walk...

-

Yuji got dressed casually, though in all black. It suited him and his gloomy disposition. He walked to the Leaf's version of Shinjuku and just walked. Aimlessly. Lifelessly. He moved as though there was no reason in the world to hurry. His steps were silent but heavy, sending silent waves of his depression in all directions.

How irrelevant was the world? Or Yuji, for that matter? One person, alone, could accomplish nothing. So why attempt? Why breathe? Why leave your heart beating? Because it was easier than dying?

Yuji stopped, wondering for a moment if those thoughts were normal. Then he wondered why he wondered. What did he care about 'normal'? If someone took the time to judge him, that just meant they were paying attention to him. Validating his pointless existence.

He continued walking after his thirty second pause. The same slow, sad steps. Like a pallbearer at a funeral. Except the only casket Yuji was carrying was in his head.

Why fear death? Anyone can die at any time. People die without consequence every moment of every day. Their own little world was affected to some small degree. And yet, life moved on, even within that little world. People who were 'missed' were just that- missed- for a short period of time. As more memories came, the memory of that one person began to vanish. Eventually, the existence of that person was summed up by an occasional thought of prayer.

Provided anyone gave a damn to begin with.

A few happy couples passed Yuji. He eyed them without malice, as if giving a silent, grim blessing. They didn't notice him, of course. Their 'own little worlds' were populated with someone else. The sun to their earth. They made each other happy.

What gave them the right to be happy? Why them and not someone else?

Mixed in were the couples that Yuji hated. The guys slapped around their girls, or were hanging all over more than one. Some were swatting them on the @\$\$, or 'accidentally' putting their hands in places where they didn't belong.

Bastards. Pricks. Dickheads. Why should they have girlfriends when they acted like that? Primitive, possessive, grabby. Whores in their own right.

"Kyah! Pervert!"

Yuji whipped around, alive suddenly. His reason for existing. The need to help those who needed it. The very thing that kept him alive.

A false alarm, however. The girl playfully smacked her boyfriend's shoulder for whatever minor transgression he had committed (no doubt encouraged by the girl), then cuddled up to him, hanging on his arm. Teasing little tramp.

Someone bumped into Yuji rather hard. But that person just kept going, saying nothing. He threw a glare over his shoulder at Yuji, then turned to one of his friends and whispered something. Yuji shook his head. Once upon a time, he might have said something. But not now. Not anymore. They were as dead as he was. Yuji didn't need to be involved.

Yuji didn't know if any girls ever looked at him. He snuck glances at them from time to time, but made no serious effort to ever pursue them. His time for that had passed. He'd never have an innocent, childish romance. No, instead he was supposed to have an adult romance. Lust dominated actual attraction. These 'relationships,' such as they were, were nothing but a pitiful attempt to stave off loneliness, or to just get laid. There was no love or passion, or even reason, save for giving in to primal urges.

Falling in love is a children's game. Adults have no concept of it. I hate people.

Yuji reached the end point of his walk. He stopped for a moment, just staring at the humanity he just couldn't help but despise.

Then, something clattered to his feet. He knelt down to pick it up. He stood up and automatically held it out to its owner, expecting nothing in the way of thanks. Not even a verbal 'thank you'.

"Hey, thanks! I was worried when I dropped it. People these days! They might just run off with it, you know?"

Yuji looked at who he was speaking to for the first time. Why, it was a girl his age. And a cute one at that. Clad in a black miniskirt, black stockings, and a black tank top with the words 'Life Isn't Real' adorned on them (with the tank top being just short enough to show off her cute little navel), she could have been a female Yuji.

"Indeed," Yuji answered, unable to keep the awe completely out of his voice. "I have a hard time with that sort of thing myself. It's all too common to steal."

The girl sighed in apparent agreement. She reached up to knock her bangs out of the way (something Yuji found hot, especially when he noticed her long black hair was in pigtails). "I know! And most of these people would be clueless as to how to defend themselves. Hell, I doubt they'd even notice if they dropped something."

Yuji couldn't agree more. "You're the most sensible person I think I've ever talked to. I'm Yuji, by the way."

The girl offered her hand for Yuji to shake. As he clasped it, she said "I'm Yuki. And likewise, you seemed to be a reasonable person."

Mustering up his courage, Yuji cocked his head toward a restaurant nearby. "I'd love to continue our chat, if you've got time. Care for a drink? Lunch?"

Yuki nodded, keeping Yuji's hand and walked with him toward the aforementioned restaurant, only answering after several strides in the right direction.

"I'd love to. But really..."

She looked over her shoulder at him, sticking her tongue out.

"I can't believe I had to throw that damn thing at your feet to get your attention."