

Prelude - the relationship's foreplay

Von Phoenix_Frost

Kapitel 1: Deep, dark, Fay

The Prelude

Song: Prelude 12/21

Interpret: unknown... could someone tell me... pleeeeeeaaase? ;_;

Pairing: KuroFay

Anime: Tsubasa Reservoir Chronicle

Genre: Shonen ai / philosophic / drama / sum kinda dark-fic?

This is for [abgemeldet](#) <3

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The first Minute

Fay's Point of View

Why?

How could it have come to this?

This... this... ah, this situation! Oh it sucked. Definitely!

Slowly my eye scanned the area around me with an absent look. Nothing but ruins. Ruins and ashes. It was so... depressing within this situation. There sure was no place to go to forget everything that happened. I was able to forget anything – really! But THAT... no. It was not only forgetting it was forgiving. I couldn't forgive him for what he did to me.

I always told him to leave my heart at its place. To leave me to my fate, what ever it was about to do with me. But he didn't listen.

He said "It's not that you CAN'T die, it's that you WONT die. And if you do... only 'cause it was ME killing you... nobody else."

Those were his exact words. HIS words. The words that caught me. Me and my heart. There was someone who cared about me. It was a strange feeling, I can tell you! It was strange but warm. Warm and caring. Different to his face. It was always like turned into stone. He showed no feelings and if he did it was low.

I think his face was nearly like a little fire about to go out – every time the corners of his mouth seemed to raise a bit, I saw a little glimpse of this low fire. He seemed tired.

» This is what I brought you this you can keep, «

Even like me. I was tired, too but we were tired of different things.

I was tired of being alive.

It was so difficult to live with all these things behind me. My past was like a big Monster, chasing me and trying to outrun me... only to break me. To hit and bite me till I bleed for all I've done.

A lathy smile sidled though my face.

It was some kind of funny imagination, seeing a big monster beating the daylights out of me because I was a bad, bad boy. Yes. I was a bad boy. A naughty child no one wanted – even now.

And still I'm forced to live on.

It was a curse.

The worst curse that could be laid on me. And it was laid by HIM. That one wanting to kill me... but when? When would he do it for god's sake! It really was a curse, it had to be! Living like this was terrible... a horrible thing for everyone. But fate chose me to carry those burdens. Sometimes it looked like fate worked together with him to bother me:

Fate made decisions, Kurogane accomplished.

Yeah, they sure had a thing like a pact or something. A pact only to turn my live to be like hell.

» This is what I brought you may forget me. «

I was always hoping he would leave me in peace if I was bothering him enough but... it wasn't that way. The more I annoyed him the more he poked at my wounds. And this got more brutal with every touch.

I never was able to figure out what he wanted from me and why but it was for sure – he would never let me go till he knew everything.

And then? When he knew it all? What was he planning to do? Would he kill me then? Would he?

Unsure of what to think my eye was panicky searching for a point to rest. Something I could leave my sight on but... it didn't find one. Yeah. My eye. That one left.

I tried to reconstruct the pain when loosing the other one with my thoughts but just after a few seconds I noticed that it wasn't nearly possible. This pain in difference to the pain in my soul... I can't tell what was worst.

I raised my hand and took a soft touch to my eye patch. I would never get rid of this thing anymore – don't ask me why, I just knew it.

And it all was HIS fault.

» I promise to depart just promise one thing, «

I was so full of wishing to die if I had the chance and he... HE always stopped those happenings rescuing me with his own live. It was something I wanted to hate him for. Really HATE him.

But I couldn't.

I wasn't able to, I don't know why...

Maybe only because... yeah, because of him. That person. That face. That character. That soul.

Even if he was playing a little like a theatre-role of a brave soldier, there was a soft

temper behind it and a great warm heart. I just had noticed that he hated it much as hell when I told him that I just knew that he only didn't want to show that. I think he was a little frightened of being hurt by someone. Was he frightened of being hurt by ME?

Well... I was clueless.

He could give such a warmth if he just wanted... sometimes he did and I could feel it but... I'm just a lonesome idiot. I always knocked him away when he was about to give me that warmth I always wanted. I was such an idiot... SUCH AN IDIOT!

But why?

Ah yeah... I remember. I didn't want him to come close so he wouldn't be too involved with me and my fucking situation. Damn it.

I really sat in something like a dispute – I so wanted this warmth but... I couldn't take it. He wanted to give it to me but I couldn't take it!

» Kiss my eyes and lay me to sleep. «

It just drove me crazy.

I couldn't take this offered warmth... so a perfect alternative would it to be killed by him – soon! He promised to do it... but when? I was waiting for so long... taking all those chances...

It seemed, like fate and he both wanted me to take the other choice. To take this warmth. To let him getting involved with me too much. But even if I didn't take it – we would be standing near to each other 'cause of this vampire-thing.

So then... there seemed to be nothing more to care about.

Just give it a try.