

Funeral of Hearts

Von ScarsLikeVelvet

*Love's the funeral of hearts
And an ode for cruelty
When angels cry blood
On flowers of evil in bloom*

*The funeral of hearts
And a plea for mercy
When love is a gun
Separating me from you*

(HIM – Funeral of Hearts)

Heechul was lonely like he had been every day since Han Geng had been on duty with Super Junior M in China. He knew his lover would be back eventually, but he felt like he would never come back.

His angelic face was streaked with tears, but he did not sob. They just rolled down his soft cheeks and found their death on his white long sleeved T-Shirt.

He shivered because he did not activate his heater, although it was snowing outside. Heechul was barefoot and sitting on the broad windowsill, staring down into the busy streets of Seoul. He was alone in the dorms, being the first to return from his duties. An empty cup of tea stood beside him on the sill and beside it lay a small silvery object.

'I swore him, I would not use it, while he is away no matter how overwhelming my need to cut myself becomes...but what should I do? I'm alone here and no one is there...the

others don't even know what is happening with me most of the time. They're not aware of just how many problems I have. They just think I'm a moody diva, when in reality...I'm...hell...I can't even admit it to myself...I'm sick for fucks sake...mentally ill...and there are not many ways to fix it...one option would be heavy antidepressants that change my moods...but I don't want that...it would be like taking drugs...and I hate drugs...drugs were what killed some of my friends back in school and I'm not willing to become an addict...so there's the option of therapy...I choose that and I regularly attend those sessions with my therapist...and I also choose someone as my confidant in the group. Someone who should not have been separated from me...but duty called and Hannie had to leave or he would have had to pay a very heavy fine...but now he is so occupied that we barely talked during the last few weeks. He is always so tired after all those concerts and TV and radio shows...I can't take what little time he has to sleep away from him...so here I am...resorting to my old way of coping...I know Geng won't be happy with me...but...what else should I do? My therapist is on holiday, Geng's in China and nobody is home...'

Heechul was talking in his head again, something he often did to clear his thoughts. Sometimes it helped, sometimes not. Today was one of those days where it did not really help. He took a deep breath and rolled up the long sleeves, telling himself he would be strong and not do what he intended to do, but his body was working on autopilot, not listening to what Heechul's brain tried to tell it, but doing what his body craved and his body craved the sweet pain of oblivion which the little razorblade beside him would provide.

He took it into his hand and held it up in front of him. It glinted in the pale light that fell through the window and with a soft sigh, Heechul finally gave in against his better judgment. He pressed the blade into the soft flesh of his wrist and with a twist of his other wrist sliced it open.

He had cut deep enough to bleed heavily but not into the artery. He did know better than that. The cold air stung in the open wound, which bled freely. He lifted the injured arm and watched the blood trail down over his pale flesh, watched as it marked his skin and put a curtain of red over the white scar tissue that marred his flesh.

The pain helped him clear his mind. The voice in his head grew more silent by the minute and eventually it stopped. He could not hear it anymore or he wasn't listening because he concentrated on the pain.

In his attempt to mute the voice altogether he had taken the razorblade again and placed an equally deep cut on his other wrist, so they were both bleeding and looking like twins with those gaping wounds. He leaned back against the ice cold windowpane and his breath evened out more and more while he watched the blood making patterns on his white sweatpants, where drops dripped onto it.

He felt tired now...emotionally drained, but still tears were rolling down his cheeks. This time tears of shame, because he had broken his promise to Han Geng.

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Days had gone by and Han Geng was still not back, but more and more cuts were decorating Heechuls wrists and forearms. Each and every cut was as deep as the first and criss crossing older, healed wounds. He only wore long sleeved clothes now, but no one faulted him, since it was winter anyway.

He had sunk deeper into his depression and still no other member of Super Junior questioned him, like he wished they would. They thought he was moody, because his lover was abroad and he was left to his own devices for most of the time. On the rare occasion Siwon came and talked to him for a while, but he never questioned anything either, just talked about the job and the new drama that was now shown on TV, but not once he asked how Heechul felt and so Heechul decided, he did not matter to anyone anymore.

Han Geng hadn't called or written an e-Mail in two weeks, he hadn't even answered one of Heechuls calls and so he thought, Han Geng did not love him anymore. He went out into the shadier parts of Seoul and bought a gun with the intention of killing himself.

When he came back, the dorm was silent yet again.

'No one is home...like always...no one is there to talk to me...to help me...I don't know what I should do...should I end my misery? Can they not see my suffering? I cry the whole day...my eyes are red-rimmed, I do not wear any make up and even a blind man would recognize the traces of blood on my hands and clothes, whenever my wounds have opened again...are they blind? Or do they just ignore it? I don't know...I don't know...but what I know is I will end this misery...I can't cope with it anymore...'

Heechul walked into the room he normally shared with Han Geng, but the room felt cold even though now his central heating was activated since Siwon had been there and complained. Now it was just the lack of the rooms other occupant that made Heechul feel so cold. He sat down on the king size bed they shared and bit his lip. The gun lay heavily in his lap and he stared at it. He knew how it worked and he knew it would be a quick death, if he put the gun into his mouth and pulled the trigger, but it wouldn't be painless. But he did not want it to be painless. He needed the pain he inflicted onto himself now. It had not only become his salvation, but also his addiction. Since he had started again every day new cuts came to adorn his arms. Without a conscious thought he scratched at the fresher wounds and opened them up again, making them bleed heavily, while his thoughts wandered again.

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Han Geng was finally back. His plane had just landed and now he was on the direct way to his lover. He had left his luggage for the other Super Junior M members to collect, while he took a taxi directly to the dorms. He ran up the stairs, panting harshly and opened the door.

Without hesitation he shed his shoes and walked towards the room he shared with Heechul and opened the door.

The sight that greeted him shook him to the core. His lover sat on the edge of their shared bed, his skin pale, eyes red-rimmed and his bare arms marred with new bleeding wounds and ones that were slightly scabbed over.

'I failed him...shit...I should have contacted him somehow when my phone broke...he must think I don't want him anymore...omo...is that a gun in his lap....did he want to...'

Han Geng stopped this train of thought and stepped further into the room, kneeling down in front of Heechul, so he would see him. "Chullie? I'm back ...", he whispered and put his hand over Heechul's which was trying to pull a scab from one of his wounds.

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Heechul blinked confused when he could not move his hand to pull at his wounds anymore. He saw a hand and followed the familiar fingers up the arm and to the face he had missed so much. The softly whispered words barely registered in his mind as he stared at Han Geng like he was a Fata Morgana in the desert.

"You...back? For good...or will you leave again...because...if you do...I'll just...", he muttered indicating the gun in his lap.

He did not want to live anymore without Han Geng near him, he could not cope without him.

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Han Geng paled dramatically when he heard Heechul's words and saw him indicating the gun. "No...you will not kill yourself, Heechul...we will find a way...even if we have to tell the whole world there is something going on with us and we don't want to be separated...I apologize for not calling or mailing during the last weeks...my phone broke and I did not find the time to get a new one...we will find a way...I promise...just...don't do this...you were healthy again...and now we are back where

we began years ago...and all due to my stupid mistakes...breaking my phone and not finding a way to tell you, because I thought you would be fine...even without me...at least for a while...aish...I'm so stupid...please...forgive me..." Han Geng was stuttering and looking at Heechul with pleading eyes.

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Now it was Heechul's turn to listen and his eyes widened when he saw the pleading in Han Geng's eyes. He was sorry, his phone broken and no time to get another one. Heechul wasn't sure what he should do, but Han Geng's words struck a cord inside of him. There was no malice in his words, no judgment of his deeds, just calm acceptance and the promise to start over again and getting him back to where he was before he had started cutting again.

But he wasn't sure if he could go back to before.

'He always told you he would be there for you no matter what no matter where he was and he broke that promise. He could have asked the other SJ-M members for a phone to call and tell you about the broken phone and now he wants to go back...after two weeks of no answers...and months of suffering for me...my heart is broken...he may save my shell...but my heart is dead...there is nothing to save...what should I do? Take the gun, pull the trigger...or try to stay?'

Heechul's thoughts were confused and his first outward reaction was a softly whispered 'pabo', before he softly told Han Geng that his life was over. "I can't take it anymore...my heart is dead and buried...our love was the funeral of my heart...so...you can keep my body...but my heart is dead..." Even his voice sounded dead, when he told him and he saw he had also shattered Han Geng's heart but he could not care less. He could only feel when he cut himself and inflicted pain. Otherwise he did not care anymore.

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Han Geng's eyes widened at Heechul's soft words, whispered in that dead voice and he knew he had lost his lover in more ways than one. He had lost him to the small silver blade on the night stand, he had lost the feelings between them due to his own stupidity and he had lost Heechul's heart which had shattered and was beyond repair. The scars and cuts on his arms were silent witnesses of the long process it had taken to lose Heechul but he knew he had. Heechul said he would get to keep his body, but not his heart. Sighing softly he opened his arms up, so Heechul could cuddle up to him, if he wanted to.

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*Love's the funeral of hearts
And an ode for cruelty
When angels cry blood*

...

Heechuls soft and beautiful voice gently sung those few words out of HIMs Funeral of Hearts and let his body fall forward into Han Gengs waiting arms.

The End

A/N: I hope you liked it. I listened to a random music list on iTunes and this song popped up and with it this plot bunny. Please tell me what I can do to improve my work and perhaps where I did good? Thank you.