

Don't wanna try

JaeHo / YunJae

Von KateBlack

Title: Don't wanna try

Pairing: Yunho x JaeJoong

Length: One-Shot

Genre: Drama

Disclaimer: I neither own the song nor the characters.

A/N: My first fanfiction in English ever! Be merciful with your comments, but don't hold back. Can either be in English or German ^_~

Obviously inspired by the piano battle Taeyang vs. Junsu (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Egn5YERYX9U>).

I know, this live/ solo, whatever we call it, has been held in Korea and therefore any Japanese should be banished, however I couldn't resist. Just pretend one of the members just slipped into Japan mode :P

Comment (funny note): By researching, whether Junsu's piano is black or white, I had already decided, that it was black and chose the phrase 'pitch black'... just to discover it's white.

I was like: Ô.Ô and now???

"Ganbatte!"

"Do your best!"

"Get him!"

"You can beat him, I know it!"

As the leader, Yunho puts his full trust in his dongsaeng, knowing how to push him and that he will always give his best.

Still attentive as ever he watches Junsu's back leaving backstage and walking onto the stage.

The audience is screaming Junsu's name as he is going all the way to the grand piano; the crowd never wavers, even when Junsu reaches the chair in front of the lily white piano.

The remaining four of them keep silent, eyes following every movement of their baritone.

However inwardly all of them cheer together with the crowd to encourage their member.

Junsu himself meets his friend Taeyang with a smile on his lips, thinking of how ridiculous this whole competition thing is.

Everyone knows, how Taeyang is no match for Junsu, how hard it will be, how he will simply vanish and fade away beside his hyung with the angelic voice.

And still he sits there, wearing a smile himself, trying to make the best out of it, aware of how he can and will never be on the same level as the man in front of him, separated only by two grand pianos.

Nevertheless he begins to play.

"I can't believe you had the nerve to say the things you said.

They hurt so bad that they ended our relationship.

I can't believe it, four years gone down the drain.

How I wish things would have happened so differently

I try to say this many times but still you couldn't see.

You kept insisting and resisting that you would not fall again.

And now you are trying to tell me that you're sorry

And you're trying to come back home.

You're telling me you really need me, crying, begging, both knees are on the floor but Baby I...."

He couldn't believe his ears.

In awe he opens his mouth without saying anything, however not being able to and therefore closing it, as soon as he becomes aware of his actions.

His chest feels as if it's crushed again, the world's full weight on his shoulders double a few times again.

He doesn't dare to glance over to him, to see his reaction, if he's just taken aback like himself.

Does he notice?

The words of this song, fitting so perfectly to their situation?

These words crouch into his heart, all the way through the walls he erected, to avoid all thinking, since this incident.

That incident, which turned his whole world rightside up, leaving him with nothing but his members, family and the other only constant in his life,

his music.

He stood and still stands in front of his life's shattered pieces.

And who was to blame for the whole situation he,
they,
were in?

He himself.

If he wouldn't have uttered these words in that moment, at that time.

Everything could have been completely differently.

For only one moment he should have kept his mouth shut and kept silent, but no,
Jaejoong was right:

He can't stop being the leader.

Always saying what is on his mind, never staying silent for just a minute, voice his
opinion whether it's asked for or not, sometimes without thinking about the
consequences, like in that moment.

The consequence are his suffering.

Although he regretted those words as soon as they left his mouth and wanting to
take them back immediately, he couldn't.

The damage had already been done, the destruction unstoppable and unavoidable.

Jaejoongs face full of hurt will haunt him the rest of his life.

His begging of forgiveness has met deaf ears so far.

The future doesn't look more appealing.

He couldn't hold back anymore.

His hurt, love, regret...

All these emotion try to overcome him at the same time.

To keep at least a bit of his dignity, he lowers his head, to keep his tears a secret, to
not show the others in how much pain he actually is.

His soul cries out, yearning for the consoling and soothing touch of its mate...

waiting in vain to be released from this pain.

The chorus seems to make him.

He can imagine perfectly what his beloved one's response will be the next time he will
try and beg to be taken back...

"Don't wanna try, don't wanna try, don't wanna try no more"