

Never Let You Go

I'm too selfish

Von Tomopi

Slowly he counted the teardrops that were falling like raindrops on the backside of his shaking hands. Why? Why hadn't he seen this coming? Why had he been so blind to oversee the evidence? Why had he been so ignorant to ignore the silent scream for help the other one had more than clearly send?

"Hiromitsu? You need to drink something. You have been sitting here for ours now."

Slowly he raised his head, looking up with an empty gaze.

"I'm not thirsty.", he whispered lightly.

After a few seconds he looked down at his hand again, then he turned it around slowly and opened it to show the small blood splattered apple-pendant he had been clutching the whole time.

"I didn't see it." He choked on his words.

"I didn't hear it."

Slowly Yokoo sat down next to him.

"What didn't you see and hear?", he asked carefully.

Kitayama looked up again, this time with eyes full of pain.

"His despair. The screams for help."

The younger one sighed lightly. There was nothing he could say. No one of them had seen this coming. Slowly his gaze wandered over to their group mates huddled in corners, talking, reassuring themselves. No one had seen this coming.

"I was there, you know. The first time this happened."

"The first time?"

"Yes," Hiromitsu nodded, "the first time he broke down. The first time he hurt himself. The first time he tried to get away."

Yokoo didn't say anything in fear the older one would stop talking.

"It was a few weeks before our debut. You remember the one week he was ill, don't you? He had never been ill before. Never after. Not that bad to stay at home for a whole week. I went to visit him the first day. He had already left home, lived at his own. He didn't even talk to his family anymore after he told them..."

Kitayama interrupted himself, gulped. This wasn't something he had the right to tell other people.

"He didn't talk with them anymore. I wanted to make sure that he was alright. It was only a cold, but I wanted to make sure he was alright. I don't hate him, you know. Never have."

He started to take heavy breaths.

"The door was open. I went inside but I couldn't find him. Then I heard a noise out of the bathroom. A faint crying. He was laying there. When I opened the door he was laying there, his blood everywhere. You know, he wears all this bracelets to hide them. They are small and white and can be easily hidden under all of this bracelets. Or even under a thin layer of make-up if necessary. I wanted to tell someone. To bring him to a hospital, a psychiatrist. But he begged me not to. To leave it be. He promised me, you know. He promised and swore and begged. He would never do it again. He would do whatever I wanted. I should just keep it for myself. It wasn't planned, an accident. I was wary at first. But nothing happened after that. I watched him from afar, ready to do something. But I never saw it. He hid it from me. So many years, I put my guard down. So long and I didn't look out for him anymore."

His tears came back, full force. What should he do? What could he do? What should he have done?

"I love him, you know? I love him and still. I'm still too blind to see him suffer. I was so blind!", he screamed, hit the wall beside him with his fist.

Yokoo sat next to him, didn't know what to do or say. He knew that they had been really close in the past, always wondered what had happened that they ignored each other mostly. But never had he thought it could be something like this. Something so destroying.

Slowly he lay a hand on the older ones shoulder.

Almost not audible Hiromitsu asked:

"What can I do?"

"You can be there for him. Talk to him. Help him work out his insecurities and

problems. He needs you, even though he will try to push you away."

Slowly Kitayama looked up again.

"What if he doesn't make it? If he... if he..."

A sob shook the small body at this thought. He couldn't live without the other one. He loved him!

Just as Yokoo wanted to scold him for even thinking like that one of the nurses came out of the operation room. Hiromitsu was standing in front of her in seconds.

"How is he? Did he survive? Can I see him? Please, tell me something, anything."

"Are you his family?"

Kitayama took a step back, into the half circle that had formed around the nurse, and shook his head.

"No, we are his friends, his bandmates."

He got pale when she shook her head.

"I'm sorry, i'm not allowed to give any details to anybody than his family members."

"Then you can wait long. They won't come. They haven't talked to each other for the past years! They don't even have his current address or phone number!", Hiromitsu shouted.

Then he sobbed again.

"Please, I love him! I need to know how he is..."

The others around him didn't even flinch at his words, but he knew that they would bombard him with questions as soon as it would be a little bit calmer. They didn't know anything about the things he had just shouted, except for Yokoo.

The nurse looked at the small man in front of her, then she sighed.

"I can't tell you everything, but you can be assured. He will survive. It will be hard and he will need help, but he'll survive."

Hiromitsu didn't even register how he fell on his knees and how his tears started to flow freely. He was so glad. He wouldn't lose his loved one. He already knew that he would do everything that was needed to help.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!", he whispered while Miyata and Yokoo helped him to stand up again.

The nurse smiled slightly, then explained that they would bring the boy into one of

the rooms and as soon as everything was set she would come to get them, although there would be only one person allowed at the time.

The boys waited until the nurse left the room again, then they hugged each other, Senga and Tamamori even cried a little bit, but Kitayama didn't stop anymore. Yokoo hugged him close while Kitayama tried to calm down.

After a few minutes, in which all of them calmed down considerably, Nikaido asked:

"Is it true what you told the nurse?"

Kitayama looked up from his water bottle with a questioning look.

"What are you talking about?"

"That you love him and that he doesn't have contact with his family for the past few years."

Kitayama didn't actually remember what he had said, he had only wanted to get some information. But now he wasn't too sure if that had been a good idea.

"Well... I love him, for years now. The other thing you have to ask him. I didn't have the right to use that information."

When Nikaido wanted to get more information Miyata stood in front of him and pushed him to sit on one of the chairs.

"Leave him alone. You can ask later. We are here because of Gaya."

With a thankful smile Hiromitsu patted Miyata on the back, then he sat down himself.

Taisuke would make it. He would survive. Mitsu knew exactly that he would stay at his side, do anything for the younger to get better. And if he had to pull him out of his depressions time and time again, so be it. He wouldn't give up if it meant that he could stay at Taisuke's side!

After a few more minutes the nurse came back and signaled them to follow her.

"You have to be careful. He will be disoriented and dizzy when he'll wake up because of the blood loss. But as soon as he remembers he will most probably try to hurt himself again. Tear at the bandages, scratch his arms, maybe even try to attack one of you. And he will probably accuse you of anything and everything. Afterwards he might talk at all. You have to be patient and calm with him. Otherwise it could be that he'll never be the same again."

Hiromitsu sighed. Taisuke hadn't been the same in ages, and he hadn't noticed anything. He was afraid what would happen if he didn't get his everything back.

Careful not to be loud he entered the room. When he saw the younger one he had to gasp. He was so pale and his left wrist was thickly bandaged.

"Taisuke..."

Slowly he approached him, sat down on the chair closest to the taller one. Then he took the bandaged hand carefully into his hand and started to whisper to him. He didn't even notice the others come inside and leave shortly after. He could only look at the fragile form of Taisuke lying in this bed that seemed to be much too large for his thin form. Only now did he notice how thin he had gotten.

"I'm sorry, Taisuke, that I couldn't protect you from yourself."

When Taisuke woke up a few hours later Kitayama was still talking to him. At first he didn't notice, but then the hand in his own moved and a low hiss of pain escaped the younger one's mouth. The older one stopped mid-sentences and his eyes stayed on the other's face. When he finally focused on Hiromitsu the smaller one couldn't help but smile.

"Taisuke. I'm glad you finally woke up!"

He turned around and pushed the button to notificate the nurse that the patient woke up finally.

"Why am I in the hospital?"

The younger one's voice was almost not hearable, but Kitayama managed to understand him nonetheless. He gulped, asked lowly:

"What do you remember?"

Fujigaya stayed silent for a moment, then whispered:

"I was tidying up and found an old photo book. The one I got from my mother after graduating. The day before they threw me out for being what I am. I never looked inside before, I didn't dare. Do you know what she wrote inside? 'Whatever may happen, we will always love you!'. Ironic, don't you think? To give me something so precious and then throwing me out with nothing but things I possessed? After I read this I felt so lonely. Lonelier than ever before. I couldn't bear it anymore. I went into the bathroom and looked for the..."

Suddenly Fujigaya stopped and mumbled:

"Why am I alive?"

Then he turned around and stared to Kitayama.

"Why am I alive? I wanted to stop this, I didn't want to feel alone anymore!", he screeched.

Before the older one could react, he started to pull at the bandages, tried to tear them from his arm.

Hiromitsu jumped from his chair, tried to hold onto the younger one, stop him from hurting himself.

"Stop it, Taisuke, stop it! I won't let you die because I'm selfish, that's why!"

In that moment the nurse came inside and brought something that she injected into the younger one's arm. After just a few more moments he slumped down on the bed.

Kitayama sighed slightly as he watched Taisuke sleeping. He was a little bit afraid what would happen when he woke up again. He didn't want the other to freak out again and hoped that he was too tired to do something like that. He also didn't know why he said that he was selfish. When he thought about it he was selfish. He didn't let Fujigaya die because he loved him and didn't want to live without him. He cared about him. But still, he was selfish for not granting the younger one his wish.

When Fujigaya opened his eyes the second time he seemed more coherent. He knew where he was and apparently he also knew what had happened in his apartment, as well as in the hospital.

"Why did you say you were selfish?"

The whisper had been so low, Kitayama almost missed it. He looked up from his hands to Taisuke's face, although he knew the younger one wouldn't look at him. He sighed.

"I asked myself the same question. I didn't intend to say something like that. But in the end it doesn't change the answer at all. I'm selfish because I can't lose you. I care about you, yes, but I can't let you die for myself. Because I know that it would break me to live without you. I never wanted to tell you this because I know you hate yourself for being like that, but I love you. I'm selfish because I love you and I don't want to lose you."

Hiromitsu's gaze had dropped again while talking, was fixed on his slightly trembling hands. He had never planned to confess. Because of Fujigaya's condition he had planned to either wait until the feelings were over, or take them to death. But now he had confessed. He was afraid that his band mate would get a fit again but when nothing happened after a few more minutes he looked up to see Taisuke looking at him with a slightly perplexed expression.

"Taisuke? Are you alright?"

"You love me?"

Hiromitsu nodded, not sure what was happening with the boy in the bed.

"But nobody loves me."

This time he furrowed his eyebrows and shook his head.

"That's not true! I love you! And the others of Kisumai and our senpai and kouhai love you! Not in the same way as me - I hope - but as a friend and as family."

Taisuke stayed silent for almost half an hour afterwards, looking upwards to the white ceiling, only mumbling to himself from time to time. The smaller man wasn't sure if he understood correctly, but he thought he understood the words 'love' and 'why' a few times. He wasn't even sure if the younger one even registered that he was still in the room with him. Just when he wanted to leave the room for Taisuke to think alone, the taller man turned his head again.

"I'm broken."

"You are not broken."

"I'm broken. Don't try to make it better than it is."

Hiromitsu sighed, then said:

"Maybe you are broken. But that doesn't mean I can't stay with you and try to help you fix the broken pieces. I want to be there for you."

Again Taisuke stayed silent for a few minutes, but this time it wasn't as nerve breaking as the first time. When he reached for the older one's hand, took it into his own hand and smiled the faintest bit Hiromitsu's heart seemed to almost burst with happiness.

"I don't know if I'll manage, but I'll try if you'll stay with me."

A wide smile split his face and he looked as if he wanted to pounce on the younger. Nonetheless he managed to hold back and just kissed the fingers in his hand lightly.

"Always."