

# Goodbye, my Love

Von Noiyama

## Kapitel 4: Tears in the Rainbow

The happy memories have passed and we find our selves back on the grass again.  
I smile at him.

"Wonderful times indeed... but never forget our bad times either..."

With a nod he closed his eyes again, clutching my hand.

-Flashback-

The door fell shut.

I walked - actually more stumbled - in, managed to pull my boots off and made my way to the living room.

"Heath-chan?"

He leaped from the couch where he had been sitting and looked at me, with eyes, that seemed darker as usual.

"Where the heck have you been?", he hissed, "I was worried to death, and you drank away your brains once again! You never even bothered to leave me a message or maybe call! What the \_fuck\_ got \_into\_ you, Matsumoto Hideto? Is alcohol really that important? More important then me?!"

"W-whatchah talkin~ 'bout", I slurred, fighting for balance.

He give an angry snort and dragged me to the bathroom.

I faintly tried to protest.

"Eehh... wha-tch~a doin'? Lemm'h go!"

I waved my arms around clumsily, tried to shrug him off, push him away, but he didn't let go.

Pressing me against the door he turned on the tub.

When the tub was about half full, he grabbed me and pushed my head under the icy cold water.

Few moments later he tugged me up again and let me catch some air before he repeated it again, again and again.

When he though I've had enough, he pulled me to my feet, threw me into the shower, fully clothed and turned on the cold water.

After a few minutes of fighting back, I gave in.

Knees growing weak, and I slid to the the floor, covering my face with my hands.

A couple of tears were spilling as the water was pouring down on me, as the rain was wetting streets and trees outside.

Suddenly the water stopped running, I was being pulled out of the shower, out of the bathroom and into our bedroom.

He stripped me, towel-dried me and packed me into bed.  
"Clear again? Satisfied now?", he growled.  
"Heath.... look... I'm... I'm sorry...", I whimpered.  
His eyes were just as cold as before, though a bit of the furry had already vanished.  
"You always say that..."  
"I mean it.. really..."  
"You'll never change, will you?"  
This was too much.  
A sob and my tears were flowing freely again.  
Tears that've been held back for too long.  
"I... I don't have the strength... I know... I'm such a fucking coward... I'm so sorry, Heath, so sorry for doing all this shit to you...."  
His expression softened a little and he sat down on the bed beside me, stroking my hair, wordlessly.  
As silent this gesture might have been, the comfort provided was greater than words could ever do.  
Slowly I calmed down, feeling heavy, but at the same time empty, and I was very tired.  
He still held me in his arms, gently petting my hair.  
It didn't take long and I was fast asleep.  
He softly laid me down and stuffed the covers around me, stroked my cheek, shaking his head before he stood up and walked back into the living room again.  
For him it would be another sleepless night he'd spend wondering just what to do with me.

- 2nd may 1998 -

It was months after the first night we shared.  
Since I was returning from a US-trip today, my brother insisted on fetching me from the airport and celebrating my return.  
I knew the both of us well enough to know, that we won't be back before morning, so I called Heath to tell him.

The night was heavy like the delusive silence before a storm.  
Heath's sleep was uneasy.  
He was tossing around all the time, clasp to the sheets, breathing heavily.  
In his dreams, the phone rang, but he was afraid to answer it.  
He saw a trail of blood running from between my lips, heard laughter, the clatter of bottles and splitting glass.  
He didn't know whether he was asleep or awake anymore.

~ "dakishimete kowareru no nara sore demo ii to omotta  
sonna kako ni sayonara wo tsubuyaite

kurikaesu kotoba dake mune no naka o kasumeru 'kimi ni aitai'  
dare yori mo taisetsu na futari ni naru tame ni tada soba ni itai dake" ~

A ringing phone....

Heath shot up, panting hard.

Yes, the phone was really ringing.

He crawled out of the bed, crossed the already slightly illuminated hallway into the living room.

Before picking up he took a deep breath.

"Moshi moshi?"

"Heath, this is Yoshiki"

"Yoshiki?! What the heck makes you call at this time?"

"I'm at the airport, trying to catch the earliest flight back to Japan..."

"What? Why? What happened?"

"Heath... promise me to keep calm now... better sit down..."

Yoshiki's voice sounded strangely hoarse and restrained.

Heath sighed and flopped onto the couch.

"Ok, now tell me, what happened?"

A muffled noise that sounded like a suppressed sob could be heard and Yoshiki took a view moments before he was able to continue speaking.

"hide... he had...", another sob, "dammit... Heath... you have to go to the hospital..."

hide had...", he seemed to search for the right word, "something like... an accident..."

Heath's hand went limp, his eyes clearly reflecting the shock and disbelief.

The phone hit the floor and broke into pieces.

Suddenly he jumped up, grabbed his keys, sped down the staircase, and jumped into his car.

He drove like a madman until he reached the hospital.

He parked his car, and immediately ran in.

At the emergency ward he grabbed the nearest nurse.

"Where's hide? Tell me, where's hide? What happened?"

"You have to be Morie-san", she stated, "please, follow me"

She led him to a room, where Pata, Toshi, and even Taiji were already waiting.

Shutting the door, she left the men on their own.

Heath inspected them, one after the other.

They looked horrible.

Tired faces, wet from tears, reflecting the same emotions as Heath's. Shock, disbelief and grief.

Eyes teary, reddish, even slightly puffy.

"What happened?", he whispered.

Pata approached him, leading him to a chair, a compassionate hand resting on his shoulder.

Toshi turned to face him and started talking with a raspy, still tremulous voice.

"Hide was drinking with his brother the whole night. They arrived back at his brother's apartment at 6 AM, both totally drunk. He put him to bed, but... when checking on him half an hour later, he found him sitting on the floor, unconscious.

He had ripped a towel and tied it around his neck and the doorknob. He immediately called the ambulance, but hide... died on the way to hospital."

Tears were running down Toshi's cheeks again, Pata hung his head and Taiji covered

his face with his hands.

"No", Heath whispered, "No, he can't... he can't be dead... he can't leave me..."

He jumped up, shoved Pata away and ran down the corridor.

"I need to see him. Bring me to hide, now!", Heath yelled at the next best doctor, shaking him.

The doctor refused cold heartedly.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you, Morie-san..."

"Please, let me see him..."

The doctor sighed, failing to resist this tear stricken, pleading voice.

He lead him to a bleak, chilly hall, where my body lay on an operating table, covered by white cloth.

He pulled away the cloth and left Heath alone with this pale, cold corpse that was supposed to be his hide-chan.

He walked closer, looking into the pretty face that was so familiar and dear to him, which was by now as pale as chalk.

He gently touched the bright pink hair, that had so often rested on his chest, which's smell he'd loved so much.

He traced a finger over the skin that had once been so soft and warm, which was now as cold as stone.

Lying there like this, I seemed to be just sleeping to him.

Heath's legs gave in.

He sank to the floor, buried his face in his hands and cried.

Quite some time must've passed, until the door opened and Pata came in, covering my corpse again, before kneeling beside Heath, holding him close to comfort him.

When Heath finally stopped crying, Pata helped him to his feet and brought him back to the room, where they all hugged each other, and went their own ways.

Only Taiji remained, seemingly hesitant to leave, tough as well, to approach his replacement.

"Will you be ok?", he asked unsure of what to say or do.

Heath only threw him a glare.

Taiji sighed, feeling uncomfortable in this situation, so he just started babbling to ease the tension.

"Hide-kun was such a great man... I really don't understand how that could've happened... I mean... he had you, and I'm sure he loved you very much... he had the Beavers, he had success, he had fans... he should've been happy... but somehow he obviously wasn't as happy as it seemed... gezz... I'm so stupid... I really don't know what to say... just... Heath... I'm sorry..."

His eyes were tearful when he slowly opened his arms to hug Heath to his chest, tightly.

"Shall I give you a ride?", he asked, more clam now.

Heath shook his head.

"N-No, it's ok... I'll be ok... I guess... but.. thank you"

He managed a weak smile before leaving the room.

"Take care...", Taiji called after him.

As soon as Heath stepped on the corridor, his peace quickened until he was running, once he was outside the hospital.

He climbed into his car, pausing a view minutes to calm down, before the started out.

As soon as he arrived back at his apartment, he limply collapsed onto his bed.

He just wanted to sleep.

Sleep forever and never awake again.

~ "ki ga tsukeba mata hitori yoru no sora wo mitsumeteru  
sukoshi zutsu kieteyuku our memories  
kizu tsuku dake kizu tsuite wakatta hazu no kotae wo  
doushite mada toikaketeru?" ~