

Falling (Shonen Ai /Englisch)

Von abgemeldet

Um, this story has a little Shonen Ai in it, so if you don't like that go away. If you decide to read it, well, I hope you like it. When I wrote it I was a little depressed, so don't expect anything too happy (or well written...) but I think this kind of story is kinda typical for me. (I so often tried to write a nice and happy story, but I failed almost every time.) Anyway, while writing this I just noticed (again) how bad my English is. Sorry, please try to look over it. ^^

Disclaimer: Unnecessary, you know I don't own them. (I wish I would... well, almost.)

Falling

By Kia

An almost mechanical, female voice rung through the air. People were rushing through the large hall, some in a hurry, some slowly and relaxed, Talking, laughter and the nervous cries of little children were everywhere.

Eiji looked out of the large window. The early morning sky above the airport was blue, deep blue. Not a single cloud was in sight. It was going to be a beautiful day. A beautiful day.

He didn't feel like it was a beautiful day. For him it was just the day he had to say goodbye to his best friend.

Kayin was standing next to him, also looking to the sky. His bag in his hands. He was going back to Scotland today. It was funny, they probably wouldn't see each other in years and yet neither of them knew what to say.

Eiji had a lot to say. He just couldn't find the words.

"I'm gonna call you once I'm home." Kayin finally murmured, still looking out of the window. He had a strange look on his face, almost smiling but at the same time he looked as if he was trying not to cry. He looked pretty much like Eiji was feeling.

"Sure." he quietly said. He really much wanted to cry now. He really much wanted to hug and kiss his friend. He really much cursed to fact that they were in a public place. He knew it had been stupid to fall in love with another boy, but it wasn't something he had done by choice. It just had happened, and he only had to look at the blond in front of him to know that, even it he had a choice, he would do it again. It had been hard to keep it a secret all the time. It was hard to love him, really, but it was worth it.

Their eyes met for less than a second and Eiji's heart skipped a beat. He knew Kayin felt the same for him, even if neither of them had ever said it aloud, and they did have a quite strange but still great time together since one of their fights once had ended with a kiss none of them knew who had started but then again none of them had wanted to end, but in the end, what meaning did those feelings have with hundreds and thousands of miles between them?

Eiji rouse his hand and touched the glass. It felt cold beneath his fingertips.

He silently thanked Sho for not being here. Otherwise he would not have been able to really say goodbye.

He remembered that brief moment down in the hall, hidden in the shadows where nobody could see them, their lips meeting all too short, before they had to go out again, out into the light, into the public, into the hiding of their feelings. He still wondered if his brother knew about them. If he had been here even this last goodbye would have been impossible.

But then again, if Sho had known something they'd probably been long dead by now...

Another voice rung through the hall, asking the passengers of Kayin's plane to go on board. The blond threw his bag over his shoulder and together they slowly walked toward the point only people with a plane ticket could pass in silence.

"Well, it'll be nice not to see your stupid face every day, for a change." Kayin grinned as they finally shook their hands at their parting point. Eiji nodded.

"Yeah, and we now can finally live happily again, like we did before you came." he replied.

Kayin just grinned once more and then he turned to leave, but his hand refused to leave Eiji's strong fingers and they remained there for a few more meaningful seconds, neither of them wanting to let go.

But in the end they had to.

A few minutes later Eiji stood by the window again, looking at the shining white plane that was soon going to take his friend away from him. It was too far away, too far to make out anything behind the small shiny windows, but he knew that Kayin was probably looking at him now, looking at him from inside that big white thing, and so he rouse his hand in a vain attempt to wave.

His fingers touched the glass again. It still felt cold. So cold.

He tried very hard not to cry as he watched the airplane start to roll, as it lost touch with the asphalt and finally disappeared into the light of the early morning sun.

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Five Years later:

Eiji stared at the ground. Just stared at the ground. He didn't see the people rushing by them, didn't hear the voices coming out of the boxes. He couldn't bring himself to rise his head and look at him, not now, not ever. He remembered that day, years ago, when he also had stood here, at the same airport, by the same window, beside the same person whom he had then, like now, not been able to look at.

He had thought that day, that he could never feel that bad in his entire life. He was wrong. This was worse. He had lived through so many painful moments since then,

and this was one of the worst. Right now he could feel nothing but a cold, pain filled emptiness in which he could very clearly feel a part of him die, to join another part that was already dead for a long time. It was ending, he knew it, somewhere along the way it had all started to slip through his fingers and there was nothing he could do to stop it, and soon his hands would be empty, as empty as his eyes that could not cry, weren't allowed to cry the tears he had to shed for the ones he loved, and the ones he had lost.

He had known for a long time that he was losing Kayin, just like he had lost his brother. He had known it but would not accept it, just ignored the fact that he was slowly falling away from him until he was finally out of reach, for him, for everyone and the world, even for himself, but -

(Would I have been able to stop it?)

- deep inside, in some hidden and ignored corner of his mind he had already known that it was going to end, that he had lost his friend the very moment he had said goodbye to him, at the same airport, at the same window, five years ago.

(But it's my fault, isn't it?)

He had known, that day, that it would never again be as it had been, before he left, but he never would have thought the changes would be so drastic. He and Kayin, they never again became that close, never again became close to anyone. Their past still hung between them like a shadow, something they both wanted to hold on to, but couldn't, because it slipped through their fingers like sand, as much as they wanted to keep it. Too much had been lost in those few fateful years, too much had been destroyed.

They never talked about it, never mentioned it with a single word, for it would have been wasted and could never reach across the gap that had opened between them, but it was still there, always, always, the words -

(I love you!)

- neither of them were able to say but that could still be heard deep inside their hearts. Lonely hearts. Cold hearts. Empty hearts. A hollow space where those words could ring through in endless repetition, the eternal echo of a time that now was nothing but a memory.

The gap became wider and wider, and he had tried so hard -

(I need you!)

- not to see it, but when Kayin had appeared on his doorstep only two days ago without warning, looking tired and weary, he had known in the very second he'd seen him that he had come all the way to Japan, all the long and useless way to his best friend, his greatest rival and only love to say goodbye.

He had said that he could not stay for long, only for a day or two. He had said that he had to do something, somewhere and Eiji had just nodded -

(Don't leave me!)

- and not asked. It was ending.

Kayin didn't have anything with him but a small bag with the few most necessary things he'd need for a rather short journey. He didn't even have his sword with him, he had left it with Naru, in Scotland, which only meant that he would never need it again. Eiji felt sorry for that girl, for she, too, had now to learn what it meant to be alone.

He was still staring at the floor. He knew Kayin was looking at him with his weary eyes, smiling that little tired, sad smile of his Eiji had seen far too often in the past two days, but he could not rise his head to return his gaze, not yet.

He didn't even know -

(Don't leave me!)

-where his plane was going to. He'd only have to rise his head to read the names of every city it would be stopping at, but -

(Don't leave me!)

- he didn't. It was useless.

He couldn't stop thinking about sand, and how it was slipping through his fingers. How he could not stop it, no matter how hard he tried. About how his hands would be empty by any second.

He rouse his head and looked at Kayin and he knew that he would never see him again.

He was not smiling. He just looked at him, silently, looking incredible tired, like an old man who knew that there was no time left for him to live. No time at all. No time.

Eiji looked into his eyes and lost himself in the memory of the time they had when they were younger, a time that now seemed so incredibly long ago, like another lifetime, and in the memory of the kisses they had shared, in the middle of the night, hidden in the shadows where nobody could see them. He looked into his eyes and knew that the shadows behind them were too deep for anyone to ever see the secrets that were hidden in it. Maybe it was better that way.

Neither of them spoke a word when a cheerful female voice came out of the box high above their heads and told them that it was now time for Kayin to go to his plane. Eiji just looked at him, memorizing every detail and thought that after all that time, after all these changes, he was still so very beautiful. He could not help but smile, and Kayin smiled back, not a real smile but a honest one. Then he turned around and went away. This time, he went alone.

Eiji just remained standing where he was, he did not follow him this time and he knew that he was not expected to. He didn't even say goodbye. He had already done that a long time ago.

So he just stood there, watching his friend walking away from him, slowly, wearily, and tired, a man who had reached the end of his life at the age of twenty-four.

He watched until he was around the corner and out of sight, and Kayin never once stopped in his steps and he never once looked back.

Eiji looked out of the large window and saw the plane standing in the distance. Again he could see nothing behind the shimmering small windows, but this time he knew that Kayin was not looking at him, that he was just sitting there in his seat, looking onto the floor, his hair hanging in his face, closing him off to the world. To him. He knew that he would not look out of the window until the plane was up in the air and very far away from Japan. And just as it started to move, Eiji turned around and left, not being able to stay and watch this big white machine take his friend away from him, knowing that this time he would not come back. So he left. He turned his back to the cold glass and the painful sight behind it and walked away from the window, through the hall and out of the airport, trying to stay away from the crowd and hiding his tears in the shadows where nobody could see them.

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