

Solace

~what if my life would break and crumble beneath my hands~

Von abgemeldet

Solace

author's note:

I am currently wondering exactly why I am so f***ing stupid and always write Lareine and Versailles stuff that no one will ever read or comment to...

well, it definitely must be the fact that those stories always sort of write themselves on my lap top with me as the amazed audience...

so I hope that, when someone accidentally stumbles across that little piece of evening work, that special someone will like it and enjoys reading...

proceeding to:

Solace

~what if my life would break and crumble beneath my own hands~

Kamijo had been looking dreadful for days and days. His eyes had been lying deep and small in shadowy sockets, his cheeks white and waxy from lack of sleep, his hands slightly shaking from the amount of that black and strong coffee he drank to keep himself awake, to carry himself through days full of wreckage, work and emotion but also to let himself stay awake throughout the nights where Hizaki knew he had been unable to find solace in dreamless slumber.

When Kamijo called him that evening to meet him at the coffee bar, he looked even more shattered and dishelved and Hizaki felt like he could almost grab the aura of sadness enveloping Kamijo and reverberating through the air, pulsing with a nervous beat underneath that left Hizaki wondering whether the other man would be starting to cry at any moment or else collapse right there on the table. Hizaki threw him a look of sympathy which Kamijo obviously didn't feel like returning.

It was a little too late for having creamy caramel coffee like Kamijo ordered and when Hizaki asked him about that Kamijo told him that it wouldn't be the slightest difference ordering anything else for he had been feeding on caramel and cream for days since he didn't feel like eating properly at all...

Hizaki was trying to do small talk and told Kamijo about pointless things like the

weather, his new TV set that he had been wanting to buy for months and finally did after he had saved the appropriate amount of money and about how it would nice be if Kamijo visited him and Teru and the others at their record studio or perhaps at Teru's or his own place like Kamijo frequently did and how wonderful it would be if they just had some of the wine Teru always said was so special to get into the sweet and blissful state of intoxication where the mind was free to wander among the stars and planets. Thinking of how he had laid together on the couch with Kamijo, laughing about Teru fumbling with a set of new guitar strings made Hizaki notice how much he'd loved to get back on that very couch with Kamijo again. He really missed that but the other man wasn't so free-minded these days. And tonight Hizaki would be presented with the latest facts about Lareine, or so he felt when Kamijo what felt like apologetically smiled at him. But that smile seemed a little faltered and so incredibly sad and tired that Hizaki shot it a look of sheer astonishment. He hadn't known the other man appeared to suffer so much. He, then, rearranged his features and finally asked Kamijo in a low voice what he had wanted him to meet for. These words whipped away Kamijo's smile and Hizaki just sipped his tea, pretending to be oblivious.

"He finally decided... that he won't come back...", Kamijo told him the next moment and his gaze went askew. He faced some point right above Hizaki's left shoulder, his mouth drawn into a hard line.

"He never will... He told me it was okay for the last ten years but now he doesn't feel like going on like we always did... and left me to face it all alone..."

Hizaki instantly knew whom Kamijo was referring to. He had eyes to see, ears to hear and a working mind to put everything together.

"So Mayu finally left you...", he whispered. Kamijo nodded mechanically and forced his lips to form another flat smile. His gaze fell down onto the table top and his half empty coffee cup. He sighed.

"So you already expected that..."

"Well, I thought it must be something like that when you called me...", Hizaki replied. Kamijo briefly nodded again, his hands starting to clench tightly around the cup in front of him...

After Kamijo had told him about how he had sort of tracked down Mayu at his place to finally have him testified, to tell him how they were supposed to go on from now and also about the heavy argument that followed when Mayu had told him that he saw no sense in continuing Lareine just like that, that he felt like quitting for good and because he had nothing left to say to Kamijo, how he had dumped him and Lareine, this time forever without thinking about coming back, Hizaki understood Kamijo's intense aura of despair and sadness and followed it along. And he cursed Mayu to the deepest realms of hell.

„Did he give you any concrete reasons for his leaving...?“, he asked and noticed how lame that sounded.

„No, he just told me he had his reasons but won't tell me... I didn't believe it... There must be something buried underneath and I always thought he was my friend so I cannot understand him..."

„And he won't come back..."

Kamijo sighed again and then sort of glared at Hizaki.

„Hizaki, can't you understand that these news are my own personal breakdown...?"

With that I am loosing Lareine again without any chances of ever reunify it again... Lareine is my life, everything I've been living and breathing for for more than ten fucking years..."

He breathed in deeply as if trying to regain calmness again but Hizaki could feel the sudden anger underneath and at that point he decided to make Kamijo spill it out... and hopefully feel free afterwards. For he knew this was the only possibility to clear Kamijo's mind from the shock and sadness Mayu's departure had evoked within him. Even though he didn't like what he was doing to him.

„So this is the end of Lareine...", he said, pushing the matter and instantly felt ashamed for hurting Kamijo. He bit his lower lip. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw Kamijo lower his head onto the table.

„Yes...", he nearly inaudibly whispered.

„The end of everything... Tell me, Hizaki, what am I to do now... What am I to do...?"

Then Hizaki heart him sob. The sound that was coming from the other side of the table was so breathtakingly shattered that Hizaki reached out a hand to envelope Kamijo's shoulder for the other man had dug his hand under the table. Kamijo wasn't able to say any other more words and with a sudden rush of anxiety Hizaki grasped the other man's shoulder a little tighter, shaking him a little and worrying frightfully.

„Kamijo..."

He said the others name again and again, hoping to give him some comfort. But Kamijo stood the way he was, his forehead on the table, his hands dug deep in his lap. Hizaki felt a little irritated for he was so sure that when Kamijo's voice broke by saying the last word it was due to his upcoming tears. But the other man kept silent. With another rush of fright Hizaki left his chair, circled the little table in the corner of the bar and crouched next to Kamijo on the floor, taking one of his hands out of Kamijo's lap to stroke it gently.

„Kamijo...", he said again and finally got a reaction. He heard Kamijo sob again and then saw him turn his head toward Hizaki on the floor. His eyes were brimmed red and wetness shimmered from his colourless cheeks when Hizaki reached out for him to pull him into a deep hug.

„Shsht...", he tried to calm Kamijo and sadly smiled for this had been the reaction he had wanted to see from Kamijo. It would be easier for him when he cried all of the shock and anger out of his system or so Hizaki thought. Kamijo silently wept into his shoulder and Hizaki took a look around the bar for other people watching them but no one seemed to notice the two men in the shadowy back of the room and Hizaki let Kamijo cry on his shoulder, trying to give him the comfort he needed while gently stroking his slender back...

When Kamijo lifted his head again and sighed for the last time Hizaki gave him a handkerchief from his pocket and Kamijo dried away that last remaining tears. Only their shadows were left on his cheeks when he finally glanced at Hizaki, who had gotten back on his chair. Then he took Kamijo's hand in his own and placed a kiss upon it.

„I am so sorry for you... I didn't want to annoy you but sometimes weeping is the only thing that can help... And I've seen you fighting with these tears for days...", he whispered and Kamijo tried to smile again. Then he shook his head to whip his hair out of his forehead.

„Perhaps because deep within my heart I knew that this was the end... And perhaps

because I didn't want it to decay like that... But now it's out of my hands for Mayu will never come back to me..."

There was a moment of silence when Kamijo closed his eyes.

„Thank you for your solace...“, he finally added and whipped away the last stubborn tear that came out from his eye when he said that.

„You are the one I wanted to tell first..."

Hizaki gently stroke Kamijo's hand.

„I am here for you... Don't you ever forget that...“, he told the other man.

„If Mayu throws you away then I will pick you up again..."

With all the affection for Kamijo he could muster without seeming too eager he kissed his hands again, brought them to his face and Kamijo saw a single tear welling out of Hizaki's eyes. It glittered in the soft light from the lamps above them on the ceiling, then dropped onto Kamijo's hand and vanished into his sleeve. Kamijo could feel it decay within the fabric of his shirt when he moved his arm to touch Hizaki's wet cheek.

„You cried for me...“, he whispered and then gave Hizaki a gentle look.

„And when you'll pick me up again everything will be okay then..."

With these words he intertwined Hizaki's fingers with his own and let his tears flow once more, let them wash over his fears and despair and let the pain in his heart be replaced by the soft ache of loss that would never be refilled again...

c'est ca

(6/5/2008, 9:48 a.m.)

stay tuned for the next crime...