

you and me ... at the end of an alley

~ ein Yukke One Shot ~

Von 55-69

Tatsurou was sitting on the old leather couch in their rehearsal room and was listening to Yukke playing [Ware, arubeki bashou].

„You're playing that a lot lately.“

„You think so?“

The singer made an affirmative sound.

„Well, I like this line.“

Yukke was suprised something that simple was even worth mentioning. So he gave it a thought and recognized that Tatsurou was right, but most of the time he was not aware of it. With his thoughts in the clouds he just seemed to play.

„I wonder what you're thinking of... you seem to be mentally away a lot lately.“

He didn't answer, but just continued playing which was telling Tasturou more than an answer formed by words. He stood up and was about to leave.

„I know it hurts. And I know you desperatly want to see her but she is not comming back, you know.“

Yukke stopped.

„You shouldn't just swallow all your pain. If you don't start talking about it you won't return to be the Yukke we all know.“

„What if I don't want to return?“

Tatsurou eyed him up, but the bassist was just staring at his hands.

„But she loved that stupid part of you.“

„Maybe it died with her.“

„Don't talk nonsense!“ The older one made some steps and hit him on the head. „She wanted you to go on no matter what happened. And guess where she got that from!“

Yukke remained silent, remembered the first time he met her.

„You should act on your own advices. She did.“

For the first time Yukke lifted his head and looked at Tatsurou. He could see that his friend was really worried about him.

„Maybe... I should.“

„Go visit her and tell her all the things you couldn't before.“

Yukke nodded, put his bass away and was about to leave when he looked at Tatsurou for a last time.

„Thanks.“

„Yo.“ He just said with a grin and patted his back.

// the rain, the soil, a place to be myself, the meaning //

Drunk as she was she stumble across the street. She felt sick and numb and wasn't sure if she will make it to her apartment.

Her apartment. Where exactly was she and where she had to go? She wanted to turn around to look at her surrounding but she suddenly felt dizzy, trembled and fell down.

Turning, turning. As if everything was moving and she was not able to get along.

„You need help?“

Where that voice came from she couldn't tell but it was there.

„Hey...“

He kneeled in front of her and lifted her shoulder to make her look up.

„Damn, you're drunk.“

„What...?“

The world around her was still turning. With this blond guy in it. This blond guy who suddenly lifted her up and gently dragged her to the next bench. Still kneeling in front of her he looked in her face.

„You definitely overdid it.“

She couldn't answer as she was still hardly thinking about if she knew that guy or not.

„Where do you live?“

She didn't answer. He tried again, but she was just numbling undefineable things. He asked her name but as she again wasn't able to give him a clear answer he just gave up, put her arm around his neck and lifted her up.

„I have no choice than to bring you to my place. Seemes like it will be raining soon.“

// tell me [I'm not alone] //

Remembering that know hurt him more than he expected. Come to think of it that it wasn't normal to let some drunk girl into his home without knowing her. But seeing her kneeling on the street while holding her head he couldn't do anything but help her.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. Wanted to remember. Wanted his mind to remember this warm eyes that smiled at him every time he looked into them. Wanted his skin to remember how it was like to hug her. Wanted his heart not to forget how important this time was they spent together. Although it was extremely short.

// a thing lost in the heavy rain, it is definitely very important //

A scent of coffee and miso soup filled her mind. She wanted to open her eyes but the light hurt so immensely that she decided to sleep a bit longer.

// while the dirt and the stories I'll throw to the sky turn pitchblack, I always pretend to search //

Yukke took the Yamanote line for a while just to ride around and think about all the things he wanted to tell her. But couldn't. It was far to much but then he really wondered if she might already know.

She was chatterbox. Always talking about things she was interessted in. Or she was arguing with his playstation. But in the end she would always listen to what he had to say. She recognized even the smallest things. Like the fact Yukke drank his coffee with

too much milk or that he made her miso soup although he preferred rice with egg.

// because from the start there was no spirit to find, there also was no self-confidence to discover //

He watched her for a while. Her hair was a absolute mess and she was pale, but there was something that reminded him of himself. He couldn't tell what it was, but it was there.

She slowly woke up and he could see she had a hard time opening her eyes.

„Morning.“

He carefully held the cup of coffee near her face that he was sure she could smell it. A mumbling sound was the answer.

„Awake?“

Another mumble that sounded like 'no'.

„Come on, I prepared breakfast. Well, it's lunch already.“

She opened her eyes and looked at him. It took a while for her to recognize she did not know him. Her face turned even more pale than before and she lifted the blanket to make sure she didn't do something very stupid. But she, despite her shoes and socks, was fully dressed.

„Where...?“

„At my apartment.“

She looked up again and watched Yukke for a while. It was as if he could see her brain working.

„You shouldn't over do drinking that much again.“

„How...?“

„Found you while you were lying on the street in front of my house.“

She couldn't remember at all. She couldn't even tell what her last memory was. She wanted to get drunk but overdid it far too much. She felt ashamed and embarrassed a stranger saw her like that. Which led her to her next question.

„Why...?“

„I have no idea.“

„You have no idea??“

He laughed. „Well, I asked you where do you live but you didn't answer. I had no choice.“

„You could have left me on a bench or something. Don't you find it a bit strange to pick up girls like that.“

He was amused her spirit got back that fast. He passed her the cup of coffee.

„I would never do that.“

„Pick up girls?“

„Leave you in the rain.“

She turned around to look outside the window. It was raining and windy and for a second she watched the tree outside which was bending down to the heavy wind.

„Strange I thought the sun was shining.“

// I'm being impatient, why is my heart shaking? //

He smiled. For her to say something like that turned out to be very rare. Because although she was laughing a lot she was not as happy as she pretended to be.

Next is: Nippori, Nippori. The doors on the left side will open.

He wanted to get off but decided to make another round. He was afraid of facing the

truth that awaited him at the Yanaka Cemetery. He hasn't been there once. Not even to her funeral. He wanted but in the end he haven't been able to. He had locked himself up in his apartment not facing this day which was one of the darkest in his life so far. Now he was not sure anymore if this was the best thing to do. Watching the houses and sceneries passing by outside it made him think that this was exactly the way their time flew by.

// I'm not scared because I was lost, losing is not a sad thing //

„Ne, Yu-kun! Could you pass me the salt?“

He reached out and put it next to the wok with wonderful smelling yakisoba. She smiled and went on preparing dinner for the whole band.

Satochi stepped beside Yukke. „When did she started calling you Yu-kun?“

„She always did.“

„Hm.“

„What's wrong?“

„Only thought it was very familiar.“

Yukke just agreed and left him to set the table. Satochi grinned and joined Tatsurou and Miya in doing... nothing.

„I have the feeling I'm watching newlyweds while cooking dinner for friends.“

They laughed.

„But it's nice to see.“

There was nothing more to add to this.

// now I just want to become dirty //

The smell of her yakisoba reached his memory and Yukke got off to give in to the desperate desire to eat it. He found a small and quiet place, but just stared at the noodles for a while.

„Sir, is there something wrong with the food?“

An older lady bowed down.

„No, it's all right, I just thought about something intensely.“

She friendly nodded and left him. He picked up some soba and tasted them. They were really delicious. Not too flavoured. The vegetables were still firm and not too soft. And before he noticed it tears were filling his eyes and he had problems to control himself so others wouldn't notice.

// now for me it's an unrequired thing, this whole lost way is coming to an end //

„You're a good cook!“

„I know!“ She grinned and sat down on one of the pillows that were lying around a narrow table. Yukke placed himself on the couch to lie down a bit. It was very quiet without Tatsurou and Yukke always having their fun quarrels and this was exactly the moment to have some rest. She let herself down backwards and faced the ceiling for a bit. A deep breath.

„Ne, Yu-kun... Thanks.“

She didn't know why but it was really taking her some courage to form that small acknowledgment. As there was no reply she lifted up just to see that Yukke was already asleep. She stood up and covered him with the blanket he always had next to his couch.

She smiled by the thought that his mother maybe did the same thing when he was a little boy. With this thought she started cleaning the dishes and got rid of the last evidences that a little home party has taken place. Once in a while she peeped over to see if Yukke was still asleep or fallen of his temporary bed.

Just as there was nothing to do anymore she sat down infront of the window looking outside a world she now loved more than before because it made her such a beautiful present.

// everybody seem to crush themselves without demanding for help //

He had left the Yakisoba store without being able to eat what he ordered. So he just wandered around the streets when he saw a girl stumbling and falling down. Without noticing he moved in her direction and wanted to call *her* name, but had to stop because the girls boyfriend lifted her up already.

„Thanks, Yusuke-kun! Ah~ I'm embarresed!“

His heart stopped. It just stopped and his mind went blank. The boy smiled and patted his girlfriends back, told her not to worry.

Yukke formed her name with his lips but no sound were comming out. His head sank and he smiled a smile to look down on his pettiful appearance. He alwas told her not to worry. Not to give up. That there is always a good side. And now? He remembered Tatsurous words. Act on his own advice. Just now he realzied how hard this could be.

// you're not alone //

When he woke up again it was already dark outside. He needed a moment to get his thoughts in order than looked around the room just to find her sitting in front the window crying. He jumped up and kneeled infront of her like he used to do it at their first meeting.

„What happened?“

She looked at him and whiped of her tears with her arm.

„Sorry.“

He stood up to get a hankerchief, but instead of giving it to her he dried her face on his own.

„What happened?“ he asked again without reacting to her apology.

„My mum called. She said I shouldn't go home today and stay with a friend.“

Yukke looked at her with a questioning face.

„My father is drunk again. She just wants to protect me and takes all his bad temper. He is not hurting her physically but mentally. And I can do nothing for her.“

He again gently dapped of her tears and arranged her messy hair. She smiled.

„Thanks.“ *This time she had no difficulty saying it.*

„For what?“ He grinned.

„For not leaving me in the rain.“

„Strange. For me the sun is shining.“

He lifted up to give her a short kiss. „Don't blame yourself. Your mother really loves you and I'm sure to know you're save is enough for her to carry on.“

She looked at him in disbelief.

„Ganbatte, ganbatte!“

// this all might be just trivial sympathy //

After getting back on the Yamanote line he finally found himself standing in front of the Yanaka Cemetery. He had no idea how long he was standing there watching the kanji which were spelling the name but he was afraid of them. Reien. Cemetery. Why did he have to come to a place like this to be with the girl he loved? Why did god or whoever had the power to do so had to take her away from him?

He again took a deep breath to ease his angsty heart and entered the graveyard. He knew where he had to go. But the way seemed to be longer than expected. Every step was so hard to take as if he was walk through a fog and couldn't see where he was going to.

Ganbatte, ganbatte...

His own words were resounding in his head. Again and again, but somehow it was really hard to act upon it. He looked up there it was. Her name written on a long grey stone. Some old joss sticks were put into the sand and nearly dried out flowers were lying in front of the grave. He picked them up and looked at them for a while. Whoever had put them here he knew that she loved sunflowers.

// all must be thrown away //

„Look what I bought you!“

She held this huge sunflower in his direction. Yukke just stared at it for a while not sure what to do.

„Hey! Won't you let me in?“

He grinned and stepped aside and she immediately jumped into the kitchen to put the flower into a vase. Sometimes he wouldn't think that she was just a few years younger than him.

„Let me do this.“

He gently took the vase and filled it with water.

„But...“

He smiled at her. „You're the guest in this house.“

She stared at him a bit shocked. He answered her glance with a questioning one.

„I thought I would be more than just a guest.“

Surprised he put down the vase and looked at her for a moment, then smiled at her pouting face and reached out to hug her.

„Stupid. That's not what I meant.“

She smiled and carefully pushed him back just a little bit to ease the embrace and look at him. They were nearly the same height. His eyes looked tired but still had that special something she liked the most.

He gently touched her face with the tips of his fingers. They were rough just as bassplayer's hands would be. But they felt warm and comforting and it made them special.

„You have any idea how special you are to me?“

She smiled. „Show me.“

// dusky sympathy has no meaning //

With the sunflowers in his hand he was staring at her name for a while. He thought of all the things he wanted to tell her. He already prepared the words while taking his neverending rounds on the Yamanote line but in the end he couldn't bring himself to

say even one word.

Instead he thought of the only night they spent together. After he gave him the sunflower. After he kissed her in a way he never had kissed a girl before. He felt free. Relaxed. He had watched her sleeping face afterwards and he never would have expected this to end. If he only had known he would have kept her in this moment that until now was the most precious. It was the moment where he realized that he loved her more than he had ever loved a person before and that he would have given his all to make her happy. But it was also the moment where he with no doubt had understood that she loved him back just the same way. He had pulled her near and they slept arm in arm till the first sunrays had touched their bodies.

He felt numb.

„Excuse me?“

He turned around and looked in the face of an older woman who had exactly her eyes. Shining and laughing but with a touch sadness in them.

„Are you.. Yusuke-san?“

Yukke just nodded in surprise.

„Ah. My daughter talked about you nearly everyday!“

She smiled and he could see she was really happy to meet him. They sat down on a small bench near the grave. He still had the sunflowers.

„She loved sunflowers.“ He suddenly said.

„Yes, she did. She told me that they were exactly like you.“

„Like me?“

She remained silent. After a while she took his hand. For a moment she was a mother who had her child back and he was a boy who didn't feel alone anymore.

„Since she met you she changed into another person. She smiled a lot more and the crying stopped as well. Ah, she was such a crybaby when she was a kid.“ He suddenly saw a mother who was in deep sorrow about the loss of her own child. But then in the next moment her eyes were shining again.

„Ganbatte, ganbatte.“

Yukke's heart made a jump.

„That's what she told me one day. Not to give up and that we'll both overcome it.“

„She...“

„She loved you.“

Yukke smiled. But it was a sad and desperate smile.

„Here.“

She handed him an unsealed letter.

// there you shouldn't seek for compensation //

Her mother came into the room while she was sitting at her desk writing something.

„Dear, what are you doing?“

„I'm writing a letter to Yusuke-kun. But I just started.“ She always called him by his full name when he talked about him with her mother.

„But you see him every day?“

„I'm not good at talking about serious stuff so I want to write down what's in my mind. Want to make sure he knows.“

She grinned.

„Could you do me a favour and go to buy me some stuff for dinner tonight?“

She nodded and put away her pen. Nobody would have thought she had not been able to finish

this letter.

// nothing is left //

Yukke read the few words slowly but with every letter his heart more and more felt heavy.

„You could have told me earlier...”

Her mother left him already. He was alone. He felt alone.

„But.. I haven't told you either, did I?”

He placed the flowers where they were at the beginning. „I know they will be dry soon but...” He didn't finish because he felt tears burning in his eyes and throat. He forced himself to stay calm. He took some deep breaths and thought about what to say but all his preparation, all his thinking was now nothing but shadows in his heart and there was only one thing left he had to say.

„I love you.”

It was his goodbye. Life took away what was most precious to him and he couldn't do anything about it but cry. And he did. Hot, burning tears flowing down his cheeks.

And his sorrow with them.

... you are not alone ...

- kimi wa hitori ja nai -

fin.

author's note:

Thanks for reading this ;_;

some might have noticed but the insert song is [Ware, arubeki bashou] translated by myself. Please do not steal ;_; take it if you want to *the translation I mean* although it's not the whole one, but credit if doing so ^^

The titel is refering to mucc's [rojiura, boku to kimi e] because it's the song which inspired me to this fanfiction and still fit's into my way of thinking.

Another thing I wanted to talk about is [she], but after I thought about it I'll refuse. ^^ because it would take away too much and this was wrote for everybody to have heir own thoughts and imagination to it.

Hope you liked it. Criticism, praise. Everything is welcome XD

Thanks ☺