

Blind

[Kaoru x Die, Die x Brian]

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Kapitel 1: Chapter One

Ich geb euch mal wieder was Englisches...

A/N: I dunno since when I wanted to write this. I had the idea long time ago but now I've found the 'perfect victim' for who it's worth acting foolish. I'm influenced by the happenings around me and the music I'm listening to (L'Âme Immortelle, Placebo & Dir en grey, Bon Jovi and maybe also James "zieh-die-Jacke-aus" Blunt.

Written from Kaoru's pov! =_ =

Warning: This is definitely not a happy fic.

BLIND

Chapter One

When do you know that a love is lost? How far should you go before you give up? When would your sorrow turn into anger? How much could you take and still have hope? When do you realize that your dreams are shattered? How long does a heart take bleeding? And when...

When will a man be driven blind?

I have no answer to any of those questions, just like nobody has a solution in my particular case. I still doubt to have lost a love and I refuse to give up ever. My sorrow often turned into anger but from anger into regret, regret back into sorrow. I would say there's no hope left in me because my mind tells me to stop, but I can't help that hope does not vanish. Hope is the opposite of despair. There must be hope in me if I don't want

to fall into despair. My dreams may be shattered but who would ever stop dreaming? I still do. My heart has bled for one whole year now and it still does. I guess it'll keep bleeding as long as... maybe forever. However this will turn out in the end, my heart might never stop bleeding.

I may be driven blind already.

I've crossed borders I shouldn't have crossed. I wished for strength, indifference, cruelty but I lack in all these attributes. My strengths are my weaknesses. I love, hence there's no disregard for the one I love and what does cruelty matter if it hurts me more than anybody else? But I'm not here to drown in self-pity. I'm just here. I wait. And while I do, I remember.

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The first time I experienced true love in its many splendid ways was with someone I would have never guessed. He neither. A man, right. I didn't know I could actually love a man until I met him a dozen years ago. Maybe because he's a man I do love him more than I should.

We're band mates and when I met Kyo, Shinya and Die for the first time in my live, I could tell that the other guitarist couldn't stand me at all. From my point of view it wasn't much different. I never liked people who were self-important and childish, and on a first impression Die was both. But yet I tried my best to put up with him.

Daisuke stayed silent most of the times when important things were discussed and decided, giving me glances that spoke for themselves. I couldn't tell why at that point. Later, much later, I understood that he must have been kind of envious since he was quite an uncertain person who lacked confidence.

Things turned out differently from one special day on. We were recording our very first own album and I was still in our rehearsing rooms, usually being the last. But Die was still there as well and he seemed to be sort of impatient. He sat in one corner with his guitar in his arms and pretended not to care about my presence. Yet, I could feel his small glances from time to time when he thought I didn't notice. He waited for me to go but it didn't occur to me at that time. I just wondered that he was still there.

"Don't you want to go home?" I asked with a little smile.

Die shook his head, not looking up to me. "No, I want to work this out first. You can leave if you want."

I ignored his friendly hint to fuck off and tried to peer on the papers that lay before him. "A song you're working on?"

He simply nodded and kept his stare on his fingers at the strings of the guitar. There were obviously problems in his play. Something sounded wrong and I peeked again on those papers while lighting myself a cigarette.

"You could try playing the note in the middle deeper, with an e instead of a g," I suggested and sat down next to him. He looked up at me now, his eyes speaking of annoyance, doubt but also curiosity. I shrugged. "Just suggesting."

He then played it this way and it did sound a little better than before. "But if I play that one deeper, I must play the next deeper too."

Nodding I agreed. "Yeah, but you can leave the rest of it. I bet it sounds great."

He gave me another doubting glance before he shrugged and started to play. I was amazed by how gently his fingertips moved across the strings, precisely hitting every key. The song sounded fantastic and of course I told him. He rewarded me with a smile, the first one I had ever got. Die always smiled but never at me. Until that day.

"I need you to be the second guitarist, not the first," I told him and rose to my feet. His gaze darkened. I guess he didn't understand about my motives. "I'll give the way with my play but you can make it worth to listen. You're way better than me with the acoustic guitar. You easily switch between accords. I guess I'm a little slow in some departments."

Die looked at me, gathering in his mind what I had said, that I had complimented him. And then he genuinely smiled. "Thanks, Kaoru."

Smiling back I winked and put my guitar into its bag. I was about to leave, just wanted to say good-bye when Die suddenly spoke up: "You don't happen to like finishing this song with me, do you?"

A broad smile built itself upon my lips as I nodded. "I'd love to."

From then on our friendship developed into a strong bond. With the days, weeks and months passing we figured that we had a lot in common, in fact we agreed on many things. But the best thing was, that we also connected with each other in the things we were different about. I knew very well what I had and what I lacked off. That's why I could be very confident about myself, showing off what made me important. The same eye I had upon my friend, telling him what was good about him and supporting his self-confidence. Die on the other hand made me laugh, enjoy myself and others, go out and have a ball.

We used to spend more time in each other's company, sometimes with our friends, sometimes without them. I quickly came to the conclusion that Die was someone special. An unyielding perfectionist, who came along careless and casual. He was fun to be with and not in a childish manner. He could be very serious if required.

Then there were our weekly evenings. I can't remember exactly when we started this thing and how, or who had the idea but every Friday evening Die and I met to watch a random movie. Sometimes he brought a DVD along, sometimes I gather us a video, or we watched the hotel's pay-tv program. It did never matter to us whether we were on tour, recording music or videos, or not working at all. We met every Friday to watch a movie. Period. Maybe for one year, maybe two before we got even closer.

Cuddling had developed into something normal like leaning my head on his shoulder while we were lounging on the sofa and staring at the TV screen. During winter Die shoved his feet under my legs to keep them warm and when he was really tired he just put his head in my pillowed lap. All the while we did nothing but to watch a movie but I had already realized that I loved the guy.

I wasn't sure about sex though. I couldn't tell if I actually wanted to kiss him or do any stuff with him at all. I just knew that my heart belonged to him, that I felt the pain whenever he was being hurt, that I was jealous when he met with girls or other guys, even if they were just drinking buddies. I deeply cared about his well-being, that I would marry him on the spot if he asked me. Kids had never been an issue in my life and why not spend your life with someone you love instead of some crazy chick you've found in a club?

One special evening, when the movie was just over, Die rested his head on my shoulder. He looked up at me and I turned my head to him. Then he suddenly kissed me. I was surprised but when it happened, there was this urge rising within me and I instantly replied, deepening our kiss until we heavily made out on the sofa. Neither of us cared about the consequences and if, then we both probably were sure that from now on we were a couple. There was no doubt about it, no questions, just answers.

We did do stuff that night too but not the whole thing. The two of us had no clue about sex between the same genders and after some groping and caressing, we simply helped each other to jerk off. I did it again after he had left. Just thinking of him and remembering his touches.

From then on weeks passed with Die and me secretly meeting and starting to make out until we both came from the help of the other's hand. I will never forget the moment when I received my first blow-job by him. Again we were kissing, touching and Die's hand remained in my opened pants. All of a sudden he shifted and replaced his hand with his mouth. He felt so warm, so good. I got off immediately. Shit, I was embarrassed back then. But Die just smiled, not disappointed but proud.

Nights after that I could not get it out of my head and I felt the need to repay him. We were somewhere touring when he sneaked into my room at night and I gave him the best time of his life. Completely. I had not planned it when my mind had lost control of my want and I fucked him. Sex had never felt this good before in my life. I hadn't known Die to be that loud but I pleasantly enjoyed him shouting my name at the top of his lungs.

Well, from then on our band mates knew about us. One would think it had been embarrassing when they asked if we fucked each other because of the moans they had heard, but actually I was just as proud as a guy could be.

"Yes," I had said and grinned. Yes, I fucked my Die. And I would do it again many times after that. When we joined, it was the most intensive thing I've ever learnt to know.

It could have stayed like this for the rest of our lives. I was happy, settled and loved. I

had found the one for me and I knew it. Even if the band would ever be past, my love for him will always remain. He makes me complete. I knew that nothing happened between us for no reason. Call it fate or destiny. Whatever, it doesn't matter. Everything happened so we would be together forever and ever.

That's what I thought.

I also thought it was the other way around. Die loved me, he had told me many times. He still does, unless he lies to me. I'm not sure after all that has happened during the past year.

But how was I supposed to know that Die obviously was missing something in our relationship?

Missing someone.

Him.

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The band was touring again. Die and I were together for five years by then and we were supposed to join a rock festival in Paris. The city of love. Is it not called like that? My band mates and I had a short rehearsal on stage in the morning as we should play during the early afternoon. That's what we did, everything according to plan. We had gathered some fans in Europe but we were still little nothings against those who should be on stage in the evening.

Between rehearsals and our performance we hadn't that much time off, just me and Die giving an interview. Nothing out of ordinary. We joked around as we headed back to our friends. But suddenly Die stopped.

"What's the matter?"

He didn't answer to my question, just gazed at the stage where another band was rehearsing their show. They were pretty good from what I could hear and when their singer started to croon, it was obvious that he was sort of different. But the too apparent manner of his body's language made me skeptic – other than Die. That person wanted to look gay for everybody seeing him and people such as them usually were straighter than the Pope. I didn't like the singer, didn't like his attitude, didn't like his looks and voice.

I didn't know why either.

Now I now but because of different reasons. Back then I darkened my eyes and pulled my boyfriend's wrist. "Let's get going."

Die obliged without to utter a single word. Still I felt strange with an indescribable feeling in the in the pit of my stomach. Sure, Die had drooled about this black-haired guy but who didn't once in a while? We fancied some hunks but that was nothing.

Never. Ever. That's why I didn't give much about it. Why would I? I trusted Die with my life.

After our show there wasn't much left for us to do. I asked my boyfriend to have dinner with him in our room but he refused with an apologizing look of his eyes, telling me that he'd love to see some more shows. The stage was some miles away from our hotel and although I didn't approve of the idea, I shrugged an okay. I knew he wanted to see that guy performing and didn't deny him that pleasure. It was okay, wasn't it? Yet I was relieved when Shinya said he wanted to stay as well.

Together with the remaining members of my band I had dinner and all alone I spend the evening watching television and waiting for Die. I felt a little regretful for leaving him. Maybe I should have asked him to come with me for a little tour through Paris. That might have been nice, romantic and what he'd have expected from me. But I didn't know for sure. We never did cheesy stuff like that. Weren't we just happy that we had us?

It turned late in the evening when I began to wonder when Die would come. The thought of taking a bath together with him crossed my mind but as the hours passed, it decreased into the simple wish to fall asleep with him close. Late after midnight Die still wasn't back and I was lying awake in bed when I heard some rumbling outside on the floor. I smiled at the thought of my half drunken boyfriend stumbling into my arms. Getting up, I walked to the door and opened it but the only one I could see was Shinya trying to unlock his door opposite.

The drummer turned and I raised my eyebrows in questions. Then he shrugged and helplessly smiled. "He didn't want to go yet, Kaoru. I couldn't make him."

I guess my gaze turned from expecting to quite pissed because Shinya started to apologize. But I told him it was okay since it wasn't his fault. Damn Die, who could never get enough once he had started to have a ball. I knew him well enough to know that he was probably just drinking somewhere. Hopefully not with that little prick though. I turned and headed back inside. Sure, I could have asked Shinya if he knew anything about Die's whereabouts but maybe I was afraid of the answer.

Crawling back into bed, I curled up there and tried to sleep. I did feel anger towards Die but we all needed some freedom and I had no right to make rules. If Die wanted to go out, it had to be fine with me. It just had to.

I hardly slept that night, thinking too much, starting to become scared. I cursed myself for not asking the drummer. What if something had happened to Die? Could I be sure he was safe? I worried my heart out but it didn't help anyway.

Morning came and with the first sunrays I stood up and made my way under the shower. Die hadn't turned up and I was more than just a little pissed. He could have called me to say that he would... he would what? Where did he stay the night? Did he party all the night through? Once the shower had done its best to hide my visible lack of sleep, still failing completely, I tried to call his cell phone but I wasn't even surprised that it was off.

I knew very well what was happening but I didn't want it to be true. I sat on my bed, pondering what to do, thousands of thoughts wandering through my mind. I would have to tell the others and look for him. After all something bad might have happened to him. But if his plain stupidity was the cause for his disappearance? What if he had gone as far as to sleep in someone else's bed? Wouldn't I make a fool out of myself? But why would he do that? Deep down I could feel it. Whatever it meant.

I sat on my bed, hands on my knees and looked out of the window. My things were packed already and in only mere minutes someone would come and pick me up. Then I would have to explain where Die was and that he was missing. I honestly felt like crying, as if someone would stab my chest again and again, but tears would not fall.

Suddenly the door opened and my mind registered that anybody else other than Die would have knocked. Relieved I should have jumped and hugged him but something told me to hold back. Slowly I turned my head to face him and guess what, he did look even worse than I. No wonder as he had been away the whole night, obviously not gaining any sleep too.

"Hey," was his low statement as I just sadly looked at him. He meekly smiled at me but avoided to meet my gaze. I felt dead the moment he appeared, but patiently waited for an explanation, silently hoping for an understandable apology. "I'll just take a shower, then we can go."

This had been everything he said to me. No apology, no explanation, nothing. The more he behaved like that, the fewer I dared to ask, fearing that the answer was something that would shatter my world into pieces. Once he had showered he quietly gathered his things into a suitcase and went on with our usual business routine. I leant against the wall by the window, watching this friggin' city of love but Die didn't even care about me. When he was done packing, he waited for me in the door.

"You ready, Kao?" His voice was low and careful, almost innocent.

It made me inwardly clench. I could have retched. If he really was that innocent, why wouldn't he just tell me where he had been. Did I really have to ask him? I tried to get a grip on myself and took a deep breath. If he wanted to be like that, I would play along and do as if I wouldn't give a damn. Nodding I turned and grabbed my bags and passed him by.

We climbed into the taxi as usual and I took a seat far behind at the window. Die flopped down on the seat in front of me and it hurt. It had never mattered before where one of us sat but now it simply hurt. A half-sleeping vocalist took the place next to me and I avoided to look at him, rather staring out of the window than to meet one of my friend's eyes. I was indeed afraid one would ask if something was wrong. Something was but nobody had to know. Not yet. Maybe not ever.

Shinya poked Die's side when he had to sit next to him but Die only cast a short glimpse towards him before he stared straight ahead. Apparently my boyfriend didn't want to talk with—or answer any questions to—no one. I still wondered what Shinya

would have asked if he wasn't being ignored. Damn the silent drummer! If it had been Toshiya, he wouldn't have cared for Die being indisposed. The bassist would have asked nonetheless, but with Shinya and his silent manner, I had no such luck.

No difference during our plane ride. Die grabbed himself a pillow and turned to drift off into slumber. It would have been my chance to ask Shinya about last night but since he was being annoyed by Toshiya, I resisted my curiosity. Tosh didn't need to know anything. During the whole time of the flight there wasn't another opportunity for me to talk to Shinya and I shoved my questions in the back of my mind, refusing to think about them.

Approaching Japan everybody went their own ways, except for me and Die. We shared an apartment together after all. During the ride there, he made small talk with the taxi driver. Once in our home he excused himself to the bathroom, then to do the laundry and at last he lied about having a headache because of the jet lag. At first he said he needed some fresh air and left for more than two hours. When he came back, he told me that his head wasn't any better and marched straight off into bed.

Like the biggest fool alive I sat in the kitchen, smoking and having a coffee. I stared in front of me at the cup but I felt unconscious. There were thousand things in my head, yet it was completely empty. My mind was drowned, restless but dead. There was an indescribable ache, something strangling me, squeezing me, tearing me at the same time.

But I was not broken, nor shattered – not at this point yet.

Time passed and I'm still not sure how long it takes – maybe a lifetime? – for a man to be driven blind.

End of chapter one.