

# This is gonna hurt

Von ScarsLikeVelvet

## Kapitel 1:

Kyo stood in the middle of the stage, head bowed back and he screamed his lungs out, belting lyrics alternating with the screams.

His button down shirt ripped open, revealing his pale chest to the audience down below.

His body swayed to the pounding rhythm of Shinyas drums and his eyes closed. He did not want to see what was going on off stage. He was lost in the music and his own little hell hole. It didn't even register to him that he lifted his hand, formed it to a claw and started ripping his chest and stomach open. He just continued with the song and lost himself even further.

What registered in his barely conscious mind was the music stopping and someone stepping in front of him. The audience was so silent, you could have heard a pin dropping. His eyes blinked open and Daisuke was standing right in front of him, his hand curled around his wrist, pulling it away from his chest.

„Stop it, Kyo...no more...please.“, he begged softly, leading Kyo from the stage back towards their shared changing room.

Kyo trudged next to him, still not back to the real world. Daisuke was the only thing holding him tethered to reality and he knew this, so he stopped walking and curled up against the guitarists side, looking at him with pleading eyes, although he did not know for what he was pleading. Probably release from these strange emotions coursing through him and those appallingly dark thoughts. His fingers were still curled into a claw and he wanted nothing more than to rip himself apart again to help anchor himself, but he knew he would not be allowed to do so.

Daisuke watched Kyo for a moment and held him close, before he picked him up and walked into their room, sitting down on the couch. His fingers carded through Kyos soft bleached blond hair and he tried to sooth his frayed nerves. „Shhh...I'm here with you, Kyo...Kaoru will stop the concert and you and I we will get you out of your funk...whatever it is...I can't stand it to see you rip yourself apart...“, he whispered and turned Kyos body a little so the arriving medic could tent to the open wounds that littered Kyos body without having to let go.

Kyo curled up in Dais lap, letting the medics do as they pleased, because he simply didn't have the energy to protest. His head rested against Dais shoulder and his breathing was still laboured. He tried to stay awake, he really did, but the warmth of

Daisukes body and the fingers petting his hair made him drowsy. He felt the soft prick of a needle on the inside of his elbow, but it only registered faintly, before he drifted of into dreamland.

When he woke up, he wasn't at the venue anymore. He would have started to panic, but Daisuke was still with him. He was still curled against him and he could smell him. His eyes slowly blinked open and he watched his surroundings for a few moments. „Where are we?“, he asked softly, cringing when he felt his throat hurt and constrict. He sounded raspy and totally hoarse.

Daisuke sighed softly and he found Kyos disoriented eyes. „You're with me...and we're gonna stay alone for a while. You need to heal and come to terms with everything that happened, Kyo.“, he said.

Kyo tilted his head to the side and tried to remember what had happened. It took him a few minutes, but he remembered his voice breaking horribly on stage and him starting to continue to belt out the song instead of singing and finally screaming and himself ripping himself apart. So he deduced he wasn't simply hoarse, but his voicebox was injured. Tears streamed down his cheeks and he buried his face against Daisukes strong chest, trying to drown out the world again.

„Hey...hey...Kyo...none of that. You have to rest your voice until the inflammation has gone down and afterwards you will have to have surgery, but the doctor says you will be as good as new. I will stay with you and help. I know you don't like staying at the hospital but given your tendencies to mutilate yourself we thought it best...and we get some time together. Something we both need“, he crooned softly, stroking Kyos back trying to calm him down.

The young singer did not respond at first, but after sufficiently calming down he nodded and leaned up to press a shy kiss against the guitarists soft lips, making him smile in the process. He knew tough times were ahead of them and he was more than gratefull Daisuke could stay with him. He knew what would happen if he stayed here alone.