Forgiven
ShizNat

Von Rukia-sama

All the Promises and Lies

Forgive me now cause I,
Have been unfaithful.
Don't ask me why 'cause I don't know.

I starred at the creamy brown color in front of me, and couldn't help but think how it looked like the hair of a certain brunette.
The one in the room behind said colored door.
Alone.

I reached out for the handle, slowly, careful, like I would approach a scared child.
There was no such thing.
I was scared.
Maybe I was the scared child.

I stopped myself.
I should leave her alone, was what I told me.
No, what others told me.
It was always the same; over and over again.
Give her some space. Everything is going to be alright.
It wasn't going to be alright.
Not on its own.

I could hear her.
Her muffled sobs, her gasps for air.
And I was the one at fault.
Not her.

Hot anger started to spread through my body like a wildfire, burning its way into my brain without my permission.

"Open the door!"
I throbbed at the piece of wood that separated us.
It mocked me, trying to say "You are too late."
Ridiculous.

Doors couldn't talk.

A new wave of sounds came from inside the room.
Another fit of sobs.
"Open the damn door!"
Nothing.
Silence.

I felt like I had just jumped into a pool.
A pool filled with ice cubes.
"Shizuru?"
No answer.
Fear replaced the anger and I banged at the door again.
"If you don't open that goddamn door I will break it down!"

"Go away."
I wanted to beat the door again.
"Please."

I lowered my already balled fist and placed in on the wood instead.
At least I knew she was okay.
No.
She was not okay.
I never heard her sound so broken before.
So hurt.
And it was my fault.

I slowly leaned against the cold surface and slid down until I sat on the floor.
I closed my eyes and leaned the back of my head against the door.

What had I done?

Forgive me I'm ashamed.
I've loved another.
I can't explain cause I don't know.

We had a fight.
Now that I think about it, it sounds ridiculous to me.
Why did I react that way?

As I got out of college, we got less and less time to spend with each other.
I had to work hard for my money, and so did she.
We promised to spent the evening alone, just the two of us.

When I had come home after a hard days work, I couldn't help but smile at the thought of a day with just her and I.
The last time we had a nice evening together had been two weeks ago.
I had been so happy.

I opened my eyes and starred at the ceiling.

That was when everything went down the river.

She had told me that Mai was going to come over.
That she wanted to repay the kindness of one of her many favors.
But I hadn't listened.
I had been so disappointed.
I was exhausted from work, drained from it.
I had snapped.

I began yelling at her.
Why she had invited her without asking me first.
She had tried to calm me down.
It hadn't wanted to.

I had acted like a spoiled brat.

The next thing I remembered doing was calling my best friend.
I wanted to clear my head and a cool beer sounded good back then.
How wrong I was.
Had I known what was going to happen I never would have gone there.

Nao had joined me.
We had talked about god and the world.
I hadn't wanted to talk about the fight I had had.
I had drowned everything in alcohol.

I'm a heavy drinker, but I'm nothing compared to the redhead.
I remember that she began to come closer, getting just a tad too close to call it comfortable.
I hadn't noticed it.
She had been taking advantage of the situation.
Yet, I'm not angry with her.
I'm angry at myself.
For doing something that stupid.

We ended up together in her apartment.
When I woke up, we both were naked and Nao was lying right beside me.
I had just slept with my best friend.
Because of a stupid fight.

I cheated on Shizuru!
That sentence repeated over and over in my head.
I didn't know if I was sober, but I could think straight at least.

I stood up and faced the door again.
Should I go?
I didn't know what to do.

I'm a joke of a girlfriend.

All the promises and lies.
All the times I compromise.
All the times you were denied.

Pictures of her reaction flashed before my eyes.
Her shocked face when I entered our apartment.
Her with relieve filled voice when she pulled me into an embrace.
"Natsuki", she had whispered, "I'm sorry."

I fought back the tears welling up in my eyes.
She was apologizing for something that wasn't her fault.

I had told her everything.
I didn't regret telling her, I just regretted doing it at all.

The sudden noise of shattering glass snapped me back to reality.
It came from her room.
I could have sworn all the color had been drained from my body as I tried to open the door.
The damn piece of wood wouldn't move.

I took a step back.
A well aimed blow and a few seconds later the wall that had been separating us lay to my feet.
I rushed inside the room.
My eyes darted through it.

I saw her standing in front of her mirror.
What was left from it.
The shattered glass lay to her feet.
Red liquid dropped onto it.

"Shizuru?"
It was nothing more than a whisper.
I was scared.
Of her reaction.

I approached her and stopped right behind her.
She was shaking; her head bowed low, her whole stance one of defeat.
That wasn't the Shizuru I knew.

I put my hand onto her shoulder.
"Am I not good enough?"
My eyes widened.
She turned around.
I saw right into her tear stained face.
She was so beautiful.

"Am I not good enough", she repeated, "to be Natsuki's partner?"
I couldn't speak.
"Did I do something wrong that she has to sleep with somebody else?"
It felt as if someone tried to choke me.

I looked down.
I couldn't bear the sight of her eyes.
Her once proud eyes; now clouded with confusion and sadness.
I saw something in her hand.
I took it.
She didn't move.

It was the picture of the day we moved in.
She was standing behind me, her head on top of mine.
We both looked so happy.

What had I done?

So many times I've tried.
But was unable.
But this heart belongs to you alone.

"I'm sorry." Of all the things I could say, that was what came out of my mouth.
"I'm so sorry."
I balled my hands into fists.
I felt my fingers dig into my skin, breaking it and drawing blood.

"I'm so stupid. I can't tell you how sorry I am."
I was never good with words.
"I'm so grateful I met you. Back then, in college."
I took a deep breath.
"I was a problem case. I had bad marks, got into fights regularly, skipped class and didn't care about anyone besides myself."
I looked her in the eyes again.
"But you, you saw me. Like nobody else before you did. You saved me, Shizuru."

I got down on my knees and took her injured hand in mine, kissing each wounded knuckle gently.
"You pulled me out of my misery, my shell I had built up around me. You made me into the person I am today. If someone isn't good enough, it's me, not you. You are everything I can wish for."
The salty liquid that ran down my face was ignored as I tried to put my very being into the next words.

"I love you, Shizuru."

You have forgiven.

I felt warm, strong arms around me.
Her accented voice entered my ears.
"I love you too, Natsuki."
And I let my tears pour freely.

I didn't know how long we sat there, surrounded by shards.
She stroked my hair gently.
I wasn't worth of having her.

"I'm sorry", I cried, "I'm so sorry."
Over and over again.

Now I'm in our secret place.
Alone in your embrace.
Where all my wrongs have been erased.
You have forgiven.

We needed time.
Time to go back to the state we were in before I made mistakes.
But that was enough.
We just needed time.

I didn't know what she was thinking.
Why she was so understanding.
I didn't understand.
The only thing that was clear in this mess was that I really loved her.
With every fiber of my being.

And she returned my feelings.

I get down on my knees.
Feel your love wash over me.
There will never be another.
You're the only one forever.
And you know I'm yours alone.