

I Don't Love You

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1 - I Don't Love You

I Don't Love You

Malik whimpered but Marik's grip tightened. Tears running down his disheartened face, he choked out One-Shot Songfic to MCR's 'I Don't Love You'. YMxM MarikxMalik

Malik sat at his bedroom desk, gazing out the window. Purples, pinks, blues, and a light orange melded together to create a beautiful late-afternoon sky. His face cast no misery nor joy nor fear nor envy&...no emotion hung upon the Egyptian.

For no emotion was to be felt.

"Malik?" A voice asked. Malik paid no heed to his sisters' worried tone. His ears acknowledged the footsteps as she walked to his desk but he ignored the subtle 'thumps' of her feet against the carpet.

"Oh Malik&" She sighed. Malik's eyes remained upon the stained sky. He felt her arms wrap around him, hugging him from behind. He chose not to move, staying in his position, sitting at the desk, arms folded, one leg crossed over the other.

"I know." She whispered, gripping him tighter. The tomb keeper felt his shirt dampening with her tears; tears she shed for him.

Malik chose not to respond.

For fear of those tears on his own face.

'Well, when you go,'

Marik nuzzled his little hikari, his hair smelling like fresh lavender. Malik gave a little hum of joy, hugging tighter.

'Don't ever think I'll make you try to stay.'

Malik smiled at his darker half, his cheery laughter filling the empty air.

'And maybe when you get back,'

The hikari tucked a piece of platinum blonde hair out of his face, his shoulders shaking with silent giggles.

'I'll be off to find another way.'

"Well, that's the end of that."

Marik sighed dejectedly, throwing his rucksack over one shoulder. He stared at his bedroom door, sighing a little. He gripped the picture tightly in his hands.

'And after all this time that you still owe,'

Marik swerved back and forth, his arm slung over Bakura's shoulders, lips caught in a tight kiss.

'You're still the good-for-nothing I don't know.'

Marik's eye opened, spotting a figure in the doorway.

Malik's eyes filled with tears.

'So take your gloves and get out.'

Blinking back the liquid sorrow, the hikari hurried up the staircase.

'Well, get out'

Marik blinked and hurried after, but being drunk, stumped and fell.

'While you can.'

The embodiment of hate could only stare as the boy he loved so dearly quickened his pace and entered

his room. Clenching his teeth and fist, he seethed quietly at himself.

'When you go,'

Marik heaved a sigh. Things had been so tense since that day two weeks ago.

'Would you even turn to say'

He tugged on the glove a little before pulling the Velcro over to secure it.

' "I don't love you'

He ran a gloved hand through his wild hair and sucked on his teeth.

' "Like I did,'

Marik looked at himself in the closet door's mirror.

" 'Yesterday?'" '

Shaking his head a little, he grabbed his helmet and left what used to be his bedroom.

He needed to leave.

Before it strangled him.

'Sometimes I cry so hard from pleading,'

Malik's eyes were wide as saucers.

"What?"

"I need to go." Marik repeated, his eyes focused on an interesting corner of the wall.

'So sick and tired of all the needless beating.'

"B-But why?" The yami's eyes stayed off his lover.

"Because it isn't fair to you."

"SINCE WHEN DO YOU CARE ABOUT 'FAIR'?" Malik shouted, hurt.

'But, baby, when they knock you'

"&" The dark half seemed at a loss for words but he appeared unfazed.

'Down and out'

"Since I loved you."

'It's where you oughta stay.'

Malik froze. Marik's eyes met those of his former lover.

"You don't deserve what I did to you."

"But I love-" "Don't say it." The yami shook his head. "Just DON'T."

'And after all the blood that you still owe,'

Bakura looked at Malik as he watched his darker half pack his things.

"Malik-" "Don't talk to me."

'Another dollar's just another blow.'

"You took him away from me." The thief bit his lip.

"We were drunk." "With YOUR vodka."

'So fix your eyes and get out.'

"I'm trying to be sorry for you and-"

"Well, your pity's no good right now."

'Better get out'

Malik looked at the albino bandit with tear-stained hate-blotted eyes, teeth grit, panting from his sorrow.

'While you can.'

Bakura said nothing else, just watched the boy watch his ex-lover pick up a box of belongings to take to the new apartment on the other side of town.

'(Whoa-whoah-ho-whoah-ho).'

*Malik opened the door, sister behind him and watched his yami's retreating figure out the door.
He still loved that motor jacket on him.
He still loved him.*

'When you go,'

*Bakura patted Marik's back, nodding a little.
"You've changed since we met."
"I know."*

'Would you even turn to say,'

"Why do you need to LEAVE? He still wants you around, you know."
"And I want to stay around." Marik turned to his friend. Bakura blinked.

' "I don't love you"'

"So then why-" "Because," Marik sighed.

' "Like I did,"'

"I don't deserve to."

" "Yesterday?" "

Ryou, next to Bakura, nodded a little, squeezing his hand gently.
"It's your decision."

'Well come on. Come on.'

"We'll miss you." Ryou smiled sadly. Marik smiled a little back, nodding.
"Thanks, Ryou."

"Hey, I'll come over tomorrow and we'll throw you an apartment-warming party, alright?" Bakura smirked, trying to lighten the mood. The angst-ridden-and-born being sighed and nodded.

"Sure, thing. Just&no liquor this time."

"Fine, if you insist." He sighed. "See you later?" Marik paused.

"Yeah&okay&"

"Marik?" A voice asked. Turning around, the spirit's eyes widened at the sight of his hikari, hugging himself, blank face, staring back at him from the doorstep. Malik took one step forward, paused then burst into a full sprint towards his yami. He opened his arms to embrace him when Marik grabbed his arms, pulling him in tightly.

"Malik&I need to hear something."

"Marik?" The boy questioned. Marik looked down at him.

"Tell me you hate me." The hikari blinked, shaking his head.

"I can't."

"You HAVE to." Holding him closer, he continued. "It's the only thing we can do."

'When you go,'

"But I CAN'T hate you." Marik tilted the boys head up, feeling a tear at the corner of his eye.
"Then tell me you don't love me."

'Would you have the guts to say'

Malik gave a light gasp. "If not anything else, tell me that." Malik whimpered but Marik's grip tightened. Tears running down his disheartened face, he choked out

' "I don't love you"

Marik tensed at the words.
"Thanks."

' "Like I loved you"

Malik looked up at his yami, feeling the salty water fill his tear ducts.

' "Yesderday." '

Marik pulled away, sniffing a little before heading to his bike.

'I don't love you'

Starting the machine, he secured his helmet and waved a little to his former lover.

'Like I loved you'

Malik merely nodded, Ryou staring, Isis and Rishid standing by the door waving with Bakura.

'Yesterday.'

Marik nodded, speeding off down the road.

'I don t love you'

As the bike sped out of sight, Malik choked back a sob. Ryou placed a hand on his shoulder comfortingly.

'Like I loved you'

Marik felt a stinging tear slide down his cheek.
"I'm sorry, Malik." He whispered, out of earshot.

'Yesterday.'

Malik felt a jab of pain in his chest. The tears burning behind his eyelids fell, his voice rising to a cry that echoed in his mind as he watched the bike carrying his lover fade from sight. And he fell to his knees and cried.

Digi12: Ahh, I enjoyed writing this one. I thought it was very dramatic, very parallel yet fitting, I like this one. What do you guys think?

Malik: I think your MCR obsessed.

Digi12: I think you're right. Well, I don't own MCR or YGO.