

Another Chance

By Soundless

Submitted: December 1, 2006

Updated: December 11, 2006

Well, this is just a simple one-shot sort of thing. This came to me when I was bored, so I decided to do this...and I've always wanted to try to make up a one-shot...so here it is. Enjoy, and be kind with the comments. =)

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Another Chance.

And so it had to end like this. It had to be me. I, Meirou Kane, had screwed it up, again. I had to wonder why I continued doing this. Why I had to say those words, thinking that they ll help any. For my own sake. No one else s. What the hell was I thinking? I wasn t thinking at all, that s what, and all I could do now is lie in bed and wallow in my own sorrow.

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It was a rather beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly, not a cloud in sight. Birds chirped their sweet melodies, and people chattered about who knows what. I had to smile. It was simply lovely. It was nice and cool outside too. It was my kind of day. Nothing could go wrong. Absolutely nothing. Well, I was about to be proven wrong.

I decided to walk to the park today. Nothing unusual about that, right? Right. I took in a deep breath, inhaling the fresh, cool air. Absolutely wonderful. I closed my eyes, leaned back against the bench and sighed. I needed this. I needed to relax. I sat there in the nice warm sun, a cool breeze blowing gently. *Nothing can go wrong.*

It went a bit cold suddenly. Why? Not to mention it got a little darker. I opened one eye, trying to see who could possibly be ruining my afternoon. My smile on my lips and in my eyes faded almost instantly. I opened my other eye and frowned, but I did not move.

There he is, blocking my nice warm sun, that annoying grin on his face. Shiro. I honestly don t get why he always liked to bother me, (Did he always bother me?) but it was slowly starting to get on my nerves. Normally I would be nice and kindly tell him to go away, but I ve done enough of that with him. I was about to tell him to go away in a rather irritated manner, but he beat me to it. Going to tell me to go away this time? I rolled my eyes and slowly began to stand, brushing off imaginary dirt from my dark blue jeans. My, you re catching on pretty fast. Congratulations. He frowned. Hah, I ruined his afternoon. Hopefully.

I was about ready to leave, picking up my purse and taking a step forward, but something he said next made me stop. You know, you re always telling me to go away. You always say something like Leave me alone! or I don t have time for this, go away. What the hell did I ever do to you, Meirou? Am I that annoying? Is saying hello and trying to talk to you a bother? Am I that much of a pest to you, Meirou? I ve had enough of it. I can be extremely nice to you, and you wouldn t even look my way. Tell me, what happened?

Don t start& I warned. I honestly didn t want to start this again. He always does this now. As if it would somehow make me feel guilty and go on my knees and beg for forgiveness for the way I ve been acting.

I m starting this because I want to know. Why are you acting like you are now? What caused you to change? Okay, now **that** hit a nerve.

I did not change. I m still me, I ve always been me, and I always will be me. What the hell makes you think that I changed? Why did he have to start?!

For one thing, your attitude. You never snapped like that. Now you go off on just about everything. Shiro s voice seemed to have an annoyed edge to it. Is he that bothered? Did I really change? No. I haven t. I ll buy you something and you ll reject it. I ll ask you if you want to go somewhere for the evening, and you say no. If I even touch you, you ll glare and tell me to go away. Why? Why Meirou?! Can t you see? Can t you see how much this affects me?! So, it bothers him then. I figured. I m a nuisance to him. He s probably only doing this to make me feel bad. I ve rejected other guys before. He s no different. *{He s Shiro.}* I shook my head. The hell? *{He s Shiro. He s different. He isn t like all the others. Unlike them, he **cares.**}* Where did this voice come from?

So, what are you trying to say? That I m a good for nothing that seems to enjoy rejecting people? He stared at me, his expression blank. I didn t know whether that was a good thing or a bad thing. I ll find out now. Where did you get that idea? What made you think that I thought that you re a good for nothing?

That barely made sense. I said smugly.

Yes it did. Don t try to change the subject. He was obviously very mad now.

I wasn t trying to. Actually, I was.

Meirou, you re impossible, you know that? Simply impossible. I don t get you anymore. What happened to the kind, caring girl I used to laugh with? The one who would laugh everything off and go on without a care in the world? The one who was always there, ready to comfort when they needed it then? What happened to the Meirou that I always enjoyed spending my time with&? He trailed off and continued to look at me, into my eyes. He seemed slightly confused, as if that last part wasn t really meant to be said, but he said it out loud anyways. All I could do was stare back. *&the Meirou that I always enjoyed spending my time with&*

He enjoyed spending his time with me? I thought he didn t care&he never showed that he did. Sure, he would help me from time to time&No. This was all a trick. He was trying to trick me into giving in and apologize for something that isn t even true, right? What he said was all false, right? I never changed. I m still me. I m still&

You know what? Forget it. Shiro, just forget it. This is the last straw! All you have been doing is bothering me, each and every single day. Saying things like this. Things that is clearly **not** true! What do you want me to do? You want me to plaster on a stupid fake smile and pretend to be happy? Do you want me to laugh and pretend to have fun when I m not? Do you want me to pretend? Just like you pretend to care? Just like you pretend to be my friend? Is that what you want? Is it? If so, tell me now, and I ll begin laughing and **pretend** that this was a stupid, pointless argument. By now my face was red from how mad I was beginning to get, and I had tears in my eyes. I can understand the first two, but why tears? Why am I about to cry? Shiro didn t seem to say anything; all he could do was stare, so I

continued.

I want you to leave me alone. I want you to stay away from me. I want you to never speak to me, or even look at me. I want you out of my life! I never want to see or hear you ever again!! I hate you Shiro! I absolutely **hate** you! Just leave me alone! Go away and never come back! I've had it with you! Had it!! I was out of breath, my hands were clenched into tight fists, and tears were threatening to fall. He seemed shocked beyond belief. I had to admit, I was pretty shocked too. I didn't even realize that I could say those things, let alone to Shiro of all people. His eyes were wide, those beautiful grey eyes of his and they were filled with shock, then they softened, and a new emotion took over. It wasn't anger, like I was expecting. It was pain. Great pain. I hurt him. His voice was soft, almost forced. Alright&I understand. I get it now&and I'll grant your wish. I'll stop talking to you, I'll stop coming over, period. No more calls, no more me. I'll disappear from your life, for good. He looked back up, his soft, brown unruly hair falling into his face again, since he was facing the ground when he said that, and I could have sworn I saw tears in his eyes, but I wasn't too sure, I figured I was only imagining it. But his voice&his voice&it sounded so&sad&

Not able to take it anymore, I ran. I didn't even notice that my purse fell, not like I would care anyways. All it had was a stupid almost empty phonebook and a pen. All I wanted to do was go home and never come out. Tears blurred my vision, but I kept on going. If I crashed into someone, I would simply keep on running. I fled past stores, by people, by everything. I wasn't aware of anything around me. All I was aware of now was the pain that I was feeling, the pain that grew and clawed at my heart, trying to rip it apart. Everything shattered. I didn't notice the odd looks people would give me as I ran or the soft whispers as they spoke amongst themselves behind my back. No, I didn't notice a thing.

Finally reaching my home I ran up the porch steps and practically collided with the front door. I was out of breath, and the tears begged for release. I gritted my teeth and quickly opened the door, slammed it shut, nearly flew up the stairs, ran to my room and threw myself onto my bed. I hugged the pillow into my face and began to sob, the tears finally getting their chance to come out. They trailed down my cheeks and soaked into my pillow, my whole body shaking as I mourned into my pillow. What have I done?

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And that's what happened. I messed things up big time with Shiro, and here was my punishment. A life without him...

A new wave of pain came full force and a new onslaught of tears spilled forth, and I was now once again crying pitifully into my pillow. I cried my eyes dry and simply laid there, mind blank, heart empty. I shivered and turned on to my side, curling up into a ball, arms wrapped tightly around my knees. I stared at the door to my room dully, not able to shed another tear. Everything seemed dull to me, even the pounding headache that grew from all the crying. No, everything was insignificant now. Now that I lost the one that meant everything to me&

And then it hit me, hard. He means everything to me. He was always there for me. When I was sad, he would hug me and wipe away my tears. When I was mad, he would sit through my anger and wait until I was finally calm, telling me it's okay after I apologized for letting it all out on him, even though the apology wasn't necessary. The way he laughed at every silly little thing I did, the way he would smile when I treated him to something. The way he would hold my hand when I was afraid and how he would

give me courage. Only he could do that. Only he could make me feel the way I did whenever I was around him.

A smile found its way to my lips, but it disappeared as fast as it came. *I hate you! I absolutely hate you!* How foolish. How utterly foolish I was. I saw it. I can't deny it now. The pain in his eyes was evident. They were proof enough. The way his eyes glistened, holding back what I was sure were tears. That was a low blow on my part. I went too far, and deep down I feared that this was irreparable. A new wave of pain washed over, but no tears came. I cried enough, and had no more to shed.

It's over. It's all over. My life would never be the same. My mistake, my pain, and now I had to live with it. He couldn't forgive me, even if he didn't seem mad at all. I'm sure he hates me by now, for saying those things. Hate&I don't hate him. I don't hate him at all. Not even close. Quite the opposite, in fact. And this is where it hurt the most. I realized that I love him. So much, that it makes the pain even more unbearable. How dare I say those words? What on earth was **wrong** with me? Everything. He was right. I changed. I changed for the worse. But why did I change? What made me change? I just can't understand&No. I know why. Now I do. Rejection. I was afraid of rejection, and still am. I remember now.

My feelings for him were known by me for a while now. I've been thinking about this for a long while now. My feelings for him, and how much I loved him. Still love him. What would I say to him, how would I confess my feelings? And most importantly, would he feel the same way? Would he love me like I love him? Would he even want to be with me? It all came down to this: No. I made up my mind, and a stupid part of me knew he wouldn't love me. Oh how wrong I was. He was telling me those things because he cares. I saw it in his eyes, and foolishly ignored it. Now, I had to live with this and hate myself for my pathetic act. My stupid choice.

I slowly sat up and continued to stare at the door, the hole in my heart growing bigger and bigger by the second. I lost him, and there was nothing I could do about it. Anger began to take over now. Replacing the pain momentarily as rage began to grow. I was angry at myself. For hurting him in such a way that would cause him to never come near me again. I drove him away. So far, I don't think I'll be able to reach out and touch him now. Out of my reach. Now I'm plainly disgusted at myself.

Before I could begin to curse myself and beat myself mentally, I heard the doorbell ring. The sound startled me, that's for sure. I didn't expect anyone to come to my home, let alone at night. Wait, night? I looked at my little alarm clock, the big red numbers glowing in my slightly dark room. When did I turn on the light? The time said 10 p.m. I went out around four, and around five was when I began to act so foolishly. Five hours. I cried for five hours straight. Hell, I probably fell asleep and didn't even realize it, but I know I didn't. The doorbell rang again. I didn't want to see anybody now. I sighed and slowly began to walk out of my room.

I looked at the mirror in the hallway and stared in disbelief. My eyes were completely red and puffy, my hair was a mess and I seemed paler than usual, and that's saying a lot. I'm pale enough as it is. With shaking hands I quickly smoothed my hair back into place, though I didn't see the point of it and wiped my eyes with the ends of my sleeves. I still had my sweater on, apparently. I turned and walked down the stairs and up to the front door, and with trembling hands I slowly turned the knob and peeked with one eye through the small crack in the door. My face went completely white, and my stomach nearly did flips. My heart stopped, and it felt like it was stuck in my throat. I swore I stopped breathing at that moment too. There, standing in front of my door with what seemed to be a purse in his hand, was Shiro.

He looked up when he heard the door open a little, and pain once again appeared in his eyes. Oh, how I wish I could take the pain away and just tell him that I'm sorry now. I knew I couldn't. I opened the door all the way, and he nearly gasped. Did I look that bad?

Shiro could only stare at me with those pain-filled eyes, a bit of shock in them too. I guess I did look that bad after all. He looked me over once then looked right back at my face, into my eyes. He seemed to be searching for something, though I wasn't sure what exactly. I finally mustered up enough courage to speak up. I was surprised at how much my voice trembled when I uttered his name. Shiro? He eyed me silently before shaking his head, seeming to snap out of his little trance. He quietly cleared his throat and held up the purse he had in his hand. It was my purse. When did that fall? A part of me was a bit grateful that he brought it back, causing him to come here, but the other was panicking, fearing what he may say to me. He said nothing. Not yet, anyways. The silence was starting to get to me, but then he finally broke the silence and said, "You dropped it." He looked up again after eyeing the purse briefly and spoke up in the saddest tone I have ever heard from Shiro, "I thought I would drop this off before I go." No need to say anything. I'll be on my way.

He gently put the purse in my hands, gave me a sad smile and turned. I was too shocked to say a word. I mentally began to beat myself and tried to say something, anything, just so that he could stay, if only for a little while longer. My mouth moved, but no words came out. One foot went on the porch step. Panic began to form, he was going away. He was slowly slipping out of my life, and I was clinging on desperately to him, clinging on with the very tip of my fingers. Another step. The final step. I tried again, but no words came out. One more step, and his foot was about to touch the cold ground, but then I yelled one word out. His name. SHIRO!! He stopped almost immediately and turned around, his eyes wide with, once again, shock, and confusion. Tears began to spill down my cheeks and splatter against my skin as I took only two quick steps and threw myself into him, arms wrapped tightly around his waist. I cried, no, sobbed into his shirt, the words "I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!" mixed in, though I wasn't sure if he even heard me, my voice was muffled by my sobs and his chest.

I felt two strong arms wrap around me, pulling me closer to his chest. I felt something fall on my shoulder. My sweater somehow went to the side a bit, since it's so big, and exposed one of my shoulders. I felt it again, and my eyes flicked over to my shoulder. Tears. Were those my tears? I heard something, though it was muffled, and realized that his face was buried into my hair. I felt him shake a bit, and his embrace tightened even more. Shiro? I wasn't too sure, but I think I knew what was happening. He was crying.

I slowly pulled away, trying to blink away my tears as I stared up at his face. His beautiful grey eyes glistened from the light that shone through the open doorway, two tears rolling down his cheeks. Was he crying? Was it something I said? I had to kick myself for that. Of course it had to be that. Why wouldn't it? But then, why would he be here, hugging me, if he supposedly only came to give me my purse? I sniffled and tried to pull away, but he wouldn't let me go. Actually, his arms tightened their hold on me. His voice came out no lower than a whisper; it was almost filled with despair.

"Don't leave me Meirou! Please, don't do this. Don't tell me to go away; don't tell me to never speak to you again, or to never see you again." He pulled me closer, a hand behind my head as he placed it on his shoulder, his head buried in the crook of my neck. All I could do was gasp and widen my eyes as I stared over his shoulders, hands trapped between our bodies. "Please Meirou! Take those words back! A life without you Meirou! I won't be able to take it! It won't be the same! Meirou! Was he

begging? Did I truly do this to him? Did I break him that badly? So much that he's now crying, pleading for me to take back my words? He choked back a sob and continued to hold me close, his forehead touching my shoulder, his tears soaking in to my sweater.

I couldn't take it any longer, and shut my eyes as tears threatened to fall again, but what did it matter now? Why hold them back, when I already cried for five hours? With great pain and sorrow I began to apologize. I'm sorry Shiro! I'm so, so sorry! I didn't mean any of that! I didn't mean to say those things! I didn't mean to reject you like that! I didn't mean to act the way I did! I'm sorry Shiro! I don't hate you! I never hated you! I pulled back so I could see him, and all he could do was stare at me with his own tear-stained face. I continued my long apology, pouring out every emotion I held within. Pouring out what I truly feel, and this time I wasn't afraid to tell him. This time I don't regret it. I won't. Because in the end, what does it matter? He's here, holding me, crying, pleading for me to take him back, to take back my words.

I don't hate you. I repeated, as if those first two times weren't enough, and maybe they weren't. I don't want you to go away. I don't want you to disappear from my life. I want you here, with me. I want you to stay. I want to hear your voice everyday, I want to see your smile, and I want you there by my side like before. I care about you Shiro. No, I don't care about you. He frowned at that part, but I quickly spoke up again before he thought I meant something else. What I mean to say is I love you. I love you more than you'll even know. I love you so much that it hurts. Please forgive me. Forgive me for my foolishness. For the way I acted, and the things I said. For being so rude to you. Forgive me! By then I was sobbing, my words coming out rushed. I felt something under my chin, his finger, and gently lifted my head up.

He was smiling. His eyes were filled with something new. An emotion I never thought I would see in his eyes for me. His face inched its way towards mine, his hot breath caressing my cheeks as his mouth neared my ear and whispered, Of course I forgive you. I always will, because I love you, Meirou. My heart fluttered as his breath tickled my ear and my eyes grew wide. My cheeks flushed red as he pulled away to face me again, his eyes burning with passion. Shiro& But I couldn't finish my sentence, his lips captured mine in a deep kiss. I didn't complain, I didn't protest one bit. I kissed back with as much passion as I could allow, my arms flying up to wrap around his neck as he pulled my body closer to his. Tears of joy spilled forth, the tears feeling like ice against my heated cheeks.

After what seemed like forever we finally parted for some air, our breaths mingling together as our foreheads rested against each others. I smiled and closed my eyes. I love you& he said again. I opened my eyes, still slightly dazed from the kiss we just shared, our first kiss under the moonlight, the stars our only witness. The words were soft, gentle, every emotion coming out in those three words. My smile only grew wider and I couldn't help but attack his lips with mine. He chuckled softly against my lips and gladly kissed back, a hand resting behind my head, entangling his fingers in my hair as his other hand stayed wrapped around my waist. My own hands played with the hairs at the back of his neck as we kissed, but sadly we both needed air and pulled away.

He then looked up at the sky, his face seeming to glow with the moon's light. I shivered and cuddled up against him, and his other arm wrapped around me. I was now somehow in front of him, my back pressed tightly against his chest. Look& He murmured, It's snowing& I blinked and looked up, and like he said, it's snowing. I didn't notice that it got that cold, maybe because I was too caught up in my emotions to even bother noticing. Now that I was aware of it, I couldn't help but shiver a little more, and

he held me closer. I smiled warmly and stared up at the sky, at the beautiful moon, the pain that was once there now replaced with pure joy.

There we stood, me in his warm embrace. His chin resting on top of my head, his thumb gently caressing my arm affectionately. So, maybe I did mess up before. He had the heart to forgive me, and love me too. He loved me all along. I knew to never doubt my feelings again, and I shoved those hateful feelings far back. I buried them in the back of my mind, letting them wither away with time.

I had to say it, just to make sure one last time. I love you.

He smiled, kissed the top of my head, buried his nose in my hair and whispered back, I love you too.

I couldn't be any happier. And it was all thanks to that silly purse of mine, the one that fell, the one I never bothered to pick up. I cherish that purse now, and every time I look at it, I feel great gratitude for it. For giving me another chance.