

His Doll

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But I am his Doll, and nothing will change that. I am glad.' Small thought. R & R ALWAYS appreciated...even though I don't deserve it.

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Chapter 1 - His Now...

2

1 - His Now...

Disclaimer: I do not own the characters of Yami no Matsuei or the series in itself.

Warnings: Pretty nuts and slightly depressing. It also kinda runs on, so you may have to re-read some portions.

Pairings: Muraki x Hisoka, Tsuzuki x Hisoka and Insanity x Hisoka. ~_^

Hisoka was scared.

No, not scared, he dimly noted. Surprised...Hisoka was Surprised, unnerved at this new epiphany. It was useless.

Completely and utterly useless.

The bond was much, much too strong, the symbol of ownership engraved upon his flesh, marking him, claiming him, possessing, yet loving in a sick sort of way.

However, this comforted him, embraced him in blankets of warmth, the warmth which he had craved for, for so, so long and yet had not never been given to him.

He was unnerved by this comfort, because the man who embraced him now, stroking a strong hand through his hair and whispering sweet nothings, nearly as sweet as the things that had gone through those murmuring lips, into his ear...felt...wrong?

There was a darkness beneath that soft voice, a darkness that scared him and humiliated him with the realization that he had not seen it before.

Perhaps this was the reason Tsuzuki's past partners had left, because of the intense evil that underlined those soft, beautiful, disconcerting, WRONG, but lovely violet eyes.

They left because they were afraid...? Impossible, yet so likely....

Tsuzuki, Hisoka realized, was nothing to him.

And the older man felt this as well, he knew.

But yet they danced in this slow, depressing dance of false hopes, cruelly smirking eyes and an empty, twisted yet not necessarily evil false smile that had plenty of false cheerfulness packed in it to feed a country had it been nourishing.

Tsuzuki pulled away from him, frowning. Then a small smirk formed upon his lips and he shook his head, turning away and heading to the door, closing it behind him as he left.

None of it was real, Hisoka noticed.

'But Muraki is.'

The small thought entered his head like a fleeting bird, innocent in intention, yet so startling as it flew within your open grasp, you couldn't help but notice it.

'He doesn't lie, He doesn't hide his true intentions behind a false smile of cheer. We know what He's all about, He's safe.

He is Real.

Tsuzuki isn't real;

Tsuzuki is not safe.

Yet Muraki is'(1)

This thought brought him so much comfort and he sighed helplessly.

'The poor fool, he's hopelessly in love with That man, pulled into His charade...like I was.

And yet he hurt me so, but yet....it made me feel wanted, made me feel needed.

I was the one to quench his lust, on that night, he NEEDED me.....

I need to be needed.

I am his Doll,

so he needs me, to keep him...him? No, that's not right.

But I am his Doll, and nothing will change that.

I am glad.'

Hisoka smiled a wraith of a smile and looked towards the window, an emptiness glinting in startling emerald eyes with just a touch of insanity. It was a full moon...a full red moon. The runes upon his skin glowed.

The spell had done it's second line of work.

In a faraway place, a firm pale hand held a wineglass almost lovingly. Pale lips smiled and silver mis-matched eyes peered out from under equally silver hair.

Hisoka was His now.

He had his Doll.

1) This is one of those run-off sentences, the ones that end, but are left open. I get those kinda thoughts all the time. ^^

Authors Note: This was done on a whim, and I couldn't get the thought out of my head. Poor little Hisoka, I'll leave you to think up any possible sequels but be warned cus I won't be writing them. I've left the ending pretty open for possible thoughts on what could have happened or what WILL happen, simply so you could think about it. Aint I nice?