

# Whispered Lamentation: Suguru and Umi's Story

By KawaiiAmethist

Submitted: June 5, 2004

Updated: June 5, 2004

*Loneliness consumes us all, but also has the power to bring complete opposites together. (I'd really appreciate reviews!)*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/KawaiiAmethist/3888/Whispered-Lamentation-Suguru-and-Umis-Story>

**Chapter 1 - Umi's Pity**

**2**

# 1 - Umi's Pity

Whispered Lamentation: Umi's Pity

Within one of the many studios of NG Productions, stirring laughter and proud boasting was the music of this room on this occasion. Scattered across the table were dozens of fresh and old photographs Shuichi and Hiroshi had brought in of their daughters. Since becoming fathers their minds were usually focussed elsewhere, rather than on work...not that work was always on the agenda anyway for the Bad Luck team.

Sakano picked up a few photos, smiling widely at the pictures of the infant Himeka Nakano, and toddler, Ryuko Sakuma. "Ah, these are just adorable!"

Sipping a mug of tea, disinterested, Suguru Fujisaki sat at his keyboard, listlessly waiting to begin work. When he noticed K raising a mighty fist, he thought his prayers had been answered. Alas, no.

K proudly held up a piece of art paper proudly. It was a marker drawing of him holding a gun. "Look what my Michael drew it class yesterday! I'm gonna hang it in my office right now!"

Suguru sighed to himself. The dream of Bad Luck was slipping further and further away it seemed. Their personal lives had completely taken over. Without the passion for the music, they had no need for his existence. Growling, he bunched his hands together and yelled at the top of his lungs, "I THOUGHT WE WERE HERE TO WORK!!!"

Everyone ceased photo gawking to face the furious young man. "Do any of you even care about Bad Luck anymore? For a while now I've wondered how passionate you still were. On tour you're more interested in news from home than focussing on concerts. In the studio you'd rather look at photos, chat, or muck around. Why do we even bother if your minds and hearts are elsewhere?"

"You're such a stick in the mud," whined Shuichi, plugging his ears.

"Why do I bother sticking around with unprofessional performers?" scoffed Suguru, "you're wasting my time."

Shuichi frowned, eyeing Suguru, "If you're so unhappy, perhaps you should just leave!"

Sakano gasped, covering his mouth. Hiro glared, "Shuichi, think about what you're saying!"

A sense of hopelessness swept over Suguru, the fears he'd harboured were true. From the first day he joined Bad Luck he knew this would inevitably be the end result. He lowered his eyes; words were hard to come by. "Perhaps I should. I was forced upon you after all."

"We don't need you anymore."

It was true. Wasn't it?

Shuichi folded his arms, huffing, turning his nose up. Hiro pulled at his long auburn hair, shocked and furious at his best friend's spiteful attitude.

'From day one I never belonged,' Suguru mournfully said to himself, 'I was never really a member of Bad Luck, regardless of my title. My destiny was merely to catapult Shindo and Nakano into the spotlight. I've always known that fact, but...'

With looking back, Suguru dragged himself out of studio, slamming the door behind him. Shuichi looked away, digging his hands in his pockets, "Good riddens to uppity rubbish!"

K hard at the door, "Was it wise to allow Fujisaki to leave like that?"

"Feh!" Barked Shuichi, "He always returns! The big baby!"

"I'm not so sure about that," Hiro slowly remarked, "He looked so...depressed."

~@~

Disconnected from the world around him, Suguru slowly stepped along one of the many paths of Tokyo. It was a warm and bright day, though he was too wrapped in his self-grief to notice the many people around him, little lone the state of the weather.

Without warning, he halted, gasping in realisation. "Oh no, what was I thinking?" Suguru's eyes bucketed tears. "Wah, I left my back there! It has my house keys!"

"Hey, Umi-chan, long time no see!" laughed a deep, scratchy voice a few meters up the path. Suguru blinked, his eyes laying on a horrific scene of two men, one tall and muscular, harassing a young woman.

"That girl's in trouble!" He exclaimed.

~@~

Umi defiantly stared at the two men, men she'd know from long ago. The tall one, held her right wrist in place. There was no escaping them for now.

His friend placed his hands on his hips, glaring at the motionless girl, "We may be scattered, but no one's forgotten how you screwed over the boss!"

"I thought I told you gentlemen to leave me alone," she quietly hissed, slipping her free hand into her jeans pocket, gripping the hand of a small blade.

~@~

Suguru was at total odds with himself. To risk his life or not risk his life, that was the question. "Oh my God, they may have guns!" He bunched his fists together, "I must not fear, that girl is in mortal danger!"

Tears swelled in his brown eyes, "But I'm so scared." Finally he resolved to do the manly thing, "Time to be a man, Suguru Fujisaki!"

~@~

A thick music book came crashing over the heads of the two jerks. Umi prepared herself for a fight, when a trembling hand reached out and grabbed it.

"Run! RUN! RUUUUUUN!!!" Yelled a terrified male voice.

Umi flapped in the wind, as some maniac held her hand, zooming across the city. She dolefully stared at the back of her "rescuer's" head, "Y'know, this is completely unnecessary."

~@~

Suguru stopping running with the wind when they reached the NG building. He dragged the irritated girl inside and laid his hands on her shoulders. "When I return we'll call the police, OK?"

"I. Do. Not. Need. Help. Do. You. Hear. ME. At. ALL?"

The fool didn't reply. Instead he hurried away past her. Umi looked back, frowning. "What a moron."

Closing her eyes, Umi cupped her arms and began her departure. Sitting at one of the café tables in the lobby, a woman sipped coffee. She'd noticed Suguru and wondered why he wasn't in the studio.

"Excuse me," he called out Umi. "Are you a friend of Suguru's?"

"Huh?" Umi stopped to spy the owner of the voice. It was an uncertain woman with long brunette hair. "...Suguru?" It must've been the gallant saviour.

The young woman smiled widely, "It's a pleasure to meet you! My name is Ayaka Nakano."

~@~

Suguru quietly entered the studio. Sakano clasped his hands together in relief. Shuichi, who was playing a handheld game didn't even look up. "See, what did I tell you?"

As Suguru passed him, Shuichi snidely remarked, "I thought we weren't good enough for you anymore."

Eye twitching, the former member picked up his suitcase. "I only returned to pick up my bag. Do not hastily jump to conclusions, Shuichi Shindo."

Sakano nervously followed Suguru, extending a hand as he walked away. "Please...we can work this out, Fujisaki-kun!"

"I've made up my mind, Sakano-san. I leave the arrangements with Shindo-san from now on."

“Fujisaki...” Shuichi knowingly frowned to himself as Suguru left the studio for the second time that day, and this time for good. Gathering himself he firmly claimed he was always the better arranger anyhow.

~@~

“Studying law must be so hard!” excitedly gasped Ayaka, “But it’ll be worth it in the end!”

Umi rested her head on her hand, “The classes are a dog though. Managing a temple hotel also sounds fascinating.”

Breaking the conversation, Ayaka leaned across the table. “This has been bugging me since I saw you...have we ever met?”

“Who me?” she innocently replied, edging back.

~@~

Hiro followed Suguru through the corridors; it frustrated the latter that just wanted to get as far away as possible. “Nakano-san, please leave me be. I have a hysterical girl to assist.”

The two young men stopped by the lobby’s entrance. Hiro noticed a girl sitting, and talking with Ayaka quite calmly. “That her? She doesn’t look very hysterical.”

Suguru proudly grinned, “She’s a real trooper!”

Ayaka was showing off her sleeping baby girl to her new companion. “This is Hime-chan, would you like to hold her?”

Wearily smiling, Umi shook her head. “I’m afraid I’m not too good with children...”

That girl that was talking to Ayaka had a disgusting sense of familiarity about her. That glistening sky blue hair...catlike ruby eyes...slightly muscular arms...she almost resembled...no...it was impossible! But perhaps... “I know her...I remember her from the news. That has to be Umi Kawai, the girlfriend of that murderer, Ikeda Ryuzaki!” Hiro felt his body tremble, numbing with murderous rage. “And she’s...she talking to...MY...Ayaka-chan and is near MY...baby girl!!!”

Fists clenched, he approached the women, glaring furiously at the woman opposite his wife. “GET THE HELL AWAY FROM MY FAMILY.”

“The husband, I presume,” Umi guessed, unintimidated by his display.

Ayaka blinked in confusion, “Hiro! Show some respect to Umi-chan!”

Without argument, Umi left the table. Nice girls like Ayaka weren’t meant to be talking to women like Umi, were they?

“Never go near them AGAIN!” Warned Hiro.

“What’s gotten into you?!” Demanded Ayaka.

Umi sighed, why did this always happen? “You should listen to your man, Ayaka-chan.”

Helplessness set in once more for Suguru... “Even strangers don’t need me.”

~@~

“Your career’s over then?” inquired Eiri, looking up at Shuichi from his laptop. “It was a nice run while it lasted.”

Frantically, Shuichi flapped his arms angrily. “LOTS OF TIME HAS PASSED! I’M SURE TO BE AN AWESOME ARRANGER NOW!”

Eiri removed his glasses, his intense amber eyes glistening seriousness. “That theory would only hold true if you had been practicing the craft – which you haven’t.”

Holding his breath, unable to counterattack, Shuichi rubbed his pinkie inside his ear hole. “Damn it,” he slumped to the floor, it was pointless arguing the obvious, “I didn’t bother learning anything new because Fujisaki was so gifted at it.”

Eiri’s office door nudged wider. Their younger daughter Ryuko made her way in, “Papa...a lady is here. She’s nice. I know her.”

The door swung completely open. Ayaka walked in, smiling. She winked cutely to her two friends, waving. Ryuko looked up, “Mrs. Nakano.”

Ayaka’s mood quickly shifted to sorrow as she stared in confusion at Shuichi. “Hiro told me everything. How could you just let Suguru walk out like that?!”

“We all sort of saw it coming, I don’t think Fujisaki was meant for the pop world anyway.” Shuichi smiled reassuringly. “It’ll be OK, Bad Luck will continue with Hiro and I.”

Ayaka clenched her teeth, forming a fist. She stormed toward Shuichi and grabbed him by the neck, flinging him up and down in fury. “IDIOT!”

He was thrown to the ground, dishevelled and terrified. “Ayaka-chan...you’re scaring me...”

“He was your friend and you abandoned him.” The woman loomed over him, eyes twinkling a menacing stare. “For shame, Shuichi!”

Shuichi imploring raised his eyebrows, looking nowhere, “But...”

“I’m done here,” informed Ayaka, frowning, “May your conscience torment your soul till you see the light!”

Ryuko waved to the nice lady, "Bye-bye!"

~@~

Sitting in a quiet café away from the hustle and bustle of the busier sections of Tokyo, Suguru Fujisaki and his elder cousin, Tohma Seguchi, enjoy warm cups of oolong and freshly baked pieces of apple pie.

"Fujisaki, have you considered what you're giving up," quietly pleaded Tohma.

Suguru frowned, readying his fork to place a piece of pie into his mouth, "You can't give up what you never had."

"Fujisaki..."

Staring at the end of his fork, Suguru lost his appetite. He lowered his eyes in sorrow. "I was never really with them...I was always in the background." Hiroshi Nakano and Shuichi Shindo were and always will be best friends. They always understood each other and always seemed to be in their own little world, there wasn't any room for a person like him. "In the end, we were never really friends."

Sighing to himself, Suguru stared out of the stain glass window, admiring the greenery. There didn't seem to be much of it to admire in the industrious city of Tokyo. It was pleasant to see an old fashioned bridge of stone over a modest brook. Looking closer, he noticed a person sitting on the bridge. It was a woman with light blue hair cascading over her shoulders. Could it have been...? "Over by the bridge – it's that girl, Umi!" He exclaimed, jumping from his seat, startling Tohma. "She looks like she's going to jump!"

~@~

Umi dangled one leg over the bridge, the other bent on the rim where she sat. Her ruby eyes stared at the calm water. "Evening is approaching, I should probably go get that hair cut now."

A faint yell in the distance made her perch up. "DON'T JUUUUMP!"

The young woman felt a vein pop at the side of her head. She clenched her eyes in frustration, "That shrill, whiny voice sounds unnervingly familiar."

Frantic, Suguru pummelled the girl he was supposed to save. They both squealed, both almost falling over the bridge. "You crazy moron, are you trying to kill me?!" Protested Umi, grabbing Suguru's hair before he could fall over. Overwhelmed by the near painful experience, he fainted in her grasp.

Umi stood on the bridge, weighing the passed-out boy with one palm. She stared at his incredulously, "Sensitive little creature aren't you?" He didn't appear to be reviving any time soon. Umi held him in her arms like a baby, sighing at the situation. "Looks like you're coming home with me then, Suguru Fujisaki."

From the door of Café La Dreamer, Tohma Seguchi watched with intrigue Umi Kawai carry away his cousin. "This has the prospect to be exceedingly interesting."

~@~

His deep brown eyes fluttered open. He felt warm, lying on a soft bed with a blanket draped over his torso. As his eyes adjusted to the dim light he was surprised to see a torn up wall, plaster decayed, wallpaper ripped. "Where...am...I?"

His eyes scanned left. There, hanging on the wall, was a set of various sharpened knives lined in a row. Suguru's eyes widened in panic; he raced for a door, fumbling with the doorknob.

"Leaving without a farewell, Suguru Fujisaki?" Enquired a sultry voice from the other side of the room. Suguru stopped in his tracks, nervously peering back. His eyes instantly focussed on the sharp knife the woman brandished.

Umi frowned, "Are all music idols as rude as you, or am I just lucky?" She continued slicing her apple as he stared in silent terror.

Tilting her head, she smirked at the scared boy. "Since you insist on being a mean jerk I'll have to punish you."

Bunching up his fists, sweating like a pig, he fell to the wooden floor in a heap, dreading the worst. "So this is how my life ends – gutted and sliced by the knives of a crazy woman!"

Umi stared down at Suguru, who had retreated inside of himself, rolling himself up into a protective ball. Irritated, she placed her hands on her hips, "As punishment you get none of my yummy apple."

~@~

An older woman dressed in tight clothing, and long boots in her late twenties made her way to her door, surprised by the muffled wailings within the one room apartment. She timidly opened to find her roommate shaking a hysterical young man. Sarah blushed, "Oh...um...you have company..." this was rather awkward, "I can come back...later...Umi-chan..."

Umi continued shaking the weeping Suguru who hadn't listened to a word she'd said for the last half hour, "GET A GRIP, I'M NOT GONNA KILLA YA SUGURU!!!"

~@~

Suguru had calmed down and accepted he wasn't in mortal danger. He sat with Sarah by the sink, attempting to make small talk. Umi sat away from them, reading a book. Twiddling his thumbs, he politely smiled to the scantily dressed woman, "So...Sarah...what is it you do as a profession?"

Sarah beamed a smile, "I'm a prostitute."

"As if THAT wasn't overwhelming obvious," scoffed Umi to herself.

Suguru felt his brain crack. His continued twiddling his thumbs, a nervous sweat-drop appearing on the



side of his head, "I...see...Is Umi one too then?"

"NO!" Roared Umi, pelting her book right at Suguru's tender face, "DO I LOOK LIKE ONE?!"

Sarah giddily clasped her hands together, a wide smile embracing her soft features, "Umi-chan's so smart! She's going to be a famous lawyer some day and help people! Umi-chan even said she was gonna lock away my pimp! But I don't understand why, he gets me so many clients and even paid for my breast implants ten years ago!"

Suguru's cheeks burnt, he stood, looking away in trembling thought. "What sort of people have I gotten myself mixed up with?!"

Umi suddenly stood back to back with him. "Don't be too hard on Sarah. She's a bit slow and had a hard life, but I admire her positivity. She also has a kind heart; she took me in and gave me a home, even though I looked down on her for years. But she is also to be pitied. She sells herself to fund her drug problem. Those arm bands hide needle tracks, Suguru."

What could he say to that? Was there a response? This world wasn't like the sheltered, proper life of wealth and privilege he knew.

"Suguru, you do now realise..." Umi turned around, pointing at him with a daunting, malicious expression, "Your life belongs to ME now, ha-ha!"

Suguru cowered.

"You're my dog till you save MY life!" Umi rubbed her chin; "You'll serve nicely as my study assistant. What say you, Suguru Fujisaki?"

Obediently, he raised his paw like the whipped little doggie he was, "Sure thing!"

Umi cackled, giving the peace sign to no one in particular, "Victory! Yeah-yeah!"

Sarah blinked, watching Suguru regretfully lean against the wall away from them, "I would have been better off if she just killed me!"

Sarah returned her attention to her roommate, ecstatic. "Umi-chan's making a friend, I'm so excited!"

Her features soften as she thought back to the sleeping Suguru. "It's just that...he seemed so lonely. I pity him."

She had knelt beside the sleeping synth player as he slumbered, words occasionally breathed from his lips as he dreamed. "I watched him as he slept. He just looked so sad, like he had no one. Perhaps I was reading too much into it from my own experiences. I can't let this guy down, even if he is a spoilt rich kid. No person deserves to be alone." Umi sighed in thought, "Maybe I'm just a selfish dog and looking for a friend myself."

"Shindo...Nakano...I'm sorry..." Suguru had whispered, a tear tricking down his cheek.

Sarah broke her sad thoughts by bouncily hugging the younger girl. “Hey, Umi-chan! Brainstorm! Suguru could help you out with that university fee, huh?!”

Unimpressed by the suggestion, Umi lowered her eyes, “I don’t need no rich guy’s sympathy.”

In the background, Suguru had regained himself, clasping his hands together with a hopeful smile on his face, “Ladies...perhaps I could buy you dinner as a thank-you?”

#### [NOTES

This is actually taken from Track 12 of GRAVITY my doujin series. Umi's my favourite created character, and I long to share her with the Gravi community. Following this will be two instalments, written from Tracks 13 and 14. I encourage you to check them out some time. ^^

[http://www.geocities.com/gravity\\_snowflake](http://www.geocities.com/gravity_snowflake) If you find it near impossible to imagine Suguru with another woman then I will have succeeded by the time you are finished the trilogy.]