

# Submit your sorrow

By Rijekuto

Submitted: October 11, 2008

Updated: October 19, 2008

*This is a story I recently thought up.  
A game inspired me to make this.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Rijekuto/54487/Submit-your-sorrow>

<b>Chapter 1 - New Arrival</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Lost in fairy-tale land</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Sudden realization</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Chapter 4 - End of Part 1</b>	<b>9</b>

# 1 - New Arrival

Hello, my name is Jet Shikim. I am 18 years old, and I am in my last year at Jazz High. I'm not exactly the most popular kid. Well, I'm the least popular actually. People think I'm weird, what do you think? Probably because I see them in a different way than most people do. Okay, all people don't see others the way I do. Literally. Alright, so heres how it goes. My doctors tell me that I have an unheard of eye condition. Think it's funny? Well, it's not. What I see would scare most people, or drive them mad. Need an example? Think of gore. Lots, and lots of gore. That is what I see. Blood and chunks cover everything. Nasty, huh? This makes things very difficult. Also, my ears are kind of fracked up as well. When I hear talking, the only thing I can make out is screams. It's as if I had been blessed by the devil himself to see and hear nothing but endless torment. It wasn't always this way, though. It has only been this way for three years. Before, I had a normal life. I got good grades, had a lot of friends. Then all of a sudden, I was hit by a, whaddya know? An unheard of disease that has no known cure, of course. I consider myself the most unlucky person of my time. In America, anyway. Right now, I'm just getting up. take off my clothes, get in the shower, brush my teeth, all that. After I managed to get my clothes on, a blue t-shirt, and dark blue jeans, I hear a knock on my door. Probably a neighbor from the apartment building I live in. "One minute!" I yell. I grab my backpack, and special hearing-aids I was given to tone-down the screams. It helps. Sort of... I can make out what people say and normal sounds at least. I answer the door to find my friend Layla Lyune waiting for me. She's pretty as ever, long white silky hair, deep olive eyes, perfect curves. Or at least, that's what I remember of her. Now, it's kind of hard to tell. But she lets me feel her body every now and then to get an idea. No, not in that way. It's almost like being blind, but several times worse. I can hear her snapping all of a sudden. A sharp sound followed by hundreds of echoes.

"Jet? Jet, are you listening?" She says, grabbing my chin and pointing my face to hers. "Are we going now, or are you going to space out again?" Now she sounds somewhat irritated.

"Yes, yes, let's go." My voice is the only thing that sounds normal. A few hundred steps later, we're getting closer to the school. Cars pass by us, howling like a banshee. If it weren't for the hearing-aids, it probably would burn my ears out.

"So, as I was saying Jet, we should do more things together. I'm thinking, like a deeper relationship." This brings me back to reality.

"What? You actually want to go out?" I say in a state of shock. I knew she had actually wanted this for a while. It was becoming more intimate by the week. So, an unlucky guy like me, and a beautiful girl like her? Sounds like a fairytale cliché to me.

"Yes. Is that a problem?" Her voice was hard to make out, but it sounded confident.

"Um, are you sure about this? I mean, I'm the most unpopular guy in school, thanks to my "Condition", and you're one of the most popular, thanks to your looks. What would people think?"

"I think it sounds good. It might make people hate you less." This was starting to sound like a joke.

"They hate me because I'm different. Nothing's going to change except for some sort of miracle cure. You know that."

"Well, I tried. But really, I like you. A lot. And I would really like it if you accepted me in your life." Even though I already knew this, I felt uneasy. Like she was taking it too fast, but she wasn't. I couldn't do this now, maybe later.

"I... I don't know," I said. "I have to think this over." We had already arrived at the school by the time I had said that. Walking corpses surrounded me. Three bloody figures approached us, and pushed me

out of the was as if I didn't exist. I knew these figures. Miss Popular, popular-er, and popular-est. "Layla, class has almost started, drop the freak and let's go." The one named Nira said. She was miss populer-est. The other two were Miss popular-er, Mina, and Miss popular, Nila. Funny, their names all have an I, and A in the same places. What a strange coincidence.

"Sorry, Jet. I'll see you later." Layla said and ran off with the other two. I sighed and walked to my first-period class, which also served as homeroom. When I sat at my desk, I could make out the snickering and glaring at me coming from all the other students. A few tried tripping me on the way, but I easily avoided that.

"Hey freak, why don't you go to school with the other misfits?" A much larger boy said. He was pretty popular, but he was always trying to hit on Layla. His name was Trey Valentine. And, like most bullies, he was on the highschool football team. Of course his pitiful attempts at dazzling Layla were complete failures. Like most guys who tried to be with her. I bent towards his desk, and tried not to look at him.

"Hey, Trey," I whispered and turned to him. "You know, Layla just asked me out." This angered him, clearly. He stood up and punched me right on the cheekbone.

"Sure, like a girl as beautiful and popular as her would go out with trash like you." I laughed at him.

"You know, people will think you're crazy if you keep talking to yourself like that." He grabbed my collar and readied another punch when the teacher called on him to knock it off and sit down. "fracking loser" He said, sitting back down.

"As you all know, we're expecting a new student today," The teacher said. He waved at the door. A girl with long dark blue hair stepped in in a white spaghetti-strap shirt, and tight light blue pants. Immediately, all the guys stared directly at her like gazing upon an angel. I didn't really care until I noticed she wasn't covered in gore. This suprised me, because I hadn't seen anything besides red and a black for 3 years. "Class, meet Miss Llia Tetsuda." The teacher finished. Some delinquent whistled at her sight.

"Hello. I am Llia Tetsuda. Pleased to meet you all." She bowed. When she looked back up and noticed me. I was clutching my head, trying not to cry.

"Mr. Shikim, is something wrong?" The teacher said. I looked up and shook my head. "Very well then. Miss Tetsuda, you may sit behind Mr. Shikim." The girl nodded and sat behind me. The attention of every guy in the classroom was on her. I could feel they envied me and hated me because no guy was near me. There was all girls around me. Once she was in the chair, she tapped my shoulder.

"Don't worry about him, baby. He's just a freak." Trey said. All the other guys nodded. Llia just shook her head and tapped my shoulder again. I finally turned to her and sighed.

"Yes? How can I help you?" I said, trying not to burst out in tears. The girl simply looked into my eyes for a minute. She broke the stare and said, "Why? Why do they call you a freak?" She seemed sad. I closed my eyes. And took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry, but it's hard to talk about." I said. She layed her hand on my shoulder.

"It can't be that bad." She said.

"He's just a freak! Come over here and talk to a real man!" Another delinquent said.

"Do you really want to know?" I said. She nodded. I sighed again. "I have a special condition." I started.

"What kind of condition?"

"My eyes and ears. It's really depressing."

"I don't mind." She came closer to me and whispered in my ear. "You have no idea what I've been through."

"Alright. All I see is blood and gore. All I hear is screams and howls." I admitted to her. She thought about it for another minute.

"It seems you have it hard. But you sound like a poet."

"I'll take that as a compliment." I finished our conversation.

That was the beginning of a new day for me.

## 2 - Lost in fairy-tale land

So, my first day with the new unusual girl didn't go as expected. She was in all my classes, and everytime we spoke, everyone would glare at me. I had the feeling those popular girls were going to corrupt her in some way. I passed through the front door, and found the 3 doges talking to her. I knew it. She was going to become dog number 4. Then, I saw her turn and walk away. There was something suprising. I could tell by her face that she'd rejected them. I couldn't see the other creeps faces, but I knew they were pissed. Miss popular-est grabbed her shoulder and she shook it off. This would be a great time to talk to her. Until Layla grabbed me from behind and took my hand.

"What's up, Jet?" She said, hugging me. Immediately, every eye was on me. I didn't think I would be able to take the pressure until she pulled me forward. People began following us as she held my entire arm. Trey suddenly came out of nowhere, and stepped in front of us. He pulled me out of her arms and held me by my collar.

"How much?" He said.

"Whaddya mean, How much?" Layla said.

"How much is he paying you to do this? I'll double it, and sock the crap outta this loser." He held up his fist.

"He's not paying me, Trey. I mean it!" She pushed him.

"You've got to be kidding me. Who the frack would want to go out with him?!"

"I would for one. What's so bad about him? So he has a disease nobody else has. It's not like he has AIDS or something!"

"For all you know, it could be worse than AIDS! Don't you see? I'm trying to protect you from this freak!" He grabbed her shoulders and shook her.

"The only thing she needs protection from is you!" I said, pushing him back. This made him punch me. Hard. I fell back.

"Who said you could touch me, monster?!" He started kicking me after that. I could see a non-bloody leg step in front of me. I was in pain, but I was used to it, so I stood up. Llia was blocking me from Trey. Another suprise of the day.

"What do you think you are doing?" Llia said.

"Babe, you don't need to worry here. It's nothing. Now run along so I can deal with the trash." Trey popped his knuckles. Late as usual, the campus-cop seemed to arrive at the last minute and told Trey to shove off. Poor bastard looked pissed he didn't get to finish me off.

"Jet, let's go home now." Layla said, putting her arm around me and walking me away from the school. The crowd that had formed quickly dissipated.

By the time I had gotten home, I quickly took a shower. I could see darker red marks on my chest and under my arm. The bastard bruised me pretty well. Once I was out, I pulled on some boxers and dropped onto my bed. My ribs began to ache because of this. A cold breeze blew over me, and I found the window was open. It was the middle of fall, so the nights were going to get cold. I closed the window and layed on my bed again. Sleep came fast, so I needn't worry.

It was only a few minutes before I woke up. Something was shaking me. It was dark, but a figure shined in full color next to me.

"Jet? Are you awake?" Llia said, hovering over me.

"L...Llia... What are you doing here?" I said groggily.

"That girl... Does she even care about you?" She balled her hand into a fist.

"Wha...? What do you mean?" I said, completely clueless as ever.

"That Layla girl. She just watched as Trey beat the living shoot out of you."

"I'm sure she had her reasons."

"I don't think she deserves you..."

"What are you suggesting?" Now she was starting to confuse me.

"What I'm trying to say is..." She layed her hand against my cheek. "I think I'm falling for you." Now I wasn't expecting this. I mean, I just met her today and she already wants me for her own. Not to mention, she probably dislikes Layla. I didn't know what to make of this until she lowered her face right in front on mine. Our noses were practically touching.

"I want you, Jet. Please say yes." Then it happened. Her lips connected with mine, I could also feel her tongue brushing against me. I hadn't really felt like this before... I... Liked it. I wanted more. So, I opened my mouth and her tongue entered. To believe, a girl like this would think of me as something she longed for. I guess that's just my luck. Although, this wasn't my first kiss. It was my first french kiss, but Layla had kissed me once before I had my condition. This experience was a lot more exciting, though. Then I started looking at the bad side of it. If Layla found out about this, she'd probably hate me and never talk to me again. Then she'd probably hook up with Trey or something. I would also be hated more after this if the rest of the school found out. But at the moment, nothing mattered. I was in a dream that I didn't want to wake up from. Once she was finished, I was out of breath, but it didn't seem like it for her. I knew what she wanted now, and my mind was racing. I couldn't think of anything more. Through my heavy breathing, I managed out, "... Yes... I accept..." Now, she was crawling into the bed with me, and kissed me again. This time, she put her hand under my shirt. I immediately took it off, knowing what she wanted now.

### 3 - Sudden realization

Alright, let's check off the list of events: New hot student who wants my body: Check. Impending Doom followed by the hatred of my closest friend: Uncheck. Beginning of a new hate-filled, love-filled life: Check. All in all, my life has turned into a shining shoothole. My best-est friend ever is going to abandon me, while I hook up with possible the hottest girl in existence. Not to mention, I can actually see her with my fracked up eyesight. I don't know what to expect from what is to come. I'm not even sure if Layla will really leave me. If she is truly my best-est friend, she will accept what has happened. Otherwise, I don't know. But, she probably will hate me since I am now going out with Llia right after she asked me out. I'm not sure what to expect from this newer love life. I had never loved like this before. Plus, I lost my virginity last night! Who would have thought? That is another thing that will be put on the list of reasons Layla will now hate me. When I woke up, Llia was still next to me. She so happened to wake up at the exact same time as I did. She turned to face me and smiled.

"Hello, Jet." She said, kissing me. "We have school today, correct?" I nodded and looked at the time. It was still dark-ish out so, it was pretty early. 6:12 to be exact. I have school in 48 minutes. Or, we have school in 48 minutes. I turned back to her.

"What are you going to school in?" I asked, staring at what was left of her clothing, which happened to be a tank-top, and her panties. She shook her head.

"I brought my bag. It has clothes in it." This disturbed me.

"You were expecting to stay the night?"

"No, it was just in case. Although, I didn't expect it to really go this far. I'm just glad something happened and you accepted my offer." She kissed me again.

"Well, I need to take a shower," I said, not knowing what to expect her to say.

"Alright. I'll take one after you." Not exactly what I was going to think, but it was alright. I stepped into the bathroom, and dropped what was left of my own clothes. Then I turned on the hot water and a bit of the cold water to cool it off. I stepped in and prepared for what might happen. Surprisingly, nothing happened. Well, it's not as if we've been doing this forever. I turned it off and dried myself off. She rushed in in nothing but a towel right after I had put my clothes on.

"Were you watching through the key hole?" I said, somewhat irritated.

"No, I didn't even know there was one there. But I might do that next time." She dropped her towel and pushed me out. It seems as if we had been friends for years, and not like we had just met. I grabbed my backpack and put shoes on. Once she was out, it was already 6:48. She got dressed quickly, and we left together. While we were descending down the stairs, we bumped into Layla. She looked shocked and pissed at the same time.

"Oh, Llia. I didn't know we were in the same apartment building." She said, trying to keep her cool.

"We don't. I decided to drop by for a bit, and wake up Jet." Llia said in a casual voice. Now Layla seemed really irritated.

"Oh. When did you two become friends?"

"Right after I stepped into the classroom yesterday. He is the first friend I have. Is that a problem?" I think this through her off, because she grabbed my arm.

"He's mine, you hear me?! You can't have him, because I already asked him out!" Now she was pulling me closer to her.

"Really? I asked him to go out with me last night, and he accepted. Jet, don't tell me you accepted hers as well." Layla's mouth dropped

"Well, no, not really." Layla then punched my face.

"You jackass!" She stomped away from us. Now I knew I was totally fracked. She would spread her wrath by letting everyone think Llia was a slut, and that she sleeps with the worst guys.

"You think she'll be alright?" Llia asked me.

"She'll be fine until she gets to the school. Then she'll probably make everyone hate you." Llia then began biting her nails.

"You really think she'll do that?"

"If I know her correctly, yes."

"That reminds me. How long have you guys known each other?" I thought about this for a minute.

"I think... My whole life."

"Wow... And you guys didn't think about going out until now?"

"Nope." We returned to walking to the school. On the way, Llia asked me several questions regarding my life, my likes, and my dislikes. Once we were to the school, everybody's eyes were on us... again.

Trey immediately ran up to us.

"Now what's going on? You're going out with her now?! You must be joking. There's no way someone like you could get all the good girls." All the girls glared at him. Layla suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

"She's just a slut. She'll go out with any loser." This didn't sound like the Layla I knew.

"It seems like it." He started to leave.

"Hey, Trey! Wait up for me!" Layla said, running after him.

"This doesn't look good." Llia said, clutching my arm.

The rest of the day was pretty bad for Llia. People would make fun of her for going out with me. I guess, that's punishment. During lunch, people would throw small food like peas at her. The same would go for me, but it was less today. In fact, things happened a lot less to me today. Layla must be spreading things pretty fast. It looks like she's getting the beating for my mistakes. It's really looking bad for her. I shouldn't let this happen, but what can I do about it? Because of me, I am now the second most unpopular in school. She's the first. How is it possible that she could drop from most popular to least popular in one day? I have to put a stop to this... somehow... Once school was over, I searched for Llia. It took a few minutes, but I saw her behind the school. Then, Nila showed up without her posse of sluts. It was hard to make out what they were saying. The screams made it harder.

"frack.... Slut.... Deserve..... You..... Burn in Hell... Call me out here...." That's what Nila was saying, I think.

"Right... I don't need lip from you. You're the slut here, you're too heartless to even accept someone unfortunate, and help him in his time of need!" Was what Llia was saying, because I could understand it.

"What... Kill.... Hahaha" Llia suddenly took a knife out of her backpack. What the hell does she think she's doing? Nila was unfortunate enough to have started walking away when Llia stabbed her neck. Her screams were worse than ever. It wasn't the same as it usually sounded. This one hurt my ears, regardless of my hearing-aids. I could see the blood pouring from her neck and into the grass. Llia just kept on stabbing her neck. After only a few stabs, her body went limp. Now I was really scared. I started stepping away really slowly. And, guess what happened? I stepped on a twig. And it snapped. Llia turned around and I ran as fast as I could. I was running for a while until I got to my house. My chest hurt, and I think I was about to pass out. about five minutes after I closed the door, it rang. Now of all times, I was panicking. I knew it was going to be Llia. That's what happens in a scary movie, right? So I slowly walked to the door. My hand was trembling as I turned the knob. I only opened it slightly, but when I looked, it was Layla at the door. She looked worried, in a bloody gorey way.

"Jet, I came to say I'm sorry. I really don't have anything against you, but I do have a problem with that Llia girl." She said, pushing the door forward ever so slightly.



## 4 - End of Part 1

"Layla?! What are you doing here? You have to leave, now!" I tried pushing her back. She didn't push back very hard, but I knew she noticed something was wrong.

"Is something wrong, Jet? Is she in there?"

"No, I--"

"Oh, I see. You want some alone time with HER, don't you?! Well, I'm sorry to have barged in." She turned and started walking away slowly, as if begging me to change my mind.

"Layla, it's not like that. You can't be near me anymore. You're putting yourself in danger!" Apparently, she took it the wrong way.

"What? YOU think Trey's going to do something about it? Hah! Like I would ever let him do that to you." She didn't seem to remember yesterday. Sounds just like the typical girl.

"No, it's Lia! I watched... Well, er... I...."

"Spit it out, man!" I lowered my voice

"I watched her kill Nila..." She looked at me in a funny way then laughed.

"You're joking, right? I'm probably on some gay reality TV show. Alright, show me the cameras! I knew you wouldn't have fallen for another girl so easily." She just doesn't get it, does she?

"Layla, I'm not kidding! You're in serious danger!"

"Yeah, we wouldn't want anything happening to you, would we?" Lia said, wrapping her arm around Layla from behind. Her body was free of blood, regardless of the stabbing and gushing coming from Nila. "Layla, he's just joking. Haven't you noticed he does this kind of thing a lot? I expected you of all people to have noticed, right, Jet?" She looked at me and winked. I knew what she was thinking, and I got nervous. If I didn't do as she commanded from now on, she'd probably kill Layla too. And then me...

"Yeah,... Right... Just joking, Layla." I said in a low voice.

"Run along now, Layla. Me and Jet have business we must attend to." She turned her around and pushed her forward.

"Alright,... Jet, you be careful, okay?" Layla said walking away. Lia turned back to me and hugged me. She raised her mouth to my ear and whispered.

"You tell anybody and I will kill them immediately. As for you, I like you. I think I'll let you live, for now. You got that?" I nodded. She ushered me to my bed and dropped me on it. "I've been feeling kinda depressed lately. Do you mind cheering me up?" I shook my head. "Good." She layed on top of me and started removing my clothing while making out with me heavily.

The next day, I returned to school with her again. For once, nobody was staring at me. Everyone's face was plastered in today's newspaper. I know what's in it, considering what happened yesterday. But Lia handed me a rolled up newspaper. I took it and unrolled it. The headline said in huge bold letters: STUDENT OF JAZZ HIGH FOUND DEAD, FIRST REPORTED HOMICIDE IN 20 YEARS. I gasped, suprisingly. I didn't know it was 20 years, I thought there was at least one more recent than that. Every head turned to me, and, once again, Trey popped out of nowhere.

"I bet he did it! This little bastard freak killed Nila! Let's get him!" Trey started marching towards me, followed by just about every other student in school. Layla ran in front of him and stopped him.

"Come on! YOU don't honestly believe Jet killed her, do you?" She turned her head to me. "Did you?" She was starting to realize what I said yesterday was true. She looked at Lia and I could recognize fear in her eyes.

"No, of course he didn't!" Lia said, stepping in front of me.

"Then you did it!" Trey started walking towards us again. This time, Layla didn't stop him. We started stepping back until we bumped into the campus-cop.

"Alright, what's going on here?" He said, standing all tall and mighty.

"Those two losers killed Nila!" Trey said, making a fist.

"Did they now? Then you two will have to come with me." He grabbed us, and dragged us to the Discipline Office. The others knew we probably weren't going to get in trouble because some of the teachers, including the campus-cop sympathized me. The office was small, because kids these days don't get into as much trouble for all the misdeeds they cause. A short old woman sat at the desk and only glanced at us as we walked by. He pushed us into the next room, with another desk, and two leather chairs. He sat down behind the desk and motioned for us to sit down. We did as we were told.

"I see we have more trouble to deal with, Mr. Shikim. I know you didn't do it. You never do anything wrong. It's that Trey kid who should be in here, but I'm not allowed to bring him in unless I've seen what happened personally. Or, if one of the teachers tell me. I think one of the problems might be that some of the other teachers see you as... Different. As you may already know, difference in this town counts for a lot of things. It's full of racists. I've only been here for two years, but I can see the difference between here and the last place I was stationed. You must understand, I'm here to help you, Jet. You probably have heard that from several other teachers who decieve you, but I truly am here to help. Now, as for you, Miss Tetsuda, I'm not sure what to expect. I don't think the teachers dispise you as much as they do Jet, but you haven't been here very long for me to make an examination. I see Mr. Shikim's misfortune has rubbed on you as well, thanks to Miss Lyune. When her sister, Maya Lyune was here, we had no problems with her. Her boyfriend, Rije, had similar problems to you and Mr. Shikim here. I honestly do not know what to think of Layla now that she has done this. I suppose I should call her parents and let them know what she's been up to." I interrupted him.

"There's no need. I can do it myself." Llia shot a quick glance at me. She knew I was trying to bail Layla out of trouble. I don't think she liked it because of what she said next.

"Actually, Jet, I was thinking of having a talk with her myself. Alone. I'm sure we can come to an agreement." Llia smiled.

"I'm afraid I cannot allow it," he said. "With these rumors floating around, I don't know what to think. I advise you stay away from her for awhile until they die down." Here was something I didn't hear earlier. "Rumors?" I said. "What rumors? I don't think people randomly blaming Llia for doing anything with no evidence counts as a rumor." Actually, I don't know very many things very well. I had no idea what I was talking about.

"The rumors I'm talking about is that some people saw and heard Llia talking with Nila before her murder." I wasn't prepared for this. People now had reason to believe that Llia killed her. "Anyway, we should wrap this up. I just spent your entire first period, and your second period is about to start. Is there anything you two would like to say to me before we end this?" We shook our heads. "Alright, I'll write you two a pass." He took out a little notebook and wrote us a pass to class. We took it and left. For the rest of the day, we were both silent. Llia walked with me home instead of randomly appearing out of nowhere at the last minute. Once we were out of sight of the school, she grabbed my hand. I turned to her, and she was shaking like a leaf.

"Is something wrong?" I said. She pulled me towards her and embraced me.

"Don't leave me, no matter what I do, okay?" She said, tearing up.

"...Alright." I said, hugging her. There was a question I always wanted to ask her, although I didn't think it was important, so I held it in. When we got to my house, I asked her. "Have you done this before?" I said. She nodded.

"My father was a bounty hunter that sometimes worked for the wrong side. Often times, people would chase him home, and I would have to defend myself. My mother died this way." Her voice was cracky.

"Did your father die?"

"No, he's in England right now, carrying off another assassination. He's been there for the past two days, so he doesn't know what's happened yet."

"Oh... When does he get back?"

"If it goes well, he'll be back by the beginning of next month."

"Do you think he'll like me?"

"Probably. He'll be excited to hear that I've finally got a boyfriend out of all the guys that submit to me the second they see me."

"Alright... Are you feeling okay, though?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if you want to... If it'll make you happy..."

"Alright. I accept." She kissed me again.