

Is It Enough?

By TsurenKitazawa

Submitted: June 11, 2007

Updated: June 11, 2007

Fourth grade suicide? But what about those who love you? Is it enough? // Shounen-ai if you squint. Not meant to be.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/TsurenKitazawa/46237/Is-It-Enough>

Chapter 1 - Is It Enough?

2

1 - Is It Enough?

Life goes by too quickly for some. But for others it passes by slower than a millennia. Which explains why, at the turn of such, so many decided to take their own lives. But one particular boy soon found a reason to make him reconsider. The only question: was it enough to make him choose life?

“Hikari-kun!” The blue haired boy turned around and saw his redheaded classmate running toward him. “Hikari-kun, you left a book in your desk.” He stopped beside his friend and held out a spiral bound notebook. “I thought you might need it.”

The slightly older boy took it, watching Niwa’s eyes. “Thank you.” He started to walk away. He had always been trained to hate the Niwas. They were his mortal enemies. “Good bye.”

“Wait!” Daiisuke ran up by his side. “Your birthday’s coming up right? How old will you be? Ten?” Satoshi nodded but kept walking. “What do you want for your birthday?”

“Niwa, weren’t you trained to avoid me?”

The redhead nodded, looking back to his feet. “But you’re my friend. I don’t get why I have to avoid you.” He looked up at him. Satoshi stopped and looked back at the boy. “What?”

“Nothing. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

The next day at school, Satoshi sat in his desk, writing out a long note in the notebook Niwa had returned to him the day before. Thankfully, it seemed as though the red-haired boy hadn’t looked into the notebook and seen what he was working on. A ten year old thinking about suicide would have caused quite an uproar in the school system. ‘I don’t want to share a body with such a murderous being as Krad. And I don’t want to live with that Hiwatari man! Why did my parents have to die?’

Niwa walked up behind him and tapped his shoulder. “Good morning, Hikari-kun!” Satoshi looked over his shoulder and felt himself smiling.

“Good morning, Niwa. Need something?”

The redhead looked over the other’s shoulder and his eyes shone fearfully. “Do you really feel that way, Hikari-kun? Like in that book?” Satoshi’s heart stopped. He snapped the book shut and stood, towering over Niwa. No one else was in the room so he didn’t have to worry about anyone spying. Daiisuke lowered his gaze, tears visible in the corners of his eyes. “Hikari-kun. . . . You wouldn’t really do that, would you? I mean, there are people you care about you and would be sad if you died.”

Anger flashed in the blue eyes. “Why did you look in there? It’s *my* notebook! It has *private* things!”

“I forgot my science textbook yesterday so I ran back to the classroom to get it. I saw the notebook lying open on a desk so I went over to see if I could figure out whose it was. I didn’t mean to read anything so

personal!" He choked on some tears and wiped them from his face. "But now that I have, I won't let you go through with it! You are my friend, Hikari-kun, and I don't want you to get hurt!"

"DAAAIISUKE!!" Both turned to look at the door in time to see a brown blur fly across the room and tackle the redhead. "Daiisuke! It's snowing outside! Why are you inside?"

"I'll be out in a minute. I need to go to the bathroom." Saehara nodded and ran outside. "I promise not to tell anyone." Daiisuke looked to his friend. "I love you, Hikari-kun. Please don't kill yourself." He dried his tears and grabbed his jacket before heading to the door to go play. "If you feel up to it, come play in the snow with us?" He offered one more smile then ran outside.

Satoshi looked to his notebook then back to the door. 'I love you, Hikari-kun.' Those words rang in his head. "Daiisuke. . . ." He put on his jacket then walked outside. A cold mass of white collided with the side of his head, making him cringe.

"Hikari-kun! Gomen!" Daiisuke called from behind his snow-fort. Satoshi spun on his heel and went back inside. So much for playing with the snow. He forgot how much he hated the stuff. That was the deciding vote. Tonight was the night.

"I can't let him distract me. He says he cares, but he's a Niwa. He's one of them." He settled in his desk after removing his jacket. Daiisuke soon walked in, hanging his coat up on the wall.

He looked over his shoulder while removing his scarf. "I'm really sorry for hitting you with that snowball. I was aiming for Saehara, but I don't have the best eye." The two boys shared a gaze for a moment before Satoshi looked back to his notebook. "You know, you never answered my question yesterday. What do you want for your birthday?"

Did that boy really not get it? He was going to kill himself. He wasn't going to see his birthday. He was going to die tonight. "Niwa!"

"Maybe I could throw you a birthday party. . . My mom could make you a cake. What kind do you like better, chocolate or white cake? And what kind of icing?" Daiisuke took his seat beside the blue haired boy.

Satoshi glared. "You don't get it!"

"No you don't!" Daiisuke looked at him angrily. "I won't let you do this, Hikari-kun! You're my friend and I need you. Believe it or not, I thought about killing myself! Your parents may be dead but at least there's someone who cares about you. My father up and left a few years ago and my mother's been depressed ever since so my grandfather's come to live with us! But all he cares about is his stupid rabbit and my stupid training! One night I found my dad's old knife and decided I would stab it through my heart or whatever."

"Why are you telling me this?" Satoshi hissed.

Daiisuke growled back. "I'm getting to the point!" He stood and looked down at the other. "That night, just as I was about to do it, I heard a voice in my head, telling me that I was needed. That I couldn't die."

That voice told me that they loved me. I have no idea who it was who said that, but it made me happy. I knew that someone wanted me alive. Just like someone wants you alive. Me.”

Satoshi stood so he was level with the other. “Niwa. . . . Why? Why do you care about me? Why don’t you want me to die?”

Daiisuke smiled and walked closer to him, grabbing his hand. “I told you before. It’s because I love you, Hikari-kun.” He leaned up and whispered to the other. “Please don’t leave me alone.” With that, the bell rang and students filed into the classroom. Daiisuke and Satoshi both resumed their seats as class began.

The lunch bell rang, sending the two opposing boys up to the roof to eat. “How. . . . how can you love me? Someone as messed up as me? Someone who you’re trained to avoid?”

Shrugging, Daiisuke opened the door to the flat roof. “Don’t know. I just do. Why?”

Satoshi looked to him then away, hiding his face as he walked to the edge of the tiled surface, sliding his fingers around and through the small metal links of the fence. His free hand went to the lock on the gate, easily releasing it. “I need to know how you can love me. I need to, Niwa.”

The redhead walked a little closer, stopping a foot or so behind the other. “I love you because you are my friend. Some say that you’re mean or hostile but I don’t see that. I see a boy who doesn’t have any friends or family. A boy who needs someone that needs him back. And I need you.”

“What would you do. . . . if you had never met me?”

“I suppose my life would have been a lot different. But it’s not like I could have known how good my life would be if I had you.” He smiled fondly at nothing for a moment. “But I think I would have gone ahead and killed myself that night. Because I just imagined that the voice I heard call out to me to stop. . . . I imagined that it was you.”

Satoshi looked at the Niwa boy, who returned his gaze steadily. “Daiisuke. . . .” He lost balance and pushed open the gate by accident, his body swinging out with it. Daiisuke jumped, running closer to the edge. “No! I’m too far out! Don’t try to help me!”

“I told you I need you, Hikari-kun!” He climbed up onto the top of the fence and slowly crawled over to the swinging gate. Once he was close enough, he reached out his hand to the older boy. Satoshi managed to reach up and grab it. Together, they were able to get Satoshi on top of the gate as well. Daiisuke crawled back to the fence and jumped onto the safe roof, turning around to help Satoshi down. “Are you alright?”

He nodded, leaning a little bit on Daiisuke. “Yeah. Thanks to you.” He looked at the other boy and kissed his head. “Thank you. Because of you, I can see the world as more than just a Hell.”