

Bloody Angels

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Yuki beats Shuichi. Shuichi finally decides to run away and who should find him quivering in the park, but Tohma Seguchi?

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Chapter 1 - Chapter One

2

1 - Chapter One

Bloody Angels

Chapter One

The dungeons were dark, lit only by the moonlight streaming in from one barred window. The stench of blood hung thickly in the air. No door presented itself and a platinum blonde spun slowly on his heel looking curiously for an exit. The room didn't quite make sense. Chairs and a table stood innocently on the wall to his left and a bookshelf on his right.

It defied all laws of gravity, it was unexplainable. If there was one thing the man hated it was not being able to fully understand a situation. He frowned slightly to himself, there had to be an explanation for this room.

He scratched a pale cheek idly as he felt a slight tingling. A dark substance coated his finger. Bewildered, the man looked up.

An unclothed boy was chained to the roof, light pink hair falling in his face. His skin was shredded, his entire body coated in a thick layer of blood. Chains cut into his neck, wrists and ankles. And there was a gaping hole, bleeding profusely where his heart should have been.

The boy's eyes fluttered and he moaned. His violet eyes locked on the man's green ones, sending him an agonized stare.

"Shindou-san?" The blonde asked, looking up at the boy in horror, "what... what happened to you?"

"T-Tohma..." Shuichi rasped, tears streaming down his face," s-save me..."

Tohma Seguchi woke with a start, his clothes sticking to his thin frame from sweat. His heart pounded against his rib cage and his breath came in short gasps. Green eyes searched the bedroom frantically, looking for the dark prison walls he'd been staring at only seconds before.

Mika breathed lightly from her spot on their bed, a pillow lodged between her body and his. He looked over at her, making sure she was really asleep, and rolled out of bed so that he could take a walk, clear his mind.

Pulling on his long coat, he stepped into the crisp night air, noiselessly closing the door behind him. Hands in his pockets, he headed towards the park, staring at the grounds and listening to his designer shoes click against the cement.

Shuichi's pain-filled eyes still lurked behind his eyelids. Those violet orbs were lost and hurting. They looked so betrayed. They were nothing like the eyes he wore at work, which were always lively and bursting with enthusiasm. Until recently anyway...

Tohma scratched his chin and leaned against the cool metal railing around the path he walked. Shuichi seemed worn recently. Tired, if you will.

The rusty smell that lingered in those dank dungeons still intoxicated his senses. Pinching the bridge of his nose as if to extinguish the chilling smell, he sighed and willed Shuichi's heart breaking eyes from his mind. It wasn't the first time he'd had that dream. Those visions had been haunting him for weeks now. Every time he'd wake up coated in sweat and sometimes with tears of his own streaming down his face.

The first time he saw Shuichi covered in chains and seemingly bleeding from every pore in his body, he couldn't stop vomiting for the whole day and ended up calling in sick for the first time. Mika had been very worried that he was over-working himself, suggesting that they take a vacation.

He refused because he could barely make himself look at her. He discovered a few weeks ago that she

was meeting a secret lover while he was at work. The man had a strong jaw, killer smile, and bright blue eyes that were the color of a spring blue sky. He was taller, better built, and apparently a hell of a lot funnier than Tohma was judging by the way Mika giggled whenever she was around him.

Jealousy raged through his body and he locked himself in his office for days, becoming sloppily drunk and trashing the entire room. When all of his paintings had been shredded, all of his carpet ripped up, and the furniture turned upside down he sat in the middle of his office and stared at the ceiling for hours until he could muster the strength to pick up the phone and call someone to refurnish the room.

Then, calmly, he walked home and explained to Mika that NG Studios was booming and he had to spend a few nights there to get caught up. She believed him of course, it wasn't like that had never happened before.

He chose not to confront her just yet. He secretly hoped that she would come back, but knew that she was drifting further and further from him. The only reason she came home to him was because he had the money. Obviously his sex wasn't even good enough for her. They hadn't shared a romantic touch in ages. When he'd tried to kiss her just before he discovered her secret, she'd winced and pulled away saying she wasn't feeling too well.

Luckily he was able to keep a kind smile on his lips while she pretended to be the perfect house wife. He already had a lawyer setting up divorce papers. He was going to make sure she was left with nothing. He'd get all the money since they agreed that all bank accounts would be solely under Tohma's name because he was the one with the job. Even the house was his. Of course, he already had it listed in the real estate ads and had a buyer willing to pay much more than his asking price. Probably a Nittle Grasper fan.

The blonde always had a talent for putting on the right mask at just the right time. Deceiving Mika was unbelievably easy. Being so caught up in "hiding" her love affair from him, she was blind to his own plans. He'd pull her comfortable life from right under her nose. Then he'd smirk coldly, even when his heart was so broken, telling her that she was no longer any use to him and toss her aside like another one of his pawns.

Oh yes, Tohma could be calculating and cruel, even when he didn't want to be. Even when his heart was screaming in agony, being ripped from his chest.

In the end, his life would always be this way. Power hungry dogs'd always use him. Knowing this, he always, always let them.

Sighing to himself, Tohma pushed away from the railing and shoved his hands into his pockets. Tears stung his closed eyes as he continued walking down the barely lit path.

A choked sob reached his ears and his head jerked up. In the middle of the pavement sat non other than Shuichi Shindou, hugging his knees. His shoulders trembled as another sob escaped his mouth.

Wiping away his own tears, he kneeled beside the boy and reached out his hand, stroking the cold skin of his back. He realized that Yuki must have kicked him out again and felt a bit of compassion for him.

Shuichi looked up in shock, his eyes wide in horror and he fell away from the his touch. That's when the blonde noticed the dark bruise across his cheek in the shape of a hand. Another was forming over his left eye and his bottom lip was swollen and bleeding.

“Shindou-san...” he said, his honey-sweet voice sounding calmer than he felt, “ what happened.”

Slowly, he reached a pale hand out to his touch his face. The boy flinched and jerked his head away. His dark eyes opened and stared in fear.

“S-Seguchi-san...” his voice cracked unnaturally.

Tohma's green eyes softened and he sent him a worried frown.

“Shindou-san, who did this to you?” He asked gently, walking closer to crouch beside him.

Shuichi shifted nervously and cast his eyes down. Shadow fell across his eyes, hiding his tears. His trembling fingers wove themselves into his dirty pink hair as he took a deep, ragged breath. He kept his knees to his chest and spoke in the same broken voice.

“Yuki,” was all he said.

Not Yuki! He would never hurt Shuichi! Tohma refused to believe that his Eiri Yuki, whom he loved like a brother would do such a thing. Sure he was known to be violent at times, but only towards people who threatened him or the people he cared about.

He moved an arm around the pink-haired boy next to him and tried to help him stand.

“Come, Shindou-san,” he said,” let's get you fixed up.”

Shuichi stood, shivering from the cold; he was only wearing his boxers and a white tank. Tohma took off his coat and handed it to him.

“Here, cover yourself up, Shin-” His words died in his throat when Shuichi's eyes rolled in the back of his head and he fell to the ground roughly.

Tohma's heart pounded in fear as he took in the deep cut across the boy's stomach that bled heavily, soaking the front of his shirt.

Images of the Shuichi in his dream with the gaping hole in his chest flooded his mind only this time, he saw Yuki licking the boy's blood off of his fingers. His knees suddenly felt weak.

“Oh dear god...”

A/N: I love Yuki! I really do! But, I need him to be the antagonist in this story. R/R!!!