

If the Sun Dies

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Summary

“Would you be able to be the sun for someone, Dai-chan?”

Yamada wished he wasn't in that room.

He wished he wasn't forced to see Daiki, he wished...

He sighed, looking around searching for a way out, aware that there was none, aware that no one was coming to save him.

He caressed his hand, a slow movement, as if he could've broken under his fingertips.

He had a lump in his throat and he felt like crying, but he knew he couldn't cave, not now.

Daiki's hand was warm.

His skin was warm, every inch of it, and Ryosuke lost himself brushing it with his fingers, going up on his arm and to his neck, behind his ear, on his cheekbone, on his lips.

He slowly got up from the mattress, leaning over him and kissing those same lips, marvelling at their softness.

"Would you be able to be the sun for someone, Dai-chan?"

"What do you mean?"

He had tried, Yamada, he had tried to be himself and then to change, he had tried to make him understand how much he loved him and then he had ignored him.

There had never been something better, and Daiki had never understood how Ryosuke had actually struggled to make him accept him.

He remembered perfectly the day he had told him he loved him.

He remembered how happy he had felt he could finally confess it to him, how beautiful it had been to voice those feelings which he had kept inside for all those years.

That happiness had been short-lived but it had been there, and every time he thought about it he could still smile.

He didn't want to think about what the elder had told him after, he was going to spare himself.

His confused look, astonished, the pity on face.

How he had told him he couldn't love him, no matter how sorry he was he couldn't.

Yamada didn't care about his sorrow nor his pity, he had chosen to ignore them both and go on down his road, being next to him, unable to surrender to the facts, sure that one day he was going to make him change his mind, and that then they would've been together, and he was going to feel that happiness again.

"Be the sun, you know? Be everything for someone, that's what I mean."

"Ryo..."

"I'm not necessarily talking about me. I just wanted to know if you'd be able to."

"Yes. If I truly loved someone, I could be the sun for them."

Daiki didn't love him and he was never going to be his sun, but Ryosuke didn't care.

He had taken that right for himself and he had turned the elder into the centre of his universe, the reason to his life, making him almost forget how his existence was before loving him.

He had consumed himself day after day for that love, he had consumed himself in Daiki's rejections, and his prayer to let him be and more of that damn pity for him.

In the end Ryosuke couldn't take it anymore.

His sun had burnt out.

He kissed Daiki's lips once again, and again and again, feeling them and his skin losing warmth.

"Dai-chan?" he murmured.

He looked Arioka's irremediably closed eyes and he pretended to ignore the wet bloodstain on the covers, he pretended to ignore that same blood on his hands, but he wasn't going to lie to himself for much longer.

Burnt out.

Il sun had died, and he had killed him.

Dead because he couldn't take it anymore, dead because he was never going to be free, dead because he had decided he didn't want to be the only one paying for that love anymore.

Inside his mind there was still the echo of a bond that perhaps could've been born, that wasn't fated to end like this, but it was just an echo and he had nothing left to hold on to.

He called him again, knowing he wasn't going to answer, just because he liked to hear the sound of his name in the air.

When he finally grew tired of that farce and to pretend that everything was fine, he finally cried, for the first time since Daiki had refused him.

He kissed him again, then he grabbed the knife and pointed it at his own chest.

After all, there was no life without the sun.

“I wish you were my sun, Daiki.”

“I wish I could, I really do, even though I can't. I'm sorry, Ryo. I love you.”

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