

Beautiful Mistake

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Beautiful Mistake

by [XanderB](#)

Summary

I'm lost in this place that is the only one I could call home. Though my feet know my way, I am lost. Familiar and yet so different; Balamb Garden has changed, moved forward and left me behind, drowning in memories, choking on the regret. Yet I can't think of a place that I would rather be.

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Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

~I told you I was hurt
Bleeding on the inside
I told you I was lost
In the middle of my life~

(Seifer)

I'm lost in this place that is the only one I could call home. Though my feet know my way, I am lost. Familiar and yet so different; Balamb Garden has changed, moved forward and left me behind, drowning in memories, choking on the regret. Yet I can't think of a place that I would rather be. To be back at the place where it all began is little short of a miracle, the real miracle being that I am still breathing at all. Balamb has no love for me, the stain on it's face, the blemish that it seems it can never escape from. I am here, not because they wanted me, not because they needed me, but because he had said so, because it was for the best that I remain here where angry mobs couldn't burn me at the stake and I could be kept under careful watch. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer as it were. Easy enough really, but it wasn't.

No one spoke to me, looked at me at least when I was watching. I could feel the eyes, the accusatory glares when my back was turned, but they dare not let me see the scorn in their gazes lest they incur the wrath of their valiant commander should I whine to him. A soft exhale, somewhere between a scoff and a self deprecating chuckle escapes me at the thought. As if I would ever complain over something such as that, especially since they have every right. I fucked up and no apology would be enough for what I had done, to them, to the world, and especially to him. And yet, I still wish for his forgiveness, not theirs, but his. I need it, crave it, afraid to admit that I will never get to have it. He may have spoken for me, saved my sorry ass from execution, but I'm not arrogant enough to believe he did it for anything more than some misplaced honor over our shared past. How I wish it was more than that. How I've always wished it was more than that. I've loved him for as long as I can remember, not that he would or will ever know, let alone believe me; I've made damn sure of that.

The only people in the whole Hyne-forsaken Garden who treat me as they always have are of course my posse. Fujin and Raijin would never abandon me, loyal to a fault, the pair of them. But of course, they are also full-fledged SeeDs and have a mission list a mile long, so it's a rare occurrence to see one or both of them for any length of time. Then there are the ones from the orphanage gang, the lot of them try strained contact, probably because he'd asked it of them. Tilmitt is the only one that seems genuinely happy I have returned, the others are simply following orders. Questis is the worst of the lot, the guilt so clear in her eyes every time she lays them on me, as if the sight of me reminds her of how she'd failed. It's not her fault, or anyone's but my own, foolish as I was then to believe the words of a twisted sorceress. So blinded was I by my romantic dreams that I'd gone with her willingly, offered my body and my soul to her and of course she'd taken all I had, all that was me and left what I am now in her wake, a barren shadow of my former self.

It's a sad truth that I face knowing that I had tainted them, each and every one of them in some way, and him; I'd ruined him entirely. Worse is that if he had asked me to stay, I just might have been swayed. But of course, he hadn't asked.

That night what seems a lifetime ago now, standing in the secret space in the training center, just the two of us; I'd outlined my plans to the only one I knew would get it. He'd always understood my romantic dreams, never wanted them for himself, but understood them nonetheless. I'd proposed he join me. He'd just stared at me for a long while, thoughts I could never hope to read swimming in the stormy depths of his eyes.

Finally, he'd looked back up into the starlit sky through the domed skylight overhead and released a near inaudible sigh. "I can't follow you," he'd begun so quiet, yet so loud in the silence around us, "In every romance, there must be a hero and there must be a villain. If I leave with you, the story will never have the perfect ending. After all, who else would be a worthy enough adversary for either of us, but each other?" I knew that he was right as soon as the words escaped through those pale lips. I'd entertained wild fantasies of grandeur with him at my side, but that's all they were and as Squall had said, all they would ever be.

We stood there for several more quiet moments before I had asked which of us would be the hero and which the villain. He gave me the saddest look I've ever witnessed, the raw emotion in his beautiful eyes choking the breath from me. "Neither," he'd said simply, voice barely above a whisper before he turned for the exit, pausing for just a second more at the door, murmuring, "Both." Then he was gone in a whisper as if he'd never been there at all.

That had been the last time we'd spoken as friends before everything came apart. I'd no idea then how very true his words would turn out to be.

I'd seen him only once since I'd returned to Balamb Garden and it had only been for the meeting resulting in my reluctant acceptance back into the institution and for the multitude of restrictions that would be placed on my life here. He hadn't even looked at me then, though I'd stared at him until he'd disappeared again. Truly, he's the only one I want to see in this place. His expression would be unlike any other, I'm sure of that, but I have yet to decide if I should welcome or dread it. Not that I will ever know if he is forever avoiding me, which is probably the worst of all, even more than Questis' guilt and Selfie's excessive kindness. I'd lost him when I'd left him behind and in turn, I'd lost myself.

It had taken me some time to understand and admit my own feelings over the matter. Months, it'd taken for me to realize I was lonely, never having known the feeling before. The throbbing ache deeply buried within me was the pained presence of regret and guilt with the sharp sting of loneliness, knowing I was completely alone with my self loathing. I had been abandoned and it was by my own arrogance that I had been left this way. Surrounded as I was with all those watchful eyes on my every move, I was completely alone, an outsider, enemy, traitor, disappointment...

In the past, I'd never had to dwell on any such feelings. When the silence had become deafening or the bitter taste of failure lingered in my mouth, I could always seek him out. Even with no words between us, he'd given me solace, his silence blanketing me in steady comfort. I would never be less in his eyes for my faults. Now, I don't know if that still remains true. He hides away from me, leaving me to be devoured by the cold darkness

welling up inside of me. The throb becomes an unbearable, crushing weight; the desolation, a suffocating presence I can't escape from. I am lost to it. I've no idea where to begin, what direction to move in from where I am now and without him to guide me, I am simply cast adrift.

During my dark musings, I hadn't realized I'd been moving, my feet carrying me across the deserted Garden. It had become a habit born of my incessant insomnia, fear of the nightmares forcing me to roam in the midnight hours. It seemed that my surveillance was neglected at this time of night or perhaps they were so certain of my broken state, unafraid that I would do anything to disturb the strained peace, perhaps hopeful I would save them the effort and end my own existence one of these nights. It would be a lie to say the thought hadn't crossed my mind more than once, but I had never been very good at taking the coward's way or so I tell myself. In reality, I couldn't die without seeing him one last time.

I hit the camouflaged release for the door of the secret place in the training center and step inside, letting out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding only to have it stolen with the sight of him. How many months had it been since I'd laid eyes on him? He looked older, though it had only been little more than a year since the war. He stood beneath the skylight, his face upturned as always, bathed in the ethereal light of the stars above, crystalline tears trekking silent paths over pale cheeks. What god had saw fit to create this eternally melancholy beauty soundlessly weeping before me? Another cruelty within my life...

I take a step forward before I can stop myself, my feet making a soft sound on the smooth metal of the flooring. I force myself still, hoping he hadn't heard me, but of course, fate is the cruelest mistress of all.

"Why are you here?" his voice is hoarse, soft as if he hasn't spoken in as many months as I have been alone. I choke on my reply, stilled in the silence. He doesn't even bother to wipe the tears from his face, unashamed of his pain in front of me. Hope wells inside of me at that realization.

"I'm lost," I finally say in response, my voice sounding alien in my own ears. How long had it been since I had spoken myself?

He makes a soft noise suspiciously sounding like a scoff of disbelief.

"I'm bleeding," I continue, unable to be pleased by the flash of alarm in his eyes as he looks me over for the damage I speak of. Obviously realizing that I am not literally bleeding, his gaze wavers, the depths of his eyes like liquid twilight pouring over me.

He doesn't say anything, simply watching me in the starlight and a pang of angry hurt rushes through me at his unwillingness to speak even after all this time.

"I'm bleeding and lost, Commander, aren't you going to help one of your precious students?" A sharpness enters the stormy pools, my words having the desired effect on him.

~There's times I stayed alive for you
There's times I would have died for you
There's times it didn't matter at all~

(Squall)

I look away from the gorgeous man before me, refusing to rise to the baiting, the hurt in the jade eyes too obvious. I don't understand what he wants from me. What peace could I possibly bring to him after I had nearly destroyed him? It had taken all I had just to retrieve him, to fight for his mere existence here. What more could I possibly give to him?

During the war, there were times I had wanted nothing more than to give myself over to the sweet silence of death, to reject the phoenix down and simply drift away, but I hadn't. I had to fight, to live, to be the hero to Seifer's villain and the villain to his hero. I would have died for him a thousand times over if it had meant freedom for him after, but it hadn't and so I had lived to make certain he'd be breathing at the end of it all. And I couldn't bear to face him now, knowing, the pain of life reminding me of my failure. I'd failed to stop him, to keep him from her, to convince him to stay here with me when he'd asked me to join him so many months ago and would never be forgiven.

"I can't," I manage to choke out, the threat of new tears strangling my words. His eyes darken in the low light, his gaze turning accusatory.

"No," he states adamantly, taking another step towards me. I shift, uncomfortably trapped with no place to escape to, cornered and vulnerable. "I'm not giving you a choice princess. You are the only one who can help me," his voice is dangerously low, echoing off the metallic walls. He takes another step towards me, so close now that I can feel his heat. I shake my head, pressing myself flat against the wall at my back, the sudden fear striking me with an unexpectedly brutal force, flashes of his sneer and the numbing pain of electricity causing my body to shake uncontrollably.

"I-I can't... Seifer please..." my voice is so small, like a child frightened by the monsters beneath my bed. He stops, eyes widening as he finally realizes the obvious fear in my shrinking posture. He reaches out for me and I flinch in spite of my best attempts to remain still. He frowns, his gaze faltering, guilt leaking into the sea green depths. Before I can stop them, the threatening tears slip from my eyes, wetting my cheeks anew.

I shiver as gentle fingers brush them away, barely ghosting over my skin. "Squall... What have I done to you?"

I can't look at him, instead focusing on the blurry floor below, trying desperately to ignore the heat of his hand upon my cheeks, the soft caress of his fingers on my chin.

"It wasn't you..." I whisper, still staring at the scuffed metal of the floor. And I truly believe my own words; I have to or I know I will run from him again. It hadn't been him, not this gentle, desperate creature touching my cheeks so softly as if I were made of fragile crystal, but instead a twisted, distorted version of him, perverted by the disturbed mind of an insane woman, a sorceress. I can hear him exhale, feel his breath stirring against my hair, shifting the strands like the memory of a breeze. When had he gotten so close to me?

"Are you so certain?" he sounds strange, voice tainted by a foreign emotion that I can't associate with him, a frailty that will never suit him. Has he broken? I lift my eyes just

enough to see his face, solemn and strangely weak in the starlight and my voice abandons me. How can I answer him when he is looking at me like that?

Desperation fills his eyes as he stares at me, mistaking my silence for my reply, obviously not the one he'd been hoping for and his large hands grasp at my biceps hard enough to bruise and he shakes me slightly, "Answer me Squall... Please for Hyne's sake, answer me... with words... I'm drowning here..." The pleading tone of his voice, the crackling of emotion making me shudder, unable to break his hold on me though it hurts as his fingertips dig into flesh even through the heavy material of my sweater. I don't know the answer he's seeking. Simply reassuring him won't be enough, not when he still believes himself the villain.

"I... I'm sorry Seifer... I can't be your hero anymore..."

The desperation in his eyes fades, replaced with a deep sadness that is so obvious I can feel it in my bones and he releases me, arms falling to his sides dejectedly, "If not you, then who's going to save me?" his voice is barely more than a whisper, so opposite from his usual confident tones that I can scant recognize it.

I have no answer for him. I'm afraid to speak. I know that I won't be able to refuse him forever if he begs me and I also know that I have no way of saving him. I've no idea what it is he wants from me. I can't even save myself, let alone him. His words hurt me in places that I have buried so deeply I can hardly identify them. He hurts me. His eyes, his voice, his pain; it's always been my undoing. But I can't help him, not this time. I can't make that mistake again, not when I had so carelessly let him be ruined in the past, when his suffering now is a product of my last mistake. I'm not the one who can save him; I can't be his hero when I am so clearly the villain in this game.

~Will you help me find the right way up
Or let me take the wrong way down
Will you straighten me out
Or make me take the long way around
I took the low road in
I'll take the high road out
I'll do whatever it takes
To be the mistake
You can't live without~

(Seifer)

I can feel the darkness coming on, ready to swallow me up entirely and I flounder. If not Squall, there is no one else. I can't accept his refusal. I hug myself, feeling pathetic for doing so and I swallow before taking a deep, steadying breath. He's not running from me again, not when I need him so desperately. I'm lost and he has the map; I know it.

"Squall... There is no one else. If it's not you, I can't be saved," my words leave me in a strangled sort of voice, halfway between a whisper and an almost sob. The desperation in the tone is palpable, but I can't bring myself to attempt the bravado I had once been so known for, pathetic as I am already; what would be the point in pretending to be strong. The fact is that I am not strong. I never was, not without him.

I feel the change in him before I see it. He's rigid, anger creeping in with whatever frustration I've caused him or maybe because I've cornered him here in this secret area that we have always shared. I can see the clenching of his jaw, the movement of his swallow along his neck.

"What would you have me do Seifer? When I am hanging by a thread, should I reach out my hand for you even if it means we will both fall?" His voice is dangerous, growing in volume, louder than I've ever heard him, hints of intense emotion leaking into it steadily. I'm pushing him further than I ever have before, but I refuse to let up. I'm not going to back off this time, not when I need him. I need this, this familiarity.

~Standing in the dark
I can see your shadow
You're the only light
That's breaking through the window

There's times I stayed alive for you
There's times I would've died for you
There's times it didn't matter at all~

"At least then we wouldn't have to fall alone," my response to his harsh words seems to only increase his distress and the tears he'd managed to quell are back full force, pouring silvery streams from those beautiful eyes. I want to touch him, but I don't, not yet.

He's looking at me with those eyes, the tears making those long lashes stick together, the depths swirling with glistening pain and I'm the cause. Why do we only cause pain to one another, and yet we can't leave each other alone? Emotional masochists, the both of us.

My teeth dig into my lower lip as I watch him, watching me, both waiting. When he speaks, it's as if he is surprised by the movement of his own lips, "We'll both drown." The anger he was trying to desperately to hold on to is gone, only a whisper slipping through pale lips, yet the pain in it is deafening.

~Will you help me find the right way up
Or let me take the wrong way down
Will you straighten me out
Or make me take the long way around
I took the low road in
I'll take the high road out
I'll do whatever it takes
To be the mistake you can't live without

We'll I'm not gonna give it away
Not gonna let it go, just to wake up someday gone! Gone!
The worst part is looking back
And knowing that I was wrong~

A sudden calm falls over me, as if I finally understand. I finally know what to do, what to say.

"We'll only drown if we don't keep each other afloat. Squall I..." the words I know I want to say, the ones I need to say to him, have always needed to say to him die in my throat as his eyes meet mine, tears still swimming in those twilight depths. I don't know when I move, but before I am able to fathom it, I have him in my arms. His skin is cold against mine and he is so much thinner than I remember him being under the thickness of his sweater, but I don't care. I've crushed him to me, not allowing him a chance for escape and my lips crash onto his, tasting salt on his as I kiss him.

He doesn't move at all, still in my embrace. I'm not even sure he's breathing, but I can feel his heart hammering against his chest, reverberating through my own pressed so close to his. Then reality seems to catch up with him and he's hitting me, his fists stinging against my back until he realizes that it's having no effect and switches to trying to push me away roughly. I pull back only for a breath, catching his gaze for a brief moment before pressing back in for another kiss, forcing my tongue into his mouth, a moan escaping me only to be muffled by his mouth. I've wanted this for so long. And he shivers against me, breath hitching into the kiss and I realize I'm forcing this, following my own agenda, uncaring of his obvious discomfort and I begin to pull away.

Before I can disentangle myself fully from the beautiful brunette, I am being yanked back against him with so much force that we actually crash into the wall behind Squall, a metallic clang ringing out in the starlit silence from our impact. His lips are on mine again, only it's he who is devouring me, his soft tongue pressing against my lips and snaking inside as soon as they part. I am stunned, but instinct takes over and I kiss him back, pressing him back against the unforgiving steel of the wall. He doesn't complain, returning the desperate passion with equal enthusiasm.

And I'm drowning all over again, but I'm not afraid anymore. I'm drowning in him. I can feel the smooth skin of his sides against my palms and I swallow the soft keening moan that sounds from his throat. My fingertips trace over his back, over the sharpness of his shoulder blades and the knobs of his spine. I can feel my arousal building as I explore his body, mapping along his skin under his sweater with my hands until he so suddenly shoves me away from him that I stumble.

I stare at him in confusion, swallowing and licking the taste of him from my lips while stepping once more towards him, "Squall?"

"No!" his voice is hoarse and loud as he puts up a hand in warning to keep my distance. His face is flushed, his body shivering ever so slightly, lips reddened from the rough kissing and I can see the tightness in the front of his pants that he desperately tries to hide with his sweater. "No... This... This can't happen Seifer. It's a mistake."

I don't understand why he's refusing when it is so clear that the feelings are mutual between us. You wouldn't kiss someone like that if you didn't desperately love them. I would know, seeing as I've kissed plenty of beautiful men and women, but never like that. Only with him would I kiss with such desperation; only he could drag out such passion from me.

~Help me find the right way up
Or let me take the wrong way down
Will you straighten me out
Or make me take the long way around
I took the low road in
I'll take the high road out
I'll do whatever it takes
To be the mistake you can't live without~

I step closer to him knowing that it's probably dangerous, especially since he has no way of escape, trapped as he is in the corner of the secret area. He shivers and wraps his arms around himself tightly, huddling into the corner. His breathing is ragged and his eyes are wet and red to match his lips. I want him. I need him. It's all I can think; it fills my mind completely. The memory of his taste in my mouth forces me to move closer to him still. I don't care about the danger. If he were to lash out and injure or kill me, it would never be comparable to the pain I had inflicted on him, the scars I had carved into him. In a way I'm proud of those marks; they are evidence that he belongs to me.

I reach out for him once again and he looks at me, his brows furrowed. He's leaning into the promise of warmth from my hand on his flesh even though he is trying so hard to remain still, to remain out of reach. It's futile and we both know it.

"Squall... Even if it's a mistake, it's one I'm willing to make. I would never regret having you. Please, let me," my voice is cool, husky and calm as I ask him to give himself to me. I'm asking, but we both know that his answer isn't going to make a damn difference in the outcome of this meeting. I'm going to take him regardless of what he says now. He knows as well as I do that he won't refuse me. He's always been weak against me just as I am weak against him.

I take the last step towards him, completely entrapping him between the unforgiving steel of the wall and my body and he simply falls into my arms, not even giving voice to his acquiesce.

~I'll do whatever it takes
To be the mistake you can't live without~

I don't remember taking him back to his dorm, but we've somehow ended up here. His back is against the inside of his closed door and my hands are on his skin. I can't feel it enough. I

need to feel all of him, to know this is real. We're both here, both alive, breathing each other's air. His lips are just as intense against mine as they had been in the secret area, but he's no longer attempting to fight me. His fingertips are sneaking along my waistline, teasing under the waistband of my garden-issued fatigues and I can feel the arousal between us, the heat radiating from the minute spaces between our bodies.

"Seifer," he breathes my name against my lips, barely breaking the kiss. I can feel his words on my lips as he speaks in a rapid whisper, "If we do this, it will be a mistake, I can promise you this. You will regret it when it's over. All we can do is break each other. It's all we've ever done, all I've ever done to you."

He is so scared, so frightened of this; I can feel it in the quivering of his flesh beneath my palms and the heated wisps of breath against my lips, the misting of tears yet to fall swimming within the stormy depths of his eyes. Our eyelashes brush soft as the wings of a butterfly as we stare at one another, silence dragging after his admission, his premonition of a future we have yet to encounter. Anything would be better than a future without him in it for me. I don't care about a mistake, not anymore, not when I can't sleep, can't eat; I'm not even living, not really. What could one more mistake possibly do to make anything in my life worse?

"Squall, it doesn't matter anymore. I'll take responsibility," the words are barely past my lips before his are on mine once more and his arms are snaking around my neck. I hoist him into my arms, his legs going around my waist reflexively and I stumble the both of us to his room, the sound of his bedroom door slamming into the wall behind it as we make our way to his bed hardly noticed before we're toppling over onto the unmade covers clumsily. There are no more words between us as we lose our clothing, skin finally sliding against skin.

Hands move with an almost hesitant familiarity as we touch each other in ways we've never fully explored previous, but have dreamt of for years. It's like coming home. I love him; I know it with every fiber of my being, can feel it under my skin and in my gut, every part of me is begging to have him. Let him be mine. I pray to every damn deity in existence to let me have him, let me keep him for the rest of our lives. Take away his fear and fill him with me, don't let him stop this; don't let his fear take this from us.

His moans fill my ears as my hands slip over his skin to his most intimate places and his hands find purchase on my shoulders, nails digging into the flesh, marking me with his need. He's not pushing me away and I send out thanks to whatever gods have given me this precious creature begging me to take him. When I finally sheathe myself inside of his heat, it's like being made whole again, like all the pieces I was missing from my fractured soul have been returned to me. The tears are back, but he's pulling me closer, driving me deeper inside of him. He's moving against me, in time with me and his legs are smooth against my sides as his thighs press against me. He's loving me back with as much intensity and primal ferocity as I am driving into him. This is where we're meant to be. Why had it taken so long for us to get to here?

"Please... please... oh gods Seifer, I'm..." his voice is desperate in his wanting, his nails in my back are a sharp contrast to the sea of pleasure I'm drowning in and I can feel him stiffen

against me, his inner walls clamping onto me in an attempt to keep me still within him. I can hardly breathe as I fill him up and he's shivering again though we are anything but cold.

When I move again, I'm slipping out of him, but I'm not letting go and he isn't ready to let go either. Tangled together in his sheets, we cling to each other, starlight filtering through the slates of his lone window, bathing us in the ethereal light that can only be seen in the dead of the night. This is our time.

"I'm your biggest mistake Seifer. I'll be the end of you," he whispers in the near silence, his breath still ragged in the aftermath of our lovemaking and I smile, one hand brushing unruly strands of cinnamon from his face.

"You're the most beautiful mistake I've ever made Squall. The only mistake I'll never be able to live without." I can't bring myself to care what morning will bring, nor what anyone will have to say. In this moment, there is only us and I'll be damned if the future will scare me into ruining it. I don't care. He's mine. The only thing I've ever really wanted and he's finally mine.

TBC...?

End Notes

I may or may not do another part to this, not too sure. We will see if the mood strikes me at some point. As always, I hope you enjoyed the read and review if you feel like it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!