

Hurt

"Come on, Come on, turn on the ig-ni-tion!" Jake sang to himself as he held his right headphone to his ear, head swinging in motion to the music as he walked over to his room. He opened the door, without noticing the light was on, and flicked the lights off. **"Whoa. Whoops... My bad."** He murmured with a slight smirk, letting his headphone drop as he flicked the lights back on.

His smile faded when he saw Andre sprawled in a bundle of black upon the floor, sniffing and crying.

"... Andre?" Jake murmured softly. The small bundle stirred, and Jake caught sight of beady amber that glittered with tears. His lips parted once more, but he said nothing as he walked over and sat down beside his little brother. **"Hey... What's up lil' guy..."** Jake asked.

Andre still looked up at his brother for a moment, his bare and shallow breath the only thing audible at the moment before he simply choked and broke out into a fit of sobs, picking himself up and hurling himself at his big brother. Jake flinched a little, but then held him close as his little brother wrapped his arms around him tightly, Andre's tail swishing slowly and curling up in sadness.

They sat there, for what seemed like almost forever, as Andre cried his eyes out, soaking his brother's shirt with his sorrow. Jake didn't think much of it, as he simply held Andre's head close to his chest, brushing his hair gently and rubbing his back with care.

"Sh... It's okay little brother... Big brother's here... I'm here for you..." He whispered. Andre slowly choked back the sobs, taking breaths as sharp as blades in brief and painful moments.

Another eternity passed, and Jake finally patted Andre gently.

"Are you alright now to tell me, or do you think you just need time by yourself..." He asked his little brother. Andre bit his lip as he held himself ever tighter onto his big brother's torso, feeling safe inside. He nodded simply, nuzzling Jake's side to tell him to stay. Jake tilted his head at Andre and stroked his back softly again. **"What's going on then, lil' bro..."** He asked calmly. Andre opened his mouth to answer, but then he closed it again and hid his face in Jake's shirt. Jake sighed and patted Andre once more. **"Nevermind, we can just sit here quietly as well, if you want."** Jake began.

"Mm a 'ad 'er'on..." Andre made a sound, muffled by Jake's shirt. Jake raised an eyebrow.

"What?" He asked. Andre shivered a little, and then repeated the sound, a little louder this time. Jake shook his head. **"I can't hear you, Andre..."** He said with a sigh.

Andre pulled his face free of Jake's moist shirt and sat up with teary eyes.

"I'm a bad person...!" He cried. Jake stared at the little salamander who looked like he was about to cry again, everything in his head trying to determine how to reply.

Jake then smiled a little.

"No you're not, little brother! Don't be silly!" Jake replied. Andre looked disheartened and he looked away.

"I am... I'm just a bad person... He would be happy, if I cut my heart out with a knife and showed it to him... I deserve it..." Andre whispered. Jake's smile faded just as immediately as his last one did, and he looked really worried.

"I don't understand... 'He'-who?" Jake asked. Andre did not move, blink, or most of all, answer.

Jake frowned and pulled Andre by the chin and forced the younger brother to look him in the eyes.

"Andre, tell me what's wrong." Jake asked firmly. But once again, even when he was staring into Jake's eyes, Andre did not move, blink, or answer. All about him was dead, except for the gleam of light in his glazed amber eyes, his face stained with tears and his breathing almost unnaturally still. Jake shook his head and stood up, petting Andre on the head.

"Alright then, don't worry about it..." He muttered, before walking towards the door. Tears began to roll over Andre's cheeks again, soaking the marks of prior weeping.

"I—I hurt... A f-friend..." Andre croaked. Jake stopped at the door, his hand just brushing skin in his grip. He didn't move though, and Andre followed suit. **"I said... Horrible things... I didn't mean it... I didn't..."** He went on. **"And I... I wanted to talk to him, and I said sorry, but... Now..."** Andre cried softly, his voice breaking. Jake glanced over his shoulder slowly and slightly, trying to get a glimpse of his little brother who was in so much pain. **"It doesn't matter now... Does it...? Maybe, I will cut myself... And maybe, he'll laugh... And he'll smile... He hates me... And he doesn't want to see me ever again... And I will kill myself... He'll be happy..."** Andre murmured, his voice suddenly changing. Jake turned his head to look at Andre, feeling scared now.

"Okay, look kiddo—" He started strongly. Jake's eyes then widened when saw Andre clutching a blade piece in his hand, gripping onto it tightly as blood dripped upon creamy white carpet.

"—Andre...!" Jake suddenly screamed.

I'm sorry...