

Behind the Masquerade

Hinter der Maskerade [ZelosxSheena]

Von Demonic_Banshee

Kapitel 14: Peter Pan - Preview

Finally he had reached the Gaoracchia Forest. He was panting and the cold sweat was clinging to his forehead. They had told him not to go there, but he didn't care. "It's dangerous" they had said. "You won't survive!".

Maybe because they all were afraid to go there he had chosen this place, so he could finally have a moment of silence. No Sebastian telling him to visit here and there, no king and pope telling him what to do. Just he and his own free will. He turned and looked around, hearing for any sound – but there was nothing but silence. Suddenly he heard a little cracking noise and turned again. There was a figure poorly hiding behind a tree. He smirked, then slowly approached the still hiding small figure. Maybe it was a little monster? He grabbed for his dagger, unsheathing it and gripping it tightly in his right hand.

'Don't get afraid' he told himself 'You're a skilled fighter. You can beat adults, so a little monster won't do you any harm!'

Quickly he reached for the creature from its back, gripping it tightly with his left arm and holding his dagger to its throat. It squealed and his eyes widened.

'This is no monster!'

The moment he had hesitated it had reached for his right arm and threw him over its shoulder while taking his dagger. Now he lay on the ground on his back, feeling the cold steel of his own dagger at his throat. He looked up and blue eyes met brown. The 'monster' turned out to be a little raven haired girl now sitting on top of his stomach. 'A very skilled little girl' he added in his thoughts.

"Who are you?" she asked with a threatening voice. When he didn't answer she tugged on his shirt while leaning into him.

"Who. Are. You?" she repeated and slowly he awakened from his dazed shape.

"Z-" he thought for a moment. 'Don't you dare telling her who you really are!' he called out to himself. This time he didn't want to be the chosen. This time there shouldn't be any prejudices or expectations. And who knew? Maybe this girl turned out to be the one person finally understanding the way he felt?

"P-Peter... Peter Pan." He then finally stammered.

"And what are you doing here?"

"I ran away."

"Why?"

"... Because..." he hesitated. 'No lies this time! Just for once!'

"Because my mother didn't want me anymore... Because I'm... I'm..."

"Heh..." she began to smile sadly and then put away the dagger.

"Guess we're in the same boat then." He raised an eyebrow.

"You too ran away because your mother didn't want you?" She avoided his glance and tried to hide her eyes with the strands of her long black hair that was falling into her face.

"Well... It's right. I'm an orphan, so I guess my parents didn't want me for they left me alone when I still was a baby. I live with my grandpa though. But he wants me to learn how to summon spirits – that's why I ran away."

"What's your name?" he asked curiously.

"Sheena."

"Sheena..." he repeated slowly. Zelos began to smile. This girl definitely would understand how he felt. he wished that they hopefully could stay together forever.

"That's a beautiful name."

xXx

Ja, in englisch. Ich will irgendwann mal die gesamte Idee hierzu umsetzen:

Zelos ist 9 und hat die Schnauze vom "Auserwählter"-sein voll. Er rennt von zu Hause weg und flieht in den Gaoracchia Wald, wo er die sechs jährige Sheena trifft, die ebenfalls weggerannt ist. Um nicht der Auserwählte sein zu müssen stellt er sich stattdessen als "Peter Pan" vor. Die beiden freunden sich miteinander an und erleben täglich Abenteuer in der Wildnis, bis der tag kommt, an dem Sheena erwachsen werden muss und Zelos als kleiner Junge zurück bleibt.

Vielleicht schaffe ich es irgendwann die Story zu schreiben.