

# Another Fairytale

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## Kapitel 6: 5.Chapter

Dinner went by dragging like a piece of old chewing gum. Juliette moved too close all the time, while Yuuri tried to transfer his thoughts from Wolfram to his dinner. Twice already, he almost choked on the bird steak.

Being aware that further forcing himself to eat wouldn't be effective, Yuuri decided to call it a night, and bid everyone goodnight, before heading to his chambers.

With heavy lids his eyes swept across the room – futilely. In an instant the flicker of hope that enflamed suffocated. No Wolfram, why should there be?

His heart sinking even lower Yuuri dully changed into his night garments while going through the possible places they could search for the he-doesn't-even-remember-how-many-time.

He pulled back the cold blanket and lay down on icy sheets. Everything without Wolfram had gone so cold that his brain felt numb from time to time. Especially now, Yuuri couldn't really think, except for the facts that he was still awake, missing the heat usually next to him and that that heat wasn't there.

The exasperated king folded his arms behind his head, staring at the ceiling of his canopy. Memories of his times with his fiancé flew before his eyes, getting blurred, by an (Yuuri noticed) all too familiar salty liquid.

Suddenly the canopies were pulled apart with such force that they threatened to fall out. With a gasp Yuuri blinked a few times, before letting out by far the biggest groan in his life. He just couldn't take this now, not now.

As if to stress his nerves on purpose, a pink dressed Juliette appeared before him with a grin.

"Surprise! Heika!"

"What do you want?" he replied rather rudely, but for what time of the day it was, Yuuri ceased to care. He didn't even feel the need to glance at her face, but continued observing those interesting folds in his blanket.

Not the least effected, or grasping the atmosphere, she continued "I wanted to cheer up heika, of course!"

"I don't need your help, return to your guestroom, Juliette." Yuuri said listless.

"But heika, you mustn't dwell on things that don't return. Wolfram is history, he might have just left. We don't know anything. You just forget about him..." she suggested with another seductive smile.

"Excuse me?"

"Eh?"

Raising his voice, he repeated "What did you say?"

"Uhhm" This time Juliette did notice how humidity seemed to increase. Intimidated she took a few steps backwards, before wrapping her arms around herself in protection.

What was happening? Why did nothing work on him? She already successfully held all the other Mazokus at the castle in her grasps. Why did the Maoh, king of Mazokus resist her special charms?

Yuuri had never felt this angry before. Without control words that had been struck in his throat for days blurted out, while the blue aura around him increased, and he felt how the little bit of consciousness continues slipping away.

Although it was still him, his own voice had already changed low and freezing cold.

"You don't know anything about him! He wouldn't just leave for now reason. Something must have happened to him, and if you don't want to pay for this situation, you better GET OUT OF HERE NOW!"

The last was a low, but intense growl, coming out of the back of his throat, almost like a wild animal.

Petrified with wide violet eyes, the female took a few more steps back whenever Yuuri seems to come closer. Her eyes were unnaturally focused both on the immediate danger in front of her, and on a certain neatly decorated black box on the window sill. So that was it!

"This will not work." She thought before she turned around, gave a small frightened bow and then disappeared behind giant doors, almost running for her life. This was definitely too dangerous.

Fireworks went off inside Yuuri's head when he finally regained most of his consciousness. Something had been wrong in the way Juliette just acted. It had been rude of him to react like that to a girl, but she just crossed a thin line with what she said.

Sighing he went to bed one more time, his eyes accidentally sweeping across the black box he had put on the window sill earlier.

That box had a secret with it. Of that Yuuri was absolutely sure for Juliette never stopped staring at it before she left in a rush.

Fatigue took over the boy-king's mind, leading into a world full of nightmares and catastrophes.

In the mean time, Wolfram couldn't believe his eyes. That filthy woman, dared to wear his royal blue, sit on his chair, wear his pink for the night and creep up on his fiancé during the night!

This was going against the law. Only he himself as the prince consort was allowed to have these privileges!

On the inside of his surfacing anger, he felt stones, crashing against his heart, everytime Juliette batted her ugly lashes on his fiancé, everytime she tried to replace him. And most of all, every single time he saw the double black's beautiful orb's invisible tears.

Yuuri was clearly depressed.

"Henachoko! Can't even get along without me by his side, hmph!" Although he mumbled these words out of reflex, another weight attached to his heart, because he knew that this time he was literally right.

Even though the king might not feel the same way about him as he does. He clearly stated that the prince was family, his best friend. To see Yuuri in this state of melancholy broke the blonde's heart.

I have to get out of this place as fast as possible. Yuuri needs help.

Distracted by his thoughts he only noticed now that Yuuri's eyes had a strange glitter in them while a dark blue aura pulsed around him.

"No!"

"Greetings to you, Wolfram. Did you enjoy today? Too bad that tonight did not work out as planned..." she said casually while supporting her left waving hand with her right.

Wolframs grind his teeth. If that witch decided to come here that couldn't mean anything good.

"You were wrong Juliette, he can not forget me. I'm too precious to him." He replied as calm as possible as someone could with a throbbing vein on his forehead.

"Exactly my point."

"I don't quite understand."

"Here is the deal: I know exactly that you planted that cursed protection spell. The only thing my charming magic cannot control are fire wielders, in other words people like you. But I am pretty lucky that this castle doesn't have any high ranking fire-wielders to get in my way, don't you think? "She smiles before continuing. "Seeing that you know how its like in here, I'll offer you business. I will release you. In exchange, you must leave blood pledge castle before the day ends. This way, your silly

little box won't work anymore."

What did that woman take Wolfram for!

"Then you can wait forever! I will not leave Yuuri's side, never! I wukk stay and protect him, even if it costs me!" He shouted back with impulse.

"Oh!" Juliette did not really sound surprised that her deal wasn't accepted. She had calculated that already. It was just for story flow's sake that she had to put on such a fake astonishment.

"In this case, I guess that you wouldn't leave me another choice. You didn't want to accept it before, but now I will just have to go the violent way: Bring Yuuri here personally, and torture him right in front of you! I wonder hoe it feels to watch your fiancé dying in front of you?" she let out a hysterical giggle.

You are sick!

Oh, if Wolfram could only recall his Majustu powers in an instant, his body was pinned to the damp, but flat ground face down. His arms were twisted so far behind his back that his face turned pale white, and he let out a devastating scream of agony.

She gave out another false sigh, shaking her long silver strands of hair "You are really not in the position to call me that. I'll ask you for that last time: Will you take your leave from Blood Pledge Castle, or will you be responsible for you Maoh's death?"

With that she increased the force twisting on Wolfram's arms.

Another scream of pain. Then, the pressure disappeared, leaving a trembling blonde on the ground. With his last words, he whimpered "I'd do anything for Yuuri..." before his consciousness left him.

Immediately a veil of violet wrapped around him. Both of them faded into the fog at the same time.

He really didn't have a choice.

Juliette shrugged her shoulders lightly. "See? I knew it could be done" she said to herself before she turned around and dissolved within the mysterious vapor as well.

The moment Wolfram had slowly opened his eyes; the world was spinning around and around. Half way through he had thought he was on a cursed ship once again.

Next a stinging pain attracted attention to itself. Rubbing his shoulders, he felt like his arms would fall apart.

In an instant everything that happened during his absence from the castle flashed into his mind: The fog, Juliette, the screen, the disability, Yuuri and the deal!

Everything seemed to be like a dream, except the fact that he could still feel the dampness on his forehead from her attack before.

First, he had to find out where he was: Wolfram was lying on something soft. When he turned around he noticed blue sheets, pillows, and a dark red canopy. The huge windowsill adored a single black wooden box. It was their room.

Bright light shone through those huge windows, which created some sense of loneliness in the blond.

Shielding his eyes from the blinding element, he decided to sit up, change his clothes and announce his return.

Maybe I was lucky and everything really didn't happen. In case though, I have to talk to Gwendel or Haha-ue about this matter.

Just when he buttoned up the last button of his royal blue jacket, fixed his necktie, he heard steps coming closer. That must be Yuuri!

Warmth spread through his veins. For once in a while he felt true bliss, hope welling up in him like a cake wells up when baking. It was the sweet taste of anticipation.

The door opened. Wolfram turned around.

"Yuu—"

All words got stuck in his throat. He had to gulp a few times before rephrasing what he intended to shout.

"Yuuri, you damn cheater! I knew it!"

There, hugging the Maoh's arm, was a violet eyed girl with long flowing silver hair in a blue dress, grinning like she never grinned before.

Uhh..oohhh... This was bad. Yuuri was fully clear of his crime just now. It wasn't like he did it on purpose or anything.

Before returning to his monotone studies with Guenter, he had used the excuse of "forgetting something" to go back to his room and dwell on his thoughts about Wolfram.

On the way there, he unfortunately met Juliette, who after a night's rest, had continued her attacks. Since she was a girl, and in almost every corner a familiar face, he couldn't just shove her away like he did last night.

She seemed to know that.

Juliette had no inhibitions in using the fact that the Maoh wasn't allowed to treat her

like the other night.

Therefore, she concluded it wasn't too risky to hang onto his arm, just before he entered his chambers. She also knew that she released him there too.

"What a spectacle that would be" she thought, while caressing her cheek on the black cloth of a slightly disgusted Maoh's uniform.

When he opened the doors, he would have never guessed, that his prayers to Shinou would have been answered! Right in front of him stood a slender figure, a little bit shorter than him, with golden blond hair and an infamous royal blue uniform.

Upon laying sight on his missing fiancé, Yuuri's heart took on a slightly faster rhythm. The numbness that he learned to get used to was slowly replaced by warmth that wrapped around him, like a second skin.

It was really him! Wolfram in flesh and blood!

A few minutes later, after seeing Wolfram's unfinished "Yuuri!" turn into a "You damn cheater!" Yuuri realized why the person's face he longed most for fell into a deep mask of frustration.

Hurriedly, he shook a now frowning Juliette from his arm, before stepping forward to greet his fiancé with a hug and one of his nervous chuckles.

I bet this is awkward...

"Wolf..."

Too late.

The fiery blond rushed pass him with a lowered head that didn't review his eyes as quick as a horse, with the elegance of a dancer. Only by passing, he accidentally rubbed the Maoh's shoulders.

Guilty, and with an even heavier heart Yuuri only stared back at the figure disappearing around the corner.

At least they shared a touch.

At the sight of a grinning Juliette, all previous hope crumbled inside Wolfram, he felt like someone ripped his chest open, tore out his heart, before squashing it into little pieces.

This can't be happening.

Unnoticed, he lowered his head to hide the swelling tears, while making a run out of

this suffocating atmosphere, with a truly clueless fool.

Not Yuuri, but he was the fool. Of course Yuuri, would give in to Juliette once the spell was weakened due to his promise. How could he believe even only for a second that their special relationship could survive that curse.

Just when he ran passed as fast, but also as calm as possible, he heard a sweet candy-like voice in his left ear.

"Don't forget what we agreed upon..." Juliette reminded him softly.

Tensed Wolfram gave a slight unnoticeable nod, before rivers of salty water could pour down his rosy pale cheeks.

Slowly he turned the puny delicately adored silver key in his fingers. Wolfram made sure that the pink satin ribbon around the key was properly arranged, and wrapped everything in his favorite cream necktie, including his last letter to the only one he promised to love forever. After he laid his last message next to the wooden black box, he quietly closed the door behind him.

Looking up to the ceiling, Wolfram muttered: "I guess this is goodbye, Yuuri. I will always protect you", before turning around to get to the stalls as fast as possible.