

The Phantom Thief

The story of a strange love

Von Lluvia

Chapter fourteen

And just like that I found myself at the police station, a few weeks after that disastrous masked ball. My siblings knew about everything and finally, after moping for a while, I made this decision. It was no use in trying to steal anything in my condition and there was only one thing that would cure it, so I took the last - and probably riskiest - step to try that. Arriving as myself, without any disguise.

I walked up to the woman who sat behind the desk and greeted her friendly.

"Good Morning. Could you please tell me whom I have to contact if I might know something about a certain case?"

She frowned. "Well... which 'case' do you refer to?"

"The one about the Phantom Thief."

Her eyes went wide. "Well... if you know something about that, you might as well tell me. I can pass the information on."

"Well... actually, I wanted to talk to a specific policeman..."

"Why?"

"Personal matters. But I am certain, that the information might help you catch the thief and I won't tell it anyone else.", I answered stubbornly. I wasn't stupid, I knew that it wouldn't help my plans in the slightest if I just went and told any other police officer except Alan what I wanted to say.

She tried to argue but I wouldn't change my request so in the end, she gave up.

"Fine... but I honestly hope that your information is worth the trouble. You know, police officers have work too, even if they are here. Paperwork doesn't finish itself. So, with whom do you want to talk?"

I nodded and told her Alan's name. She searched shortly at her computer - probably figuring out where he worked exactly - before she stood up and motioned to me to follow her. I did just that as she walked through the building, until we finally reached a room, where a lot of people seemed to have their desks to work.

"Alan?", she asked, loud enough to be heard over the chaos and just as I found him sitting behind his desk he looked up.

It actually was kind of funny that his eyes didn't instantly show suspiciousness and caution, but instead confusion, as he looked at me. Like I said, Lily's costumes were *good*...

Anyway, he walked up to us to ask what was wrong.

"That guy here wants to tell you something, he said he won't tell it anyone else but it would be important. You know him?", the woman explained and he looked at me

again, frowning.

"No, I don't think so..."

"Anyway, I hope whatever it is helps you."

She rolled her eyes at me again before leaving the room, probably to go back to the front desk.

Alan looked at me with raised eyebrows. "So... you only want to tell *me* whatever it is?"

I nodded, not trusting my voice because he'd probably recognize it right away, which would be bad. At least, in front of so many people.

"Fine... then follow me."

He led me to some kind of interrogation room, which currently was empty and seemingly unsupervised.

After he closed the door behind me, he turned around to look at me.

"So... what do you want?"

I sighed inwardly. It was probably now or never, huh? So I returned his look, trying to look as serious as possible.

"I want to turn myself in."

His eyes went wide as he recognized my voice and he took a surprised step backwards.

"Phantom?!"

"Actually, it's Yuri."

"What?"

I took a deep breath.

"My name. It's Yuri. I'm currently twenty-two, living in a pretty big flat near the city centre with my three siblings - though I won't tell you their names, because that's not my place to do that - and my hobbies are playing video games, working out and sometimes sewing. Don't look at me like that, yes, men can like sewing too, it's relaxing and surprisingly fun. My blood type is AB negative, my favorite colours are blue - who would've guessed? - and black, I like rock music, spaghetti and if I'm right and I hate it if I can't get what I want, lose in any of my video games or if I'm proven wrong. Why I'm stealing and everything I have already told you a while back, so... Is there anything else you want to know?"

After that speech I watched as his face turned from completely surprised to a frown before he started to look confused.

"Why are you telling me all this...?"

"Well... I already told you, I want to turn myself in. Oh, and you said you don't know anything about me. Now you do, and you can ask me whatever you want, I'll answer truthfully, I promise."

His frown came back. "But why? Why do you suddenly want to turn yourself in?!"

I raised my eyebrow and smiled sadly. "You still don't know? I already told you, I don't care about stealing anymore. Not if there's something I want so much more." I looked him directly into the eyes. "I still love you, you know? And that won't change anytime soon. So I thought, why bothering with stealing if I can't get what I want the most anyway? Your rejection was pretty clear to me..."

It stung, having to say that aloud again, but I actually had no time to think it over again, as Alan suddenly grasped my shoulders, slammed me against the nearest wall and glared at me.

"You idiot!"

I blinked. "What are you-" But he cut me off.

"Do you have any idea how incredibly stupid that was?! Coming here undisguised, wanting to turn yourself in...! You can't do that, just because of me!"

Frowning, I looked at him. "Well, what should I've done in your opinion? Just sitting around at home, boring myself to death?"

"No, but... something! There has to be something else you can do except for stealing!"

"Well sure, but nothing could distract me enough to not think about you. So I figured this was the easiest way to talk to you without you being able to run away again. I just wanted to tell you that I absolutely meant what I said back then and... yeah, I thought that you'd like it if at least you were the one who could arrest me..." I shrugged.

"Though I can go out and announce to everyone else who I am if you want."

"No!"

I frowned again. "Then what *do* you want me to do?" He opened his mouth to answer but I wasn't finished yet. "And please don't tell me to just 'not steal' and search for something else to-"

Before I could finish that sentence, I was interrupted. In a very... interesting way.

Yes, he kissed me.

It was only a little one, but it shut me up pretty effectively as I simply stared at him, waiting for an explanation.

"Well... sorry about that, I needed you to be quiet for a second.", he mumbled, red rising to his cheeks as he looked at my flabbergasted expression. "Actually, I wanted to tell you that for the past two weeks already, but you never showed up, so I wasn't able to do so. When you kissed me at the ball I... just kind of freaked out and ran. I know how it must've looked to you, though back then, I couldn't care less... so I went to visit my older sister for a while, you know, to prevent you from visiting me. But in the end, I kept thinking about you anyway and... well, my sister helped a good deal, but in the end, I got it... I might actually like you too... I just didn't know if you were serious, so I hoped that, after I went home, you'd show up again at my doorstep, so that I could ask you, but... see what you've gotten yourself into..."

I blinked, unsure if I had heard correctly or if I had just imagined that.

"You mean, you... changed your mind?" Hope started to well up inside of me.

"You could say that, yes... though I think that I only needed time to accept it and never really... well... disliked you. Except for the start, *that* kiss was unnecessary!"

But I hadn't really heard the last part, as a grin spread over my face and I pulled him closer.

"I love you!" I told him, still grinning like a madman, before I closed the gap between us once more and kissed him for all it was worth. And this time I was sure I didn't imagine it, as he kissed back enthusiastically.

Though he soon stopped it again.

"Look, we're still at the police station! And we can't stay in here forever, I'm sure the others want to have whatever information you've given me about the thief and *no*, you're not allowed to turn yourself in anymore."

I nodded, *that* plan had been discarded the moment I had heard that my feelings actually weren't rejected.

"Just tell them I told you that the thief doesn't work alone or something like that... it sounds not all too stupid but won't actually help, as my siblings are way too intelligent to get caught by *them*."

"Fine... it's your fault anyway if it's not helpful, you were being the annoying one here.", he answered, smiling slightly.

"Exactly! But..." I hesitated shortly. "What should I do now? I mean I could continue

stealing, but..."

Alan thought about it.

"You know what? Just continue stealing like before." I looked at him, confused, before he added: "But if I catch you - and I mean really catch you, not because you want me to or some kind of stupid mistake - you'll stop stealing altogether, okay?"

Surprised, I thought it over. It actually didn't sound very bad and the chances of him catching me weren't too big, still it would be a challenge and if he *would* catch me, he'd probably not turn me in, so I could still think about something else to do if that happened. So I nodded.

"Fine. I promise."

He smiled. "Great. And now, off with you, I still have a lot of work to do and I have to do a report to write down the information you just told me."

I nodded. "Okay. See you later, I'll visit you!" But before I went away I thought about something. "If you're nice, maybe I'll even give you my phone number!" Grinning, I winked at him, before I put the same expression on that I had, when I arrived (My acting skills thankfully weren't that bad when I needed them) and left the station without anyone - except Alan of course - noticing, that their famous thief had just been amongst them.

I loved my life.