Senseless

Von Leya

Kapitel 17:

Disclaimer: Not mine.

@Lawrence-san: This chapter's for you^^ Oder anders gesagt, die Flügel sind noch dran *grins*

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/Oh my god./ Daisuke swallowed hard to get rid of the bitter taste in his mouth but it was to no avail. /Is...he...is he dead?/

//No. I don't think so.// Dark sat down on the edge of the bed, careful not to cause the demon any further harm and placed his trembling hand on Krad's chest. When he felt the beating of his heart he closed his eyes in relief. //He's still alive.//

/But...but...why?/

The thief only shook his head. So many bruises. Welts. Cuts. Blood. He closed his eyes trying to forget the images now burning in his mind but it was futile. A single tear rolled down his face and suddenly someone behind him clapped his hands.

"Great show, Dark. Does my little surprise please you?"

"Why have you done something cruel like that?" Slowly the thief stroked again and again over the numerous bald places on Krad's once gleaming-white wings and could not grasp it, couldn't understand this brutality. "If you take too much of his feathers from him, you'll kill him!"

"I know."

"You know it? But...but why?"

"Why not? It's not as if he would die within the next two minutes. There are still

enough feathers left and they will grow again." Satoshi approached the bed and looked down on the demon he still was unconscious. Suddenly he reached out and plucked another feather from the demon's wings and watched in amusement when Dark winced helplessly. "It hurts you, am I not right? Let me tell you something, Dark. Everything I have done I've done for you."

"I don't understand..."

"Poor Dark. You don't understand?" Satoshi mocked him scornfully. "You disappoint me. I told you I would find a way to make you suffer."

"But it destroys 'him' and not me!" For the first time since he entered the apartment he looked into the eyes of the boy he loved and all he saw was a mixture of hate and disgust that made him shiver. "Loosing his feathers hurts him more than anything else."

"That's exactly the reason why I'm doing this. I'm destroying 'him' and that's exactly what's hurting 'you'."

Finally the thief understood. He swallowed hard and looked at Satoshis face. The boy seemed different although Dark couldn't name the change. Finally it hit him. The last time he had seen someone this cold had been the night when he bound Krad to his stepfather. The old Hikari had looked nearly the same. Cold, distant and this mad glittering in his eyes...

"Take me instead." Dark said in a low voice and before he knew what he had done, he found himself on his knees, begging Satoshi to release the demon he had failed so often.

"My, my, aren't we eager?" Satoshi brushed a strand of blonde hair from the forehead of the still unconscious demon and smiled at the stunned thief. "Let's ask Krad what he thinks of your offer."

"But he's unconscious!"

"Not for much longer." The boy stated coldly. He leaned over the unconscious body and digging his nails into the cuts on Krads chest he made them bleed again. "Open your eyes, Krad. Come on, pretty. Wake up!"

Krad heard his voice, the sound cutting through his nerves and setting them on fire. Cold hands were stroking deliberately over naked skin. "Come on, pretty. Look at me."

Pain. Sharp and searing, lanced through his body when the hands of his tormentor found the raw cuts on his abused chest and pressed his fingertips into the open wounds marking his skin.

"You're awake, Krad. I know it. You can't fool me."

Slowly Krad opened his eyes but first he couldn't see anything at all. For a moment he

feared that Satoshi had blinded him but suddenly his vision cleared and he looked at the still inhuman and cold face of his keeper.

"Satoshi...?"

The blue-haired boy smiled buried his hand in Krad's hair, forcing him to lift his head. "Dark's here to talk to you, Krad. I want you to listen very carefully. The decision is yours to make."

Dark had listened to the conversation with growing concern and now leaned forward, looking anxiously at the demon.

"Krad, listen to me. He will free you if you ask him therefore. Tell him to let you go. Let me take your place."

Krad blinked several times, not sure, whether he had understood right. "You... you want..."

"Ask him, Krad. Say it! Tell him that he should let me take your position. Do you want that?!" Dark it knew that he begged, but it didn't matter to him.

The demon looked at the thief for long moments, sought in his eyes for a confirmation, that he meant it seriously, found only honest worry and compassion and made his decision. "No."

"Krad! You stupid, stubborn..."

"It is his decision, Dark," reminded Satoshi with a cold voice from the background, however Dark didn't want to give up so easily. He jumped up and grabbed Satoshi's shoulders with a solid grip. "Satoshi, what's wrong with you? I don't recognise you at all! What has happened to the warm-hearted, friendly boy, whom I know? This vindictiveness simply is not your style!"

"Do you recognise it, Dark? Do you remember, what it means?" Satoshi took a step back. One of his hand glided under his shirt and presented a silvery pendant in form of a half-moon. "Surprise!"

Memories, long forgotten, buried under the dusk from innumerable centuries, came back into his mind and suddenly he knew. Hikari.

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