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Von abgemeldet

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Vorwort: SPOILER! Ab dem nächsten Absatz des Vorworts gibt es Spoiler für Band 10 - also, wenn ihr es nicht wissen wollt solltet ihr nicht weiterlesen. Wenn ihr es doch tut will ich keine Klagen hören ^.~

Am Ende des letzten Bandes sagt der mittlerweile erwachsene Chris ja, dass sein Bruder vor Jahren verschwunden ist um D zu suchen. In dieser Story denkt Leon während seiner Suche über alles nach, was mit dem Count zusammenhängt. Ist also praktisch nur ein Monolog ^.~

Ursprünglich sollten nur diese Überschriften ("Dark" etc.) englisch werden, dann hab ich angefangen zu schreiben und hab irgendwann festgestellt, dass ich immer noch auf Englisch schreibe xP Naja, dann bin ich halt dabei geblieben ^///^ Have fun!

Disclaimer: Müsst ihr mich immer dran erinnern, dass PSoH nicht mir gehört. __." Sogar der Satz mit dem "Humanity needs a good kick in the ass" ist aus dem 10. Band geklaut XP

Beta: Anshie - Merciiii~

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Dark

It's another hotel room in another city. Another country I've never been to and another language I don't understand. All that just because of this damned Chinese idiot. Why the hell do I even care where he is or what he does or whether or not he ever gets the picture Chris drew for him?

Desperation

When I told Chris that the Count was not going to come back he cried - and God knows, I felt like crying, too. No idea why I didn't. Or why I couldn't just go back to my old life and do what I used to do before I had first met him. Well, I tried. I really did. After leaving the hospital I went back to the department and tried to act as if nothing had happened. Didn't work, as you might've guessed already. At night all I could

dream about was that stupid smile of his. At day I constantly went to the empty building in China Town that once was a pet shop. I used to sit there for hours, on the stairs, as if he'd come back if I just waited long enough. Of course he didn't.

One day the chief told me that I'd lose my job if I continued not to come to the office without a good reason, without even calling. At that point I didn't care anymore. Who needed that job anyway? It all seemed so ... useless ... empty. Maybe, just maybe, it'll get better if I just find him. Even if it's just to kick his stupid ass.

Devil

Yeah, it's all his fault. It's 'cause of him that I'm lying here, staring at the dark ceiling, brooding about everything that has happened up to now. It's his fault that I left my little brother and that I haven't seen him for ages. It's his fault that I lost my job, my home, my whole life. All I'm doing now is travelling from one city to another and I stay just long enough to find out that he's not there. Sometimes I get a job for a few weeks to pay the next hotel, the next bus, the next flight. And it's all his fault, all the Count's fault, and I'll find him, even if it's just to tell him that.

Dependency

But maybe it's not just that. It's not just to give him the picture a 5-year-old boy made for him two, almost three years ago. It's not just to kick his ass - which he deserves. It's also because ... I want to ... no ... I have to see him again.

Depression

Sometimes, like now, I think it would be easier to give up. Just like that. Wouldn't it be nice to go home and see Chris again? Or even stay here in this stinking room. No more travelling and no more searching. I often wonder what the hell I'm doing. I'll never find him anyway. So why all the trouble?

Dexterously

What has this bastard done to make me give up everything? To turn my whole world upside down? Hell, I don't even like him!

Or at least I didn't. All I wanted was seeing him behind bars. That's what he deserves, after all. But why did I go to the shop again and again if I hated him so much? Why did we drink tea and quarrel all the time? Why did I trust him - him of all people - with my brother? I left him there, among these wild animals, without even worrying. And why did I do something as stupid as that? Well, at least the answer to that is easy. The bastard's clever. Probably the cleverest person I've ever met. He knows how to lull people in.

Divine

And again I'm fooling myself. It's not just that. He kind of fascinated me after some time. My instincts told me that there was more about him, that he wasn't a mere criminal like all those guys I had brought to jail. When I was with him I somehow felt like a little kid sometimes. It was easy for him to make me feel like I didn't know anything at all, but at the next moment I felt so comfortable just sitting there with him, drinking tea and talking.

When I saw him with customers I often thought that his behaviour was strange. Sure, he was always polite, but sometimes it was as if he could see right into those people's hearts and react to their most secret wishes. Somehow it was as if ... he was standing

above us all.

Disapproval

When I left nobody was happy with it. Nobody understood why I did it.

Well, I couldn't understand it myself, so how could I expect that they would?

Jill said I was crazy. But I somehow think that she understood at least a little, maybe she understood me better than I did.

The chief said that I would not get my job back if I left. I didn't care.

The only thing that made me sorry was the fact that I made Chris cry again. I'm still sorry 'bout that. Really.

Danger

It's almost impossible to find him, the only thing I'm rather sure about is that he won't be in some little town. No, he'll be in a big city, like LA, with many potential customers. A city where nobody will care about some little pet shop in China Town. If there even is a China Town. I've been to many cities in Europe with no China Town, but it was still possible for him to be there, to sell his pets to customers who don't realize the danger - but maybe deserve to face it. After all, humanity probably needs a good kick in the ass.

Just like the Count.

Dawn

Well, enough brooding. Time to get up. The sun's already rising and I've got to catch my plane. Maybe I'll manage to get some sleep during the flight, maybe not. Doesn't matter anyway.

This time the journey goes to Tokyo, Japan. And if he's there I'll find him.

After all, I have to find out what D stands for.

Maybe it's ... Destiny?

Or Doom.

~ Owari ~

Nachwort: Für alle die es nicht wissen, in der Fortsetzung zu "Pet Shop of Horrors" ("Shin Pet Shop of Horrors") hat D seinen Laden in Tokyo ^.^ Ich hoffe es hat euch gefallen. Schreibt mir bitte einen Kommentar * __ *