

things

Von novembermond

The thing about material things was that... even though they were material you might just as well not have them. Most of his belongings... he wouldn't miss at all. Or would he? He looked at his suit thrown carelessly over the chair, the finest clothes that money could buy and he remembered a time when all he owned were shorts and jeans and tees. And that made him remember that there was a time when he had been filled with hate and rage. When he would gladly have killed the person right next to him.

Schuldig slept. Right there, on his side, curled slightly towards him, almost peaceful. He curled the orange-red hair on his index finger. I would have killed you, had I gotten the chance. I never did; he mused. And now he had better things to do with the mind reader. Much better things. Immaterial things that turned material. So he wouldn't miss the suit and the money, and the house, never the house. But Schuldig? He would miss very much.

Nagi had his day off. He always had his day off when Schuldig was there. It was too painful to watch those two together. It reminded him of other things; like that Schwarz actually still had contact to each other while Weiß didn't. Like that he would always be an outcast, never belong. Like that he was Takatori now, that he had Schwarz on his payroll and that he didn't care anymore that one of them had killed Ouka.

He hadn't thought about Ouka for years...

//Think more quietly, you're giving me bad dreams.// Schuldig complained, still half asleep.

"Then distract me" he demanded from the redhead. Schuldig was good at distractions.

Tsukiyono Omi was dead.

Long live Takatori Mamoru.