

1000 decisions to make

Frau x Teito x Ayanami

Von Akazulzuya

Kapitel 4: Warsfeil

Fraus P.O.V.:

"You dare to try and hurt my master?" Wait, that was Mikhaels voice. And yet it was not.

Fuck that damn dust everywhere around me! And anyway, what the heck happened moments ago!? I coughed, and that made my chest hurt. Besides, my whole body did hurt by now, because I was so full of tension.

I tried to see clearly, but the dust just got more into my eyes. Coughing like this, lying on the floor and without clear sight... I felt miserable. I couldn't fight.

I was used to fighting, but not to being protected.

And then there was this brat that obviously wanted to protect me.

That... really weird brat. Just what the heck was going on there?! I crawled back a bit, but touched something. No, someone.

"Oh~ Haruse, it's you! However... I will not tolerate anyone who hurts my master. You of all people should know that"

"Sh. Don't talk. And don't move. Otherwise Mikhael will really snapp if he can't protect us because we foolishly moved away." that was Hakurens voice near my ear. I flinched, but nodded. I wasn't sure when he had arrived, but I had to confess to myself, it relieved me, not being the only one at the sidelines. We heard metal clashing against metal and zaiphon attacks being launched, but the dust cleared much to slowly to see enough. Just sparks lighting up there and then, and sometimes zaiphon crashing against the ceiling.

A few minutes later I was sure that both were breathing heavily. And that more kors had shown up. That four-eyes seemed quite busy. He was holding off quite the amount of kors by now. It was loud. Why did nobody else notice there was a fight

going on here!?

And then, something crashed down right in front of Hakuren and me. A small, slender figure. Mikhael.

"What... the..." I started holding my breath. He was bloody all over. And didn't move. Hakuren clenched his fists. "Don't touch him. Don't talk to him. Don't disturb him." he said. It seemed more like he was reminding himself. But I understood. Fighters should not be disturbed in their fights. That could be life threatening. I knew that all too well from first-hand experience.

But that kid did not look like he *could* fight anymore. And here I was, an adult and bigger and older than him... being protected. And still afraid.

Footsteps woke me out of my thoughts, as that warsfeil walked closer. Mikhael still didn't move, but the scythe did. It swung around like mad, charging after the enemy and crashing into the walls or the floor. I noticed that everywhere around Hakuren and me the floor was drenched in carved-in zaiphon words. I didn't even notice that attacks had been launched at me. Did that kid take on all of them head on?

"Idiot!" I hissed, nothing more than a whisper.

"Do not call my master an idiot. Especially not you, for he is already crying enough deep inside. Insolent fool."

My eyes widened as I heard those words and watched him sit up. He shook his head and rubbles and dust left his now not-anymore-silky hair. And he held his head. It really seemed to throb, as I saw tears rolling down his cheek. No... there was no sign of pain in his green... wait, red eyes.

That was not the Mikhael I had gotten to know. That damned brat had green eyes. This one had eyes red as blood and they were almost glowing in anger, as he wiped away the tears that weren't his to begin with. These tears belonged to the kid bishop. This one was a fighter. He would never cry. For he resembled me.

"Then stop his suicidal act and I will stop calling him idiot" I said, and grinned slightly as he threw me an angry gaze. That scythe was still running wild, but as he slowly stood up it came back to him like it was called. That guy waited for a few seconds, then lowered his upper half and dashed forward. He was too quick for me to see. But I saw the blood that splattered down next to me and Hakuren. I wasn't sure if it was Mikhael's or that Haruse's. But it was quite the amount of blood.

My gaze turned from the blood to the ongoing battle, and I saw that Mikhael did not seem to well. He was staggering, as well as his enemy. Who lifted an arm and formed a circle of zaiphon. And another circle right into the first. A hidden attack? As that guy released the circle and it turned into dust, I felt something was off.

It wasn't launched at that kid.

It was launched at me.

I felt like I turned into an ice sculpture. I couldn't move, and neither did the blonde teen next to me. We didn't see that attack coming. Helpless like newborn babies we just sat there.

The moment I thought I would die was the longest second in my life. I could already see the snippets of my past life, when I felt the impact.

But it was just strong wind.

No energy worth the zaiphon he threw at me hit me.

It hit Mikhael, standing right in front of us. Back turned to the enemy, arms away. Even the scythe seemed to wince at that attack and there was steam coming from Mikhael's burned back as he fell to his knees. I stretched my hands towards him, grabbing his shoulders.

"Hey! Didn't I ask you to *stop* the suicidal act!?" I hissed at him. That looked bad. Really bad. As his upper body fell over a bit more I saw that the clothes on his back had almost perished. I saw the church's symbol engraved on his spine, and not far away on his lower back the slave mark. So he did not lie back then. His skin had many minor scars that looked old and from much force, but more that resulted in this fight.

And he looked worn out. But I felt him shivering under my hands. Shivering from madness. He rose his head, looking me straight into my eyes and lifted a hand to my cheek. His hand was cold. Freezing cold. I stared at him in confusion.

"Thank god you and Hakuren are alright. He would not forgive me if I let anything happen to you"

"What are you talking about, look at yourself already!" I shouted in anger. But he just chuckled, took his hand away from my skin and put it on the floor to lift his body up. There was a strange red stone appearing on his backhand. I knew that stone. It was the long lost *Eye of Mikhael*. So that was the name originated from.

He stood up and turned around to that Haruse guy. I looked up to his back where I watched in astonishment how... wings... grew out his back. Angel wings. White feathered angel wings.

"You tried to hurt my master's most precious person. I could have coped with you hurting that damned four-eyes Fest.... But you chose to hurt Frau instead. I cannot forgive you anymore. For all the tears my master will shed... I can't let you escape unpunished, in the name of Zehel"

Wait, I thought he would snap if Hakuren was injured. But instead.. it was *me*? Something somewhere went terribly wrong.... I didn't even know him really! So how could I be his *most precious* person!? What the hell!?

"Your master, Teito, betrayed Ayanami. He betrayed him and turned to that weak guy over there. It's him who should be punished!" The enemy shouted. I felt the anger of Mikhael rising from where I was.

"HE DID NOT BETRAY HIM! THAT VERLOREN WAS ALL MY MASTER WANTED! ALL HE HAD AND WHEN HE DIED THAT DAY HE LOST EVERYTHING THAT MADE UP HIS WORLD! YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MY MASTER! PERISH ALONG WITH YOUR FOOLISHNESS!"

Wow, now he seemed mad. Something that reminded me of bones came out of the red stone, pierced that other guy and pinned him to the wall. Along with that, Mikhael swung the scythe and cut through that guy.

"May you repent in hell for your foolish behaviour, warsfeil."

Mikhael watched the body of the warsfeil perish, then looked at Castors battle. But he still seemed extremely mad and swung the scythe again, killing some kors in one strike. Or at least he cut their strange wings. I watched him force the scythe back into his arm and how the bone like sculpture from the stone also withdrew. Then he came to me. I flinched as I saw the anger in his eyes. He was mad at me. Seriously mad...

He knelt down right before me, grabbed my chin and looked at my face from every angle. He also looked at the rest of my body, but luckily not this forcefull. "Hey.. I'm alright ok? Nothing hurt me" I reassured him.

"Thank godness! I don't know what I would have done otherwise." he said. Then he turned to Hakuren. **"You also alright?"**

I turned around a bit. Hakuren grinned and nodded. "Yeah, I'm alright. Seems like your master is running mad inside you" he pointed towards Mikhael. "You're crying and blushing at the same time. He's still awake in there, isn't he?" the blonde chuckled.

Mikhael touched his cheeks, and wiped away the tears. **"Only half. He shut down when he was called betrayer. He's crying ever since. And mad at me for touching this guys skin. "**

"I'm extremely confused now. Will someone explain this to me in the next hours?" I sighted and brushed through my hair. Right then I saw Castor walk towards us. Looked like he also finished exterminating the kors.

"I believe this will be a bit difficult. You could see the scythe, couldn't you? And I believe you also saw my ghost form. I will have to erase your memories"

"Don't." Mikhael said. Seems like they weren't going to ask me, so I stayed quiet.

"Master does not wish for that. Anything going against his wish is considered as treason towards him by me, Fest. You don't want me as an enemy, believe me"

Castor narrowed his eyes and seemed angry, but sighted. "You didn't plan on hiding anything from him, did you, Mikhael?"

"Everything as master wishes. He already lost to much. I wont let him be betrayed again. Chose for yourself to be friend or enemy. But chose well."

Again castor sighted, but seemingly gave in. "Whatever, just give Teito back to us, will you? He needs rest, and therefore he needs his coffin. Or that scythe will run wild after tonight."

"I would be delighted to go, but master can't walk straight anymore. So," his gaze turned to me again.

"You. You take him to his room and put him in his coffin, understand!?"

"Yes sir" I nodded. It was just a reflex, but he nodded, content to my answer. Then the stone went back into his hand, the wings dispersed into the whit feathers and the blood red eyes were replaced by emerald green orbs, that instantly closed and the tender body fell right into my arms. I caught him without another thought.

"Don't take Mikhael to serious, Frau... he's too stiff" I heard him whisper. Then he blacked out.

"Ok... and where do I find his room and *coffin*?" I asked the other Bishop.

It was the second day after the incident when they finaly told me to take that brat out of the coffin. He had slept through these two days without any sign of being alive. But the two bishops didn't seem concerned, so I restrained from asking them. They had told me to wait until that kid wanted to tell me everything.

I pushed away the top of the coffin and looked at him. He was still pale as ever, but the dark circles under his eyes weren't there. Some of his wounds also looked better. I instantly wished I had his healing abilities.

"He's still asleep" I said.

"It's ok, just take him out and bathe him" Labrador said. I nodded, but then I froze.

"Wait... I should bathe him? Why? Can't he do that when he is awake?" I was strangely nervous with the task he gave me. But he just shook his head.

"No. He will sleep some time longer, but I have to look after his injuries now. Although he is one of the ghosts, his wounds are bad and could be infected. He took to much impact and dark energy of the warsfeils black arts. But I can't look after his wounds like that" he explained. That made sense. He was dusty all over, his clothes were torn and I couldn't differenciate between filth and wound.

"But why me?" I tried again.

"Castor refuses to help. He seems angry at Mikhael. I will prepare everything for the wounds and Hakuren skipped his bascul training the last two days. And also, Mikhael isn't good with the nuns washing him" he calmly added to his explanation.

I gave in at that. He seemed like a rather shy boy, so it didn't surprise me that he avoided the sisters touch. So I shoved my arms under his tender body and heaved him up. In the bath I undid his clothes, strangely fascinated with the skin under them. But I again noticed his coldness. As I leaned his body on my knee to observe him in full, I laid my hand on his chest. There was no heartbeat. So he really was a ghost. A living corpse. I decided to let water into the bathtub and wash him in there. He would surely appreciate the warmth. Even if he was asleep.

As I turned off the water and put him into the tube, I still could not turn my gaze away. He had such a fair complexion. He was small and light. Tender and with a pale skin, that didn't look too unhealthy when he was awake. He had the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen and a strong gaze. He was kind, gentle and full of emotion, although he was short tempered. He really seemed to care for his friends.

I took a clean towel and let it soak in the water, then started to softly clean his body. His face, his arms, his hands. He had slender fingers, although I could feel how much he had fought. I carressed his chest until it was clean and unintentionally started to count the small scars all over his body. I wiped down to his hips and stomach, but there were lesser wounds.

I stopped here. I had started to slightly blush, cleaned my throat and quickly got over with the rest and his back. Later looked the most painfull to me. I let his body stay in the warmth a bit before I lifted him up and packed him into a clean and big, white towell. Then I at least put him on some pants. There were no wounds in that area and... Labrador had no reason to see him fully exposed.

As I left the bathroom with the boy, Labrador chukled. I laid him on the bed, scratched the back of my head, kind of insecure about the situation and stepped back until I felt the wall on my back. I leaned on it and crossed my arms. This whole situation felt weird. Aside from the fact that this almost-still-child protected me with all his might, he was actually already dead as it seems. But although I knew that, I still felt weird. I shouldn't think an actually dead person was this attractive. Especially not a boy. I was into girls damn it!

Labrador pulled of his gloves. He also had a strange mark on the back of his hand. So I had met three of the seven ghost by now. I wasn't all to happy about that, but this guy was the least of them I thought about. As he put his hand on Mikhaels forehead it started to glow strangely. I recognized the feeling of zaiphon from it.

"You also use zaiphon?" I asked him. He didn't seem like a fighting type at all. From the beginning I never thought that bishops could fight at all.

"Yes. The bishops zaiphon is always over average. To use the bascule properly and to exterminate kors, only prayers aren't enough. And there are not only kors, but

warsfeil, like that night. Although I'm the healing type and Mikhael is the offensive type, the though with wich you use your powers are important. One shall not use god's powers to destroy, but to protect."

"It's not god's power. It's mine. I don't believe in a god anymore. A god that does not prohabite slavery and starving is no god." I whispered. I was aware that Labrador had heard me, but his smile stayed. He slowly started to piss me off with that attitude of his.

"So, how is he?" I brsukely asked to change the topic.

"He will be fine. He still needs some rest, but his wounds are not infected and are healing properly. If he isn't haunted by nightmares and sleeps at least until tommorow evening, things will be fine" he explained to me.

"Well, I think the 'not having any nightmares' part is not gonna work. He's sweating a lot and getting paler again." I pushed myself away from the wall and steped to the bed, next to his head. A moment I just stared at him, then I sat down on the side of the bed. Labrador put on his gloves again and turned to the coffin of this brat. He put a glas on it, pured cold water in it and added some small seeds. I watched in surprise how some flowers grew in an instant. They quikly emmitted a strange smell I didn't recognize. But it wasn't bad, so I didn't ask what it was for. Maybe to get the brat better in less time.

"Just let him rest. Sooner or later he will wake up. Try not to make to much noise. I'm off for now. Don't forget to take care yourself. You're still injured yourself after all" with this he left.

I knew I was still injured, but the wounds didn't throbb anymore and the bandages didn't get wet or bloody also. I felt quite good actually. But Mikhael.. or was I Teito? I had no idea how I should call him now, didn't seem so good. Rather the opposite. His body was full of tension and the fresh bandages looked as if they would cut into the skin, but did not seem to disturb his breathing.

As I looked at him, lying on the bed like this, I felt miserably again. The bandage on his right hand had been done right after the fight. Castor said it was just an addition to the seal and he had his arm always in bandages. But he had cuts and bruises all over his upper half and on his legs. His complete chest and back was bandaged tightly, his shoulder was in a suportive bandage and the bandage around his forehead was already a little rose coloured. The wound must have been opened when Labradou desinfected it.

I looked at the flowers on top of the coffin again to distract myself from him, but everything else seemed totaly boring. So I found myself gazing on him again, half an hour later. He was still dreaming it seemed. By now I could hear mourns of uneasyness and he was grabbing the blanked beneath him with all his might. I couldn't let him sleep like that. I knew enough about nightmares myself to let him endure this any longer. So I kneld down on the side of his bed and looked at him like this, almost gently slapping his cheek.

"Hey, kid. Wake up. You're having a nightmare" I said, loud enough that I thought it would reach him. It didn't. "Hey. You really wanna stay in your cruel or weird or whatever crappy dream you're having right now? I said wake up, brat" I tried again. Slowly his breathing was getting more relaxed and I felt the tension leaving his muscles.

"Yes, just like this. Leave that dream and look at me." because if he was awake, he would have a hell of a lot to explain to me!

Both of my hands were lying on his cheeks now. I slightly smiled as I saw him slowly opening his emerald green eyes. He seemed disoriented but not all too surprised about the position we were in.

"Awake now?" I smiled. He didn't answer. He rose an arm and put his hand right over my heart, now looking right into my eyes. Maybe he wasn't really awake just yet. He looked kinda cute.

"Give me..." His voice was very low, but I was near enough to understand him.

"Give? Give what? A 'good morning kiss' ? If it's you I seriously wouldn't mind!" I big, evil grin was on my lips now. I somehow really liked to pick on him.

"Give me... ***your soul***"

Wait, what!?