

1000 decisions to make

Frau x Teito x Ayanami

Von Akazulzuya

Kapitel 5: Give me your Soul!

Haha.... That was supposed to be a joke, right? I mean... my soul? He was supposed to be a priest. Dead... but a priest. And how the heck was I even *supposed* to give it to him? I can't just *rip it out*, right?

Seconds ago I had been kneeling above this kid, but I didn't thought he was able to move like he did, when he grabbed my shoulders, rushed up, spun me around and pushed me down. So our positions were awkwardly reversed. I was dumbstruck at this and didn't move. What was I to do? Was this a joke? How should I react? How was he so fit?

I just stared at him, searching for the moment when our gaze might met. But I didn't see any joke in these eyes. They weren't even here. His gaze went right through me, searching... longing for something. But was it the longing of someones touch? Or for the person himself? Either way, he was hungering for it.

Before I was able to decide on how to react, I felt his hand moving from my shoulder to my chest, right above my heart, which steadily started to speed up.

"Give it to me... allow me to take your soul" he whispered. I should allow him?

"Hell no!" I uttered hastily, but I couldn't say anything more. His fingers started to sink into my skin, further down into my flesh, without really wounding me. I moaned in pain. It burned! It hurt so much that I pushed him away from me. His look changed into such desperation that it made me shiver. He looked like he would dissapear any moment, if I wouldn't give in.

"If I promise you myself, will you return to being sane?" I asked, but gulped right after. These words had just slipped out of my mouth without thinking. Teito above me nodded. I was not sure whether to let down my defense or not, but I just sighed toneless and did it. He pushed his fingers against my skin again, but this time he didn't do the strange thing he had done before. His fingers didn't seep in, and he looked quite confused and unsettled.

I was thankful. It had hurt before and I didn't know why I agreed in the beginning. I looked at the hand on my chest and felt the slight pressure on my skin, but he didn't do anything, but staring at this spot. His mind seemed to clear up, but his strength gave in and he fell over, right on me.

Well, I was wondering how he was so fit... but obviously he wasn't and had overstrained his body for now.

"Frau..?" I heard his voice. Teitos voice, without a doubt. Mikhaels conceited tone wasn't in it.

"Yeah. Concious again? Not trying to eat my soul anymore?"

"No... I think I won't"

"Thank god. You kinda creeped me out there. Didn't know what to do" I confessed. For a while he was silent, staying where he was.

"Did Labrador put any weird flowers into the room?" I heard his low voice. I remembered the glas Lab had put on the coffin and looked at it. The flowers had started to grow out of the glas and spread all over the black coffin. And they were blooming like there was no tomorrow.

"Yeah. They're blooming really enthusiastically" I replied.

"I see. I have to thank him later. The scent of those flowers seeps into human skin and makes it momentarily unable to be hurt through the powers of a ghost. I can't take your soul because of them." he explained. I looked at the flowers again. I didn't smell them anymore. Seems I got used to them already.

"You promised yourself to me. In body and mind and soul. What the hell were you thinking, giving yourself up to someone you don't even know!?" I felt his nails scratching over my skin and flinched.

"Ow! Stop that, brat!" I hissed. "I thought you couldn't hurt me right now!?"

"At least not through the power as a ghost. My nails are my own, idiot! Answer me! Why did you give yourself away so easily!?"

I sighted. "Beats me" was the only thing I could answer.

"What!?"

"Like I said, I don't have a clue. You looked so desperate... like you would disappear right this instant if I were to stop you again. As if you would break down.... and that Mikhael called me *your most precious person* so... so I guess I thought you wouldn't hurt me and just return to be the bad tempered brat I got to know when I agreed to be yours" I pressed a hand against my forehead. I really had no idea what I was talking about. "Maybe I thought that dying through your hand would be fine. Like I said, I

don't really now. I answered before thinking. "

"So you decided to give yourself to me? You're strange, Frau" I laughed when he said that.

"I guess I can't really deny that. But hey. You're supposed to be dead, right? I can't feel a heartbeat or pulse. You're cold as ice If I didn't let you soak in the warm water... And you're one of the seven ghosts. You have a weird split personality with that Mikhael in your hand... and a big scythe in your arm that seems quite lively for a mere weapon. And you tried to eat my soul. Which one of us is weirder, hm?"

"Oh..... point for you" I felt him pulling a grimace, as his head laid right over my heart.

"Do you want to stay like this?" I asked. He didn't look like he could move. But then again, he surprised me with moving a few minutes ago. I felt him nodding slightly. Guess he wanted to listen to my heartbeat and enjoy my warmth, so I let him stay where he was. He didn't weight much and it wasn'tt a bad feeling having him on top of me like this.

"So? Will you explain things to me? I mean... I understood that these... beings at the attack were.. kors, right?"

"Yes. Like Labrador explained. Kors are people who give their soul to the darkness in order to have three wishes fulfilled. The Kors slowly take over the mind of the host, and the host will never be able to be satisfied once a wish has been granted through a kor."

"Ok. So the things that four-eyed fought against were kors." I summed up. "And... that guy you fought against?"

"He was a warsfeil. it was someone born into the lineage of warsfeil. He was born like this . A wars on the other hand is the result of a person, having been granted all three wishes. They are nothing more than a moving corpse feeding on human souls." Teito explained.

"Huh? They can be born? And where do they origin anyway?" I asked. We weren't much into the topic and I already felt like a huge idiot.

" 'At the begining there was heaven and earth'" he said.

"Isn't that a verse of the bible?" I said, after thinking about it for a while. He nodded.

"God, also known as 'chief of heaven', governed over the souls. He had a daughter, called Eve who he loved the most. And he had created an existence called 'Verloren'. He was a perfect being governing over all the souls. The lost ones... the right ones. He brought them to their resting places. And he handled each soul equally with a gentle care, so that the balance on earth and heaven would not be destroyed. But.. he was never to touch anyone alive. Because he was governing over the 'dead', he was pure 'death' to every living being. Would he touch someone alive, that someone was sure

to die. But since he was not able to feel love or hate, that didn't matter to him" Teito started.

"Sounds lonely" I just said.

"He didn't know what it meant to feel lonely. Until he met Eve, the chiefs daughter. She was... cheerful. Kind and gentle. Beautiful and blessed with all the emotions he hadn't. But she would always get lost, where ever she was. The first time they met he didn't know how to handle her, for she was alive. And he was being made of bones and with a dark cloak. Everyone had been frightened of him; but she had such a radiance... that he started to feel lighthearted in her presence. Which was weird, for he was created without a heart to feel. And he started to feel love. He fell in love with her. Without being able to ever tell her or someone else. Because he was governing over 'death' and could never be what she needed."

"I'm starting to feel pity for him" I pulled a grimace. "So that Verloren loved Eve. But wasn't he created perfect? Balance can only be held up without any feelings." I asked.

"Yeah... that's what the chief said. 'I detected a bug in you. You must be disposed of.' he said. 'You're dangerous like this. You will be held in a special prison until I find a way to correct the error in you'"

"But that's cruel!" I exclaimed.

"Yes... it was. He hadn't done anything and yet... Verloren agreed on being held imprisoned. He did not feel the need to talk back to his creator. He was the chief; he was right in everything he did. So he was brought into a tower, specially build to imprison him and his powers. And he waited there, patiently until his creator felt the need to call upon him. But when Eve got ahold of this situation she was furious. She came to love him, and had a dispute with her father. She held the belief that love and hate wasn't bad."

"But it would interfere with his work.. and destroy the balance, right? You can't handle everyone equally if you have feelings" I concluded and felt him nod.

"So, Eve turned herself away from her father, the chief of heaven, and went to Verloren. She tricked the guards and went to him, to get him out of there..." he fell silent for a moment. "But he refused. He said he wouldn't escape. After she screamed at him in tears, for his foolish behaviour and his fathers coldheartedness. And she hurt him. He didn't want her in danger, for he felt the constant urge to touch her. But that would kill her. Her loud voice, however alarmed the guards. They rushed in and shot at them. He stood in front of her. Wanted to protect her. But the guards continued shooting at them. And then there was this one shot that would have meant his death. He hadn't cared. His creator had disposed of him anyway. But she threw herself in front of him..."

"Was she killed by the guards?" I asked. It was nothing more than a whisper I made.

"More or less. She was supposed to have protected him. But she was weak and fell down."

He reached out for her, seeing her smiling face. And tears. And when he caught her, just out of reflex... he only held her bones. He had not wanted to kill her. It wasn't his fault. She died out of her own will and with a smile. But the chief of heaven was furious. He blamed Verloren for her death. He had killed her. So, in a frenzy, he wanted to kill his most perfect creation. But Verloren had lost everything dear to him. The one who taught him how precious life is. What it meant to feel. And something inside of him snapped. He escaped to earth with Eve's body. But when he fell to earth, where he was not supposed to be, his evilness and his wicked feelings towards the chief and himself scattered all over the world, manifesting as the beings we know as kors and wars. And he lost Eve. He lost her when he fell to earth... lost the last he had of her. And he decided to eat every single soul until he found her. That's why the kors and wars feel are gathering souls."

"And... the seven ghost?"

"We're fragments of Verloren. The chief was upset and created beings able to fight the wicked Verloren. Out of the fragments from him. That's why we're inferior to him. We are nothing but mere copies of him. He chose to destroy him, but Verloren couldn't be destroyed. He was perfect. So they divided him into two parts: the core and the body. And he gave two gods of equal power to the humans that would seal the two parts. The eye of Mikhael who guardet the body, and the eye of Raphael, which guardet the soul. The body was sealed into the 'Pandora's Box' and watched over by the seven ghost, so that Verloren would never be able to return to his existence ever again." Teito had finished.

"It doesn't look like he is sealed however. And why do you know so much about it? I mean, the time before he fell. Is it common knowledge of the ghosts?" He had caught my interest.

"No, it's not. I mean, it's not sealed anymore. The seal was set free on his mind accidentally. The eye of Raphael was being brainwashed and didn't remember its original mission anymore, so the wielder didn't know. When she encountered Verloren's reincarnation she released the seal and set free his memories. So, Verloren returned, however, just with bits of his original power. And that reincarnation is the person, now known by the name of Ayanami" he said.

So... oh fuck. Verloren was back with his hatred and starting to riot on the earth again because some bitch was brainwashed and released the seal that was supposed to prevent this? Didn't sound good to me, but it explained Ayanami's cold heart, his icy gaze and his merciless commands.

"And... why do you know so much about this all?" I repeated my question. He didn't answer at first.

"I'm Zehel of the seven ghost?"

"You're a horrible liar" I just replied with a light chuckle.

".... I'm... the bearer of Eve's soul, that fell down to earth with Verloren together" I

was almost not able to understand him, as he spoke so low. My eyes opened wide and I used my elbows to sit up slightly, so I could take a good look at him. His eyes were closed but I would have bet that they were stained with pain.

"That's not all. I'm also the wielder of the eye of Mikhael as you saw, but at the same time I myself am Pandora's Box. When I was still just a toddler, I nearly died. That's when I was made into Pandora's Box. To save me, there was just one solution: to implant the eye of Mikhael into me. The righteous heir of the kingdom of Raggs : Wahrheit Tiasche Raggs."

I wanted to say something, but he continued before I could.

"That was when the war between Barsburgh and Raggs started. My father was killed and I travelled around with my uncle who was one of the seven ghosts at that time. But... at some point, we were caught and he got killed. Before, he sealed my memories of my origin and of the eye, to protect me from the military. I, who had forgotten everything, was found by Ayanami at that time. He brought me to chairman Miroku, who took me in as a battle slave.... For years I fought and killed many prisoners as I was told. Then I entered the military academy and was introduced to Mikage... he was everything for me, but our ways soon parted. I graduated at the top of my class, but Mikage was... killed. When I was appointed as Ayanami's *begleiter* I was upset. Just so upset... but the black hawks work almost outside of the law. I saw my chance to take revenge for him by joining them. But the more I was together with Ayanami, the more the seal on my memories broke. And not only the seal on my own... but on Eve's memories as well. There was... so much confusion inside me.... so much... hatred towards him from myself... and so much love towards him from Eve. I had the feeling, everytime I saw him, it would tear me apart. I tried to hate him. I tried so *god damn hard* to hate him! But.. you know? How was I supposed to hate someone who was equally hurt as me? Over thousands of years he had lost people precious to him, and he remembered every single one of them. And... he cared so much for his comrades. It's so hard to hate someone who handled you with care... who tells you that you could not be replaced by anyone. It's so hard to hate someone who has such sad eyes when he thinks he is alone... someone who thinks equally of you, although you were raised to be a mere slave! *It's so god damn hard!*"

I had long fallen silent. I didn't know what to feel. This kid had gone through much more than I. And I could never understand his relationship with Ayanami. It was not my right to judge or blame him. But I felt horrible that he started crying. I laid down again and put my now free arms around him, carefully caressing his back.

"When... when our relationship started to build I was so... so confused... I had no idea what was going on. I meant, I was supposed to hate him, right? Then, why did every slight smile of him feel so good? Why did I long for more than just his gaze on me? Why didn't I interrupt when he kissed me? Why did I have the feeling that this was mine, and not Eve's? That wasn't right... but it felt so right. Every single word from him... both of our memories had awakened... he was not the Verloren of the past anymore. He could touch me. I wouldn't die... It was... so perfect when he was more gentle to everyone else than before. It could have stayed like this. It could just have stayed like this" he sobbed. I still caressed his back, up and down.

I felt so fucking miserable just now. Damn that Ayanami. I still hated him. Now even more than before. I had no fucking clue whatsoever why I hated him more than ever. "What happened then?" I asked as he had calmed down a little. Talking about it would make him feel better. People always said, talking about it makes it easier, right?

"Father interfered" he whispered. "I mean... the chief of heaven. He made Mikhael show me, what would have happened if other decisions had been made. If Frau had chosen to become a bishop after Guidos death. You would have been Zehel. You would wield the scythe now. And I on the other hand would have fled the army when meeting Ayanami when I was about to graduate. I would have been a deserter, but would have ended up here in this church. Been taken care of by you, Castor and Labrador. You would never have ended up as a sklave. Not forced to kill other people like a battle sklave. Everything had taken an other turn. Mikage would still have been killed, but he would have died with a smile. I would only be an apprentice bishop, and would travel with Frau to the land of seele. Our relationship would have been..." he stopped here, and I knew what he was about to say, without him speaking in out loud. We would have a relationship like... lovers. Or something like that.

"At least the feelings, but not... with the kissing and such. I don't know, it's complicated. And when I saw this other possible timeline... I was just constantly thinking of Frau. Just when I thought I was ok with my feelings toward Ayanami, the feelings toward you were awoken. And I didn't even *know* you! But I felt so *guilty* all the time! Ayanami noticed, so when I told him he was upset, because the chief had interferred once again in his life. In a frenzy we just started to shout at each other. It was the firt time someone ever had a real dispute with Ayanami. Since then people were afraid of me, because I stubbornly told him my thoughts about him. I wasn't... nice I confess. But he deserved someone who could be honest with him. This topic always floated between us, never really solved. The day before I died we tried talking about it again, but just ended up fighting again. The next day, a malfunction of Raphael caused our ship to chrash down. I saved him and his best friend Hyuuga without thinking. But it tuned out not to be an accidant. Raphaels malfunction I mean. Enemies of the empire... former Raggs people managed to seperate me from the group. Thinking I was a warsfeil of the black hawks and a fiend of the new Raggs movement they... beheaded me. Hyuuga came just then, sent by Ayanami. Because of the soul link he saw everything. I could see his feelings. It was so painfull. But I thought it was ok dying like this, because they had treatened me to bring out Ayanami in exchange of my life. What fools were they to kill their own king. But... I died saving my friends." he finished.

"But you didn't die. You reincarnated as one of the seven ghost." I said. I felt him nodding again, how he started to shiver again and to sob.

"Yes. I reincarnated as Zehel of the seven. The post that reminded me the most of you. As.. As an enemy of my precios Ayanami. Doomed to fight him forever and to eventually kill him. It wasn't my wish to continue living. But the chief interferred with my life and I was forced here. So... I thought I would at least take his scythe that was sealed in this church. To have something of him that would be mine until eternety. But I never wanted to meet him again. I don't want to see his pain. I don't want to be

called a traitor. And to some extent I thought I should clean my heart from all my thoughts of him. But then father showed me another thing through Mikhael. How you fled the army and ended up near the canyon, dying there. So he made me decide between savouring my feelings towards Ayanami, or to save you and to eventually let go of him."

"Could it be the chief does not want you two to be together?" I asked, just as a rhetorical question and sighed. I hugged the small body on my chest with a feeling of not wanting to let go.

"Well... at least, that explains how you know me so good. And why this situation feels so damn right. Don't let go of me, Teito"