

You never know what will happen

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Kapitel 1: 351) Is that supposed to be a compliment?

He knew from the start that it was a bad idea – how could it have been not? - but what he didn't know was how bad his idea actually was. Kylar had planned to sneak in, something which was no problem for him after years of training under Durzo Blint, but with the ka'kari it was a joke. At least it should have been, right? The part which could turn into a problem was finding the thing Durzo was hiding.

Blinking Kylar found himself in some kind of spiderweb with absolutely no explanation how he ended there. One moment he was climbing through a window which seemed absolutely safe – hell he had tested it for traps! - and the next he did a very impressive imitation of a human fly. Dammit!

That was just not fair, he just wanted to know what Durzo was hiding from him. And he knew how childish he sounded but he no longer cared. He was desperate.

For weeks he caught glimpses of a tiny package which Durzo always kept by his side. That is until now. He had gone out without it, of that Kylar was sure.

With very cautious movements he tried to free himself of the spiderweb. Huh? What was-? Oh shit! Using more speed than a human being is able to he dropped to the floor. But still he felt something sharp, most likely a dagger, hitting his cheek.

As he looked up he saw his master gazing down on him. "Something you want?" Of course the old bastard knew exactly what it was that he wanted. And his failure clearly amused him.

Patting his head Durzo smirked. "You nearly got it." Should he smile proudly or say 'fuck you!' ? But before he could make up his mind Durzo went to the drawer which only was out of Kylar's reach, and took the package out. "In a few days, future birthday boy." And with that he left Kylar lying on the the dust covered floor.

'I nearly got it...'

Kapitel 2: 354) Clowns don't scare me

I'm sure you have seen more than one clown in your life. There are different ones: Happy clowns, sad ones. Most of them are annoying. And you can see them everywhere. I even met one at a graveyard. Macabre? I thought so, too. Proof that clowns are not human, you may say. Or not. It's your decision.

Anyway, you meet them at birthday parties, sometimes in the streets trying to collect donations. They often say it's for children. Yeah, right. Or old people without a family. Uh-huh. I don't believe them. However there is nothing scary about impostors. You may find some horror stories about them. But those stories aren't that convincing. And let's not start with movies.

And still...I don't like them. Those painted faces combined with these ridiculous clothes... Something tells me to stay away from them. That's not fear, you know? That's just... I don't know. Paranoia? No.

I would say it's precaution.
After all you never know.

Clowns kill.

Kapitel 3: 201) You aren't even listening to a word I say, are you?

He was sitting there for hours if the changing light was any indication. But he couldn't care less because Dom was with him. His meal stood mostly untouched in front of him, slowly getting cold while Dom's plate was empty. He didn't notice. They both didn't. How could they? They were in Mexico, safe and free. The days were hot, the nights mild and the beers cold. Seems as if dreams do come true.

But Brian wasn't thinking of that. He was too spellbound by the way Dom had changed. His features had softened, those dark, dark eyes sparkled even when he wasn't laughing, which he did often and he was just so at ease... It was more than appealing. And it captivated Brian like nothing else ever had.

For the time they were sitting at the table Dom was talking. Probably about cars, but he couldn't be sure about that because he wasn't listening. He had tried, but he just couldn't. Had he mentioned Dom's face? The way his lips moved as they formed the words... Sometimes he could even see his tongue, when Dom licked his lips.

It was too much and at the same time too less. He wanted to kiss those lips, wanted too feel them wrapped around his cock, wanted the tongue to lick over his lips as he pounded into Dom... He had a problem. "What do you think?" Okay, make that two problems.

Kapitel 4: 003) Sometimes when I dream, it feels like there's someone else in there with me

Dedicated to my girlfriend. I love you, Bit.

I love this feeling. One moment you're alone and the next you would swear someone just touched you. The touch is subtle, barely there, like the whisper of the air. And yet you feel it as intensely as nothing before. You didn't awaited it, so maybe that is why it still lingers on your night-warm skin.

You don't want to open your eyes, anxious to lose the feeling, anxious to see nobody is there. While keeping your eyes closed you are allowed to dream on, to chase the touch and pretend she is there.

But you know you have to start your day eventually, you have to accept you are alone.

You cannot wait for the night to come, you are so full of hope the touch may return that you live through another day without her.

Kapitel 5: 486) Then he said, 'Trust me', and I was stupid enough to do it.

It's been a long, long time but here is a new 'piece'.

So here I am. Sittin' in some stupid fancy restaurant. Alone of course. But I don't know for how long I will remain that way.

While I am waiting for someone whose fucking name I don't even know, I'm cursing Ethan, my best friend since childhood. He knows that I'm in love with someone I shouldn't be. Well, kind of in love. I couldn't possibly be really in love. It's more like a crush. I hope.

However Ethan probably thinks it's some married woman. But whatever his suspicions are, he said that he knew just the way to take my mind off this mysterious person, and who knows, maybe it'll be some kind of a dream come true for me. Yeah, right. I wasn't convinced by his words, I mean who would've been? But then he said, 'Trust me', and I was stupid enough to do it. 'Best friend since childhood' is like the argument ever. You just can't say no.

And that takes me back to where I am now, still alone. To be honest I don't know if I want that someone to appear. It'll be awkward if I'm lucky, a total disaster in the worst case. Damn Ethan! And of course damn Jamie!

I don't know whose fucking idea it was to set me up on a blind-date but both of them had there hands in it, of that I'm sure.

I still don't know why it had to be this restaurant. Too fucking fancy and nearly a day's worth of driving away from home. Well, at least there's nobody here who knows me.

Disturbed in my thoughts I look up as I hear someone coming near and then sitting down opposite of me. I felt myself blush as a pair of beautiful gray eyes met mine. How could it be...?

"McCabe?"

He answers me without a word, softly kissing the single white rosebud he holds in his hand and put it on my empty plate causing me to blush harder.

Had I really thought 'Damn Ethan and Jamie!'? God bless them!