

# Game Over

At that moment, no, since a few days even, Gary cursed his immune system. He hated being ill. When he was ill, he couldn't go to school and when he seriously caught a bad sickness, he couldn't even study – and Gary hated to see no results at the end of each day. This urge embodied a vital problem: even if he was ill, the striver still forced himself to reading and studying and that wasn't really helping his recovery. And it was the reason for the fact, that when he got ill in the first place, it always evolved into a major case. Not only his human attributes were affected, but also those he could thank his demonical blood for. If any of the other Demons were to decide to attack him now, Gary would have been hopelessly inferior to them.

Exhausted, the Halfdemon let go of the book he had forced his weak body to hold on to, and it fell on the carpet with the written side up. Gary lay in his bed with his hand - which had held the book moments earlier - hanging over the edge of the bed; he only pulled it close to his body again when he decided to give in to some sleep. Weak and with a blurred gaze he looked upon his digital watch, which was located on his nightstand, and noticed that this was the fourth day of his sickness; it annoyed him.

He grumbled for a while, complaining to his body. His ramblings couldn't last long though, and thus his weakness got the best of him and he fell asleep - only to wake up fifteen minutes later with an enormous shock. A girl's face had appeared over his, not even fifteen centimeters away from his own face. It was Green, who smiled at him in a surprised manner and seemed delighted with Gary's shocked facial expression.

„Hey, so you really are awake!“ Having said this she straightened again, as Gary pulled himself together and positioned himself on his bed. Although he was ill, he looked at her skeptically. But he didn't get around to voicing the question which came naturally in such a situation, since Green asked something else first.

„I am a bit surprised you were able to notice me. I tried to be as quiet as possible in order not to wake you from your slumber.“

„I didn't hear you. I have...“ Gary coughed and had a hard time uttering the last words, and thus Green repeated it to be sure she had heard the right thing:

„Did you mean „felt“ ?“ Gary nodded, he wasn't capable to do more than that and again he cursed his health, when his sight got blurrier again. Technically he was in no shape to do anything but to sleep, but he bobbed up despite this to explain everything to Green:

„I felt your aura. Every non-human being which only harbors a spark of magic in its body has something like that.“ Green didn't like the term „non-human“, even if she knew that it was well applicable to her.

„But why can't I feel these things?“

„Most likely because you're still too weak.“ Even his sickness couldn't protect Gary from getting a death glare for his answer. Gary used this short break to voice the question that had plagued his tongue all along:

„How did you get in here anyway?“ Green grinned.

„Through the door, how else?“

„But that one was...locked?“

„That's no hindrance for a woman like me!“ If it was even possible Gary turned even paler while imagining how Green could have paved her way into the apartment, and that she could always do it again.

„Did you... break in?“ Green kept on grinning meaningful, but didn't give a specific answer to her counterpart, who didn't really appreciate it. But to him the thought even less appealed that someone like Green, whose thoughts often included a financial nature, had the ability to break in other people's habitations. Especially in *his*. Should he keep his cash and his credit card below his sleeping-pillow from now on? Oh well, that was utter nonsense, Green wouldn't do such a thing...or would she?

„By the way, we've got someone new in our class!“ Changing the subject made her even more suspicious, Gary thought, but the new topic held interest for him, and thus he gave in.

„Oh, really? In the middle of the school year?“ The one spoken to leaned over again and if possible her grin got even wider.

„Yes! And you know what?“ He only shook his head as an answer.

„He is my boyfriend!“ She got a confused gaze in return, which also hinted some surprise at this statement.

„Your *boyfriend*?“ Green returned to an upright position once again and winked triumphing.

„My *boyfriend*-boyfriend! You know, as in ‚have a relationship‘. I'm sure you must have read something about that in one of your books!“, Green joked, but Gary didn't let the spiting get to him.

„After a mere day? Well, that cannot possibly be anything deep.“

She didn't seem to like that kind of reply.

„In the strict sense I have known him before that. Ah, by the way, you also know him. And besides - love at first sight does exist.“ The last statement didn't ignite Gary, more the one saying that he was supposed to know the anonymous new student.

„I do?“

„Yes, it was the one...“ In this moment her mobile phone beeped and when Green pulled it out of her bag, once again a delighted smile spread over her face.

„Speak of the devil!“ She held her cell phone right below the nose of her private teacher, with him barely being able to see that it was all about one text message, before she slid her cell phone back into her bag.

„He's picking me up. Well then, what do you say now?“

„What am I supposed to say about it?“ She kept grinning; a grin he couldn't comprehend.

Thus she said her goodbyes to him and literally danced out of his apartment, but not without wishing him a 'get well'. Only towards afternoon, when Gary was finally able to rise again, he discovered the reason for Green's visit: she had brought him new medicine.

Practically, Green wasn't even sure if she was in a relationship with Siberu. After all neither of them had voiced the topic and made it "official" that way. They were together just because, spending as much time together as possible: it didn't matter if it was during the lessons or in the break. Of course the first thing didn't go without consequences and soon enough they ended up in front of the door, which didn't really annoy her: they could talk and joke with each other without interruption.

Green liked Siberu's company; it was such an easy-going and carefree get-together. She felt she had finally found someone who was on the same page. As if they had sought and found each other, as Sho had said so nicely when she had watched the two of them during the break.

Just like they had agreed on the previous day they would do something together today, something which was just to Green's liking: They wanted to drift through a shopping center, since it was still raining and they couldn't do any activities outside, except if they permanently wanted to dwell below an umbrella.

On this date Green noticed rather quickly that Siberu obviously owned a lot of money. No; he had to swim in money! Not only did he invite Green to one of the most expensive shopping centers of Tokyo, he also said that he would buy her anything with pleasure, if she would only give him permission to do so.

Permission! Which girl would refuse to accept receiving clothes as a gift, which was free for her to choose in these boutiques? Not one, absolutely none.

Green had never done something like this with a boy, though she had heard from Sho that it was pure hell: boys just couldn't comprehend that maybe one had to look at oneself two or more times in front of the mirror before picking a dress - and actually buying it. Green had gone shopping with Sho several times already, and all she could do was prove Sho's companions right when they were agitated by their lead. Sho simply needed too much time. However, Siberu wasn't all that better. Not only did he cast a scrutinizing gaze all over Green when she tried something on and showed it to him, he was at least as critical when it came to himself; if one fold was seated amiss, he didn't want to buy it, even if it fit him perfectly otherwise. When it came to his looks he was worse than a girl in that aspect. And so he was the one who came away empty-handed when they left the boutique.

„Thanks, Sibi, but it really wasn't necessary“, Green said and nodded in the direction of the bag which contained her new dress, carried by Siberu (he had insisted to do so).

„And how necessary that was! You look drop-dead gorgeous in that, Green-chan. If I wouldn't have bought it, I would have committed a crime.“ Green still wasn't used to the fact that Siberu's vocabulary mainly consisted of compliments and she still hadn't found a way against her arising blushes. Since when was she so easy to irritate?

Green didn't get an answer to this question - because she was captured by the display of a jeweller. Her eyes got magically attracted to one of the many expensive necklaces. No surprise: it was an ornament made out of gold, the chains as well as the pendant, which consisted of two hands which formed a heart together. Cheesy, but pretty and simpler kept, even if two small diamonds were inwrought. Siberu put down the bags and followed her gaze. He swallowed when he saw the price; that *was* a little bit too expensive.

„Isn't it beautiful?“, Green breathed on the glass plate. She didn't seem to pay attention to the price, and neither did she to his reaction and the fact, that his bank account wouldn't recharge as if by a magical hand after every use.

„Yes and it matches what we've bought earlier, but...“ He took her hand to distract her gaze from the necklace. His endeavor seemed to be successful, since she was looking at him again now. At first with a spark of anticipation; then the feelings he could read in her eyes changed when he pulled her a bit closer, in order to take her little bell in hand, which slid out of the top part of her wine red school uniform. The feelings in her facial expression were nothing like delight or prudency. She did not like it. Either that Siberu had pulled her close to himself (he didn't believe that), or that he had taken a hold of her little bell.

Siberu didn't pay attention to her reluctant look and said with a grin:

„You already have a necklace which looks nice on you, so why would you need another one?“

He let go of the little bell and his grin changed into a seductive smile when he got even closer to her. Only when he had released Green's little bell she got conscious of the situation.

Conscious about being only a few centimeters away from Siberu, which managed to give her pulse an enormous boost.

„But...“, he breathed softly on her skin, while he stroked her strands of hair to the sides.

Green hoped he wasn't able to hear how fast her heart was beating in this moment.

What would he do? Would he...

Her secret fantasies got belied. Siberu said grinning:

„You don't have any earlobe piercings!“ And with that he let go of her and out of pure shock Green would have nearly tumbled over, since this was everything but what she had prepared herself for.

„Sibi! What the hell...“, broke forth out of her mouth indignant instantly.

„I only wanted to check whether you have earrings or not, and that was it. What did you think I'd do?“ His grin turned into a more calculating one since he knew quite well what she had thought of. Green mumbled something, but didn't say anything, since an answer didn't seem required.

„Why don't you have any earlobe piercings? Are you afraid of the stitch?“ The redness from two seconds ago caught up to her and again, this was all the answer that was needed.

„Why do you want to know that?“, Green asked her grinning companion.

„Because of the necklace. Sadly enough, I cannot...“ He made a smooth movement in the direction of the display and continued:

„—afford said one, and you already do have something which decorates your pretty throat. That's why I was moving towards buying earrings. But you don't have any earlobe piercings.“ Before Green was able to answer, Siberu grasped her hands and now his face only seemed to consist of a grin, when he said that was something one could easily change. Green got pale, but he already dragged her along and she couldn't resist his zest for some action with much force. Well, it couldn't be half that bad. After all, she already had had a hole in her stomach region; such a small hole in her ear couldn't possibly hurt too much...

Somewhere else in Tokyo a Halfdemon had the feeling to be born anew. Nearly ten hours sleep straight had done their miraculous work and he finally didn't have to read in bed anymore, but sat on his desk, well-stocked with books which he wanted to read once more, since he hadn't been able to fully drink them in before. Therapeutic tea and absolute silence added to that. Gary couldn't really claim to be as fresh as a daisy, since he still felt some kind of weakness which wore out his concentration, but just as clearly he felt that it went uphill. Maybe he would have to abstain from school, but then he would finally be able to participate in their lessons again. He thirsted after it, since he felt unsatisfied dynamism in himself.

Gary sighed contently, leaned backwards and closed the first book, whereupon he instantly took the next one. He didn't come far. But sadly the piercing voice was earlier to hear than the aura was to feel, and so it nearly tore the Halfdemon out of his chair.

„GREEN-CHAAAAAN! I...“ Gary blinked and for the second time on this particular day he saw a girl in his bedroom. But this one was a whole lot more outraged and confused than the first girl of the day. On top of it she was close to tears, but even so one could see a remarkable determination in her bright blue eyes, a determination which reminded him of a child's one. Before Pink could even say what brought her to this place, a coughing fit interrupted her and Gary was reminiscent of that Green had said something about her roommate being ill likewise.

„Maybe you should just return to your bed“, Gary suggested, hoping she would listen to him. Obviously his proposal was to little avail:

„Where is Green-chan? What have you done to her... you Demon!“ Yes, now he felt ever so affronted, Gary thought ironically. But before he could answer, Pink seemed to notice something.

„And why are *you* here?“

„...because this is *my* apartment, in case you didn't take notice of it.“ Pink seriously seemed to consider this, even if Gary didn't understand what there was to ponder over. Slight tentativeness loomed on her childish face - and that with her already looking confused anyway, with her way too huge scarf and her shaggy blond hair, which wasn't in braids for a change.

But then her determination suddenly returned.

„So you are able to create doublegänger!“ For a while he looked at her silently and seriously asked himself just what was wrong with this girl. Was it her sickness? Did he also talk nonsense while lying in bed?

„I am sorry for having to disappoint you, but creating doublegänger is not the extent of my competence“, Gary answered slightly ironical, but Pink neither cared for his undertone nor for his words.

„No matter what you intend to do, I will not allow it!“

„The only thing I have in mind now is to *read in silence*. I do not know what is so reprehensible about that.“

„But who is then...“

„Who is what? Pink, try to think.“ The one spoken to didn't notice that she had just gotten offended and did as she was told.

„I sense a demonical aura with Green-chan.“ Now Gary got keen-eared. A demonical aura? How could that be? He didn't feel a thing, since his senses were still sorely afflicted from the viruses inside of his body. How was Pink able to feel something like that? She was far from on the way to recovery, way more than Gary himself. Was her sense for auras that well-marked compared to his own? The mere thought wasn't to Gary's liking, since he didn't give Pink much credit altogether and thus it was somewhat humiliating when she did better than he did.

A different thought than the one of Pink's capability lurked to the surface then:

„Wait a moment. Why did you think I would have had created a doublegänger?“

„Because the aura resembles yours. Oh! Do you have a twin brother by any chance?“ Gary rose from his armchair and stood up. Pink watched him picking up his jacket and her eyes got wider. But it was Gary who spoke to her first:

„Where is Green?“

„She wanted to do something with her boyfriend...go shopping or something like that. What do you want to do?“ The Halfdemon sighed deeply, drank the rest of his tea and was on his way out alongside Pink. His reading sadly would have to be shunted to a later and undesignated time.

„So much for a short sting, my ass!“ Green made the mistake to touch her earlobes once again, which were adorned with blue earrings and once again she noticed that it was closely linked to pain. Siberu on her right said nothing and did nothing aside from walking side by side with her, while Green complained every two seconds. She was absolutely sure that he was mightily amused in secret, what made her even more distempered.

„You can talk; you are not compelled to endure this torture!“ Only then he reacted, since he couldn't get out of looking at her curiously because of this statement. Then he drew his red streaks of hair aside and a small black earring came to light, which was pinned to his left ear.

„As you can see I overcame your so-called „torture“ in one piece, too“, he answered and emphasized his words with a playful grin.

„Aside from that I have to confess that this „torture“ pleased me incredibly“, he added, whereupon Green cast him a skeptical look when she asked him for the reason.

„First of all, these earrings suit you, and on top of that...I cannot feel my hand anymore for around fifteen minutes.“ At first she stared at him in confusion, since she had only gotten his innuendo when she thought about it for a second time. But then she gazed towards her hand, which still clutched Siberu's hand frantically. She had been so worked up about the hole that she had forgotten to let go of his hand. Again, a blush crept up inside of her and she let go of his hand immediately. Still grinning he moved his hand around a little. Then he said:

„You really have a strong grip for a girl.“

„I do not know if I can take that as a compliment“, Green answered not exactly delighted, but still with a light blush on her cheeks, which instantly turned a darker shade when he took her hand again out of his own accord. Not just that, he also intertwined their fingers, so that their hands formed a coherent entity. Green looked at their hands, then at him, at which her eyes were greeted with a soft smile. „Let's go to a place where I can distract you from your pain.“

When Siberu and Green had left the shopping center, night was already broken. It was chilly in the streets of Tokyo, but it didn't snow, since the snowy clouds had left in order to reveal the stars, if you weren't on the move in a district with skyscrapers. However, that wasn't the case for the two of them. Siberu had lead Green away from the lively streets and they walked, still hand in hand, through the deserted park. Just after Siberu and Green had talked animatedly for a while, he kept silent. Slowly but surely Green got cold, but even so she didn't waste one thought on heading home. She leaned against his shoulder and listened to the silence surrounding her. Green gazed towards the sky, glad not to see any more snow clouds, but to be greeted by the star's light instead.

Somehow very romantic...Green squeezed herself closer to him. He sighed deeply, but she couldn't tell whether it was a positive or a negative sigh. But why on earth should it be a negative one anyway? She looked up to him, in order to read his feelings in his eyes, but this

intention got defeated, because he had already turned towards her and looked straight into her eyes, which straightaway throw her for a loop.

He didn't say anything when he detached his hand from Green, only to place it on the back part of her head, in order to pull her a little closer that way. Though the Wächterin was taken by surprise upon this sudden approach, she didn't mind it one bit. She even situated her arms around his waist, hoping to get her desire to drown even more in his dark eyes appeased.

Just when Green closed her eyes and their lips almost met, every alarm bell inside of her head shrilled. Her next action happened instinctively, when she freed herself out of his grasp and jumped back adeptly. She clutched her little bell tightly and all at once stared at Siberu adversely. Not without reason: not only had he reached for her little bell, he had also tugged on it, as if he wanted to tear it off from her throat. Siberu still stood there calmly, his hands in his trouser pockets and a relaxed smile upon his face.

„You seem to have learned your lesson, Green-chan.“

„What are you talking about?“, Green asked unsure, but still with resistance in her eyes. However, she wouldn't get an answer. All of sudden the redhead vanished out of her field of vision and she stumbled a few centimeters backwards, when the tips of their noses suddenly touched.

„But you'll need a few years of training to measure up to my speed.“ Without Green being able to do anything against it, he yanked the bell out of her hand and off her throat. The Wächterin tried to reach it shortly after, but Siberu was sooner out of reach than she was able to accomplish her intention.

„Poor little Green-chan. Again someone has taken your soul from you. Maybe you should take better care of it?“ The symptoms of the loss of her little bell were still not too strong so that they could take over Green, most likely because it was still too close to her; only small nervous twitches showed her tension. Since the withdrawal wasn't too bad now, Green was able to concentrate on other things than getting the piece of jewellery back, and it was also the reason she could feel something else of her boiling up; a feeling which heightened through Siberu still grinning at her, while balancing the little bell on his fingertips.

At first it was consternation, because she worked out what had just happened herself: what she had allowed to happen...yet she quickly felt how consternation gave way to oncoming sadness and desperation.

„What does all of this mean?!“ Green nevertheless asked, hoping there would be an explanation for all of this; to prove her own explanation wrong. She struggled against the undeniable truth.

„Don't you get it at all? It is actually kind of simple and easy to understand...“

He interrupted himself and for a short moment his face showed astonishment, though it immediately turned into a delighted grin when he said:

„Oh, we're getting a visitor, Green-chan!“ He had barely said this, when no less a figure than Gary appeared just in front of Green's eyes - out of nowhere. He turned his back on her and therefore could only imagine her surprise face, when her lips gave way to a stuttered version of his name.

Gary said something which was without any doubt meant for Siberu, because Green didn't understand a word of what he was speaking. He talked in a language which was absolutely

strange to her. The third in the league seemed to understand him though, because he laughed almost spitefully.

„Why are you speaking to me in our language, Blue? Do you have something to hide?“  
„Blue“? „Our language“?“, Green asked and shot Gary a confused look, as she had taken a few steps forward in order not to stand behind him any longer. Slowly Green sensed that everything got too much for her: all these questions in her head, demanding answer she didn't really want to get...and those two boys, who catered for more and more unanswered questions...but also for proofs, which undergirded the theory she didn't want to be true at all.

„I will explain everything later...“, Gary answered, but Siberu interrupted him.  
„Why don't you do it now? We have all the time in the world now!“ Irritated, Blue turned away from Green and flashed his eyes angrily at the grinning redhead.  
„What kind of game are you playing this time, Silver?! Just how often have I told you before that you are supposed to keep out of my affairs!“ Thereupon the one yelled at giggled and shrugged his shoulders.  
„Well, you know: I am beyond reclaim.“

„What's going on here anyway?“, Green asked, just when she saw that Gary had clenched his fists. „Yeah, true, one should really enlighten you sometimes“, Siberu answered, concealed the little bell and materialized in front of her with tremendous speed again: seemingly also too speedy for Gary, since he had just turned around to the two of them when it already was too late.

„It was a game. A very simple game.“  
Green blinked while staring in his red, now cold and emotionless eyes.  
„A...game?“, the Wächterin repeated aghast, as if she wouldn't get the meaning of this simple word. Her theory was right.

Siberu was a Demon.  
He had been the one who stole her little bell for the first time.  
He wanted to...kill her.

„Silver!“, Gary shouted in between, however his cry wasn't caught from the one it was supposed to reach and slowly a content smile spread out on the redhead's face.  
„Yes, I've lied to you. Sorry, Green-chan. The game is over now.“  
Green stared at him thunderstruck; seemingly she couldn't understand his so simple words and couldn't do anything but stare at Siberu, till the truth slowly made its presence felt in her eyes and one could clearly see the oncoming desperation his words had caused: her blue eyes got wider and wider the more she understood the meaning behind his words.

She didn't find a way to retort though since Siberu vanished out of her field of vision again, because Gary didn't want to watch the events any longer and had pointedly kicked at him; Siberu evaded this with ease though and didn't even seem to pay attention to it. Although he stood now quite a few meters away from Green, he kept looking at her; watched how her eyes slowly started to become glazed over, how her shoulders started to tremble and was already looking forward to see how her tears would soon find their way, too.

„Actually I only wanted to know what is so great about you - considering that someone puts so much on the line for you.“ Saying these words he briefly looked to Gary and then

proceeded to simply shake his head helplessly, and turned his attention afterwards to Green again, who had directed her gaze to the ground by now.

„But I didn't find anything that would be worth it. The only thing I found is a weak girl, who can't fight back and is pretty much gullible to top it all off. In other words a typical girl that isn't to my taste.”

„Weak?“, was the only thing Green replied to that, still with her eyes fixed in the direction of the ground. Siberu got angry about her reaction and about the fact that he was not able to see her face – what had the whole game been for when he couldn't see the crowning moment?

But just when the redhead wanted to force her to look upwards, Gary's attack hit its target; Siberu's stomach region. The force of the charge was so strong that it threw him backwards and it was thanks to his athletic abilities that he didn't sustain any serious injuries, since he simply grabbed hold of a branch, did a rollover and stood there on it as elegant as if nothing had happened, whistling approvingly. Gary didn't respond to that, but yelled up to him:

„Haven't you already done enough mischief to her?!“ Thereat Siberu shook his head, as if he would need to think about his reply.

„Oh, Blue. You're such a damn stuffy old man. Why don't you simply let me have my fun? Why do you always have to butt in?“

„That's coming from the right person here.”

„I just want to help you.“

„No, you only want to have fun.“ Siberu didn't have much to offer in reply to that. Therefore he grinned a little bit in an apologizing manner and it was obvious that Gary had hit the mark.

„You want the little bell back, huh?“ Gary's eyes darkened; this time it was the redhead's turn to score a hit and deliberating and also with a certain thrill of anticipation he said:

„This time you'll have to take it back by force. Your Rui-trick won't work out; I made provisions against that. So we'll sort our little...disagreement out just the way it's right and proper for Demons!”

Gary knew that he was right and that there was no possibility to solve it without use of violence this time. Even so he hesitated and looked over his shoulder once again, to where Green was still staring at the ground as if petrified. Her knees had given in and so she hunkered on the ground now. She didn't even notice he was looking at her. It wasn't only that Gary was not a friend of violence and thus didn't quite live up to his demonical nature, he also didn't appreciate it if Green was to see him fight. He didn't know why, but this perception wasn't to his taste. But he had no alternative left; because knowing his opponent, he wouldn't simply come out with the little bell just by asking nicely. Contrary to Gary he measured up to his demonical nature - when it came to fighting.

Gary turned away from Green again and looked over to Siberu, who grinned at him anew; most likely because he had grasped that they would finally get down to their fight.

As if a start signal had resonated, Gary started the first attack by racing towards Siberu, grabbing hold of his shoulders and throwing them both from the tree that way. With all his strength he pushed his contractant into the sandy stone floor, whereby he used the speed of the fall for himself. But when Siberu barely met the ground, Gary already jumped away from him again, since his opponent had collected dark magic in between his palms and had planned to send it out against Gary when the same one had gotten out of the way.

„Hey, why didn't *you* attack me with magic when I lay on the ground?“ Accompanied by these words Siberu started another counterattack, whereas he shortly after executing the

attack, which Gary was able to block, appeared in front of him, bracing his right hand in said one's shoulder and swinging above him. Then, just when he was behind Gary, he lunged out at him with his leg, but got blocked again, with an arm this time.

„Your usual trick“, Gary said without playing along with Siberu's earlier provocation, or commenting the strength of the same one's kick. The redhead grinned.

„And you rusted quite a lot in the last years. Or is ‚silken‘ the better word for it?“ Apparently Gary slowly had his fill of Siberu's provocations, because the strength of his defense suddenly got such a powerful thrust he could push back Siberu with ease as it seemed.

„I told you once already, Silver. You don't understand this and believe me: it is better for you!“ The grin of the so accused faltered; probably because he could clearly see in the eyes of his opponent that said one was really serious about it.

„Why don't you tell me what it's all about then? We've always worked together...“

For an instant one could clearly see the change in his facial features and based on this his change of mood - and this little moment was taken advantage of.

Not from Gary, but instead from the third person in the league.

„How the hell...“, Siberu cursed, who could suddenly feel the tip of a staff on his neck. Gary seemed to be just as astonished as the redhead, because he had expected Green to step in just as little as Siberu. On top of that Green acted everything but desperate. Determination showed in her eyes, on her face and in her attitude. How could that be possible?

„You aren't the only one who knows how to steal.“

Looking ever so slightly over his own shoulder, his eyes told of gloom but also astonishment. He still kept up his planned attack against Gary, but both of them were more focused on Green than on each other.

„How is it possible that you aren't crouching on the ground, crying your heart out?“

A short, nearly jubilant smile darted across Green's face. She strengthened the hold on her staff, when she answered:

„Because I am not weak.“

Surprise about this statement showed itself on Siberu's face and Gary could also see that he was impressed by Green's resolve - and especially because she didn't act the way he had expected her to. Gary used this moment to give up on his resistance and got out of the line of fire, since he had already detected from looking at Green what she had in mind. Even though he had comprehended Green's intention a moment before Siberu did, he wasn't less shocked about her decision. He hadn't expected Green to have such an invincible will, for her to even raise her weapon against someone she had called her „friend“ mere minutes ago.

„You intend to attack me, Green-chan? Me, your Sibi?“ For the blink of an eye something twitched on Green's face and she had to bite her lips, but she still didn't let go of her staff.

„I see“, Siberu thought: she was not as strong as she acted to be.

However - he was mistaken, as he quickly came to realize.

„To me, it wasn't a game. I was serious about this...“, Green said earnestly, while the light on the right bar of her staff started to pulsate. Her eyes showed themselves longingly and were close to being tender, before they turned firm and she said:

„But if it was nothing but a game for you, then here's your Game Over! SPIRIT OF LIGHT!“

Not half an hour later Gary and Green walked in the direction of their homes again, just as if they had been on the way home from school. They remained silent, but even so something was audible. Something that normal human ears wouldn't have caught track of: he could

definitely hear Green crying. She walked a bit ahead of him, and felt unwatched, since neither of her shoulders trembled nor had she raised her hands up to her face. She thought he wouldn't be able to notice, but the ears of a Halfdemon were more sensitive than that of a human's.

Siberu was not yet fought down; that was a fact they were both conscious of. During the time Green had needed to prepare her weapon for her attack, he had had a vast amount of possibilities to dodge and he surely had used one of them; one in the last second. What had his intention been with that? Did he only want to test if Green was really strong enough to attack him? Both rummaged around in their bags for their keys when they stood in front of their respective doors. Surreptitiously Gary looked at Green and saw that no tear was visible on her face; not even the trace of one.

She unlocked her door with a ‚click‘ and opened it only a split wide, before she turned around to Gary and gave him a smile.

„Thanks for your help“, Green simply said and had already disappeared in her apartment. Gary's key was also inserted in the door's lock, but he didn't turn it around, since he still stared on the spot his neighbor had been at a moment ago.

She was a strong girl.

With a weak core which she didn't want to be true - and thus condemning her own tears; she didn't want to show them to anyone. And something inside of him told Gary, that this core had to be protected; then, someday she would be able to be strong even when she cried.