

Chapter 05:

Hibernal nightmare – Part Two

Late afternoon's sun broke through the snowy clouds and shed light on a blue-painted room. Almost the whole room was furnished with blue: blue-ish armchair, blue-ish bedcovers, blue-ish drapes... even the pajama of the girl, who lay in bed, had a blue-ish touch. And when the rays of sunlight broke through the room onto the girl's features, she moved for the very first time in more than ten hours, and finally woke up.

Sleepily Green looked around. Her gaze drifted to the other two beds, which weren't occupied – just like the whole room. With dawning skepticism she rose in the blue bed and eyed the different environment, because she realized rather quickly that this was not her *own* room. It was not only because everything was blue instead of green, the room was totally deserted. The only thing you could count as goods and chattels were her very own very wet clothes, which lay on top of the heater.

Although Green could clearly feel the throbbing of her injuries, she realized it. Good god! She was in one of the boy's rooms! And someone, most likely a male individual, had changed her clothing! Deeply ashamed, Green's face got red and she jumped out of the bed – of course, her injuries punished this rash action with instant pain. The Wächterin cursed, but while doing so she noticed that the room's inhabitant had not only changed her clothing, but had also tended her wounds by yoking them. But Green was too fraught with shame and couldn't feel the slightest bit of gratefulness.

Without further ado she began examining the room. With skillful finger and without leaving any traces behind she scanned the room for any kind of information which could lead her to the room's inhabitant. But after fifteen minutes she was sure her quest was bound to be a failure. There wasn't even a simple hair! In other words, Green had to use different resources if she wanted to know whom this room belonged to.

She grasped the doorknob in order to open the door, and so she could see which number the room she was in had. But when she had set her foot in the corridor, she heard a well known voice: „Green! Phew, I finally found you!“ Green turned around and saw Sho, who waved at her and ran towards her. Before Green could even open her mouth, Sho started to ask her question after question:

„Where the fuck have you been?! I worried so much about you - when I noticed you weren't in bed anymore! And...“ Then she looked over Green and und was quiet for a second.

„What kind of pajama is that?“ Her astonishment didn't last for long, because suddenly Sho grinned and her friend knew the cause almost *instantly*.

„I know exactly what you think about this, Sho. But it really wasn't *that* way...“
But Sho didn't listen anymore.

„You roamed around! Even more, you were in the boy's section! Well, Green - I didn't expect this coming from you...“ Green immediately answered back and asserted that she hadn't roamed around at all – and that Sho shouldn't project her own actions upon other people.

„And *how* do you wish to explain me *then* how you got *here*? And that you wear another person's pajama? AND that you didn't tell me anything?!“ Yes, great questions indeed. How was she supposed to explain herself? There *was* no explanation...at least none she could give Sho. After all she could hardly tell her, that she fought against a demon and woke up here afterwards – without having any clue how she got here. Only then Green realized something, which managed to decrease the anger she felt towards the unknown inhabitant: He must have rescued her out of the lake...

„All evidence makes it obvious, Green!“,
Sho interrupted her train of thoughts with a raised finger and a grin.

„You can shove the evidence up your ass.“

„And how do you want to explain this stuff?!“

„Believe whatever you want to“, Green replied exhausted because of their discussion and Sho's irrepressible curiosity. For Green all was said and done and Sho kept quiet. But Green wasn't sure whether Sho had the next big headline forming inside of her head or not. One would have thought Sho wouldn't write a story about her own friend, but sadly this wasn't the case: She stopped at nothing.

Suddenly Sho noticed the bandage around Green's arm and her grin disappeared.

„Umm, Green, where's this wound from?“

„Oh, that one... it's because of a tumb-...“, she couldn't finish her sentence, because she noticed Sho's very shocked features. It couldn't be because of her injury, because Sho had already commented on that one – but Green didn't even have to ask, because Sho replied to Green's astonishment of her own accord:

„How are you supposed to dance in this condition? Let's not even *start* talking about a dress...“ Instead of decreasing Green's astonishment, Sho's answer only managed to increase it even more. She gave Sho a questioning look, while Sho put her hands in front of her face in pure shock. She babbled something, and it sounded too much like odd plans. Quickly her facial expression changed and she determinedly made a fist.
Green was still at a loss, but slowly but surely she got fidgety.

„No worries, Green! We'll wangle it somehow, you can count on me.“

„What are we going to wangle?“

„Well, you couldn't possibly have forgotten about it.“

„I am afraid I did“, Green replied, her jumpiness increasing more and more.

„For today's evening...I organized something and thus it's going to be splendid...it's a dancing party!“

The girl face palmed her face, because suddenly the scales fell from her eyes and it came to her mind: Sho's utterly abstruse idea. Indeed, she had told Green about it – but said one hadn't taken it seriously, because Sho had a lot of ideas and – luckily – most of them never got real. Even so Green should have been prepared for the realization, because this idea only served one purpose: to pair someone off, especially herself. She had gotten this idea to arrange a dancing party when Green and she had a discussion about men. It was about

whether men – and above all, boys – generally knew about discipline and courtesy. Sho wanted to prove her that this kind of boys did still exist, since Green didn't believe her.

And in Sho's eyes the best possible opportunity was a dancing party.

Of course Green hadn't taken this weird idea seriously.

After all, who would sacrifice dear money and organize something like that just to prove something to a friend?! Well, Sho did it...and Green felt sorry for her poor classmates, who got misused to prove something ridiculous.

„I won't tag along“, Green automatically said, when she noticed what Sho was after.

„Of course you'll do!“, Sho replied with a raised forefinger and continued:

„I'm sure I've got some dress which hides your injuries.“

„I won't play your stupid game, Sho. Stop, full stop, finish!“

„Do you have to wear this cheesy attachment?“ Sho pointed at the little bell, which pended plainly around her friend's neck – and distracted Green, who - in a manner of speaking - wanted to fret about the fact that Sho didn't seem to care about her opinion.

„Yes, I do. It's a very precious thing to me.“ Green did not want to figure what would happen to her if she did not carry it nearby. Pink had said – shortly after entrusting her with the bell – that it was important for her to always carry it around – and it was one of the very few times Pink acted serious, which had to mean something...But in any case, Green did not *want* to take it off.

Not only because it was her weapon, but also because she knew even without Pink's words that she downright *needed* the little bell. She didn't know why, though. Even when she took a shower she didn't dispose it, and Sho had noticed it with curiosity, since she had seen it after gym class. When Sho had taken a look at it then and Green had taken it off for this purpose, she felt a scary and unexplainable tenseness. And exactly this feeling told her she *had* to carry her bell along...and that she never wanted to be separated from it. It didn't matter what or if there would be consequences, she simply couldn't bear this feeling of deprivation.

But the Wächter didn't know how she was supposed to explain this to the other girl. The mere thought that she was somewhat addicted to a little bell sounded weird enough – actually voicing it and trying to explain it would have been pure madness.

However, Sho didn't ask. She glanced at Green ill-humouredly, but it had more to do with Green's inability to succumb to her dress-conception.

„Fine“, she said in conclusion.

„Well, I'll find something, in which that thing isn't as eye-catching and which hides your bandages.“

„Don't trouble yourself, I already said I won't come along...“ Any protest got ignored. Sho simply walked past Green and left her – even though Green called her name – alone in the corridor, in front of the foreign room.

Green was in a bad mood, when Sho had emptied her store of dresses on the floor to have a round-up view of her belongings. Her friend wondered how she had managed to press all these dresses in her comparatively small suitcase...but that was a minor factor for her bad mood. The principal point was that she still didn't know anything about the mysterious room or the even more mysterious owner of it – and she had used every trick in the book.

Right after she changed her clothes, she had tried it the official way, asking the reception for information. But the woman stubbornly refused; it would be a breach of the rules to do so. Green was definitely not in the mood to think about rules, not that she had ever done it.

That way she wouldn't find out *anything*. Added to that she felt the pulsation of yesterday's wounds, and even the slightest movement made her painfully aware of yesterday's fight. Why didn't this angelic woman appear yet again to heal her?

She didn't really care about that woman's true nature at the moment; important was that her pain could fade then. But maybe she should scrutinize the healing woman, just like she did with her questionable saviour – and everything else! What had her life become in less than a month? If Pink hadn't shown up at her apartment, all of this wouldn't have happened and she would have had only one thing to be angry about at the moment: Sho's attempts to dress her up.

„Who is Pink?“

„Pink is my... huh?“ Surprised, Green turned around to face Sho, who looked back clueless – just like Green did. Was Sho suddenly able to read her mind or how did she know about Pink's name? Green didn't have to ask, because she found the answer for herself: Sho had Green's cellphone in her hand.

Without further ado Green jumped off the windowsill and wanted to conquer the cellphone back, but Sho craned and elongated and Green just couldn't reach it.

„Sho, give me the phone“, Green said patiently and without reacting to Sho's dalliance.

„Who is Pink?“ Sho repeated her question with a huge grin on her face.

The girl sighed deeply and pondered for a short moment; then she decided to use Sho's weakness against her: Green reached out, grabbed her friend's arms and started tickling her. Although Sho put up a desperate fight and tried to fight any laughter down, she couldn't put up with it for a long time and quickly her laughter filled their room and she let go of Green's cellphone. The owner caught it before it could meet the floor and put Sho out of her unintentional misery.

„Green!“, Sho said, still laughing, „That was pretty mean!“

Green opened her cellphone and saw – believe it or not – 36 calls in absence – all of them from Pink. „Some things don't regard you, Sho!“, Green answered, her eyes never leaving the display. „That's even meaner! I thought we were friends – and friends don't have any secrets!“ Green put her cellphone into her jacket's pocket and raised her forefinger, just to place it in front of Sho's face while saying:

„Anyone who does not hide their secrets from you is an idiot.“

Sho knew, Green didn't mean to hurt her and smiled slightly ashamed.

„But I can assure you, it's not a boy“, Green said.

„But 36 calls sure are a lot...“

„Yes, she's very... peculiar.“

„I'd call it persistent. Or maybe...something happened to her?“ This bothered Green. Something could have happened? It could be true. What if some demon had appeared? What if they wanted to capture Pink again? And Green, being more than 100 kilometres away from her, wasn't able to help her...The Wächterin gulped while she tried to get her friend on the phone. She didn't notice Sho's curious look. Pink didn't answer her cellphone, there was only the monotonous beeping in Green's ear; this didn't lessen her tension at all.

„Aaah, Green – don’t worry! What could possibly happen...“, Sho said wanting to cheer Green up, since she noticed her pale face. *What could possibly happen?* A lot of stuff! But Green couldn’t tell her, after all. What was she supposed to do? Just try again later? After all there was a possibility Pink simply didn’t know how to handle a cellphone, and even if something did happen...how was Green supposed to reach her? No trains would take off from the place she was momentarily at. Maybe she could take a taxi?

Suddenly Green wondered about herself and her thoughts. Considering that she didn’t really know Pink, she worried a whole lot about her – she wasn’t used to this at all. Because when she had thought about the possibility to take a taxi, she hadn’t even wasted a thought on the *enormous costs* a journey for more than 100 kilometres would surely mean.

„Come on, Green. I picked a dress for you. You could try calling her later again.“ Sho had also noticed that Green seriously gave thought to Pink, because her voice sounded concerned and surprised. She was not used to Green worrying about others – and viceversa. So Sho simply held a classy, dark blue-coloured dress out to her. And Green sighed and resigned herself to her fate.

With pinned up hair, draped in fine fabrics (Green really didn’t want to know how expensive their dresses were) and on high heels Green and Sho made their way down to the Sho-organized dancing party – like many other girls. But they had barely passed the first corner when Sho grabbed hold of Green’s arm and pulled her backwards. Green breathed heavily, because - much to her dismay - Sho had grabbed her injured arm. The red-head paid precious little attention to that. Most likely she’d worry more about the eventual breaking of Green’s heels than about Green’s poor arm.

„What the hell?!“, Green hissed at her friend, but said one only pointed around the corner. The Wächterin peeked around said one, but almost instantly she withdrew her head, just like Sho had done before. For one, Green had detected they were in a blind alley, and for another she noticed, that her private tutor lead an intense discussion with a red-haired boy. Green had thought the exact same thing Sho did when she laid eyes on said boy:
This boy looked indecently *handsome*.

„What has our class striver to do with such a hot guy?“, Sho asked Green quietly. They knew for sure that it was not their damn business what the two of them had to talk about, but hell, they were too curious as to why these two guys were involved with each other. But sadly they talked very hushed, despite the fact that they seemed to have a fight.

„.... I’m doing fine on my own...you don’t have to interfere!“, Gary said.

„But I just want to help you!“

„Help me?! You would only exacerbate everything ... even more than it already is.“

„.... You can rely on me... you know I...“

„....-ver, I do know that you only want to have some fun.... You don’t take it seriously...“

„Just trust me! I know what I do...“

„....every time I heard this sentence, something went wrong...“

That were the last words the two girls could hear, even if they eavesdropped closely. They only tried for another few seconds when they noticed that there was nothing left they could hear.

Green came out of their hiding spot and just like Sho she was surprised that there was no one in the alley. How could it be possible that the corridor, being a dead end, was like a morgue?

Green sipped anxiously on her wine glass, torn between having a taste of the wine or not. Sho had already left her half an hour ago, already dancing on the dance floor; and every time she danced with a new dancing partner, searching for the perfect guy. From afar she grinned to Green from time to time, inviting her with eagerly gesticulation to tag along. But Green gave it a miss.

She still refused to be a part of Sho's game. On top of it all she didn't want to dance with some guy from her class. It wasn't because her class mates couldn't dance; it wasn't even close to this. She was simply picky and didn't throw herself at anyone. Aside from that, her injuries throbbed painfully.

Just when Green finally decided to taste the wine she got interrupted; by an unknown voice, asking for a dance. While Green turned around she said:

„No, I'm sorry, I'm not feeling very well...“ The Wächterin started to stutter when she recognized the person who stood right in front of her: It was the red-haired boy she had seen an hour ago on Gary's side. The problem was just: now being next to her he looked even better.

And the real problem was that he left her speechless.

His shoulder-length red hair gleamed in the light, just like his dark red eyes, which amended his hair nicely. A charming smile adorned his perfectly fitted face, which looked childish but at the same time slightly manly. In other words, this guy looked to good to be true. Everything seemed to fit perfectly. It wasn't even fazing that he didn't dress up appropriate; it seemed to raise the attraction he radiated.

„A real shame you're not feeling well...“, the handsome Unknown said and his smile turned into a slight grin, which fit even better to his personality than the smile from before. Green gulped without noticing. „I would have liked to ask for a dance...“

„O-oh, I-I guess a dance wouldn't hurt.“ *O God!*, Green thought – since when was she a shy one? She had never before stuttered in front of a boy. Was it only because of his handsome looks? Green tried to distract herself; she had to focus on something else: What did he have to do with Gary? What did they talk about? Who was he?! These were the questions she should ask herself, and maybe a dance could help her to provide some information.

If she could at least find out about his name...she could make inquiries afterwards. The girl decided this was to be her great, fine excuse – or at least one she could live with. Green set her wine-glass down on the table; she had clasped onto it since he showed up. She put an alluring smile onto her features and said:

„But first I'd like to know with whom I have the pleasure of speaking.“ This statement made him laugh, but it wasn't for long before he smiled again. „I like you.“ By return, this knocked Green out of her stride. What an enchanter! And most likely he was also a Casanova – and due to his looks, she couldn't even blame him.

„My name is Nakayama Siberu“, he answered and stretched out his hand towards Green, in a classy practiced but incredibly graceful way. The girl noticed the way her heart started to race, when she seized his proffered hand, when he held onto her and pulled her up from the chair.
„And your name is?“, he asked, when he had already escorted her to the dance floor and slowly put his hand on her slender waist. Green had to avow herself that she liked his way. She liked the fact that a slow song was playing right now. She liked his red eyes, which beamed at her, even though they had such a dark shade.

„Najotake Green.“ He smirked again, said nothing about her unusual name. He gave her a slightly stronger squeeze, started to move according to the music, his eyes locked onto her gaze without unfixing even once, but that was mutual. He seemed to be great at dancing, since he didn't need to focus on his steps. All of his attention was purely left for Green.

„May I call you Green-chan?“ The asked girl giggled discreetly, gave his hand a short but strong squeeze and said, a mischievous smile gracing her features:
“Wouldn't that appear too intimate for our taste?”
„And if I wanted this to become intimate?“

Green's heart started beating faster once again when he smiled at her in a certain way, just to emphasize the meaning behind his words. She wouldn't make it this easy for him. He shouldn't surmise that she would give herself to him, just because he was blessed with exceptionally beautiful looks and good at smooth talking. Aside from that Green knew for sure, that this kind of boy was the kind one should trust least of all.

„I think you shouldn't be that precipitately, Siberu-san.“ This statement wasn't to his tastes, as she noticed in an instant – and oddly enough she was pleased with that fact. She was glad she had stood her ground and was able to counter. Had Sho been in her shoes, she would have surely thrown herself upon Siberu without ifs and buts – and sure enough they wouldn't have lingered on the dance floor for a long time.

Out of the corner of her eyes she threw a glance to her friend, who still had a dance-partner herself, but obviously focused more on Green and Siberu, instead of her own partner and their dance. Green couldn't say whether her actions were out of jealousy or out of excitement, from what she noticed in Sho's eyes. Most likely a mixture of both.

Yet, when Green wanted to apply her attention to Siberu again, she discovered someone else who managed to catch her attention. Approximate to the door Gary leaned against the wall, arms crossed, watching the dancing people. No, he watched Green and Siberu, everyone else didn't seem to matter to him. His look was not off-handedly, but uncannily sinister and serious. Green asked herself whether that was supposed to be jealousy...but something inside of her told her that this wasn't the case. But what could be the real reason? Did it concern the talk the two of them had had earlier?

„Green, what are you looking at?“, Siberu said to interrupt her thoughts, and she promptly turned her eyes away from the spikehead to his exact counterpart. Siberu grinned, but his eyes were likewise glued to Gary.

„I think someone's green-eyed.“
Green didn't answer, since she was sure Gary wasn't jealous at all. Why should he.
„Do you know him?“ Siberu turned his eyes back to hers and signified a shrug.

„Just on the surface I guess. But, Green, how comes you’re interested in that? It’s *you* that *I* am interested in. And I want to enjoy this dance with you.” This sentence had the desired impact. Green blushed and gave no second thought to skepticism, which would have been her usual behavior. She didn’t even notice that Siberu had sent Gary a superior smirk - which caused him to turn away angrily.

When the song had finished playing, Green actually wanted to dance on, but Siberu excused himself. „Sadly I have to go now. My time here was limited.“ Green didn’t like that; her hand, still lying in Siberu’s hand, added a bit more pressure when she asked him whether they’d see each other again. He pulled the girl closer to his chest and Green’s heart skipped a few beats when Siberu kissed her hair.

„I hope so, after all I’m still waiting for the chance to call you Green-chan!“ He gave her a last grin, before Green lost him in the crowd. She stood still for a moment, with a throbbing heart, before she noticed what she did and went beet-red because of doing so.

She shook her head and turned around to return to the table Sho already waited for on to hear a report of some sort. Green started to move, whereat she noticed that Gary wasn’t at the spot she’d seen him earlier at anymore. Then it happened.

An enormous pain jerked through Green’s heart, as if someone would have torn a piece out of it. Her field of vision grew hazy at first, before it started to becloud, in time to increasing aches. Her legs collapsed and before she hit the ground she had already lost consciousness…

Out of the far distance voices penetrated Green’s ears. She couldn’t understand these voices, couldn’t hear what they were talking about or whom they belonged to. Her senses only seemed to concentrate on her pain. It was not a piercing pain, which plagued her body, but a persisting kind of pain, which burned inside of her...and she had the feeling, that it got worse every second. She was weak, tired, wasted. Green couldn’t get herself to open her eyes or move at all even in the slightest. Everything was too demanding. She just wanted one thing, and only for one thing she’d gather her strength and move now.

„....where... is... my little bell?“

She didn’t carry her little bell on herself. It wasn’t in the vicinity – she felt it. Someone clasped her hands, which she had raised without actually noticing.

„Green, I am so happy you regained consciousness...! I worried so m-...“ Green opened her eyes, looked at Sho, whom she could only see vaguely, and barely heard the rest of her sentence. She wanted her little bell. Everything else didn’t matter right now.

„.... most likely you’re down with a blood poisoning. But it’s going to be all right, Green! You just have to relax at the moment. Stay here in bed, ‘till a doctor arrives. “No, a doctor wouldn’t be able to help her, that was sure. Only her bell could...but where could it be...“

„The hotel’s doctor is sadly off-site at the moment and a heavy snowstorm is raging outside, which detains any doctor ... just take some more rest, Green. It will come out all right...“

„S-Sho... I need my little bell...“

„Well, it is not here, Green.“

„....where is... it? ... I *need*... it...“

„I will go and look for it for you, okay? I'm going to find it, I promise. But for now, please rest.“ Sho didn't understand one bit. But how was she supposed to understand? She wasn't the one feeling aching pain in her chest, this desperate desire...

Once again her sight got flecked by small black dots and she felt the way unconsciousness wanted to hug her once again, but she managed to tell Sho one small thing:

„...I have to...talk to...Pink...“

„Just rest a bit, Green.“

And, as if it would have been a command, Green lost consciousness for a second time.

Somewhere else, far away from scurries of snow and blessed with a starry night, someone didn't waste one thought on going to bed. A certain boy sat on a roof and enjoyed the chilly evening air. He liked it, when the breeze started to set his hair in motion. For one because he knew that he looked even more handsome than he usually did that way, and for a second thing he liked the feeling of his hair curling in the wind. In one of his hand he held a little bell, which he tossed up again and again, just to catch it casually a second later.

„Sad, sad, sad... why did this little girl have to be the bell-wielder? She would have been a great match for sure.“ He sighed deeply and caught the little bell again, just to balance it on his index finger, where it gleamed like silver in the crescent's light. He took a brief look at it and asked himself, whether it could be true what people used to say about this thing. But before he could get lost in these thoughts, he felt that a presence emerged behind him. He didn't even bother to turn around, since he knew exactly who had decided to keep him company and likewise did he know, that he would have to listen to a lecture right now.

„Silver, what the hell is it you're planning here?“, the boy asked him with an annoyed tone all over. The so called Silver rose up and turned around to face the other person after all.

„You're asking what I'm doing? I do what you should have done long ago!“

Silver looked at him mischievously with a huge grin plastered on his face.

„Don't approach a subject which has nothing to do with you.“

„Naah, you're simply jealous, Blue. Do you think I didn't notice your look back then?“

The addressed boy rolled his eyes and sighed exhausted.

„Silver, as per usual you have no clue. Now hand over the little bell.“

„And why should I, huh? I managed to snatch it, since *you* weren't able to.“

„I don't like to repeat myself, but I'll do it for you: You have no clue what this is about.“

„And what are you going to do with the bell, huh? Want to gain the laurels I earned?“

Blue gave in to another sigh, but this time it was only disgruntled.

„I could recite myself for a third time, but slowly and surely this is getting too foolish for me.“ He reached out his hand and asked for the bell for the third time. Silver looked at his hand first, then he slowly stowed the little bell into his trouser pocket and changed his casual stance to that of a fighting position. „Well, then you'll have to fight me first.“

His counterpart shook his head in an annoyed but also tired manner.

„You always have to remove obstacles in your way by force.“

„Sounds just like an accusation – as if that would be abnormal for us Demons!“ Silver grinned and gesticulated dismissively, when he said once more, that he would have to use force to get the bell, if he really wanted to get it at all.

„It can't be that my dear brother is rusty, can it?“, Silver said challenging. He addressed sighed for the hopefully last time, but it didn't seem he had found any drive to fight yet. He just crossed his arms and said:

„Say, Silver, how is Rui doing – by the way?“ Silver's fighting pose immediately crumbled, because he got startled by the mere sound of this name; but not only that, he was pale in the blink of an eye.

„Y-You wouldn't dare to ...“

The shaky voice of the redhead raised a small grin from his older brother.

„I think she really misses you, after all you've been here all day, isn't that right, Silver? I think it would be excessively kind of me if I'd just call her – I am sure you miss her, too.“

„No, Blue, no! You can't do that, I'm warning you ...!“

„If you find it in your heart to hand over the bell, I might just reconsider my decision....“

„No way!“ Blue's grin broadened even more, most likely because he knew that he'd get the little bell so or so now. In order to demonstrate his little brother that he was serious about this, he drew a deep breath and as if by command Silver interrupted his attempt to call Rui.

„All right, all right, you win! I'll hand it over, but please let Rui stay at home or let her jump in a lake for all I care!“ Blue grinned again, when he reached out his hand and demanded for the little bell. Reluctantly the redhead looked at his brother, and mumbled a few cusses, before he took the piece of jewellery out of his pocket and handed it over to Blue.

„That was unfair.“

„As I said earlier, Silver. You don't have to use violence to prepare the ground.“ Blue slipped the little bell into his own pocket now and just wanted to set off, when Silver prevented him from doing so: „Do my feelings doubt me, when they tell me that you won't return to our home or repatriate it?“ Blue didn't reply, but only gazed into the dark night. Slowly but surely the horizon started to shine with colours; the ebony faded away and would soon make way for the first shafts of sunlight.

„You know, if you'll act like this now, you could lose your position, possibly even...“

Now it was Silver's turn to sigh.

„And all that for a simple girl? That's not like you, Aniki. I can't hardly recognize you that way.“ The one spoken to turned away from the early dawn and inspected his little brother.

„You misunderstand all of this, you really...“

Silver interrupted him a little bit too blustering:

„Then explain it to me! Because I really don't get any of this shit.“

„I'll explain it to you as soon as I get new information. Till then...“ Blue raised a wagging finger and said slowly and with a clear voice, just as if he'd talk to a small child:

„Don't meddle in this business! It's better for you, believe me.“

And with these words Blue vanished into the void.

Silver faced the place his brother had stood on only mere second ago and reprised his words with an irritated intonation lingering in his pretty voice. Better for him? Silver had a different view of things, which was ultimately inverse to his brother's. It would be better for Blue if Silver decided to barge in, as long as it wasn't already too late.

In Green's room deadly silence prevailed, apart from her steady weak breaths. Outside's heavy snowstorm still rampaged and accentuated the room's silence with a merciless rhythm. She was still sitting besides Green's bed, busy to combat fatigue, which dared to take a hold

of her. But Sho didn't want to lose this fight, she had to stay wide awake. Someone had to keep an eye on Green – even if Sho could do nothing but constantly changing the cold washcloth on Green's forehead.

But any attempt to fight against the high, still rising and obstinate fever seemed to be in vain. She didn't get it... slowly but surely the fever should drop, but instead of doing so it went up and up... Sho was awfully worried about her and just wished for the snowstorm to stop, because that way a doctor could come to her rescue...

The redhead sighed deeply and pondered whether she should read to stay awake, when her eyes closed again. Once again, she cast up her eyes, shocked about herself, but it wasn't long before she lost the fight against the intruding weariness, which slowly crept over her.

Sho had hardly fallen asleep, when Green slowly opened her eyes. Her field of vision was blurred and just didn't want to get better at all. Her heart throbbed incessant and the beat sped up, when she spotted someone in front of her bed. She didn't know who that person was, she couldn't recognize him. But she knew one thing: he carried her little bell.

Green's hands reached out for said person, without her giving any indication to her body; it happened outright automatically. She said something, called for the little bell. Her whole body required this bell. She knew she'd use force to get it, if he wouldn't hand it over. She would kill if she had to.

But he handed it over. And scarcely when the little thing lay in her hands, Green felt how her body started to relax almost immediately. Her pain eased, she regained colour and her heart calmed down considerably. That was until she recognized the person, who stood in front of her bed and observed her intently:

„G-Gary?!“

Finished: 25.03.09