

Schwarz-Rot-Gold ist unser Stolz!

Prussia & Germany

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Schwarz-Rot-Gold ist unser Stolz!

He heard the loud cries behind him but they seemed to shut down with every second in which the tall man in front of him pointed the gun at his forehead.

"B-bruder..."

The huge and strange, yet so familiar flag in his small hands waved in the strong wind that suddenly appeared.

Blood red eyes – cold, even with their warm colour – stared down at him and made his hackles rose, shuddering.

"Bruder... w-was... warum..."

The words were stuck in his throat when one finger, covered in black leather, lingered over the trigger, ready to pull.

The sounds surrounding them stopped. The colourful uniforms and the clothes of the students and other citizens, bloodstained, turned grey. The only thing he could see now was the dark and deep muzzle still pointed at him.

One single teardrop left his bright blue eyes, running down his cheeks, left his bright blue eyes which gazed at his elder brother, unbelieving.

Gilbert shot. The black-red-golden flag fell down without a noise. And Ludwig's blue eyes, cavernous and empty, stared at the hole in the red stripe the bullet had left.

- owari

Mir gefällt's in Englisch bald besser. 8D