

Between the sides

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Gun

I waited for him. Hours, days, weeks. Never saw him, never got a text, nothing. I didn't know what I waited for. But his gun was still there, where I put it. And I knew that he will come to get it back.

One day, I set on the window, looking outside, watching the pouring rain. It is London, so I know rain. As often, I took the gun, he gave to me this rainy day in the street. Turning it in my hands, I look at the shiny metal, which feels cold and smooth in my hands.

Why did he leave it behind? As a gift? For me? Or just as a reminder, that he is still after me? I don't know. But what I know is, that its probably the most dangerous gift anyone ever gave to me. But he is not just anyone. He is a psychopath, that's for sure. Is it just a game? I don't know...

The calming noise of the rain on the window made me sleepy. Like a little, soft drum the drops hit the glass. It was something on it, something hypnotizing, something calming. I like rain. I like to watch it fall down. Like a little concert on my window. Just for me.

The rain let me forget about my anxious thinking, let the gun fade away from my mind. But why it was suddenly so cold on my nape? I felt a movement, sliding down my skin and the hair at my nape raised up. My first intention was to scream, but a hand sneaked over my mouth, I felt a warm breath next to my ear.

"Shh...its all fine..." His voice was soft and calm, I could hear the grin it it. My heart started pounding, my puls quickens, feeling his hand slide around my waist to my belly, slowly and soft. "You knew that I would come for you, didn't you?", he whispered near my ear, his hot breath hit my skin and it felt like a burning flame. I nodded slightly, feeling his hand on my jaw, when he moved his hand down from my mouth, his thumb softly pulled down my bottom lip for a moment. His touch made me shiver. I was afraid. And just loved to be.

"You know...you can talk honey...", he cooed amused, when his hand slid away from my waist. My eyes followed his hand, as he took the gun. "I knew you would keep it..." The cold barrel of the gun slid along my cheek, leaving a freezing feeling, where it touched my skin. Turning my head I followed the movement, but suddenly his grip on my jaw went steady. I didn't want to struggle against it. He would hurt me, without a second thought. The risk was to high.

His touch forced me to look straight out of the window into the rain, when I felt his hand on my shoulder again, slowly sliding down to my waist, just like he did before. My body strains, but I try to stay calm, I can hear my fast puls in my ears. "Of course...I kept it...", I finally whispered, answering his question. I heard a chuckle behind me,

feeling his hand moving down my body just a little bit more.

"I knew you would...I think I begin to understand, why Johnnyboy likes you so much..." I gasp for breath, surprised and shocked. It was not a secret that John and I were very close, almost like siblings, but nothing more. Did he want to say, that John felt more towards me?

I felt his hot breath next to my ear again, and his chuckle went even more mocking. "We..." - "Hush!", he suddenly ordered and I closed my mouth immediatly. "Hussh...", he repeated very soft and smooth. "Don't speak..." I felt his nose slid along my skin, between my eye and ear, down to my jawbone.

A shiver ran down my face, where his nose touched it. I tried to turn my head again, but his hand was still on the other side of my jaw and stooped me, softer this time. "Don't rush it dearie...we'll have enough time to talk another day...", he cooed, obviously enjoying the control he had over me. Suddenly I felt his hand on my waist, with moved over to my belly, as his other hand pulled down my hair slowly, to reach my neck.

I just let it happen and close my eyes, my shaky breath insnc with my racing heartbeat. His lips touched my neck, sliding along my skin, I felt his breath.

"Unfortunately I need to go now honey...", he wispered after a few moments, his mouth still near my neck, when he suddenly gently bit into my skin. I gasped surprised, he just chuckled.

"Take this as a friendly warning...my dear...", he whsipered near my ear. "I will come for you...I. Owe. You."

His words sent a shiver down my spine, when the heat of his breath next to my ear disappeared. I immediatly turned around, but the flat was empty, besides a apple on the floor. A dark red apple, untouched, besides an I and a U, with had been cut out of it. Between that, the apple wasn't touched. Enough place for a bite, just like he did with Sherlock once. But this time with me. But the great game was over...what was this now?

Is it just a game? I don't know...