

Blood Tears - A Devil May Cry Fanfiction -

Chapter 2 - Englisch

Von Flarestar

Chapter 2

She left the large hall just as proud as she had entered it, only a little faster. She did not want to see the face - or at least what she knew as his face - any longer. She wanted to be alone and make up her mind about everything said and done. She was puzzled and hurried along the corridors towards her chamber. Half way there she was stopped by a strong hand on her back. She stopped - thoughts running through her head . "!! What? What's that? Strength.... is it..... him? No..." - before she could go on thinking at all she turned around and stared at a grinning large being.

"Did I surprise you?" he smiled.

"Vergil! You! Don't ever do that again, get me?" she replied, showing him with one sentence that she was not in the mood for games. He went 2 steps backward - only tiny steps -

"Okay, okay - no reason to shout like that. What's wrong with you now, hun?" he smiled again. She had been annoyed by his lame attempts to hit on her before and she did not really want to have a talk to him at all today. She decided not to reply at all and just go on towards her chamber.

"Now what was that?" he thought, "sometimes I just don't get the opposite sex. They dress up like that and keep you staring at them with your mouth wide open and then they pretend they didn't like to be wanted. Argh." . While he was thinking that the clacking sounds of her boots left and he didn't want her to leave just like that. He was not the one to give up that easily. So he turned around, ran after her and held her shoulder tight. She couldn't do anything but stop, he knew, cause otherwise she'd have ended up sitting on her ass. He saw her turning around with a view that could have killed.

"WHAT do you want???" . -

"You didn't answer my question, lady."

"I didn't answer your question?? Am I forced to answer your questions ?"

"You are not. But it would be polite to do so."

"Polite? Hehe. You're funny. Since when are we being polite to each other??"

She was about to go on when she suddenly -surprisingly- turned around.

"So, tell me, why did you ask at all? Why did you stop me?"

"Well, I saw you coming out of the hall, and I saw your face. You didn't look satisfied at all, whatever you wanted from him it seemed like you didn't get it."

"Whatever you wanted. Pah. That sounds like I asked for some new pants or something."

"Well, how can I know what you asked for? I just recognized your face, that is all."

"Excuse me. I am not in the mood to have a nice chit chat about my clothes."

"I did NOT ask you anything about your clothes. That was your idea in first place."

He was slightly becoming angry. It was less her kind of talking to him, he found her cute being so angry, but it was more the fact he still didn't know what made her so mad. And she didn't seem like wanting to talk about it either.

"Well...." she stopped and took a breath... "yes. You're maybe right. It was just about ... a little toy I had in mind. I shouldn't act so childish. Thanks for helping me."

"Errm.... a toy, you say?..... I guess I understand now.... it surprises me you call him a 'toy'.

"Him?"

"Hehe."

He smiled and turned around. It was hard to realize it, but he knew he was about to lose what he never actually had at all. But he could still try to change it he thought. Maybe he could still change it. He just left her the way she was and went towards nothing but darkness.