

# Another Fairytale

Von Paife

## Kapitel 10: 9. Chapter

### Chapter 10

Yuuri was so focused on the agony at his side, he barely sensed strong arms wrapping around his body and lightly carrying him off. Neither did he sense the soft comfortable bed he was put on, however he whined when cool hands touched the source of his pain.

"It's nothing more than a stab wound, swollen neck and fatigue. No worries, he is going to be fine." Gisela said in a soft tone.

All Castle inhabitants with the exception of Wolfram and Yuuri had woken up from a daze and at first felt their worlds twisting, until they heard their king's groans of sorrow.

Nobody knew what they had been doing, nor did they think about it, for them there had been no time interval, no memories of any silver haired woman appearing at the castle. Their memories began the day Yuuri and Wolfram had returned from Earth.

When the coolness on his wound turned to numbness, Yuuri felt relief and assurance. He allowed his muscles and body to relax.

Haa! Feels so good – Wait a minute!

Frantically Yuuri sat up – too fast. He groaned again as the pain announced itself. He had to leave it at just moving his head. But when he looked left and right he noticed a common set. He was in his chambers, with Conrad, Gisela and a Guenther that was about to drown in his own tears.

How could I wake up, if I'm already dead? He looked down at Gisela who was concentrated on healing him with her magic powers right now. Why would I need to heal my wounds? I'm dead right? But then why would it hurt like hell in the first place?

After his first shock that he might have gone to hell, he found a more reasonable answer:

Maybe, I'm not dead after all... but then, what actually happened?

He decided to give his theory another try. "Uhhm, am I dead?"

"oh nooo Heika has lost his head!!! Just one moment of inattention and he thinks he is dead...Heika, you're not dead, your beloved Guenther is still with you!" His teacher exclaimed dramatically.

Conrad just smiled at him, shaking his head.

"But then, where is Juliette? What happened?" Yuuri was seriously confused now.

"She doesn't exist anymore."

Wolfram had been sitting on the windowsill examining his black box. When he answered the king's question he had slid down, and walked to the bed lifting up one side of the canopies with his left hand, while stemming his right hand on his hips, ignoring three puzzled faces staring at him.

Yuuri, whose head was uncomfortably tilted to the right to face the source of this angelic voice, stared at the sight with wide gaping eyes.

The sunlight had just made an unbelievably beautiful contrast with Wolfram's equally pretty locks. The numbness was forgotten, he didn't even notice Wolfram's face growing slightly pink with time, until it turned into both, a blush and an annoyed frown. How he did Yuuri didn't know either.

"Will you close your mouth, henachoko!" he snarled at the king. Only then did Yuuri notice what he was doing. Embarrassed e quickly hid his face; he still remembered what he thought when he was fighting Juliette.

"Everything done! All he needs now is rest. Please everyone leave him alone."

"Can I stay with him? We have something to talk about." Yuuri had thought Wolfram ill, when was the blond EVER polite?

"Alright, you're going to be the only exception, Lord Bielefeld." With that she and Conrad left the room dragging with them a Guenther protesting that there should be another exception.

Wolfram watched the doors close and the noise abate. Then he turned around to sit on the edge of the king's humongous bed.

All was peaceful – for 3 seconds.

A bystander waiting beyond the doors would have heard a thundering from the inside, followed by screams, shouts and curses at the same time. Then he would hear muffled voices and movement, maybe even glass breaking.

Poor Yuuri couldn't escape this wrath, even with all the high windows in gone. His only defense was the pillow he was holding in front of himself. And surely, those were holding off the hits and fellow pillows being thrown at him. Meanwhile, his ears went deaf from all the shouting.

When he sensed no more pressure on his weapon of not so much choice, he carefully lowered the pillow. Wolfram had ended his tantrum. With his furiousness alleviated, he had turned his back on the black.

"Uhm, Wolfram? I...I don't understand" Yuuri mumbled quietly.  
No response.

"D-do you mind telling how you got here? Didn't you leave?" This time, Yuuri dared to reach out to Wolfram. At that moment he turned around to reveal an expression that surprised Yuuri. It was the same expression Wolfram wore when Yuuri had returned to Shin Makoku after saying goodbye forever.

"You henachoko! I leave you alone for a day and you almost die on me!?"  
"Wolfram..."

"How did you get here?"

One could almost here the crack in the atmosphere due to Yuuri's callous remark.

"I came here because of you..." Wolfram said with just a hint of sadness in his voice; he couldn't allow himself to lose up in this just too tempting situation, after all he remembered the letter he had written before he left.

Correcting himself, he stood up, and straightened himself.

Yes, this is how it is supposed to be, I ended the whole thing. I can not go back to shouting at him anymore.

Regulating his new rights, Wolfram felt how with each progress his mind made, his heart shrank in size.

"Heika, this is what happened in your absence of mind: ..." After Wolfram finished his report, he felt something swelling up in him, but he tried to suppress it as much as possible. There was no way he was going to cry like a baby in front of Yuuri.

The king however, didn't notice the effect on Wolfram's memory. He was shocked by the formality he received. Never before did Wolfram actually treat him like a king. Why now?

From listening to Wolfram, he figured that he somehow had summoned Wolfram because he said his name? Yuuri couldn't remember ever hearing about that kind of magic, he was more concerned with Wolfram, whose voice had turned graver and graver.

"Excuse me, I think I need to leave, heika." Wolfram tightened his standing in an attempt to stride out the doors with dignity.

Hearing the words "heika" coming out of the blonde's mouth, Yuuri felt a stir in his heart. He realized how much it disturbed him to have Wolfram change into this unfitting attitude so mysteriously.

He couldn't let this case slide away. Holding on to one of Wolfram's blue sleeves, he asked a crucial question:

"What's wrong? Why are you being so formal all of the sudden? I was expecting you to go through continuing your tantrum, but I can't really complain..." he said while putting on one of his sheepish smiles.

That smile froze immediately.  
"Because I am no longer your fiancé"

Wolfram almost ran to the doors.

The doors slammed shut, and silence diffused into the room. Yuuri's glance rested on a certain black box at the window, and he remembered the wrinkled paper that it contained, along with a soft cream necktie, and a silver unopenable notebook.

Oh right...

The moment of instantaneous joy had subsided, realization had overcome him, his memories had become clearer and clearer.

Wolfram was right.

A few days later:

Icy fingers had their clasp on Yuuri's heart. Somehow it felt naked without Wolfram around him. He had been sleeping in a huge lonely bed the last days. The only evidence that Wolfram was still around, seemed to be his presence at meals.

With his memories coming back, Yuuri knew also that he wished for nothing but his fiancé back. But he couldn't just walk up and slap him on his left cheek could he? There had to be another way...

The others had noticed this phenomenon as well, but whenever they asked, Yuuri just smiled and neglected any forms of conversation. This problem was his own, and he wanted to solve it by himself.

Unfortunately it had to be this time around: The Moon festival. Guenther had told him about it in one of his lessons with glistening eyes. But all that Yuuri heard was "very important", "official ball", and several other bits of information that let him conclude that Shin Makoku's Moon festival was totally different from those on earth.

Now he was in the library, supposedly researching about etiquette and proper conduct. However, he found his brain travelling towards the prince almost every ten seconds.

His gaze fell on one pretty thin book that stood out from the others with its tall but

slender book spine. Its dark blue velvet cover adorned slender silver print.

### "Another Fairytale"

Yuuri was about to put it right back, when he noticed that the rest of the books where about 3 to 4 times thicker. He had to read 3 books out of this section anyway, so why not choose the thinnest?

But he wondered how a fairytale could be related to either the Moon Festival or manners. Holding the rather light book, he walked back to his study. There, he sighed in disappointment when he noticed that no blonde was standing there waiting for him. He had been haunted by hallucinations of Wolfram waiting for him several times before. But every time he got his hopes up, reality crushed it like a hammer would a nut.

He decided to ignore the pile of paper waiting for him, and sat down instead. Brushing his index finger along the book spine with one hand, Yuuri opened it with his other.

Later, the maids had come in to clean, and even knocked the door, but they had only found a Yuuri sitting at his desk, and mesmerized in a fantastic tale.

Yuuri looked at his reflection for a last time, brushing the black material smooth. Everything was prepared for the ball, mission done.

A knock from the door came just in time. "Heika, are you ready? The Maou shouldn't come late to the Moon Festival." Conrad reminded him friendly.

"Yep, I just finished everything" With a last smile to his mirror self, he walked out of the room.

Hopefully...

A/N: It's coming along pretty well...This is almost the last chapter, and neext time~~~  
FINAL Chapter!!! :D

Vielen Dank an alle meine treuen Leser, die mein fanfic bis jetzt verfolgt haben! :D