

Profezie

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: Venezia

Disclaimer: I don't own Assassin's Creed.

"And this is just one of la Serenissima's famous markets. Here you will find everything your heart will ever need, from exotic spices to the finest glassware from Murano"
As their guide launched into yet another round of praise for "his" Venice, Ezio tried to resist the temptation to throw the man into a canal and was glad for his hood, which just barely concealed his bored expression.

That expression however changed rapidly as he noticed that Leonardo was gone. Where had that crazy man wandered off to now? He held great admiration for him, the one who built most of his more "artistic" weapons, he had seen him, while he translated the first codex-page, a work that had taken several hours, and therefore knew that when he wanted he could concentrate on one thing for hours, even days, but damn, Leonardo had to learn how to stand still for a minute, when they were going anywhere.

Ezio looked around for clues and their guide, later he found standing between some courtesans and currently trying to stop his eyes from falling out his eye sockets and in the cleavage of the pretty brunette to his right. Sighing heavily, Ezio put his hand over his eyes and dragged it down his face. No help to expect there.

Muttering under his breath, he pushed past a group of people, standing in his path, his eyes wandering over the piazza, hoping to notice that red hat he had grown so accustomed to look for.

He and Leonardo would sometimes stroll through Florence, or better, Leonardo would stroll and Ezio would carry this or that, depending on what Leonardo was too lazy to do himself and every single time, he would lose sight of the other man, who had just gone off to "sketch that bird, it was inspiring really and you should have seen that tail! I wonder what his tongue looks like" or to "observe the bouncing of that courtesan's breasts", all for science and very important naturally and he had to run around the whole city to find that madman sitting in a tree somewhere, observing the sunset.

Then he would hit him upside the head and tell him that he was the biggest idiot he had ever seen, and Leonardo would get that look, something between a kicked puppy and a really annoying guy, that just knew that Ezio was worried.

While searching for the lost artist, he passed a rather fat, seemingly rich guy, who was just yelling at a young merchant cowering before him.

Knowing that he did a good deed and being a bit short of money anyway he stole the 1500 Florin in that arrogant man's pockets.

Suddenly out of nowhere a hand grasped his wrist and held on tight like a steel coil. "Figlio d'un cane, what do you think you are doing!" Unfortunately his victim was stronger and much more perceptive than he seemed and now threatened to break his wrist, while screaming his lungs out for the guards, which immediately came running from the nearby station. Ezio cursed heavily and struggled against the other man's grip, while the guards, enough of them armoured heavily, closed in on the pair. The sword of the first to reach him, was already swung at him, when he used his second blade to wound his captor and he took off running like one of the minstrels was after him.

He jumped over grates, rushed through the thick mass of people before him, his eyes scanning for a way to reach higher grounds, when he noticed that tell-tale hat before him.

Leonardo was just sketching contently an exotic fruit he had found, humming a song, he still remembered from his childhood in the land close to Vinci, following the elegant curve of the fruit with his eyes and pencil, admiring the soft texture of its skin, when suddenly the world changed and turned upside down. A hand laced itself unto his arm, pulling him upright, and dragged him like a hurricane with it, right through the crowd.

"Ezio?! Why are we running? Where are we running?", an arrow lodged itself in the wood of the stall next to his head, "and why are people shooting at us?!", he screamed, slightly panicked, while trying to keep up with the assassin, without losing his footing and falling down.

"Stole money. Screwed up.", Ezio pressed out between his teeth, speeding up even more as he noticed the men behind them. "Why do you do that every time we go somewhere?" Leonardo already knew the answer, but tried to get through to Ezio's common sense anyway, which was so obviously lacking. "Because you just had to interrupt our tour and I had to go looking for you!" the other answered. "That doesn't even make any sense!"

"Less talking, more climbing up this ladder.", Ezio gestured just to the right of them, "Hide in that stack of hay up there, I distract them and catch up later", and with that the Ezio all but threw him in the general direction of the ladder and was gone.

After he had sufficiently hid between the rotting layers of hay, Leonardo waited.

And waited.

And waited some more.

He actually started counting pieces of straw when he suddenly heard a scream above him, "Out of the way, Leonardo!"

He just managed to dive to the side, barely avoiding falling off the roof, as Ezio landed where he just had hid.

Looking at each other, they both yelled at the other: "See, this is why I can never go anywhere with you!"

A.N.:

This was inspired by myself, since I stole everything not nailed down, while making that tour through Venice. Oh well, all for the greater good.