

9 Months

Trephacard

Von Alaiya

3rd Month

Once again Adrian awoke sweaty and panting. He stared up to the ceiling, trying to forget the dreams, that haunted him.

It had been more than half a year, since he had killed his father. It had been almost five months, since he had been forced to kill Taka and Sumi. Yet they all were haunting him in his dreams and wouldn't stop.

It had been the same dream again that he had had so many times in the last few months. In his dreams he had been tied down to his bed with Taka and Sumi looming over him. He had felt absolutely helpless. Unable to move. Unable to do anything. In his dreams it was always them who killed him, not the other way around.

He still couldn't understand. Why had they done this to him? He had done so much for them. He had helped them. He had wanted them to succeed. Yet they had violated him, had tried to kill him. Why? Just why?

He had not slept in that bed ever since.

He got up. The last months had taught him, that sleep was evasive once he had woken up from such a nightmare. Even if he would fall asleep again, the next nightmare would hunt him down and make it happen all over again.

He went over to his window. A small hint of red was already on the horizon. It would not be long till sunrise. He might as well get up and make himself breakfast. At least that would distract him from his dream and all those memories that would continue to hunt him maybe as long as he lived.

The corridors of the castle were empty this time around. Even though there were still a couple of people from Danesti living here. After all it took time to raise a village and so far, only most of the people had their own houses, but not all.

He went to one of the supply chambers to fetch himself some eggs, before making his way to the kitchen, only to find, to his surprise, that it was not empty.

Sypha was sitting at the table, a steaming cup filled with greenish liquid sitting in front of her.

"Oh," she said, when he entered.

"Oh," he echoed and looked at her.

"You are awake quite early," Sypha said.

"I could say the same for you." Adrian entered the kitchen, but hesitated for a moment. "What gives?"

"A thing called morning sickness." She touched her belly, which recently had started to show a bit. "And it will only get worse from here." With that she took a sip from the

cup. "I had hoped I would have at least one more month, till it starts."

Adrian just stared at her and her belly. He was really unsure, what he should say about this. After all he had no experiences with pregnancy. All he knew about this came from books and nothing more. Obviously, he had heard about morning sickness, but he did not know much about how to treat it.

My father would have known. He almost winced with this thought. Again, there were the memories. The good memories of his father and the bad. If only things would not have happened this way. If only both his parents were still alive.

He fought the memories down. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

Sypha waved her hand in a calming gesture. "No, I am fine. We Speakers have our own medicine for stuff like that." She smiled and took another sip.

"Good." Adrian did not know what else to say. Instead, he sighed. "Care for some breakfast?"

"I can try."

"Then I will cook for both of us." He gave her a shy smile.

"See, that's what makes you so nice," Sypha suddenly said, making him blush. "Trevor always needs to be asked to do nice things for me."

Adrian turned away. "Maybe I should give him a stern talking to. After all he should take good care of the mother of his child."

"Indeed, he should." Sypha laughed.

Even Adrian could not help but smile, while he got out a pan from the cupboard and turned on the oven, which like all things in the castle was powered by long forgotten science.

While he heated the pan and put a bit of butter into it, Sypha made a quiet noise, making him turn around.

"Say, Alucard, we have now discussed why I am up at this hour, but what about you? What made you get up this early?"

Quickly he turned towards the stove. She should not see his face. "Nothing in particular," he muttered. After all she had enough things to worry about without him and his nightmares. "I just could not sleep."

"That happens a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"What?"

"That you cannot sleep." Sypha spoke slowly and he could feel her eyes in his neck.

"It's nothing," he said.

"You know you can talk to me and Trevor, right?"

"It's nothing, really."

Sypha sighed. She got up and behind him, to put a hand onto his shoulder. "I am worried about you, you know? The others might not notice, but I know that there is something bothering you, haunting you. You have been through a lot lately and I think nobody will think less of you, if you show a little weakness from time to time."

Adrian's heart was pounding heavily. A part of him wanted to tell her, wanted to tell her everything. About his nightmares, about the times he cried himself to sleep, about all the memories haunting even his waking hours. But how could he? She had so much to deal with herself. She had been through so much.

"As I said: It's nothing," he just muttered. "I just have trouble sleeping."

Sypha hesitated and then sighed. "Okay. But please know, that you can talk to me, if you need to."

"Thank you," he said and started to put the eggs into the pan. Then he, too, sighed.

"One thing though."

"Yes?"

"Could you please call me Adrian?"