

# Love Me Till Death

Von Fa-Ying

## Prolog: Emotional Landscapes

"Mission accomplished!" Omi used to say...with such a warm smile on his face that made her like him even more. But now all of that is gone and it made her impossible to come back. Now she was all alone, lying in her bed, staring at the dark sky and thinking. It was a restless night and she didn't sleep well in this new "home". Though Burman had decided to stay even if she would feel uncomfortable and alone. Nevertheless she couldn't get along with the feeling of being here, in *this* house. Around *these* people. It was totally absurd...

The weather was stormy and on the other side of the street she could see some trees swaying in the wind. Then a thunderbolt crashed down the earth and she finally awoke. Sitting up and looking through the room, realizing that it wasn't a dream would have made her cry. It was a hopeless situation and eventually she couldn't understand in what state she must have been to decide for this. A life with Crawford, Schuldig, Nagi and Farfarello.

Actually they have always been in her life but now it was different. Now she should cooperate with them and not fight against the "evil beasts of the darkness" as Pershia used to call Schwarz.

Schwarz. An organization of SZ. The most hated persons on earth, Burman had once thought and now she should change that attitude?! How could it be possible...Right now she felt like an animal chased in a cage, not able to do anything.

Suddenly somebody knocked on the door, disturbing her thoughts and apparently wanting something from her. However she wasn't ready for visits and she didn't want to see anybody. But the stranger has already entered the room.

It was Schuldig, the red-haired devil in person. She had read so many pages about him and still she didn't know anything - only what he had done to his victims - how he had tortured them and how they had fallen into eternal sleep.

When he walked down the hall, skulking in the dark and not being able to sleep, her thoughts did flash into his mind and he couldn't help reading them.

*Hmm...she is doubting... that won't please Crawford...* he thought and decided to enter the room.

And now he stood there, looking at her with this smile on his face which made her melt. Schuldig didn't even say something but the simple fact that the telepath was looking at her made Burman suffer. She felt ashamed and embarrassed, how she laid

there on the bed - with unmade hair and merely conscious. When it was enough for her and she couldn't stand the glance anymore, Burman looked down to the blanket, away from his narrow green eyes, and stroke shyly through her hair.

"How was your first night?" he said and broke the silence. His voice sounded soft and calm. Totally untypical and she felt like she had to open her heart. As if he cared about her and she couldn't reject him.

Despite she didn't know what to answer or even to think because she knew that he was reading her mind. He always did. And whenever she would say something or not he would already have know it. Accordingly Burman wanted to avoid thinking but it was harder than she has imagined. She simply wasn't able not to think at all. And it was also hard not to believe Schuldig that he meant it good... in any way.

"I...I am fine." she stammered and the feeling of discomfort and humiliation increased. In fact she hated how he played with her but she wasn't capable to break through his control. Schuldig has been doing this so many times before and nobody could escape his mental torture. Why should it be different with her? But actually something was different... He felt like he couldn't control if he wanted to read her or not. Like her mind had his own will and wanted to be read.

He didn't answer because he knew that she was lying, of course, and it made him grin and sneer that she thought she could get away from it.

*Men are so easy to rumble...*

Thus Burman stood up, hoping to ignore the voice in her head but the pressure he exposed her grew and she finally collapsed onto her knees. Gasping and trembling as if she could not breath or somebody would strangle her. She shored on the floor and hung her head. Struggling inside.

Schuldig loved to see her like this - how she was afflicted by doubts. How she suffered through him and that he even made her crawl like an animal on the ground.

*To have power over somebody is really satisfying.* he grinned.

Then he went some steps forward, kneeled next to her and ran with his fingers over her shoulder. Burman opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something but only a short breath came out and she closed her eyes in fear.

*Why are you doing this with me? Why? What did I do?*

He laughed. Every nerve inside of her ached.

"You gonna have your fun with us, I'm sure..." he only whispered into her ear and stroke over her velvet cheek. This feeling of power made him go crazy and he totally enjoyed it.

But finally the German let her go, recognizing that it was enough and more would only get him into hot water. Burman broke down. Exerted and merely aware of the situation. Sweat on her forehead and pain in her eyes.

Schuldig didn't care about her anymore and abandoned the scenery. He had his fun and now she was bound to him. His property and he could play with her whenever he

felt like.

"You were really good, sweetie" he said when leaving the room, looking back once more. *Under control*. But Burman was too unconscious and paralyzed to understand his words and at last her mind went black. Falling into unconsciousness.