

Schuldig macht Karriere

Brads Untergang

Von abgemeldet

stage 01

Schuldig macht Karriere (Schuldig's career)
- Brads Untergang – (Brad's downfall)

Disclaimer: All characters are owned by Tsuchiya Kyoko who wrote the original masterpiece of "Weiß Kreuz". I just use those lovely Bishounen for my own non profitable twisted fantasies. Similarities to other stories are coincidence.

Warnings: contains male x male sex, lemon, rape, dark, angst, language, can trigger

/telepathy/
>>thoughts<<
"said"

chapter 01

It was dark outside when Schuldig opened his eyes and starred at the grey ceiling. Smiling to himself he remembered last night, after mission.

Schuldig walked silently through lonesome alley ways, completely lost in thoughts of an incident earlier in the day.

Crawford was sitting at the kitchen table, reading his newspaper and drinking coffee as he did every morning.

Suddenly, Schuldig heard Brad's angry voice in his head

/...Dow Jones 1.530 point lost...damn it!/.

Irritated, he faced the American "Since when did you start bubbling while reading the paper?"

"What are you talking about? I've said nothing." answered Brad calmly, still concentrating on the stock quotation.

Giving a careless shrug the orange-haired German moved away but stopped immediately when he caught random thoughts radiating from Brad's mind...

/Schuldig, get out of my head!!!/ Crawford snarled.

Surprised and heavily confused Schuldig retreated.

>>So, where are his barriers? He wouldn't take them down for any reason. Brad was pissed that it happened.<<

Of course, Schuldig couldn't leave well enough alone and tried it again. He was surprised and smirked to himself when he gained access once more. He earned himself another bawl out from Brad for his curiosity but it had been worth it.

So he didn't notice a slender figure hidden in the shadows and heavily panting, while his eyes scanned for his team mates. But two amethyst eyes had already caught sight of him and before Schuldig could step away, he felt a cold sharpness prick his neck.

"Move and you'll be dead!" hissed a well known voice into his ears. Schuldig shivered as he felt the breath of the other man, identified as Abyssinian, behind him. Though his more than life-threatening position he was deadly aroused. A smirk worked its way onto the German's face, invisible for Aya, as he let desire rush through his system.

/I think you've forgotten something./ said Schuldig as nonchalant as he could. Aya started to tremble under the strain of resisting Schuldig. The German was forcing him to turn his Katana away and to step back. A thin rivulet of sweat dripped from Aya's face as he tried and failed to maintain his position.

"Fuck...Mastermind..."

"The other way round it would please me better."

Laughter echoed in Abyssinian's mind and his eyes widened as Schuldig slowly turned and batted the Katana out of Aya's hand. Schuldig's face was just a few inches away from Aya's. The mind reader's hands rested next to Aya's head.

"Move and you'll be dead" Schuldig mocked Aya, his smile growing even wider.

It seemed like hours passed as he only looked deep into those violet eyes. Neither of them said a single word. It was a very long time if you feared for your life. A very long time to count the seconds down until your end came. The German plucked some of the red-head's ideas to escape from his mind. It amused him that Aya thought he could escape.

"Aya's your name, right? So Aya, why don't you relax a bit and let us have some fun

together?"

To make sure, he wasn't going to be misunderstood he caressed Aya's jaw with his thumb. Tension sang under that simple touch. He coated his hand further down Aya's throat. Schuldig flexed his hand around it, pressing Aya back against the wall.

"Huh, what do you think I am? That I welcome your filthy hands on me?" the Weiß answered. He didn't bother concealing the disgust in his voice. Aya's mind was full of pure hatred, revenge and an icy nothingness.

Schuldig ignored Aya's questions and started to kiss his cheeks very softly. His free hand began to search its way beneath the coat.

"Mhh, you've got a really nice body. It's a pity, that your mission clothes hide everything. Otherwise I'd have come to you earlier," Schuldig whispered. He felt the slowly rising panic in Aya from his touches with indulgence and smirked.

This is what he aimed for: fear, panic, angst. All those overwhelming emotions only a human being is capable of. Especially when they came from his enemy. Schuldig was for sure. He knew what he wanted. He wanted to feel the beautiful red-head under him moaning and panting for release.

"Why are you doing this?" Aya hissed as he tried to struggle from the hold Schuldig had on him. "Haven't you anything better to do? Oh, of course not. You're an unqualified Schwarz-"

"Shut the fuck up!" growled Schuldig. He began to reconsider what he wanted from Aya. And how he wanted it.

He kissed Aya roughly on the mouth, forcing his tongue inside. Simply a few seconds, barely enough to give Aya the chance to bite him. Schuldig pulled back just as Aya's teeth clicked together where his tongue would have been. The German licked over Aya's lips, earning a venomous 'Shine' from the swordsman.

"Aya dear, such harsh things from your sweet mouth," taunted Schuldig.

The Weiß scowled and spit, barely missing his captor. The death glare that Schuldig got told him he has entered a forbidden, dangerous space. Such intimidations weren't something Aya could handle well. Especially when they came from his worst predator; who also happened to be a man. This was not right! Why didn't he merely kill him?

Aya wouldn't consider bothering at all with this damned telepath. He just would've ignored him, let alone to allow Schuldig to touch him, inside as well. But something about the fucked up mission had changed Aya.

Their failure has revealed some weakness and vulnerability Aya had never thought of could exist, that he possessed. All that he needed was time on his own, time to come to terms with some facts. Time that wasn't given to him to clear his mind. The remaining presence of Schuldig didn't help the process. Moreover it confused him

even worse.

Not being able to meet Schuldigs threatening touches with his usual callous manner was awkwardly irritating and something began to shatter.

A sudden movement of the Schwarz snapped Aya back to reality. Within the next heartbeat a ripping sound was heard and he stood there against the brick wall; his torso completely naked. The surprise and the flash of cold he felt on his smooth skin made him shiver.

“Well, it seems I’ve got to do something to warm you up,” said Schuldig.

The German started to kiss Aya’s neck. He licked along Aya’s collarbone and travelled downwards to his cold stiffened nipples. Unable to move Aya had to endure this whole humiliating procedure. The longer it took the more his self-control vanished. He felt like he was falling into pieces leaving his inner depth naked.

Endless fear overtook his senses, never to be able to take those pieces back together.

First the right nipple was encircled by a clever tongue and teeth scraped over the sensitive nub. Aya now whining desperately tried to shove Schuldig away, in vain.

Becoming angry at the White’s resistance, Schuldig bit down hard. A thin stream of blood wound down Aya’s chest and over his belly. It was soaked up by the edge of his trousers. Carefully Schuldig touched the wound

“Your blood is as red as your hair,” he mused as he looked up into his victim’s gleaming eyes.

Stroking the redhead’s side, he tilted his head. He didn’t bother to hide his amusement at Aya’s predicament. He was enjoying himself. It didn’t really matter if his captive did or not.

“You’re panting. You’re getting excited, eh? Let us see what your little friend has to say,” Schuldig said as he rubbed almost painful Aya’s groin through his pants.

Aya squeezed his eyes shut, his whole body becoming a cramp.

Laughing out loud at this reaction, Schuldig let his eyes travel over Aya’s partial nudity. He trailed his fingers over the fly of Aya’s pants, increasing the swordsman discomfort.

“So my little kitten is telling me he’s still a virgin?” he teased.

He got no answer as he started undoing the zipper. He roughly pulled down the fabric and took Aya’s flaccid member into his hand and squeezed it. The German closed his eyes at the silky feel of the skin in his hand. He didn’t see Aya’s heating face or hear the grinding of his teeth.

Aya gathered his strength to fight back the fog that slowly descent on his last rational thoughts, preparing for one last attempt to get out of this compromising situation.

Disastrously, Schuldig let himself drown a little in the lust that the swordsman stirred in him, the upcoming embarrassment of his chosen victim, courtesy to the betrayal of Aya's own body.

And Aya caught him off guard. Schuldig reeled from the stabbing pain to his jaw. Aya had managed to swing his fist loose and punch him. Aya turned to run and froze after taking barely one step.

Slowly, growling, Schuldig approached a snarling, hounded looking Abyssinian. The mind reader grabbed Aya and threw him back against the wall, knocking the breath from the swordsman. Schuldig's thoughts were dark, dangerous and murderous. He wanted that little redheaded bastard who resisted him so badly. Excruciatingly slow, Schuldig stroked Aya's exposed length, holding him in place just with his mental power.

"Why don't you enjoy our encounter? Why don't you just give in and follow the needs of your body. You don't want me to do you, do you?" he asked, his voice emotionless and cold.

When Schuldig moved, it was with a breath-taking speed. Aya never even had the chance to ready himself for the attack. A hard fist hit him unerringly in his stomach, doubling him over.

"Uh." Aya muffled a cry deep down his throat before it came out, as Schuldig threw him down on all fours.

A kick to his ribs followed and sent him to the ground.
No way out. Just endure it. He was defeated.

Schuldig circled the redhead who curled, gasping, on the ground.

He had offered a nice getting off for the two of them. A little fun with some kinky attitude aside their disdainful jobs. But if Aya wasn't disposed to participate he wasn't willing to be considerate of him either. Schuldig had set up his mind on it and would do it anyway. He couldn't care less whether Aya took harm at it or not.

With one foot he turned Aya onto his back, feasting on the sight of the exposed, outstretched Weiß beneath his feet. Aya's pants twisted around his knees, hobbling him.

"Get up!" Schuldig ordered. "Don't tell me you're already done."

Aya's eyes flickered and anger burned in their depths. He wasn't willing to obey any orders from his enemy but he also realized his current powerless position. He wasn't about to show weakness in front of his worst enemy. He had his pride though. It was everything that mattered.

That would have been the thoughts of a conscious Aya. So it was his instinct he reacted to. His will to survive.

Aya managed to push himself back to his hands and knees, restraining the pain and fear that ate at him.

"Well, if you don't like me jerking you off, maybe you prefer to return the favour to me?" Schuldig asked, a smug grin playing around his lips.

Aya's eyes widened in shock as he realized his position, Schuldig in front of him as he unzipped his jeans. Once again glad he went commando, Schuldig opened the fly to free his already semi-erected cock. Aya was damned sure Schuldig wasn't joking. Aya swallowed hard at the unmistakable intention of the German, wanting Aya to suck him off.

That wasn't going to happen, no, never. Aya shook his head in disbelief.

"I could do it without being lubed up and I like some pain in the mix. But I doubt you could stand it." Schuldig stared down, pausing.

>>That wasn't a very convincing argument at all<< he thought and grimaced inwardly. Aya would be hurt nonetheless and his pleading look were almost a challenge. >>Is it possible to make him voluntary suck me?, Schuldig wondered >>I s'pose, I have just to push the right buttons...<<.

Then added "Maybe you're great in the sack and I'll let you go afterwards.". He held Aya's wary gaze as he gave his length a few lazy strokes, pushing against Aya's lips. The swordsman opened his mouth willingly, exhaled pure desperation. A glimpse of hope that all will soon be over moved him.

Schuldig's now fully hardened cock twitched in anticipation as he plunged into the wet cavern that was Aya's mouth. Aya immediately gagged as Schuldig touched the back of his throat, trying to relax himself, not to panic because of breathlessness.

It was disgusting.

Aya tasted the first droplets of precome, suppressing the urge to puke. The German increased his pace as he rampantly mouth-fucked the redhead. Tears gathering in the edge of Aya's eyes, he tried to repress as Schuldig withdrew, undone.

"Oh, Aya you're fucking hot, ya know? And your deep-throating abilities are beyond anything." Schuldig complimented the swordsman.

"Shove your flattery up elsewhere, you low German bastard!" Aya barked, still coughing and spitting, but the flavour of his mislead wouldn't vanish. Schuldig's cold-hearted grin told him, that he was betrayed in more than one way. Never ever should he have believed in Schuldig's saying letting him go. How could he have been so blindfold trusting? Silently Aya cursed himself, trembling badly.

Obsessed with blood lust, hate and the desire to kill, Schuldig knelt behind his plaything. He grabbed Aya's fiery hair and jerked his head back. The Schwartz found this position more than appealing. He shoved the long length of the mission coat out of the way, exposing Aya's pale buttocks and thighs. Never anything had turned him on quite that much before. The only thing he could think of was to pound hard and fast into the firm ass of the swordsman. Grinding his cock against Aya he couldn't help the ragged moan that escaped him.

"You're such a beauty but still so stuck up. You and Crawford could be best friends with both of you having a stick up your ass," Schuldig scowled.

He let one of his fingers encircle the little hole in front of him. He felt the tension and suppressed fury in Aya and it made him smile in anticipation. Anger fired the blood.

This was going to feel so good for one of them and it wasn't going to be the red-head currently on all fours.

The chilly atmosphere was almost sickening the air to some kind of summerlike sultriness.

Schuldig's want increased with every second he waited. This redhead he was going to mount was Aya. The damndest proud and untouchable thing he could think of. The ever controlled Weiß leader.

Now Aya's nostrils flared though his face was a perfect white mask, that revealed none of his aberrant thoughts whirling in his mind. The ever repeated desperate question asked by so many humans that were doomed by faith to unfortunate and death. Still there was no answer to it. And one more time a victim was going to be sent over the edge – unanswered.

/Why? Why me?/ echoed it in Schuldig's head.

"Shut up!" he squeezed out precipitant as he entered Aya with one brutal shove up to the hilt, fighting his way in, past rebelling unstretched muscles.

Aya cried out in agony. He felt as if he was torn apart, ripped into two. The burning pole of Schuldig drove in and out of him in a frantic and hard rhythm like a heated sword – no time to adjust. Schuldig continued to piston his hips forward, regardless of the heavy blood stream between Aya's thighs, totally lost in the tightness and heat inside the Weiß.

What a gorgeous feeling.

Numbness crept upon Aya's body. Blessed numbness that soothed the pain away – both mentally and physically. His mind went blank. There was nothing around him, nothing inside.

The minutes occurred to last as long as countless hours.

Empty.

Eventually Schuldig peaked with an animalistic, deep grunt. Sated with his semen buried inside Aya and the knowledge of being buried in his mind forever. A constant memory, hurting. Letting him slowly perish like a plague abscess.

Slowly he slit out and fastened his pants.

Aya knelt motionless. lifeless. Only his tremors gave evidence of life lingering in this otherwise dead body. Schuldig walked around and forced the chin of the redhead up to meet his gaze. The image Aya offered was horrific: His else shining pale, marble like skin was dirtied, broken and bleeding. From sweat darkened red strands stuck to flushed cheeks. Schuldig looked at a worn out face with deep shadows hanging over the else so brilliant eyes.

“Mission accomplished.” he said finally, letting Abyssinians head drop.

Schuldig rose to his feet, shoved his hands in the jacket pockets and walked away. At the corner to another empty side street he stopped and turned ever so slightly, a genuine smile spread across his face. He could’ve began to bounce up and down like a little child before a huge huddle of presents at Christmas.

Man, was he efficient. Brad has to reward him.

Aya was broken. He was a miserable failure.

First his parents were taken away from him and he never had managed to revenge them to full extent. Still his sister has to suffer his lack of attentiveness and probably will not survive it. Their last mission – he has simply underestimated the strength of a desperate dying man – that has brought Omi into a hospital.

It was not a single incident. Someone being hurt because of him or rather because of his absence. He was weak, making mistakes, he feared. Within this dark world interspersed with evil he couldn’t savour his white.

White he’s fighting for.

He had let himself taken over by this evil, actually by Schwarz.

What is it that remains if everything’s dead to you? When you’re dead to the world? Worthlessness.

Yet Aya didn’t feel anything at all. The mere thoughts of his failings, a long drawn line with no end visible, accusing, stirring his guilt up. How would he ever be able again to look anyone into the eyes?

Slowly Aya looked around searching for the shiny metal of his Katana now shimmering dully red with a crust of dried blood on it. The blood of former victims. People, who

had allowed mistakes and made themselves victims.

People like himself.

That Katana was like king Arthur's Excalibur judging only the evil ones.

And now it was his turn to be judged.

His view began to blur as he crawled forward reaching for the cold, release promising blade. Eerie contentedness surrounded him while he positioned the weapon against his gut.

Suddenly total silence descended upon him and he gained focus back. Nothing else mattered except the final act of this – of his – tragedy.

No more.

Luxuriously Schuldig stretched his arms and fold them behind his head. After reviewing everything in his mind, his morning erection was a distracting reminder that prevented sleep very well.

>>What a pity I've got no one to help out.<< he sighed and moved his hands down where they were demanded.

Today weren't any missions or work to do. No Crawford hauling him out of bed because of a stupid Takatori issue. So Schuldig decided to see this little action as a great start of a lazy day.

>>Gimme a break. Crawford and morning sex? How does that fit together?<< But if he gave it second thought it wasn't deviously, more tantalizing. The American was at least attractive, aside from his antisocial personality and lack of humour. Nevertheless he was a fine piece of ass, even if he's got that annoying respect commanding attitude.

Schuldig's smiling 24/7 throughout the whole year; however, this extraordinary plan growing in his absurd mind gave him a real reason to do so.