

# Epiphanies

## ...and more?

Von Marron

### Kapitel 15:

Mrs. McGregor looked at Robert with a stern expression. Then again, she could also be worried for her sons health. "How is Johnny?" The german sighed slightly. "He's okay. A light concussion and a few bruises. Nothing too serious. I'd like him to stay here for a couple of days though. He can rest." She nodded, one fast jerky bob. "And you?" "Me?", Robert repeated, not sure of what else to say. He blinked. "I'm okay." Her expression softened to a light smile. "That is good to hear", she heaved a sigh of relief, "But what if you get worse? I think it's best if you two come with us. We can give you some time to absorb everything in a safe place?" He blinked again. "Uhm, that is a nice thing to say, but-" "Don't do that, Robert", she interrupted gently, "Don't say what you think I expect you to say. Tell me what you want." She stepped closer and put one hand on his arm. The warm touch was like she reached him inside his shell of *manners* and he flinched.

Robert bit his lip. She was right in a way, he did not feel safe right now. Not in the same place where he had been attacked. Some part of his brain was sure that he would feel insecure and afraid as long as Nathan was not behind bars. He swallowed hard and made a decision. "I'd love to see your home, Mrs. McGregor, thank you for your invitation." He smiled because it felt good to know that there would be someone to take care of him. And he was near Johnny, too.

"Call me Marian. Friends of my son are like my children anyway." Olivers mouth hung open for a second. "Ahm...yeah, that's quite...nice?" His sentence ended in a question because he did not know how to name this. Clearly, they were not used to this kind of behaviour. "Oh, you two can come as well, young boy. You must be Oliver? I've heard so much of you. Johnny never stops talking about his team." She laughed and involved the stuttering frech into a conversation. Robert looked at the two for a second before he decided he had to face Johnny again. *If he's awake, I'll talk to him. If not, I have some time to think*, he thought in the second, Mrs. McGregor held him up again. "I have to say one more thing: *Thank you*, Robert. You protected my son when I wasn't able to do it. You helped him and you are even now taking care of him. I cannot say how grateful I am that he has friends like you." She winked at him. "Now you go and clear all this up. I don't think he will feel any different."

Robert blushed deeply, nodded and turned around. On the one side it was good to know that Mrs. McGregor...ehr, Marian, was so pleased. On the other side he was totally ashamed that she had caught sight of his feelings before he could tell Johnny.

He took a couple of steps to the door where Johnny was behind and stopped. Could he do this? Now?

He felt a soft breeze and the words *If not now, when ever?* echo through his head. He grumbled something that sounded like "I get it, Griff" and took a deep, calming breath. Then, he rapped his hand on the door and got inside.

All his panik was for nothing - Johnny was asleep. But Enrico was there. "Hey", he greeted the blonde. "Oh, hey", was the reply, "You're back again." "Yeah." It was all he could say. He stood at the door awkwardly and looked at the sleeping form in the bed. "Is he okay?" "He's alright. He sleeps since some minutes. It's all good, Robert." Enrico smiled and got up from his seat. "I think this should be your place", he said, grinned and left.

So Robert sat down and started to watch the sleep of his best friend so far.