

The inception of a destructive master-creature.

Von abgemeldet

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Kapitel 1: You Are My Totem

„Verdammt.“ Arthur hob die Brauen. „Was? Was ist passiert?“

Er beobachtete Eames, wie der seine Hosentaschen nach außen krempelte.

„Mein Totem“, gab er zurück, „Hast du es gesehen?“ Der schlanke Schwarzhaarige schüttelte den Kopf und sah sich um. „Nein. Ist aber auch kein Wunder, dass du in diesem Saustall-“ „BÜRO.“ „-nichts wiederfindest.“

Er machte keine Anstalten, ihm beim Suchen zu helfen.

„Warum brauchst du ausgerechnet jetzt dein Totem?“ Eames kniff die Augen zusammen. „Ich traue der ganzen Sache hier nicht.“ Er ging zum Tisch und wühlte in Papierknäuelhaufen umher, fand aber nichts. Frustriert seufzte er.

„Dann muss ich's anders herausfinden.“ Er wandte sich wieder zu Arthur und bewegte sich auf ihn zu. Der Jüngere war etwas irritiert, ging einen Schritt rückwärts und hob die Hände schützend vor sich. „Was hast du vo-“

Noch bevor er seine Frage stellen konnte, lagen Eames' Lippen auf seinen, sanft aber bestimmend. Panisch drückte er ihn von sich und verpasste ihm eine saftige Ohrfeige.

„EAMES!“, schrie er ihn an „Was sollte das?“

Eames fuhr sich grinsend mit den Fingern über die Lippen. „Kein Traum. Gut, lass uns weitermachen.“ Er schnappte sich seinen Mantel und ging in Richtung Tür. Fassungslos starrte Arthur ihm nach.

Kapitel 2: Mal, the architect

„Architekten?“

Der Mann nickte. „Die Fantasie unserer Soldaten reicht weit genug, um die Art des Tötens ins Monströse zu ziehen. Allerdings scheint ihre Intelligenz und Kreativität nicht auszureichen, um ein realistisches Szenario zu schaffen.“

Eames klatschte in die Hände und konnte ein breites Grinsen nicht vermeiden, was seine schiefen Zähne zum Vorschein brachte. „Sir, ich denke“, begann er und machte eine ausschweifende Geste, in dem er beide Arme weit von sich streckte, „dass ich da jemanden für Sie habe. Ihr Name ist Mallory. Sie ist zwar noch mitten im Studium, aber Sie können mir glauben, ihre Leistungen sind wirklich herausragend!“

Kapitel 3: The one time Arthur was wrong

Meine Reaktion auf eine niedliche kurze FF, die ich auf einer anderen Seite von einer Userin bekommen habe.

„You're not from here, are you?”

Arthur was thinking about that damn dispute with Cobb when someone disturbed his thoughts. He looked up from his drink and found a stranger next to him. „Excuse me?” he asked while he eyed the man suspiciously. He was a little older than Arthur, his hair was short and looked like he came straight from the military. He looked used but happy; his grin showed a tooth displacement that Arthur found too hilariously typical for a Brit.

„You're not from here. You don't look British.” the man explained. Arthur was too polite to say „Well, yeah, but you do.” Instead he said „Well, yeah, I'm American.” The man nodded. „Could've guessed that.” He ordered a beer and looked at Arthur with raised eyebrows. „You want one, too?” Arthur shook his head and pointed at his own drink. „Thanks, but I'm fine.” He wouldn't have accepted that invitation if he didn't have a beer already either.

„So, why are you here, Artie?” Arthur narrowed his eyes. The man called Eames didn't leave and because Arthur was too polite he wasn't able to ask him to. But he was definitely getting on his nerves. „The name is not Artie.” he reminded him for the fifth time. „And I am here because of my job.” „Mhm. And what are you doing?”

„This..” Arthur smiled confused „Sorry, but this is none of your business.” He tried to stay calm, but he had no idea why this Eames wouldn't leave.

„Oh, sorry.” Eames replied but grinned. „Didn't know I was sitting next to an FBI agent!” Arthur rolled his eyes. He ordered another drink, just to survive this.

He actually ordered more drinks than just one. It was getting really late (or early?) and Eames was still sitting next to him, talking about a meeting he was going to have the other day. He said he was something like a bank manager, Arthur didn't really listen. The alcohol in his system was doing its job and he started to be less annoyed and more talkative.

„I'm meeting someone tomorrow, too.” he said. „I'm here with some colleagues. We're meeting an expert in the matter of fo-” He stopped. He was about to say forging. „Funding. In the matter of funding.” He stared at Eames, but the Brit was also already drunk and probably didn't even listen properly. He laughed and said something about being an expert, too and that he can tell him a lot about funding, too.

There were a lot more drinks and Arthur even managed at some point to laugh about Eames' lame jokes. The Brit, by the way, didn't stop to call him Artie, but Arthur didn't care anymore. There were actually a lot of things he didn't care about anymore. Cobb's dumb idea for their next job, to name one example.

„So, Artie” Eames began again „Where are you going to stay tonight?”

Arthur raised an eyebrow. „Plaza.” he said and Eames' eyes widened. „Really? Wow. What kind of FBI agent are you, Artie?” „I am not-” „Can I come with you?” „WHAT?”

This was a very weak pick-up line, Arthur thought. He could have guessed what Eames

was about when they had talked for a while, but he had expected a little more from him.

„Yeah, you know.. I have some problems at the moment. My flat- Let's just say, my girlfriend didn't like the idea of another girl in our bed.“

Arthur didn't believe what he heard, but he was too drunk and still too polite to say something. And, to be honest, he wouldn't have listened to all this crap the whole night if he wasn't expecting to obtain something. This day was shit, and before he was to see Cobb again and meet some „expert in forging“, who was most likely very old and grumpy, because hey, you aren't an expert when you're at a young age, and when that meant he would have to kiss ass all day long to gain this man for their job, he could at least have some fun tonight.

So. Why not? He would take Eames with him, this man probably never saw the inside of a Plaza Hotel, and the next day they would part company and never see each other ever again.

That sounded like a good plan, a really drunk Arthur thought.

Kapitel 4: You wanna hear it

„Du rauchst nicht mehr“, stellt Arthur fest und versucht, dabei so beiläufig wie möglich zu klingen. Eames nickt langsam. „Mhh“, macht er und beobachtet sein falsches Ich im Spiegel, während er verschiedene Gesichtsausdrücke probiert.

Arthur wirft ihm derweil einen prüfenden und äußerst skeptischen Blick zu.

„Wie lange, Eames? Wie lange rauchst du schon nicht mehr?“

Eames grinst, sieht aber nicht zu Arthur. „Was willst du hören? Etwa, dass ich aufgehört habe, nachdem du meintest, du würdest keine Raucher daten?“ Er grinst und das falsche Ich im Spiegel tut es ihm gleich.

„Das wollte ich nicht-“

„Seit genau diesem Tag, Darling.“