

# TumRum Drabbles

## Short Stories about the Candy Girls

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### Kapitel 6: Dragon (Walker/Cocoa/Roamer/Coffee/Theo)

Finally, all of his problems would resolve themselves.

Theo smiled as he leaned down to the child that almost seemed in danger of getting lost between the sheets, being almost as white as them. With fever glinting in her eyes, the little girl looked back up to him.

"Do not worry, my dear. Here, this will make it all better." He held up the pill he had imprisoned his former pet demon in. A weak seal that the wretched creature would soon be able to break if he didn't combine it with another, more sturdy vessel.

"Now. Open wide, Cocoa."

At first, it seemed as if she wanted to do as she was told, but then her eyes focused on something behind him, her expression growing surprised. He felt a strong grip around his wrist, and magic so intense it almost burned his skin.

"No. I won't let you do this."

Theo was about to reply something, but the stranger had already pulled him to his feet, glaring into his eyes. With a quick motion, the man - hair even whiter than that of Theo himself, and eyes that seemed to slightly shift in color as if they were filled with dark smoke instead of having a normal iris - snatched the pill out of Theos hand and let it disappear somewhere.

"You will go now. And never return." The almost ethereal looking man commanded. Probably a magical being, Theo thought, feeling hatred burning within himself already. But one much more powerful than him. So he carefully pulled his arm away from the stranger, packed his things and left. He was not surprised by the reaction of the guards outside, who acted as if they hadn't seen anyone enter after him. At least it seemed like he was rid of the Spiritus for now.

Walker sat down by Cocoas bedside, gently brushing away some of the brown locks that stuck to her hot forehead and flushed cheeks. They could see how her little body relaxed when their life-spending magic seeped into her, helping her immune system to fight whatever threatened her right now.

"I think this is the last one I can save.", they said, their voice full of grief.

"I will be too late for the ones after. This was just in the nick of time..."

They looked up to the window, which reflected the well-lit room, and their eyes met

with those of Roamer. It was weird to see a compassionate expression in their eyes.

Standing up, Walker stepped closer to the window, hesitating for a moment while looking first at the pill in their hands, then back at their dark counterpart.

"You... you do know that it's not her yet, right? None of them is... And they will never grow to be her, either. You're taking away all those opportunities from yourself."

Roamer sighed, and despite being unable to actually make themselves heard through the glass, Walker could read their words from their lips.

"I don't dare. This is an opportunity to save her so much grief... Remember our deal when we went back. You get to shield Cocoa from this fate, and I... I get to save Coffee." Even if it wasn't Coffee yet and never would be. Roamer didn't need to add this, Walker understood it perfectly well. Cocoa was not the Cocoa they knew either, and yet, for the sake of the young woman who had gladly given her life for them with a wide smile, Walker was ready to prevent this little girl from ever becoming her.

They slipped the pill through the glass as if it wasn't even there, and smiled faintly when Roamer held it in the palm of their hand like the greatest treasure they had ever known.

"We might not be able to save the rest from Theo.", they mouthed. "But... we can guard them when they escape."

Walker smiled, relieved to be given a bit of hope to help more.

"Yes. Let's do that.", they replied, walking over to the door of the room after giving the little girl a last, gentle kiss on the forehead.

"Don't worry, dear little princess." They said on their way out, feeling the eyes of the small girl on their back. "I will watch over you. Rest now." Quietly, they slipped back into the Halls and closed the door behind themselves.