Epiphanies
...and more?

Von Marron

Kapitel 12: Freedom

Nathan merely glanced in the direction of the voice. Indeed, Oliver was standing there, his hands balled into fists and a look on his face like he was ready to kill him. Johnny cocked an eyebrow. How in hell did the france boy know what was going on? "Leave", was the dry reply from the one who held them hostage. He focused again on Johnny, which tried to scoot away. Nathan narrowed his eyes, his jaw clenched. "No, you will not move!", he snarled, raised one fist to hit him.
It was then that Robert practically flew to him and smacked him across the face. Nathan stuttered backwards, shock the most evident expression as he scratched his cheek. He looked at the blood from his cut lip and pure rage filled his eyes. "You!", he spat and the words echoed back from the walls. "I would have given you everything!" "No, thank you", was the dry reply, "I already have everythig I want." They heard a sound like a beyblade was readied. As Johnny looked past the enraged man he saw Oliver holding up his starter. "Leave them alone!", the greenhaired said and tried obviosly his best not to sound self-concious. Nathan spat at him: "What could you possibly do with that toy?"

He was sorry to ask that the next second as Oliver launched his beyblade, Johnny thought. The thing he so nicely called *toy* flew between the bars, hit him on his neck. Right on the side where the vein was pulsing under his skin. A knock out point if pressed enough. Nathans hand flew to the hit, he stumbled as his sight got blurry, sinking to the ground in an attempt to fight the obvious. His hateful look remained on Oliver for as long as he could.
Robert sank to the ground once again. "Here!", they heard Enricos voice, "They are here! Hurry up!" The italian and a few paramedics ran into the hall and policemen followed. "This is the kidnapper", Oliver saind as he pointed to the unconcious Nathan, "Would you be so kind to arrest him?" Enrico was already in the cell and helped his friends up. "Are you okay?", he asked repeatedly, "He did nothing too serious?" "We're good", Johnny said out of reflex. He saw Robert flinch as a hand touched his head and added: "Well, he got a pretty bad hit on the head. Maybe a concussion, but otherwise, we're okay." He let them have their way with everything, all he wanted was to get out of here and into a nice, warm bed.
Speaking of warmth..."Where is Salamalyon?", he asked, "And Griffolyon?" His two friends looked at each other. Enrico shrugged. "Why not? If he wants them with him?", he asked and handed the two beyblades over. As soon as Johnnys fingers touched the

beyblade, he heard the deep voice of his bitbeast: *It is done. Finally, you know what a team is. Treat this knowledge with care.* A flame seared up his arm and he lost his sight as his world went dark.

"Johnny?!", a voice said again and again. Fingers on his cheeks. A heavy pain in his head. What was going on? He held still, thinking of the last time he woke up. The voice sighed. "Maybe in a few hours", he mumbled and finally he could recognize it as Roberts. His eyes fluttered open. Everything was slightly blurry. He squeezed his eyes shut again and groaned. "Ow." "You can say that", was the sarcastic reply. "How do you feel?" "Ready to kill someone", Johnny sighed. He streched and felt his body protest. "What happened in there?", he asked. "That's a long story", started his friend to say. "And we have all day to listen to you", said a rather serious sounding Enrico from somewhere behind the german. So, Robert started to explain it.