

Two Brothers

Von abgemeldet

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Kapitel 1: INTRODUCTION and Chapter 1

Introduction

Once upon a time there were two brothers. And I want to tell you their story. It's a story about Love and hate, about give and take, about loss and rebuild.

Ah that's crap! I hate such Introductions. You wanna know the truth? I had a strange dream and this is what came out. Read it or not, your choice. But let me please warn you: It will DEFINITELY contain Yaoi and Incest. So if you hold a grudge against things like that back off right HERE.

Got it? All Yaoi-Haters out? Good. Then we'll continue.

So where did I stop...?

Ah I remember. Two Brothers, Scar and Mufasa.

Yes I know that that are Characters from The Lion King. In my Story they're human and believe me this has nothing to do with the Original THL-Stories. I just like the Characters, especially Scar. I always preferred the bad Guy.

Those Brothers were Princes. Scar was the older one so, according to the Tradition he would have been the next King. But Scar were never Interested in such things like dominating a country. He loved Potions and Spells, the wisdom of the old ones. And so he began to isolate himself from other People to a point where his Father the King could no longer close his eyes. After all the tries of Ahadi to reach his Son had failed he choose that the second son, Mufasa should become King. Until this moment, Mufasa had mostly been aside his bigger brother, worshiping and adoring him. But as his Fathers decision was clear he was told not to see him anymore. Scar himself didn't notice that prohibition against him. When Mufasa discontinued stopping by, he began to think that his younger brother now, like everyone else began to think that he was kinda strange and started avoiding him. But for some reason, he was not that uncaring about him staying away as he was with everybody else. Even when his Parents turned there back on them he felt nothing. But his little brother... A sudden Pain came up his chest.

From this moment on Scar locked himself up even more. He started searching for spells from all over the the world. For money he sold his skills to the people, not caring if what they were using them for would be bad or good. But he could never ease this numb pain that hold his heart since the day Mufasa abandoned him

First

Scar was wandering around in his room. He had thought about it so many times. How often had he been only seconds away from really doing it? But in the end he never could.

He could not kill his own brother.

Long time ago he became clear about that the only way to get rid of this Pain would be to get rid of the reason for it. To get rid of Mufasa.

His own little brother. Who once so lovely and trustful had looked up on him smiling and saying "You're the best, Onii-chan*!"

But that was long gone. The smiling child grew up to a serious young man who once

would be King

of the whole country. And after all he not only had he stopped smiling. He also stopped seeing Scar as big brother. What else explanation could there be for him to suddenly stop his visiting in Scars Laboratory without saying a word?

It was a full moon night, bright enough to see everything in black and white. For him it would be so easy...

Suddenly Scar grabbed the knife. Now or never. It had to be done. No matter what.

He left his room quietly Holding the Knife in the right hand, a little behind his back. Mufasas Room was only a few doors away. So close and yet so far. There were no Guards. Mufasa hated it being guarded while sleeping. What a foolish Child.

Scar secretly sneaked in. The Moonlight bathed the slender face of his grown but yet so childlike brother. It looked pale this way. Suddenly Scar thought that in a minute it would not look pale because of moonlight. But because of death. Death that he, his own brother would bring him. Was it really alright? Mufasa trusted him didn't he? He let him stay in the castle even near to his room without any guards watching it...

No. Not again. This time he would not withdraw. He would end it. Here and Now.

Scar raised the knife. Would his blood be red, even in the pale light? This Question came up to Scars mind without wanting it.. And the same Moment Mufasa moved. Rapidly Scar backed up. Did he wake up? No his eyes were closed. But he started murmuring.

"Scar... help me...Don't leave me...brother...Onii-chan...Stay, please..."

The elder one stood there like he was frozen. What was that? Why was he saying such things? How could he dare to say things like this after all he'd done?

Scar lowered the knife. He felt like a huge and heavy burden had been put through his shoulders. Like an old man he shuffled back into his room.

In the moonlight his tears seemed to be made from silver.

Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

Third

It was dark. And cold.

Who was he? Was he a man or a women? He forgot. But slowly his Memory came back. He was a man. A Prince. But not the heir. Not anymore. Where was he? In his Brothers Dreams. Scar. That was his name.

Little by little Scar gained more consciousness about his whereabouts. He made it. He slipped into the dreams of Mufasa. Secretly he swore to himself never to slip into someones Dreams anymore. It was a horrible feeling.

But why was it all dark? Maybe he hit a wrong day and Mufasa wouldn't dream tonight? Then all his organization would have been useless. No that was impossible. It had to be. Luck was with Scar. While thinking about how he could find out if the dream already started or not he glimpsed a light. It was dim and flickered. But it was there. He moved unto there. In the middle of the light sat a boy. Scar new his face. It was Mufasa in an age from maybe eight or nine. The age when he left him. Now, other Figures appeared. He heard a man talking:

"Mufasa, You must not see him again. He is dangerous!"

"He is creepy. Why wont he come to the folks once in a while?"

"I've heard that he's a black magician. How could somebody dare to let the young Prince near to him?"

"It's the best for you to leave him!"

"Let him be"

"Leave him!"

"LEAVE HIM!"

The Last Voice shouted and young Mufasa jerked a little and began to cry.

"B-but... I don't know what you are talking about! He was always nice to me. Why should he be bad? I don't believe you!"

He sobbed and Scar suddenly felt the need to wrap him in his arms and Protect this helpless child. But the Voices continued.

"Who knows what he is doing when they're alone?"

"I heard he tried experiments on him!"

"His own brother how could he!"

"He's a horrible person. One should banish him!"

"Take the heir away from his influence."

"He's only a child he doesn't know better."

Scar began to understand. The voices where talking about him. He snorted. What shameless accusations. As if he would have ever experimented on Mufasa! What where they thinking telling him things like this. Now wonder Mufasa left him...He was too small,too weak, too easy too influence. If he only had known... But the Dream had not ended yet. A Big Figure now appeared behind young Mufasa. He grabbed his wrist and brutishly pulled him up.

"Decision is made.",he said. Scar recognized the voice of his and Mufasas Father, king Ahadi.

"You will not see Taka again did you hear me? If you ever I will banish him!"

The Figure dumped Mufasa and vanished leaving the breakeble child alone in tears and

darkness.

Gasping and trembling Scar returned in his body. For one or two Minutes he could not move. His heart fluttered like a bird in a cage so hard that he feared it would break his chest. As he slowly regained his power he glimpsed to Mufasa. He was still asleep but sweat covered his face and he was poring a little from one side to another. As fast as his broken down body allowed it Scar tumbled back to his room.