

# Scraps of Gold

Von Kjestä

## Chapter One - White night, blind light

Title: Scraps of Gold - White night, blind light

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Chapter: 1/??

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters or the series Neon Genesis Evangelion - if I did, I'd understand it.

Rating: K for now

Warnings: Shonen-ai! Don't like, don't read. AU also. And extreme fluff later on.

Word Count: 4,339

A/N: Wie gesagt, erste Story auf Englisch, die ich veröffentliche. (Hab auch vorher schon welche geschrieben, aber die liegen still auf meiner Festplatte und schimmeln vor sich hin.

Die ersten Kapitel sind noch nicht so großartig... Musste mich ein wenig umstellen auf die Sprache und mich rantasten an die Figuren. Ab Kapitel 3 beginnt der Spaß richtig. Oh, und Manon gibt es tatsächlich - sie liegt bei mir hier zu Hause rum und freut sich des Lebens XD

Widmen tu ich das hier der lieben BabyTunNinjaDrac. Hab dich ganz doll lieb, Süße! Hoffentlich können wir bald wieder mehr chatten!

### Chapter One - White night, blind light

The house's silence was almost sickening. Not that it was much noisier with his parents around, but his mother's occasional remarks or his father's sounds of clearing his throat - which sounded remarkably like breaking chalk - made him at least feel a little like it was a home, not a tomb waiting for its inhabitant in spe.

Said inhabitant was spread on the sofa in the living room, eyes on the TV screen, yet not really seeing anything as the colorful scenes moved about. Each dialogue, clichéd and oh-so-imaginative, was denied attention by the grey-haired boy.

Red eyes directed inwards, he seemed to be deep in thought. The cartoon continued babbling away, fake laughter and supposedly funny noises inserted every now and then.

Zap.

The screen went black for a split second, then a new scene popped up.

"Do you love this man?" the judge asked, looking at the firm's boss. Uncomfortable silence, close-up to the caretaker's face who had gone quite pale.

Zap.

A volcano in the background, dramatic music. The sky was dyed with fire, bleeding

red light onto the scenery. The man with the bright, curly hair cradled the dark-haired figure in his arms and a look of despair, loyalty and... a little love in his eyes.

"I can't carry it for you." His voice was strained, shaking, muffled by the tears he seemed to keep from spilling. "But I can carry you!"

Zap.

The screen went black again and stayed it this time. The boy sighed heavily, running a hand through his wild hair that was even messier than usual, indicating that he had repeated this action more than once lately.

Red eyes focused on the clock placed on the wall, in an accurate distance to the mantelpiece below to look neat and just where it was supposed to be.

This accuracy continued throughout the whole house, effectively preventing any disorder to ruin the perfection.

The teen got up, carelessly dropping the remote control on the couch. Oh well.

There wasn't much he had in mind to erase the utter soreness from his mind, thus he decided to get to bed.

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"So what's it that I'm supposed to get again?" the dark-haired boy asked, loosening up his shoelaces and tying them up again, careful to make them fixed well. It wouldn't of much use to him if he tripped because of his shoelaces during what he and the others were set out to do.

"The stuff on the mantle piece, stupid," the redhead behind him snapped. She was busily tying her long hair to a ponytail and tucked it under a black cap. It turned out harder than expected because loose strands kept slipping out. With an angry cry, she tore the cap from her head and chucked it away.

"Shhht!" The boy gestured her vehemently to be quiet, another one shaking his head.

"Will you shut the hell up, Asuka?" he growled, checking on his pants' pockets. "You're gonna ruin everything!"

The girl's eyebrows knitted in fury and she was just about to start shouting when she decided otherwise, shut her mouth and turned away instead.

"I'm not even gonna waste any words an a dumbass like you," she snarled and picked the cap up from the ground, pulling it over her head and not really caring that her hair wasn't as secured as it should have been. She was on fire to finally leap into action.

The others sighed. Being bratty was a trademark of Asuka and they were used to the German girl losing her temper every so often.

The three of them made their last preparations in silence. Checking shoelaces, pulling on black caps, making sure no buttons or zippers were left open so they wouldn't get stuck anywhere. The redhead carefully fastened a leather belt around her left thigh - it held a gun. She didn't really intend to use it, neither did anyone else of them, but if there was going to be an emergency... well, they *had* to defend themselves somehow, right?

The rest of the gang hadn't come with them. Four children were more than enough to break into a house. More would have been rather eye-catching for people passing by. The others would be waiting for them, hoping and praying would be alright. There wasn't much more they could do right now.

Between the rustling of clothes, hair, more or less excited breathing and typical autumn night's sounds, there was one boy almost soundless, not joining them in what they did. He was busily working on a small computer something that Shinji didn't even

know the name of, or where he had got it from. They barely ever asked each other about their possessions - which weren't that many to begin with. It would possibly bring up memories again that weren't to be remembered. Or more questions that'd be just as uncomfortable to deal with.

"You ready, Kensuke?" the tallest boy asked, watching his best friends type away with curious and somewhat widened eyes. He was always amazed of how much at ease he felt with everything concerning strategy, technology, combat even.

"Yeah," Kensuke replied, hastily pushing his glasses up, wrinkling his nose. A sure sign he was concentrating really hard now, completely absorbed in his task of finishing off the alarm system. The other children didn't have the slightest clue of how he did it with just the small technological equipment of his, but they were certain his brains made more than up for it.

A moment in silence; then Kensuke gave a triumphant "yosh!" and turned to the others.

"Done," he affirmed their thoughts, words underlined by a happy grin. "The alarm's turned off. No problem entering now.

"Took you long enough, buddy," Touji snottily remarked, but turned to ruffle his friend's hair briefly.

"Kaaay," Asuka interrupted, "now you two are done cuddling, can we finally start? I'm tired of sitting around." She emphasized her words by stamping her foot onto the ground, grass rustling beneath the soles of her shoes.

"Right," Shinji agreed. "It's about time we get going."

With a sigh, Touji picked up a rope and handed it to Shinji. "Alright." He pulled his cap on - it was practically unnecessary because his hair already was almost black, dark melting into the right around him.

"Let's go."

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Kaworu slowly went up the stairs, moving in a leisure stroll. He wasn't bad at sports, but he also wasn't one to hurry when there was no absolute need for it. Besides, there were so many things one could easily miss when being overly hasty. The feel of the stair-rail beneath his fingers for example, or the sensation that occurred when his bare feet touched the smooth wooden floor. The colorful spots on the wall, light that was broken by the chandelier's many glass facets, blinking and dancing along.

Yeah, he was quite a sensualist, relishing in whatever his life chose to gift him with. It wasn't the worst attitude one could have towards the world, really.

He went down the long, white corridor with its long, white, *stupid* walls and opened the door to his room.

He so seriously needed some sleep now.

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"You'll go first," Kensuke said and nodded in Shinji's direction.

"Kay." Shinji didn't argue, though he didn't exactly feel like going first. In fact, he didn't feel like going *at all*. As a street kid, he had to steal sometimes in order to survive. Taking a purse or some bread with him unnoticed from the owners. But burgling a foreign house, a well-guarded one at that, was something entirely different. He almost wished he had pretended to be ill and sent Yuichi with Touji,

Asuka and Kensuke. Then again, he didn't want more of his friends in danger. No, it was okay somehow that he here.

He stepped closer to the wall and bent his leg.

"Touji? Step-up?"

"Right." Touji rubbed his hands and came up behind Shinji. He grabbed his ankle and waited for him to count.

The smaller boy prepared to jump. "One," he said. "Two... Three."

Getting up was easier than expected and mere seconds had passed when he set astride the bricks. He grimaced; there were *definitely* more comfortable things for a boy to do. Hastily, he pulled up his legs and knelt on the broad sin.

He opened the rope and threw one end down to the others. Touji took it and Asuka stood behind him to hold on as well. The last thing they needed now was someone breaking an arm during the whole climbing thing.

"Don't you dare to let go!" Shinji hissed. Though he couldn't see their faces in the dark, he was pretty sure at least Asuka was rolling her eyes. He closed both hands around the rope. took a deep breathe ad began climbing down the other side.

He leant back, hoping the others wouldn't let go, supporting himself by pressing his feet against the wall. He could feel the rough surface of the brickwork through the soles of his shoes; he really needed some new ones...

"You alright?" That was Kensuke, voice sounding thin, though the between them wasn't that big. Maybe he was really just worried.

"Yeah," he muttered, then remembered Kensuke couldn't hear him like that and said, louder this time, "yes". Simple as that.

He looked down. The ground was still a respectable distance away - right behind the wall, on the inside, the ground was at least a meter or two lower than outside. Just jumping down would have had painful consequences.

Far behind him, he could see the mansion's silhouette, black and threatening against a sky almost as dark.

Suddenly, he felt like someone had poured ice water into his body, making his gut hurt and twist and freezing his thoughts. He felt blind panic wash over him, drowning him, suffocating him...

How on earth could they have ever been foolish enough to believe this would work? They were street kids, playing burglars, not thinking about the consequences. The police would catch them, of course they would, they were no professionals... They would leave traces somehow, or someone would see them and spill the beans...

There was no way to get out of this. He didn't want his friends to get problems, at least not more than they already had, and, with a sudden calmness that surprised himself, he knew what he could do. He had to prevent the others from getting caught.

Shinji felt like he was watching himself from outside when he slid a hand into his pocket, the knuckles of his other hand turning white with the effort of clinging to the rope.

He pulled out a small object. Silver flashed briefly he flicked the pocket knife open. With some difficulties, he reached up as far as he could and carefully cut the rope. He tried, at least. It turned out to be rather hard and the rope's fibres proved to be quite durable. Finally, he managed to do some damage. About half of the rope was ripped, the other half not looking like it would hold him much longer.

Shinji quickly climbed further down, but when he was merely one and a half meter above the ground, the rope's last intact fibres snapped and with a small outcry, he landed painfully on his behind. He vaguely noticed the rope's other half vanish over

the wall.

There were gasps and a thud on the other side.

"Shinji!" Kensuke. "What the hell was that?! What happened?" He sounded *really* worried now.

Shinji absentmindedly touched his head, flinching when a sharp pain shot through his body. When he looked at his fingers, there was something dark glistening on his skin. Blood. He must have hit a rock or something.

"Shinji?" That was Touji's voice. Shinji snapped out of his daze and quickly wiped his fingers on the grass. The smell of copper and earth almost numbed his thoughts.

"The rope snapped," he said, trying desperately not to sound too guilty. He was doing it for them after all, keeping them out of trouble, nothing wrong with that... But he still felt like a traitor.

"Shit!" Touji again. "How the hell...?" Then, it seemed to sink in. "Damn, Shinji, how will we get inside? And how will we get you out of there?!" He sounded angry, but Shinji knew it wasn't him he was angry with. He was angry with himself, about his helplessness.

Shinji took a deep breathe. "I'm going alone." Very matter-of-factly it sounded, like he actually knew what was doing. He would have given anything right now to actually *do*.

This time he heard not only Touji and Kensuke, but also Asuka. They sounded like they had to refrain badly from shouting.

"You can't be serious!" "What!" "You stupid or what!"

"Look," he whispered hastily, pressing against the wall though he knew they would hear him none the better this way. "It'd take too long to get a second rope. Now or never, right?" When there were no protests, he continued. "I'll get by, okay? No need to worry." If only he himself could these words.

The following silence told him the others knew just as well there was no other way. He could hear Touji curse quietly.

"How will you get out?" he heard Kensuke say. Shinji bit his lip. Another problem he hadn't thought about.

"I'll manage," he finally replied. As expected, the others weren't quite comfortable with the answer. There was a long silence. Then -

"Asuka, what -"

Something flew across the wall, spinning around itself, landing some steps from Shinji in the grass. It glinted dangerously. Asuka's gun, along with the small belt.

"Don't you dare lose it or something, stupid!"

Shinji couldn't help but smile faintly at her voice when he picked up the weapon and attached the belt to his leg. It felt weird, dangerous, forbidden, carrying around something that was meant to *kill*... The metal was cold against his thigh.

"Thank you, Asuka," he mumbled, not sure if she could hear it. Quiet as it was, she might. "I'll see you guys," he said then, loud enough for them to hear. Without giving his mind further opportunities to tell him what he was about to do was wrong wrong *wrong*, he stepped away from the wall, making his way to the house.

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Kaworu's reflection looked back at him with red eyes. His silvery white hair was sticking out behind his ears, he had long by given up to try and tame it.

He sighed and picked up his toothbrush. *And so*, he thought dully, *another one of*

*those days ends. He sighed and began brushing his teeth.*

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Shinji hesitantly set a foot onto the terrace. A statue of a goddess, which Shinji suspected to be Greek or something similar, placed near the lawn, looked down upon him with eyes of stone, white and emotionless.

*It all felt wrong, so wrong.*

*He pressed against the house's wall. It was rough to his touch, making his skin crawl.*

*So... Where was he supposed to get in? He tried to remember what the original plan had been. A vague memory of a conversation came to mind.*

*"... the glass door on the terrace? You sure that's..."*

*Oh, right. There had been a heated debate about how to enter the house. Asuka wanted to simply break a window and get inside to grab the booty. Kensuke had protested, pulling a rather complicated map from his pocket and started explaining a detailed plan that required not only perfect timing but also half an army. Since no one but Kensuke himself had understood how it was supposed to work, they decided to put it aside.*

*Shinji had liked Touji's suggestion best because it sounded simple and quiet: opening the lock with a pin or something. He had no real idea how it was supposed to work exactly, but it couldn't be that hard... People on TV always managed without practise.*

*He pulled the knife from his pocket again and flicked a kind of metal toothpick open. It'd have to do.*

*Minutes passed before he made a step towards the door.*

*Maybe there was another alarm system... Or a camera... He inhaled deeply, scraping together what was left of his courage - which wasn't really much to be honest.*

*Taking three wide steps, still keeping as close to the wall as possible, he reached the large glass windows. Inside, he could make out a dark room, perfect and neat and just what his life wasn't. It appeared to be the living room, with a low coffee table, couches, a fireplace and whatnot.*

*Shinji's breathe hitched when a red light blinked in the dark. His first thought was to just run; though it would all be over anyway if it actually was a camera. He forced himself to stay where he was and peered into the room again; watching out for that small spot of red in the night...*

*There it was again.*

*He let out an audible sigh when he recognized the device the light belonged to as a mere DVD player. His nerves were blank, really. If he miraculously managed through all of this, he was going to sleep for days just to get his system down from the constant adrenaline.*

*"Kay," he mumbled, stepping to the door and watching its handle intensely like it was going the door on its own accord for him.*

*Once again, he became aware of how cold the gun was against his leg. His fingers twitched nervously around the knife's handle.*

*A look back. No, no one could be watching. There was only the wide lawn, the garden and, in some distance, the wall. The dreaded white wall everything had begun with. The front door was at the house's opposite side.*

*Without further hesitation he closed his hand around the door's handle, mentally already trying to open the lock with his knife.*

*The door soundlessly swung open.*

*Wow, he thought. Now there's someone being careless.*

*Then, he stepped inside.*

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*Restlessly, Kaworu turned from one side to the other, desperately trying to get some sleep.*

*It was useless. There were too many thoughts haunting his mind, forcing him to think about all the things he would much rather would have preferred to forget. The white walls, his parents, the perfection surrounding him, the others in his class, the white walls, the latest homework, the friends he obviously lacked, the colours spilt on his new shirt, the goddamn white walls...*

*He sat up, pulling his knees up until they rested against his forehead, holding onto his head like it was going to burst if he didn't. His ears were filled with his own erratic breathing, chest heaving.*

*It took him a few minutes to even his breathing out again.*

*Damn... Those weird fits of his had occurred more often lately. He just did wonder why - it wasn't like his problems had only started shortly ago. The walls had been driving him nuts since he had been a small boy, his parents had always been like that...*

*Kaworu absentmindedly ran a hand through his hair. He needed Manon. And he needed her now.*

*Throwing back the covers, he got up.*

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*Shinji decided to stay in the room where he was - there was enough stuff that looked valuable and he wasn't keen on invading the house further.*

*He pulled a bag from the large pocket on his right thigh - he knew exactly why he had chosen these pants.*

*He still was nervous about the gun. The thought of carrying around possible death made him feel sick. Besides, he didn't have the slightest clue of how to handle the weapon. Asuka surely did, talented as she was in close to everything, but he, Shinji, was merely afraid of it. What if a shot went off and he hurt himself or damaged something?*

*Forcing that thought into the back of his mind, he let his fingers wander across the metal. It was supposed to help him, to protect him... Asuka had given it to him because she cared...*

*He reached for a small porcelain statue on the coffee table. It was kind of abstract and Shinji wasn't able to make out any familiar motifs. It felt smooth against his palms. He laid it into his bag.*

*With this action, it seemed to him that nothing did really matter anymore. He was a thief. A burglar. He did what he knew was wrong.*

*Shinji stared at his knees. He suddenly felt very lonely.*

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*Kaworu made no sound when he went down the stairs again, in his mind already somewhere else. To the left, through the corridor... The room was at the very end of the house, so his parents wouldn't hear much when he was there.*

*Usually, he would carefully shut the door behind him, but now he didn't care. He left it wide open.*

*He didn't even bother switching the light on. He opened the window, a breeze coming in. Brushing past him with a soft murmur of the world out there.*

*Kneeling down, Kaworu pulled a case towards him, hastily flicking open the three locks.*

*Immediately his unusual hastiness left him. With his fingertips, he traced Manon's elegant curves, the strings, the varnish shining beneath his fingers.*

*He took Manon out of her case, bow in the other hand, and stood.*

*The world around him vanished when Kaworu started to play.*

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*Shinji's heart skipped when he heard a door creak.*

*Footsteps. Footsteps in the hall.*

*He swallowed. This was not good. He held his breathe, waiting for the other person to come in. It was over, no way could he get out of this now. He was trapped.*

*He refused to breathe until he felt dizzy and black stars started flickering across his vision; only then did he dare to exhale again.*

*The door remained closed. Shinji frowned. How the hell could anyone be here anyway? Kensuke had said the manager and his wife would be on a business trip, how could they possibly be here? Or did they have a pet? A dog maybe?*

*No, he thought, slowly shaking his head. They wouldn't leave it alone for several days, that's just stupid.*

*Or maybe... He suddenly felt light-headed. Maybe it was the others! Yes, of course! They had found another way inside and now they were here to find him! To help him!*

*Fueled by a sudden adrenaline kick, he pried the door open and followed the quiet footsteps. They stopped around a corner, in a room down the corridor, and he could hear a case or something similar being opened.*

*Oh, sure. He pouted a little. 'Course they're taking the money and stuff before getting me.*

*He was right near the door now, he could already feel a gentle breeze coming in, caressing his cheeks. Ah, so they had entered through a window...*

*His breathe hitched and he froze when a few notes reached his ears. They trembled in the dark, then became soft and smooth and entwined to form a melody wavering through the air.*

*Shinji knew Asuka could play the violin, but for one he was sure she wouldn't play in such a moment, at a foreign house, amidst a burglary, second, she didn't have her violin with her and third, it didn't sound like her. Even if she was good, the fragile yet powerful tones that made him feel like being enchanted weren't her style. She would have played more vigorously and certainly... weird as it sounded, more earthly. The someone that played here rather seemed to be pulling music from the air than coaxing it out of a wooden instrument.*

*Shinji knew that, he had played the cello himself and he had often enough heard other strings and this... This was the most beautiful thing he'd ever heard.*

*Thus, he did the most stupid thing he'd ever done. He made a further step and looked into the room.*

*The other boy was soaked in moonlight, skin and hair shimmering with a rich silver. He had his eyes closed - Shinji wouldn't have been able to tell their color anyway as they were hid by shadows. On his face was an expression of absolute peace and tranquility.*

*Small reflections flitted across the violin's polished surface like stars caught in a jar. The boy's movements were completely fluid, flowing from one tone to the other.*



*The song ended, the last notes spreading slowly through the air, their resonance echoing in Shinji's mind as they faded.*

*The other boy looked up. In a movement that Shini barely noticed, he put the violin aside and looked at him, eyes still obscured by shadows.*

*Shinji felt panic arise and, without a further thought, he pulled the gun from its belt. This was scaring him, all of this was scaring him. He didn't want to be here or hurt the boy that looked so peaceful in front of him or take away anything from him. All he wanted was being far away or running, running, just running from everything haunting his mind right now.*

*The wind ruffled both boys' hair, making the silver-haired one look even more ethereal than he already did, soft shadows dancing across his pale face.*

*With a disgustingly loud thud, the lid of the violin's case fell shut.*

*Shinji flinched, fingers unconsciously tightening around the weapon. The deafening bang of the shot made him drop it, clinking briefly as it hit the floor.*

*He felt everything blur around him when he fell against the doorframe, eyes wide, staring ahead and seeing nothing.*

*The other boy looked directly into his eyes. Shinji could see his face clearly now. There was a streak of red at his cheek where the bullet had grazed his skin, the expression was calm, peaceful and attentive. His eyes were red. Blood red.*

*"You're bleeding," the boy said.*