

# Insomnia

Von zahnpaste

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## Kapitel 1:

This was great. Bloody fantastic to be precise. Earlier that day, they arrived in Monteriggioni, their first real stop in days. Desmond and Lucy had been busy trying to find an entrance to the sanctuary, while Shaun had to wait with Rebecca. It wasn't like he wouldn't enjoy her little shit chat about snowboarding, because really, he didn't.. but at some point she seemed to have enough of his snarky remarks, so she put on her headphones and made sure the volume was up high enough for him to hear it as well. Rebecca had a horrible taste in music, Shaun had already told her a dozen times. He didn't see how something that went like "DUB DUB DUB DUB DUB DUB DUB" could be called music at all.

And now they had everything set up, had brought all the boxes and the Animus down to the sanctuary, Desmond had managed to get them proper electricity down here and Shaun had hidden the van. They agreed that it was enough action for one day, but only after Shaun scolded them for being workaholics numerous times. Desmond had been in the Animus the whole trip and they couldn't really get anything done if he was tired. Not that the others weren't important too, even though Lucy seemed to think otherwise.

So since they didn't exactly had any beds down here, they had to stick with sleeping bags. It wasn't comfortable, but hey, they weren't on vacation either. Everyone got their bag, but when Shaun rolled out his one, he made a face. It smelled horrible. At first he thought it was Desmond, who just took a swim in that ancient cloake earlier, but no.. it was definitely his sleeping bag. What the hell. When he checked it under a lamp, he saw were it was coming from. Must.

"Great. You won't happen to have another sleeping bag Lucy, no?" Shaun asked annoyed, raising an eyebrow. "This one's rotten and I would rather not choose to sleep in it. I don't want to smell like Desmond in the morning." The protesting sound from the other assassin was ignored with ease.

Lucy shot him a confused glance, which slowly changed into an apologetic one. "Sorry Shaun, these four were the only one I found in the van."

"Oh this is bloody fantastic, how am I supposed to get another one now? It's past midnight, I doubt this hamlet has a day and night walmart around the corner." he started to nag, already being past the point of being annoyed. This was great, where was he supposed to sleep now? On the animus? Yeah, Rebecca would be thrilled.

"You could share with Desmond, they are big enough, you know?" Lucy suggested, shrugging lightly.

Shaun looked at her as if she was out of her mind. "I would rather sleep in the van than spooning with Desmond." he said flatly, not even looking in his direction.

"Hey I am okay with this." Shaun heard the american say, before the guy rolled his

eyes. "I can also take the floor if there's no other solution." Why was he being a nice guy now? Probably to suck up to Lucy. Yeah. Shaun saw no other reason why he would play the hero now. Desmond just being nice and trying to do him a favor? No way.

"No, no no no. If anything, Shaun's sleeping on the floor." Lucy retorted then. Ah right, they needed Desmond. His health was their main concern. Well, Lucy's to be precise. Of course. How could he forget.

"Hey, I understand. My body can take it, I don't have to lie down on that bloody chair all day, doing nothing but watching the adventures of my ancestors, no. Being up and doing some actual research is a piece of cake, why would I need sleep anyway. Thank you very much, Lucy." he snarled that last part, before throwing the rotten bag away.

"Stop acting like a dick already and come over." he heard Desmond respond from the other side of the room. Lucy just shot Shaun an angry glance without trying to defend herself. Maybe she was tired, Shaun thought. But most likely, she just knew that he was right. They always put Desmond first, his well-being was more important than anything else. Secretely they all knew Lucy was simply blaming herself for frying Desmond's brain.

But hell no, he wouldn't share with the bloody american. No way. The floor was no option either if he didn't want his back to kill him in the morning. It already hurt a little from sitting in front of the computer all day, he wouldn't try to damage it further with laying down on the bare stone floor. So it would be the van then. Without another word, he left the sanctuary. Lucy's warnings about it being too risky were ignored, Shaun had already hidden the car without being noticed by anyone.

"He will come back." Desmond said after a while, his voice sounding calm while he had a smile on his lips. Rebecca and Lucy shot him questioning glances, but he simply pointed to the table a few metres next to him. There lay the keys for the van.

Shaun was pissed. Not only did he have the luck to get the only rotten sleeping bag, no. He was as well annoyed by the fact that Lucy put Desmond over anything else. God damn it, it's not like the bloody american could do any of this without them. Shaun was an important part of the team as well. He stayed up all night just to do researches, trying to get some actual work done. All Desmond did was lying down in that chair all day and dreaming about his ancestors and doing plainly nothing. On top of that, he acted like he was tired as fuck, gaining all the pity from the girls. No, Shaun didn't entirely believe in things like the 'bleeding effect'. A little bit of a headache was one thing, but Desmond always acted as if he got run over by a truck. He had no idea how hard the assassins really worked, the real one's, out on the field. At least, this was what Shaun thought.

Yeah, he didn't like the guy. Now that he thought about it, it was probably because he was behaving like a whiny bitch all the time AND gained the pity of the girls for that. What did Shaun get? A rotten sleeping back, bloody fantastic.

It took him a while, but he finally reached the van. He had hid it in the village, in some

kind of abandoned alley and covered it with a huge blanket. But then realisation hit him. The keys. He checked his pockets, hoping he had left them in there earlier and not actually put them out, because they felt too uncomfortable in his pants. No, he wasn't so lucky, of course not.

He sighed and leaned against the wall for a moment. There was no way he would go back just to get the keys and return to the van. It took him 15 minutes already and chances to be followed or noticed would rise if he constantly went in and out of this alley or the villa. Defeated, he lightly threw his hands in the air and went back, watching out that he wasn't followed by anyone.

When he arrived at the villa, Shaun noticed that his little walk had cooled him down. So if no one made a wrong comment now, everything should be fine and they could all find some rest. He still wasn't happy about sharing with Desmond, but there was obviously no other way around this. When he entered the sanctuary, everyone looked at him. Rebecca and Desmond were just talking about something, while Lucy read a book, already being in her sleeping bag. No one dared to say anything though, which was just good for Shaun. They probably noticed the warning glance and how thin his lips were. Obviously they had been waiting for him, because Rebecca moved over to her bag now.

Shaun chose to ignore the keys on the table when he moved over to Desmond, who had already spread his sleeping bag over the floor. Yeah, they were wide enough to fit two persons in, but.. this was too close to bloody american for Shaun's taste. Way too close. He sighed at the sight of Desmond already putting down his hoodie, forming some sort of pillow out of it.

"And why is it that you girls can't share one of the sleeping bags? Would be less awkward then, wouldn't it?" he murmured, not really expecting an answer.

"Just shut up and get cozy with Desmond." He could practically hear the smirk in Rebecca's voice, but said nothing, still being a little bit embarrassed about his early outrage and that he was dumb enough to forget the bloody keys. He looked at his new sleepover buddy, who had already made himself comfy on the floor. This was about to be great.

Shaun kicked his shoes off and placed his glasses on the table, right next to the keys, before slowly sliding in besides Desmond. "Ugh.. you still smell like fish, buddy." he commented and made a face. This was how he was supposed to spend his night: sleeping in a too tight sleeping bag, while being pressed up to the man who likes to swim in ancient cloakes and still smelled a little fishy, despite washing himself earlier. Bloody fantastic. "Just try not get too touchy, will you?" he murmured, while wiggling a little to get in the sleeping bag, trying to get more space to himself.

This was so awkward and the giggling of the girls from the other end of the sanctuary didn't make it any better. Shaun couldn't remember a situation in which he had been so close to the other man. Even though they were teammates, he always kept a certain distance to him. Well most likely thanks to Shaun's snarky comments all the time and because of the fact that he didn't even want to get to know him any better

to begin with. Well, but he didn't have to befriend him in this sleeping bag either, he just had to sleep next to him.

He heard Desmond complain about how he shouldn't take up so much space, but all Shaun did was snort. "Well maybe you shouldn't have eaten the hamburgers, Desmond. This way we would both have more space now."

"Fuck off." the other Assassin sighed and turned around, so that they were lying back to back. They heard Rebecca snicker from the other end of the room and ignored the "Play nice, boys!" that followed her laughter.

Oh boy, how should he be able to find sleep like this? They switched out most of the lights and Shaun closed his eyes, trying hard to concentrate on falling asleep right away. He was tired, that was out of question, but with the bloody idiot right next to him, he just wasn't comfortable enough to drift off.

After a while, he heard Desmond's breathing becoming more steady, meaning he probably dozed off already. Somehow, it calmed him down a little. At least he wasn't snoring or moving while sleeping. Or.. screaming, like most of the time. While Shaun drifted off, he thought about how he would slap the idiot out of reflex and then another time when he noticed that he woke up by Desmond screaming in the middle of the night right next to him. The mental image of that brought a faint smile on the historian's lips.

## Kapitel 2:

"Two or three?"

Slowly, Shaun opened his eyes, but in an annoyed what-the-fuck-did-I-just-hear kind of way. The lights were still a little dimmed, which made the whole task easier. Though, it took him a moment to think about where he was and what had happened and why the fuck Desmond could possibly be leaning over him like that, staring down at Shaun as if he was one of those hamburgers he enjoyed so much. Was it morning already? Was the bloody twat going to punch him for taking up too many space in the sleeping bag last night or what? Yes, Shaun's brain was a little slow in the morning.

"I think it was three, right?" Desmond repeated and flashed him one of his charming smiles. Charming? No, not to Shaun. It was bloody annoying. And the american most likely knew it, since it had to be the reason he was doing it so often when he looked at Shaun.

"What the bloody hell are you talking about, Desmond?" he murmured, annoyance more than obvious in his voice, while he tried to shoo the wannabe assassin away from him to be able to sit up properly.

"Your coffee. You always add three pieces of sugar, right? I know it's three, I just wanted to make sure." Shaun looked at him, dumbfounded. What was he on about? Absentmindedly, he nodded. Yes, he always added three pieces of sugar to his morning coffee. How did the dense man notice that? He saw him wander off to the other side of the sanctuary where they had placed a coffee machine earlier. Next to it on the table, there were two cups with steamy hot content. While Shaun wondered how he could have possibly missed the loud sound of the cheap coffee machine earlier and how everyone else was up already, being busy with making a simple breakfast, he continued to watch Desmond. "And a sip of milk!" he half-yelled across the resounding room.

"I know." Desmond simply answered. He wore a smug grin on his face when he added the sugar to one of the cups and returned to Shaun. When Desmond handed him the cup, Shaun had two questions racing through his head.

First: How the fuck did Desmond manage to get out of his sleeping bag without Shaun noticing anything?

Second: When the bloody hell did he pick up his coffee habits? Did he secretly stalk him? Was it something that came with being a barkeeper? Studying other people's drinking habits?

Either way, Shaun shot him a suspicious glance. Slowly, he took the cup from Desmond, carefully watching so he wouldn't burn himself or spill anything in the process. He didn't drink from it right away though, only continued watching Desmond return to the table and casually leaning against it. When the guy had taken a

sip himself, Shaun finally looked down at his own coffee.

"What? It's not poisoned or something. Believe it or not, but I actually made too much coffee for myself, so I thought I could share some as well. I didn't want to do you a favor, don't worry." Desmond said in that amused tone. "Figured you would be grumpy once you wake up, so.." A simple shrug followed.

Yeah right. Shaun was a little grumpy, but he could barely remember last night at all. What he could remember was that he half woke up every few hours, having to push Desmond off of him, who turned out to be quite clingy. It wasn't too bad and it probably came naturally with the situation, Shaun guessed. When sharing a sleeping bag with another person, it most likely got to be a little cozy. Not that he had any experience with it. On top of that, Desmond was a restless sleeper, wiggling and shifting around all the time, and don't even start with the screaming, when he had another— wait.

Shaun wrinkled his forehead when he looked over to the american. He didn't scream last night, right? Didn't have any bad dreams? He definitely wasn't as restless and shaky as he was back in the warehouse. As far as Shaun could tell, Desmond had suffered from these nightmares or whatever you might call it every night. They didn't always wake Desmond though, he shouldn't be aware of the fact that they knew. And so, they kept quiet for most of the time. Eventually Shaun threw a pillow or empty water bottles at him when he was still up and in the same room as Desmond while working on his researches or contacting other teams. But other than that, they kept quiet and barely spoke about it. They all knew it was the side effects of being in the animus for so long and somehow, they were sorry for Desmond. Even Shaun. Though he wouldn't openly admit it. To anyone. Ever.

So it seemed a little weird that all of them were able to sleep through the night. The brit wasn't sure if the others had noticed it as well, but it seemed to be one of the first nights in which everyone got a good amount of sleep. He had talked with Rebecca about how they were worried to just share the same room with Desmond while sleeping. They feared no one would be able to get any sleep for the next few weeks, but surprise, surprise. Maybe Desmond felt more secured with all of them in the same room? Maybe he just moved over to Lucy after a while though. It wasn't like Shaun would have noticed anything at all, judging by the fact that he was the last one to get up this morning. And honestly, he didn't care right now. He was content with just not being woken up by Desmond's tremendous screams right next to his ear.

After he took a tiny sip from his coffee and made sure that it really wasn't poisoned or god knows what, he emptied his cup. It wasn't good, honestly, it could be piss mixed with the dust one could find down in that sanctuary just as well, but his morning would probably be worse without it. Desmond had a point, he was.. grumpy after just waking up.

When he was finished with his morning routine later, the brit grabbed the keys for the van. He wouldn't simply forget them this time. "I'm going to get a new sleeping bag." he exclaimed and turned on his heels, not expecting anyone to care.

A really sweet and long "Waiiiit." made him stop dead in his tracks though. Did he ever mention Lucy's voice could be really annoying? "Take this with you. We need some groceries, we can't run on toast and ketchup forever." she said and held up a small list.

"Oh, anything else? Shall I knit you a little hat or something?" he said and took the shopping list from her. "Bloody hell, what's all the yoghurt for?" he murmured, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Actually, there is something else." One could tell that Rebecca was very pleased with knowing her upcoming request would only annoy the brit further. "We don't have enough change of clothing anymore, can you find a place in town to get the laundry done? Oh and take Desmond with you, he will not sit on baby while his hoodie still smells like a toilet."

"Hey, it's not even that bad. I don't know what's wrong with you guys." Desmond tossed in and shrugged, before demonstratively sniffing on his sleeve. He tried to shower earlier with the limited capabilities they had in the sanctuary and even tried to get the smell out of the hoodie, covering it up with some deodorant. He tried his best.

"Yes Desmond, we got it. You don't place much value on body hygiene and you're probably used to the smell already. Since I won't share another night in a sleeping bag with you, I could care less with a minimal distance of the whole sanctuary between us, but.. you heard what Rebecca said." He could probably use him to carry the groceries later as well, so Desmond could be useful for once. Shaun wasn't looking forward to spend more time than necessary with the american, but from the look of things, it was inevitable.

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After buying a shitload of yoghurt, toilet paper and everything else the girls thought would be important for what could easily be the next few bloody weeks, Shaun brought everything back to the van. The most important thing was the sleeping bag though, he checked right in the shop if anything was wrong with it. He had to make sure. After all, another night with Desmond definitely wasn't something he would look forward to.

But for now, he would simply pick up Desmond. Shaun had left him at the laundrette earlier, figuring they could save some time like this and seriously, Desmond couldn't make too many mistakes while putting their clothes in the washer, right? After all, Shaun wasn't his babysitter. And he figured they could handle the worst case scenario when Desmond ruined all of their clothes with choosing the wrong programs and mixing all of the colors in one machine. The man was full-grown and despite acting like an idiot most of the time, he should be capable of watching out for himself. Right? Right.

Truth be told, Shaun was mildly worried. The laundrette was only a few blocks away, but god knows what might have happened. There was a police car with sirens on driving down the road just in said direction. Shaun watched it with an alarmed glance and swallowed hard. Okay. So he checked his mobile phone, no missed calls from



Desmond. He brought the shopping cart back to its place. The hooters could mean everything. Why should they be connected to Desmond? An ambulance car followed. Shit. Shaun picked up his pace, letting scenarios run through his head of what might have happened back at the laundrette. Templars showing up, blowing up the place, taking Desmond as a hostage. Well, there was no explosion to be heard earlier, right? And what if they just snatched him up all quietly while a passerby watched the scene and called the police? Lucy would be.. so pissed. Shaun reached the van and tried his best to stay calm and not kill anything while backing out of the parking lot. He could only hope that Desmond wasn't in trouble. He sped his way down the few blocks to the laundrette, parked the van and got out of it. In front of the small shop, there were a few people, staring inside. The ambulance and police car were nowhere to be seen, but the bystanders worried Shaun. What were they looking at?

When he approached the store, Shaun tried to blend in with the women at the shop window.. with limited success. What if Desmond was dead already, lying on the floor in a pile of his own blood, while everyone else stopped by the window to take a look? The brit was so worried right now, he even picked up his old habit of chewing on his lip. When he lightly pushed one of the women aside just to take a look inside as well, he couldn't believe his eyes.

There was Desmond, sitting on top of a washer, half-naked, with his shorts dangerously low on his hips. From the looks of it, he wasn't even aware of the women staring at him, since his glance shifted from the occupied washer back to his hands, which played with one of these little measurement pourers for detergent.

"What?! What's so special about him?" he burst out, eyeing the women around him for a brief moment. Okay, so they were still in a relatively small town. Everything was pretty much countrified and barely anyone was able to speak english, so most likely none of the women staring at Desmond could even understand him. Shaun got the impression from the way they were all flushed and hastily muttered something in italian. All he could make out was 'american' and 'model'. So they thought he was some kind of model? Desmond? Really? "Oh please.." This was ridiculous. Even if this was a small town with barely anything happening all day and even if Desmond had some model qualities to himself – not that Shaun would admit that out loud – this was enough. He made his way back into the laundrette, seeing Desmond's face light up right when he spotted the brit.

"Spare the warmhearted greeting, what do you think you are doing?!" he barked at him, trying to suppress the urge to just smack him upside the head. Desmond gave him his 'I have no idea what I did wrong this time, Shaun'-look, like every time they were starting this kind of argument. "In case you haven't noticed, you're being watched. Come down from this bloody machine and get dressed, you stupid twat. You couldn't possibly gather more attention in here, could you?!"

Desmond jumped down from his washer and shrugged, pointing at the shop window. "You mean the ladies? Ah come on, I gave them something to watch. For once." he said, wearing his shit-eating grin. "I guess they think I'm a model."

"Oh, you enjoy this, don't you? Really, Desmond? You need approval from old, italian

housewives to feel good? What a sad life we lead.."

"Oi, Shaun. Your jelly is showing." Desmond retorted, still wearing the grin that made the brit want to punch it right off. And he nearly did. He. Was. Not. Jealous. What for?! The abs? The one's that Desmond got from lying down in the animus all day? The animus Shaun wasn't allowed to use? The overall good looks? No, Shaun wasn't jealous. Totally not. He wanted to beat Desmond into a bloody pulp almost every day, so why would you blame the urge on his good looks today? Why couldn't he just take his face in between his hands and smash it right into this washer next to them? He would never have to look at it again.

"I can't believe you let our mission get threatened to fish for compliments, you incompetent moron. Now get yourself something to wear or do I need to find you a sac or something?!" he said, pushing him out of the way from the shop window. All that could be heard from Desmond was his laughter at this outburst and Shaun wouldn't admit that he liked the sound. He kept pushing Desmond, trying to ignore the rare and somehow nice sound of him laughing. It was horrible how it lessened his anger right away.

Later, he sat on the bench right next to Desmond, reading the only english newspaper he managed to find in the store earlier. Shaun had thrown one of the already clean, but not entirely dry towels over the american's head and shoulders, murmuring a grumpy "Can't believe you didn't bring anything to change with you." in the process, while they waited for the dryer to finish. There was only one thing that was hard to ignore: the big, goofy grin on Desmond's face, while the bloody twat simply stared at his hands – oh it wasn't like Shaun was looking, really.

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The rest of the day was spent surprisingly normal, if you could even call their everyday life normal to begin with. Desmond started a new session in the animus, traveling with Ezio through Rome this time. Shaun started his researches, Lucy watched Desmond's vitals and Rebecca continued to get the animus working. With the groceries Shaun bought today, they could even have something that was close to be called a good meal in the evening, right before they decided to go to bed. Now with the new situation and all of them being in one room, they had to arrange themselves, going to sleep at the same time, stay quite during the night and so on.

When everyone rolled out their bags, Lucy casually approached Shaun, while Rebecca spoke with Desmond. It was really hard to.. have a talk in private in here, maybe they should use emails later instead of trying to distract Desmond. "Hey Shaun, he didn't scream last night, right?" Lucy murmured and from the tone in her voice one could tell that she wasn't sure if he simply didn't or if Shaun pressed a pillow into his face the whole night.

The brit raised an eyebrow, but shook his head. "No. I think, I would have noticed, at least that." Lucy nodded, looking into the american's direction. "Maybe he tries to pull himself together: After all.. we kind of depend on each others sleeping habits now, more than ever." he tried to calm her, but doubted it would have any use. "And maybe

it helps that we're all in the same room now? You know, babies feel more secured as well when they know their parents are around, they cry less." That was actually a pretty good metaphor, now that he thought of it. Lucy simply shrugged again and smiled weakly at the joke, mouthing a quiet 'Hopefully.', before she looked at Desmond once again and started turning away.

Everyone settled down for sleep now and Shaun would never underestimate the joy of having his own sleeping bag again. His glasses were placed on the nearest table and he watched Desmond dim down the lights, while his own vision was blurry at best. Now that he finally had some time to think about it, he really wondered why the annoying idiot was so calm last night. Did he even sleep at all? He had to, Shaun noticed his even breathing in the night. Plus he seemed to be really energetic and well in the morning. It was most likely really just because they were all in the same room. Maybe the bleeding effect, if something like this really existed and Desmond didn't simply made that up all the time, got better? Maybe the american wasn't going to become completely nuts how they all feared it would happen one day. He wouldn't admit it, but the thought really calmed Shaun. Of course not because he liked Desmond in any way, but solely for the sake of their team and the world. With that thought in the back of his head, it was easy to drift off to sleep and forget about the events of the day.