

# Dreams of Death, Dreams of Life

---

## **AC 197**

Hilde looked up at the clock on the wall. Midnight. She switched off the telescreen and with a sigh took one last look out the window. No sign of him. He was staying out later and later. Well, it was HIS house. he could come and go as he please. And with whom he pleased, her inner voice added as she walked to her bedroom. She was technically only his guest. Two years was an awfully long visit. Yet, she had nowhere to go and he knew that. Hence the offer for her to live here. It was his way of Thanking her, he was her best friend after all. So why did she lie here night after night crying into her pillow? One reason, she loved him. With every fiber of her being she loved him. She couldn't walk out that door, she tried. And just the thought of being away from him hurt so badly she never even finished packing. "I'm such a fool." She said to herself as she flung herself upon her mattress. "He'll never love me like that." She said with a sob into her pillow.

As it stood, he was out on a date. Jealousy gripped her, envy for the woman, whoever she was this time, who was receiving the smiles and the attention. Hilde looked at her reflection in the mirror. "Who am I kidding? God I'm such a toad." Hilde said frowning at the tiny woman in the mirror. At seventeen, unlike Duo who had sprouted like a weed, Hilde was still as tiny as she had been. What curves she did have got lost in the clothes she wore. Her blue black tresses, though longer now, hung to her shoulders and framed a plain heart shaped face. She was your average girl. Not ugly, but not drop dead gorgeous either. All the women Duo dated were the latter. "Bimbos" Hilde said turning to look away from the face Duo could never love. She looked almost comical next to the tall and handsome pilot. He dwarfed her now, and his boyish good looks and hardened into the dashing good looks of a young man. He now looked a God as well as the name he used to bear. He could have any woman he wanted, she prayed every night it would be her. So far, her prayers had gone unanswered.

~~~~~

Duo sat in the bar across from his date and tried not to make smart ass remarks. Mainly because they would be wasted on the brain dead bimbo sitting across from him. Yeah, she was gorgeous, but the vacant smile and the total lack of brain cells was irritating. Hilde would never gush on and on about the frivolous things this woman was. Make-up and silly prattle about who's sleeping with who. Mindless chatter was all that came out of this woman's mouth. And they thought HE was bad. Damn this woman was boring him to tears. Hilde never talked about these things. Furthermore, when he told a funny joke at least she GOT it! She'd give a whoop of laughter, and if he told a really great one, he'd get her laughing so hard she snorted. Which would get him laughing, causing more snorts from her. She didn't hold back anything. What you saw is what you got. Not like this woman's act. God she was pathetic. Two bites from a salad and she's full type of shit that really got on Duo's nerves. Twenty bucks for a meal and she eats twenty-five cents worth not that really bugged him. At least when Hilde and he went out for a meal, she ate. She wasn't a big eater, but if she did order a meal, she ate the damn thing until she was about to burst. She didn't sit there and push it around her plate. He stopped his train of thought. He'd been doing this on every damn date he went on. He'd take out his flavor of the week and sit there the whole night comparing her to his best friend.

How and why he had not made this realization before baffled him. He didn't just like Hilde. Damn it he was in LOVE with her. The cute way she looked in the morning in her robe and bed hair. Her smile that could light up a room. Those great big blue eyes of hers that you could lose yourself in. Her tiny frame that would struggle to reach things on the top shelf, The way her hair looked almost blue in the sunlight. The way she was always there to lean on when he was down. Damn it he was such a fool. The perfect woman was right there under his very nose the whole time and he was too wrapped up to notice. He could be such an idiot sometimes. All the clues were there all along. The way her smile would fade from her eyes when he left to go out. The love in her eyes when they spent time together. He stood up abruptly while his date was mid-sentence about the high price of waxing products. "Sorry babe. I gotta go." Was all he said as he tossed money onto the table. "That's enough for the bill and a cab. Sorry, I just realized there's something I gotta do." He said turning and practically bolting from the room.

~~~~~

He couldn't get home fast enough. He had to tell her now, before he chickened out. "God Hilde, I'm such an ass. I wouldn't blame you if you slapped me over this." He said to himself as he drove home.

The lights were out, save for the single dim lamp she left on for him to see by. Even when he'd hurt her, she still looked after him. He prayed she was still awake. He slammed the car into park then fumbled with his keys in a rush to get inside. He stopped just outside her bedroom door, hand poised to knock when he heard her muffled cries. His heart lurched and he knocked softly, cracking open the door slightly. "Hilde? Babe are you all right?" He asked and he saw her wipe her cheeks swiftly in the darkness. Her voice trying to mask the fact she'd been crying by speaking cheerily.

"I'm fine Duo. How was your date?" She asked and Duo stepped into her room and crossed the floor to kneel by her bedside.

"It sucked. But it did open my eyes to something." He said reaching up to touch her moist cheeks. "Damn it Hilde, you've been crying. What's wrong? tell me please." He asked again and Hilde pulled away.

"It's nothing Duo. Really." She said and Duo moved to sit beside her on the bed.

"You know you can't lie to me Hilde. you're no good at it. This is all my fault, and I know it is so don't deny it." He said wiping her cheeks with his hand.

"It's Nothing." She insisted and Duo leaned over her and locked her with his violet gaze.

"Yes, it is my fault. And I bet I can tell you the reason. Cause stupid, idiot me just figured it out." He said leaning even closer. His face inches from hers, her eyes wide as he held them with his own. "I realized tonight something I should have a long time ago. It seems Dingleberry here has been subconsciously comparing every female in the known universe to his ideal perfect match. A match he's had sitting under his God Damned nose all along. You could have saved me the trouble Hilde by telling me I loved you all along." He said and Hilde's eyes grew wider. "I mean, when I sit through a date with my mind telling me Hilde this and Hilde that, I think I should have clued it earlier. But no. Some Detective I'd make! I can't even see clues dangling right in front of my eyes. I'm so sorry Hilde. Will you give me another chance to love you right?" He asked and Hilde could barely breathe.

"Oh Duo do you mean it?" She asked barely able to speak at all she was so choked up with emotion.

"Every word of it Hilde. I love you." He said leaning over her, closing the last of the space between them as he kissed her. It was perhaps the sweetest kiss he'd ever had. It felt so right, and for the first time, pure. There was no taint to this kiss whatsoever. This angel in his arms was clean and wholesome and just exactly what he'd been looking for all along. He could feel her joy in her lips. He could feel her love for him in those delicate arms around his neck. He could taste her very soul as she parted her lips for him as he invaded her mouth with his tongue. He wanted to devour her. He wanted to possess this magnificent creature he held in his arms. He wanted to protect her and hold her like this forever. Now that he had found that missing piece to his happiness and existence he refused to let it go. This was the golden grail at the end of his quest. This pixie that loved him. This goddess whom he loved in return.

He pressed himself against her, the heat from their kiss searing his soul. The touch of her fingers in his hair setting every molecule of his body on fire. Never had it been like this. So intense and so utterly perfect in feeling and emotion. Tonight he learned the difference between love and lust. Yes, he craved this woman's body, but this was the first time he had also craved her soul. He wanted more than the flesh could offer, and he wanted to give more than the flesh could give. "Hilde, say you'll be mine." He asked in-between his relentless assault of kisses to the column of her throat.

"I always have been and I will be for as long as you want me Duo. I love you." She sighed, her fingers loosening his braid and running like a comb through his wealth of hair. Tears welled up in his eyes as he sought her mouth again in earnest.

Her world suddenly burst into a dream state. She had dreamt of this moment for so long it was as if she was in a daze. Dreams of Death loving her, dreams of life with him were now reality. His hands running along her body as he undressed her left a heated trail of desire in their wake. Every inch of pale skin he exposed to the cool night air soon found his warmth breath upon it to heat it against the cold. There was not an inch left to explore by his lips. Her face and neck tingled from the touch of his lips. Tender kisses were dripped across her collar bone and shoulders. Her breast were lavishly graced with his presence as he took each in turn into the expanse of his cavernous mouth. He teased the tight wrinkled flesh of her nipples with his teeth and tongue. Making them rise and harden. He suckled her wantonly as he hands roamed over her. Like a blind man memorizing her body, imprinting her form in his memory forever. His

fingers sliding down her stomach only to slowly spread wide her never explored secrets. A moan escaped her throat as he touched her where no man had ever touched her. Slowly, agonizingly slowly he teased the small nub of flesh with his fingertips. Pausing only long enough to invade her. Gathering the moisture within, then bringing it out to once again tease her jewel. The sensation off the added moisture rocking her senses. Bringing her whole center off existence to the single point. When his kisses began their decent and his tongue replaced her fingers the entire universe halted. Everything became focused on the pleasure slowly building in her core. She had no voice, only the gasps and moans that echoed in the room resounded.

She writhed under his burning touch. He nipped and suckled her flesh to a near painful joy. Drinking her essence in like life blood. His fingers probing her, opening her to him in ways she had never dreamed possible. Suddenly and without warning, every muscle in her body constricted, she was caught up in overwhelming sensations where even her breath stopped. Then in the next instant came crashing down in thrashing waves of ecstasy. She heard him almost laugh, but not at her. "That was beautiful." He said as he kissed his way back up. "Do you know how beautiful that was to watch?" He asked nuzzling her neck as she caught her breath again. She couldn't answer and he didn't give her time to either. For he was upon her again. Crawling between her legs, she felt his hardened member at the opening to her womanhood. Begging for entry. Slowly inching further and deeper within. Until it reached a restriction. "Babe look at me." he said and Hilde opened her eyes to look deep with the violet ocean depths. "I love you, and I don't want to hurt you. Tell me to stop if this hurts too bad." He said and Hilde nodded. With a swift push, her barrier fell and her innocence was given to this man who held her in his arms. The pain stabbed her and she bit back the cry. He stayed motionless, buried within her. He waited for her to breathe again. Waited patiently for the pain of loss to subside. It killed him to see the look of pain on her face, a pain he had caused.

When her breath returned and he felt the muscles relax was when he began to move. Slowly and carefully, trying desperately to keep her pain to a minimum. Soon, she began to move with him. Their bodies rocked together in a growing tempo. Their breath synchronized as mind, body and soul became one. With every heated thrust her name fell from his lips, his pleasure immeasurable as he felt her wrap around him. Soft and warm and inviting. The only man to know this pleasure from her, was him. That added to the overwhelming sensations that tumbled over him. This was not sex, this was making love. Learning that difference was a joy he would not soon forget. She gave him a gift of herself, and if it took the rest of his life, he'd show her how much this gift meant to him. As this thought left his mind, it left a void. Because in that one moment everything around him stopped, his body shuddered as his pleasure erupted within her. Spilling his seed deep within her womb. Her name ripped from his throat as he collapsed spent. Pulling her against his sweat drenched body. Kissing her face and hair in a thousand kisses of joy.

Bodies wracked with exhaustion and hearts full of overflowing euphoria and love, they drifted to sleep locked in each other's embrace. Duo was the first to wake and he gazed upon the angel still curled up against him. Her face aglow in the morning light that filtered through the curtains. This was the most beautiful site he could have possibly conceived. Michaelangelo himself could not have created a more wonderful apparition to behold. He brushed her bangs away from her face and just gazed at her for a long time. Until at last her eyes fluttered open, and those soft blue orbs melted his heart with the depth of everlasting love that shone from within. He leaned over and brushed a kiss against her soft lips. "Good morning Angel." He said pulling her close to his chest. She sighed and pressed against his warmth.

"Good morning." She said muffled against his skin. Her breath making a warm patch against his chest. Duo rolled until he was atop her and looking down upon her face. His weight supported on his elbows on either side of her head. He placed a kiss in the hollow between her breasts then laid his cheek against them. Her fingers combed the tangles from his hair and the over powering love within his breast welled up and tears fell from his eyes.

"I love you Hilde. God I love you so much." He cried into her chest clinging to her as if, is he let go, she'd vanish.

"I love you too Duo." She said in return through her own tears. Her heart singing as he said the words that had been the words she had dreamed of him uttering since the moment she met him. His kisses began once more and she soon found herself being loved all over again in the early morning sunshine. But that light paled in the glow their love made in their hearts.

~~~~~

## **AC 198**

Duo's face was pressed up against the glass of the large viewing window as he caught the attention of the nurse behind it. He pointed frantically at the object he was trying to see. The nurse smiled and picked up the blue wrapped bundle and carried it over for Duo to look at closer. He wanted to dive through the glass and hold the tiny baby the nurse held up for him to see. His son. He was but a few hours old and his tiny, exhausted mother had at last fallen

asleep. It had been a rough birth and though mother and son were fine, they were monitoring the baby just in case. He had arrived early, but healthy. Duo never felt the tears rolling down his cheeks as he babbled incessantly at the newborn through the glass. Proclaiming his vows to always be there for him, and to love him. The final piece that made the jigsaw that had been Duo's life had fallen neatly into place. He had been torn asunder in his youth by tragedy and heartbreak. Hilde had mended all the tears and had woven her threads of healing around his battered heart and soul. And now this final repair making him complete once more. She had given him the family he had always sought for, his son would know his father. Hilde make have put the pieces back together again, but it was up to him to keep them that way. And he vowed to do just that to the tiny infant whose violet eyes tried in vain to focus on the man behind the glass. The man who would teach him what was most important in life. The Man who would give him the knowledge and wisdom of experience. The man who would be protector and provider for him, and the Man who had given him his very life that was made from love. He didn't know it now, but one day he would come to appreciate that Man behind the glass making faces at him. His Father, Duo Maxwell.

**Fini**

---