

Pockets Full Of Condoms

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1: Part 1

"This is so *not cool*," Prussia stated as he laid down on the hard, uncomfortable mat of the jail bed. Yes, *jail*.

Spain smiled slightly. "No objection here."

The noise of a door being unlocked was heard, then steps and a very pissed off voice.

"... can be fuckin' grateful that I came here in the middle of the night to pay the bail!"

Prussia stood up and walked over to the bars where Spain watched the newcomers.

One moment later Romano appeared in their range of vision, followed by a tired looking police officer.

Spain's face lightened up instantly – contrary to Romano's, who glared at him now.

"Roma-"

"What the *fuck* do you think you're doing here, dumbass?!"

"Uhm... Being imprisoned and... hoping that my adorable Romano will get me out of here?"

Prussia sighed and went to lie down again. Nobody would come to get *him* out of here, anyway. He'd just serve his sentence and then seek for France and kill him... slowly.

He could hear Romano fluster. "Wh-What...! I'm gonna leave you here! I should never have come!"

"No, Romano, wait! I'm sorry!"

"Sorry for leaving me alone in that damn huge house of yours and not coming home for hours? For making me fuckin' worry about you?! What?"

"Aw, Romano!" Spain couldn't help but smile – which only made things worse. Romano crossed his arms and turned around. "I'm sorry! I won't do it again!"

"Yeah, you better don't..." Romano mumbled as the police officer finally unlocked the door and let Spain out.

He looked back at Prussia. "Uhm..."

"It's okay," the other one waved his hand lazily. "I'm alright. Just go."

"I could-"

But at this instant, Germany stepped in – seeming even more pissed off than Romano (who shouted, "Ah! Potato bastard!" as he saw him). "Big brother! What have you done to be *arrested*, for heaven's sake?!"

Prussia – obviously surprised – jumped up. "West! Why are you here?"

"You called me!"

"... I did?"

Silence. Prussia had been so confused about tonight's events that he didn't really recognize calling his little brother but... oh well. It was an awesome idea to do so.

"A-Anyway, we're going now..." Spain announced while being dragged out by a scowling Romano.

"Huh?" The albino looked at him. "Yeah, okay. And if you see France – tell him his ass is mine."

After Germany had paid the bail for his brother, the two of them got into the car. It was Prussia's, for Germany's was still full of pasta and Bolognese sauce because of Italy's futile attempt to cook in the car while Germany was driving.

After a few minutes, Germany, behind the wheel, asked awkwardly, "Uhm... big brother?"

"What?"

"Why do you only have one shoe?"

"Because that France bastard pulled off the other one," Prussia grumbled. "I swear, when I see him- *Halt!*"

Something had just stumbled out of the bushes right in front of the car. Prussia narrowed his eyes at that thing – it was human. Or... kinda.

"Speak of the devil," Germany muttered and turned off the engine.

France collapsed when Prussia opened the door. For some reason (but France didn't really need one) he was only wearing his boxers. Well, *and* Prussia's left shoe.

"Where are all the condoms you took with you?" Prussia asked condescendingly but the now unconscious France didn't answer. So Prussia snorted and crouched down in the spotlight of his own car to get his shoe back.

"Is he alright?" Germany asked and wanted to get out of the car as well but Prussia stopped him with a gesture.

"Stay in there."

Once he had put his shoe on again, he went back and got into the car, leaving France lying in the middle of the street and in front of the car. He slammed the front-seat passenger door shut and said, "Go ahead."

Germany blinked. "I'd run him over!"

"Yeah." Prussia smirked. "That's why. *Go ahead.*"

"I can't do that."

"Geez, West, you're such a wimp. Let be behind the wheel, I-"

"No."

Prussia grimaced as his brother got out to heave up the barely dressed body of France. He dragged him beside the car but there was no place on the back seats. They were full of crates of beer.

Germany had no choice. He stowed France in the trunk, feeling like a mafioso.

"Maybe he'll suffocate if we leave him there," Prussia suggested hopefully.

"Why do have so much beer in here anyway?" Germany asked and ignored what his brother just said when he sat down again and started the motor.

"So you can drink while driving," he answered earnestly.

Germany was – distraught. "Tell me you're kidding."

The albino blinked, then started laughing. "Of course I am." Saying this was much easier than insisting on the truth. Germany glanced at him unconvincedly.

He decided to change the topic. "Why have you been arrested anyway? I thought you, France and Spain wanted to... *do a pub tour?*"

Prussia snorted. "What's with this phrase? Sounds like something England would say! Oh and apropos – maybe we should stop by his house on the way. He was still unconscious when we left."

Germany nearly lost control over the car. "WHAT?"

"Yeah, that's why we were arrested! Well, not really... It was the condoms. All France's fault."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

But Prussia kept on babbling. "Actually, it was the Pirate Song. Well, Spain wasn't much help either, drinking tomato juice and not seeing the cops coming... But I think it all started with... Gilbird. Because nobody fed him. It's *your* fault that I got arrested!"

Germany stopped the car and stared at his brother for a long moment. "What. Do. You. Mean?" he finally managed to say.

The other one looked at him as if it went without saying. It did not.

"*You* didn't feed Gilbird," he answered quite matter-of-factly. "And *that's* the reason Spain and I were arrested."

"You don't make any sense, big brother," Germany responded, trying to stay calm.

"And why should I feed it anyway? It's your... pet or whatever."

"It's no pet! It's a combat chick!"

"Whatever."

"Com! Bat! Chick! Say it."

"No. Would you just-"

"Combat chick!"

Germany facepalmed. "Okay. *Okay*. It's a combat chick. And someone should have fed it. Would you now *please* tell me what happened this night?"

Prussia smirked. Of course he would. He loved to hear himself talk after all.

"Alright. I think we should begin with... the bar. You see, we were in that bar and all three of us were already... a *little* drunk. And I had Gilbird with me..."

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Find out what happened in the next chapter!