

A Cannibal's Love Story

Von abgemeldet

Epilog: ACT III – THE HEART

His spirits were as good as never before when he sat at his desk, the packaged parts of his breakfast spread in front of him. Sandwich, apple or orange, cucumber or banana and something unknown. It was a rectangle of maybe seven centimeters, and Allen Walker had no idea what it could be. He scratched his chin, smiled a self-satisfied smile and ripped off the brown wrapping paper. He chuckled, yoghurt appeared. And oh God, it was the best meal he had ever eaten – at least it seemed like that.

And as he finally was eyeball to eyeball with Lawrence, he felt more confident than ever. Oh yes, Allen Walker has found the boy's weak point and he would enjoy stabbing him right there and twinsting the knife in the wound until he would go down. The fact that Lawrence's condition hadn't improved quickened him even more. And to make his performance more dramatic, he prowled around Lawrence like the fox around his prey.

"You don't look good", he started and before the boy could say something witty, he continued with a smirk. "Is something wrong? You don't seem as confident as some days before."

"I have no reason to be less confident, Mr Walker", his voice still firm.

But for how long?

"Do you know what I think, Lawrence?"

"Well, you are the psychologist." Allen Walker stood behind him now, his hands resting on his shoulders. Coming so near to people you hardly know usually makes them feel uncomfortable.

"No, you cannot read people's minds. No one can do that. You couldn't read Lily's mind, and Lily could not read yours."

"I couldn't, now I can." He protested calmly.

"And can she read yours? Does she feel how much you miss her? How much you miss stroking her cheek, kissing her lips, holding her in your arms, Lawrence? Even though you are united in one body now, closer than ever before, you aren't quite happy with the situation." He felt the muscles underneath his hands harden slightly. Allen Walker smiled.

But Lawrence stayed quiet.

Allen Walker tightened his grip and leaned down, his lips quite next to Lawrence's ear. He could hear him breathing. "She was a very beautiful girl. Big eyes, soft hair – I bet you've told her so many times." His fingertips gently ran along Lawrence's neck. "You miss her touch, you miss feeling her warm breath on your skin, her bright and

sweet voice, you miss holding her in your arms, you miss resting your head on her lap." As he went on, he became louder and louder, realizing how hard it was for Lawrence to stay calm.

"Stop it", he whispered, hardly intelligible. "Stop it", he repeated.

Suddenly there was a thorn between Allen Walker's ribs, growing bigger by the minute. He had no time for that now.

"You will never be able to see her growing old; you can never start a family with her; you can never watch your children doing their first steps. An indescribable experience that you will always be missing. You had everything and you threw it away. And I am very sure, Lawrence, that you know that. That you know that very well, you just don't want to realize it."

Lawrence's breathing was heavy, he tried to stand up, to get away from him. But Allen Walker pinned him mercilessly to his chair. "Oh no, my dear boy, you cannot run from it. Maybe you manage to be happy with what you got now, this unification, but the bitter aftertaste of never being able to experience what sharing your life means will never go away."

During the trial, Allen Walker was asked about his opinion by his "friend" Rick Verrens. "To me, he gives the impression as if he were some kind of a bum-boy ..." Rick said quietly.

Allen Walker looked at Lawrence, having regained his confidence, being on the dock and looking like the incarnation of calmness. Involuntarily he smiled. "You're an idiot, Rick", was all he had to say.

"But do you honestly believe that fairy tale of her wish to be eaten?"

Again Allen Walker looked at Lawrence. "No. No, not at all."

It felt strange to walk along the sterile white corridor, desperately trying to look friendly through mandalas handmade by the inmates. Allen Walker shuddered, then chuckled to himself. A psychologist feeling uncomfortable in a psychiatry. He was guided to a room with a giant, abstract mural and a lot of tables. He spotted him immediately, surrounded by his very own warm aura – as always. Allen Walker was incredibly relieved to find the boy in the same state as he got to know him.

During the last months he had started to feel more and more uneasy whenever he has thought of Lawrence. It had been hard to admit; but the boy really was dear to his heart, even though he couldn't quite name the reason.

"Mr. Walker!" he looked up and smiled, looking rather surprised. "I never would have expected you!"

The psychologist smiled back and this time quite voluntarily. "Hello, Lawrence. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, thanks", he said quietly and examined the wooden pattern of the table. Then he caught Allen Walker's eye again and tilted his head. "Life is easy here. What is the reason for your visit?"

"Oh, of course you realize immediately that I came because of a particular reason." The Longer he looked at Lawrence sitting here, the more surreal it felt. "Your story left me no rest. Now, that the trial is over, I want to know if it really was as you told me. If Lily Stevens really asked you to."

And he laughed heartily. "But Mr. Walker, can't you solve the case on your own?"

"I Have to admit that I can't. I need your help. As I said, it leaves me no rest."

The maroon eyes seemed to look straight into his brain. Or maybe his heart. "You got caught in a web of questions, didn't you? Your brain says no; your heart says yes, am I right? As I told you, she really has a hand for spiders."

Allen Walker closed his eyes and nodded slowly. "Yes. You are right."

"And why does it bother you so much?"

"I ... don't know. You seemed to have opened a window."

"Yes, I thought so." Allen Walker tried to find an expression of self-satisfaction on Lawrence's face but he searched in vain. "In the end, the question is easily answered. But I cannot give you the answer. Something in you says yes, something says no. It is your heart speaking to your brain and the other way around. Mr. Walker, I think you haven't had such a conflict for a very long time. You have to choose which one tells the truth. You re-discovered emotions or your sense, on which you were able to rely on so often."

Then a long silence followed. They just sat there, looking at each other.

"It seems so wrong to see you in here", Allen Walker finally said.

And Lawrence smiled his very own smile and stood up. "Thank you for your visit, Mr. Walker. See you next week!"

On his way home to his wife, Allen Walker threw away all the little notes still gathered in his mind. After all, the days he had spent with the Lily Stevens case seemed incredibly short now. And still, this short period had left its mark on Allen Walker. He remembered Lawrence's words: "You got caught in a web of questions." Indeed.