

the hurt/comfort bingo collection

SebastianxCiel, GrellxSebastian

Von novembermond

Kapitel 6: That Forbidden Ship

title: That Forbidden Ship

pairing: SebxCiel (kind of)

genre: AU

h/c bingo square: experiments by evil scientists

„Ah!“ Ciel couldn't quite stifle a sigh as he plugged into the ship again. It wasn't as painful when the cables connected to his nerve endings on his own will than when it was forced on him, but it still hurt and made him want to cringe away from it. The cables curled around Ciel's fingers and hands, wounding their way up his arms, then breached the skin around his neck, where they connected to his spine. „Sebastian!“ he called out. „Is everything ready?“ Can we go now; can we leave this place and never come back?

„Yes, my Lord.“ The answer rung through the ship or did it just sound in Ciel's brain?

The boy felt a different stab of pain upon being called Lord. As if someone who had been so sullied could be a Lord anymore. As if there were Lords anymore, after the destruction of Ciel's home planet. In revenge Ciel sent overly strong signals along the wires. The ship gave a pained rumble. Ciel grinned. „Well, then get going! Cosmic revenge doesn't carry itself out on its own!“

There was a sense of someone's smile on Ciel's inner eye. The connection from Ciel's brain to the ship went both ways, after all. Then the big old battleship started its engines and flew off the docks just like that. The boy had been prisoner in this space station for a month that felt like eternity, the ship had probably been there for much longer, and it had only taken one day to power up and leave.

Ciel sighed. Stocked with Funtom Company goods, they would get past customs alright. As if they needed to smuggle freight, when the ship itself was what was being smuggled out of the place. While it had gotten the outward appearance of a normal freighter, on the inside it was – Sebastian. Well, not that this was its true name, but Ciel had decided to name it after his pet robot dog. Poor robo-doggie, destroyed

along with the rest of Ciel's home. Anyway, there was no way Sebastian's real name could be pronounced by a human, so Sebastian it was. Ciel closed his eyes and relaxed into the pilot's chair. He wouldn't have to actually pilot the ship, Sebastian did it all by himself. All Ciel had to do was connect to the ship and share his life energy. One day it would kill him, sucking all energy from him, but Ciel didn't care. Besides vengeance, his life was empty and meaningless and it didn't matter one bit if the organic ship ate him flesh and bone after his revenge was over and done with. Legends called those old ships demon ships, said they'd suck the soul right out of you. It made Ciel laugh. Maybe it was true.

"Sebastian?"

"Yes, young master?"

"Why?"

"I'm just maintaining your body." The robotic arms that had come out of the chair and lifted Ciel's shirt faltered. They had been about to replace the gauze around Ciel's torso, the one that hid the mark burned into his flesh by those , for lack of a better term, scientists. "I can't have my power source suffer critical existence failure because I left wounds untended, now can I?" The sense of a smirk.

"Not that. In the lab, why did you get me out? You'd have gotten all my energy sooner or later anyway."

The Forbidden Ships were so old, nobody knew who had built them or how. It was only known they consumed the energy of those who tried to pilot them. Which was why they were The Forbidden Ships in the first place. But they were also insanely powerful, so the scientists of this station had tried to work around the pilot-eating problem – by plugging drugged children in between the ship and the real pilot. Ciel and the other children had been fed to the old ship like cattle. Some held out longer than the others. Ciel had survived the longest.

"You called out to me." When Ciel tried to deny it, the voice in his head – or was it in the whole ship? – continued: "You called for anyone to save you. I qualify as anyone."

Ciel closed his eyes. He imagined the robotic fingers were warm and fleshy and belonged to someone who actually cared.

"Also I rather like choosing my own master." This time Ciel was sure the voice came from outside his head. He opened his eyes. A grown man knelt in front of him, black hair and red eyes, smiling as he reached for Ciel. "I decided I can take better care of you in this form." The cables fell off Ciel as he was picked up. "It's okay; I won't need you until we do the next jump. You should rest. I prepared a bed for you, young Master."

"You are the ship?"

"I am Sebastian."

Behind them, the ruins of the station drifted through space. Ahead of them were those who had funded the stations 'research' and supplied it with 'goods'. Ciel would get them.

###

BINGO!

so und als nächstes möchte ich doch mal wieder auf deutsch schreiben, bevor ichs ganz verlernen ^^" aber ich weiß noch nicht welches fandom...

mein twitter: <https://twitter.com/SugarChaotic>