Hidden Klaus

I awoke to the sound of allot of screaming voices. My head was groggy, but I knew one thing: I was in the middle of utter chaos. A city full of screaming people and things that looked like they were straight out of a horror book. Though the city looked and acted normal, when you see a giant death machine, you assume it's the end of the world. But to the natives, this was another Tuesday for them. Had to say though, I hate Tuesdays. And the sight of a sixty foot tall machine of death wasn’t in my line of work. But I figured stopping this hunk of silvery junk couldn't be too hard. But I knew at my current spot, I couldn't do jack squat. I looked around, and saw a suitable point of attack. A skyscraper that was barely shorter than the massive machine of death. I looked around and still saw people running away from the approaching machine. Good, nobody would notice me. I turned toward my target building, and started running. As my feet were moving, my eyes were closing. I learned a trick during my time with that crying wolf guy. As I ran, I felt my body growing slightly bigger. I could feel my nonexistent muscles hardening into what felt like steel. My steps were getting heavier, and my clothes changed on me. I could now feel wind on my upper body, caressing it softly. My shoes turned to boots, and my pants tighten around my expanded legs. I opened my eyes and saw my height grew by another two feet. With my change, I easily maneuvered through the crowd till I reached the spinning doors that was the entrance into the building. But before I could go in, I stopped and looked at the window of the lobby, as it showed me an average muscular lizardman with no hair. The skin, now scales, were a dark navy blue color. The lizard had on an open black leather vest, revealing it's six pack and ripped abs. He also had on leather pants and boots to match. The lizard has gray eyes, and his hands are scaly thick human hands, with no claws. You honestly wouldn’t believe that a second ago, this was a frail human boy. I walked away from the window, and into the abandoned lobby. The bright yellow decorated lobby looked like someplace very expensive to get into. And here I was, tearing off the emergency staircase door like it was plastic. I walked in, and looked up at the spiraling staircase before, almost endlessly. I sighed, and closed my eyes. My body was enveloped in black flames for only a second. But as they vanished, my human body replaced that of my lizard self. I stretched my hands up to the top of the staircase, manifesting my black crystal bow. I prepared a shot, aiming as high up as I could.

“Now. Stick shot!” I said, releasing my arrow. My arrows would normally disappear after being shot, but not this one. As soon as the arrow flew up, my hands were both on the center of the crystal bow. This arrow was different. My weapon pulled me up, and I slingshot upwards.

The past few times I was digested, I started doing soul searching while I was being eaten. When eaten by the crying wolf, I realized I was capable of shapeshifting. When I was gobbled up by that alien mercenary, I realized the full extent of my bow. And after my recent adventure with Baloo, I noticed that I never tried to summon my weapon in my other forms. So when I can, I wanted to test it. But for now, my bow was needed. I walked out to the roof, and looked out to see the robot. It was sixty yards from me. It must have noticed me, cause it changed direction. Towards me.

“Great. No pressure,” I mumbled to myself, preparing to shoot. I'm not sure why this was the case, but whenever I used my bow for distant shots, my vision increases by two hundred percent. As my arrow was notched and ready to fire, I could see through the area I noticed on the ground: a red lense the size of a store front. Thanks to my sight, I managed to make out a shadow I assumed was the pilot of the death machine that was turning civilians into mush onto the streets. I had no regrets. I released the arrow, and right after I fired, the red window had a hole that was my entry point. And then there was a black flame explosion inside the machine. The beast stopped moving, and I sighed in relief. The bow vanished from my hand, and I was alone in my perch. Or so I thought.

“Wow. Serious fire power,” said a female voice. I looked to my left, and was punched in the face by a tuxedo wearing woman, with short black hair, and a cold look in her eyes.

I jumped myself awake, pain in my right eye. I groaned as I tried to see. I appeared to be sitting on a red leather couch inside what looked like a lounge area. There was a few empty desks sitting around. It actually looked pretty nice.

“Welcome my friend,” said a rough man's voice. I jolted out of the couch, and manifested my bow in hand and aimed at my target. Which was a nicely dressed man with red hair and square glasses. “My name is Klaus. Klaus Von Reinherz. And you are?” Said the gentlemen. It took me a second to process what I'm looking at. He was a eight foot tall man, maybe in his forties judging by the muscles and his face. Close to the ends of his lower lip, were two small fangs, one for each side. The man had a black vest with a blood red backside, the same color as his hair and the tie he had on. The only colors that were out of place but worked, was the white long sleeve he had on, and his lime green eyes. He had on black dress pants and fancy brown shoes. I shook myself out of my daze, and introduced myself.

“Al. Nice to meet you, Klaus.” I said as mannerly as possible. I bowed my head towards him, and he did the same. “So where am i?”

“That would be in the headquarters of Libra ” said the host, like I'm suppose to know what that means. He ended up explaining that it’s a organization that deals with supernatural problems and helps wherever they can here, in Hell Salem's lot. The name of this city. And he is in charge of the branch here. Normally, there would be more people here, but everybody, including the butler he has working, is away. The girl who captured me is named Chain. Klaus asked her to assist with the killer machine, but I ended up catching her eyes. So she knocked me out, painfully I might add, and brought me here. While explaining all of this to me, he managed to scrounge up an ice pack for my eye.

“So I understand what you've been saying. But something’s been bothering me.” I rested the pack next to me and looked over at Klaus. “Why am I here?” I asked.

“Well there's two answers for that. See-,” he opened up a laptop that was on his desk. And on it, appeared a camera shot video of me shooting the bot. There was also running videos around those of me going up to building, inside, and my stick shot. “one being how you dealt with this doom bot. The other, rather simple.” He pointed upwards towards the roof with his thumb. “That was our roof you shot that from. As well as the fact that it is impossible to simply walk into this building,” Hearing that last one made my face blush a bit. “So, what exactly are you? Depending on your answer—” he clicked something onto his right fist. An odd looking metal object that shone silver and red. “I may, need to kill you.” Not exactly my best choice. I sighed and answered.

“I'm human. Or rather, considered one in my world.” I explained my story, at least the parts that don't involve me being eaten. I told him of my world. The curse placed on me by Free, a Werewolf. I've told him that this isn't the first world I’ve been to. “So the proper answer to your question: I'm a traveler. I saw something I could stop and did just that. Nothing more, nothing less.” I placed the ice pack on my eye once more, feeling rather tired. The punch aside, I've never exerted myself this much before.

“What an unusual story. I've known many labeling themselves as travelers. But you are the real deal. Come,” I looked up and saw him reaching a hand out to me. “I think we could both use a bite to eat.” We exchanged smiles, and I took his hand.

It didn't take too long for us to grab a burger down the bloody street. Luckily, the place was untouched by the disaster. As we entered the elevator to head back to the headquarter, Klaus paused for a moment.

“Klaus?” I asked, worried about the man. He looked over me, and smiled.

“My apologies, Al. It's getting pretty late. How about you stay the night with me?” That caught me a little off guard. It's weird. With my past loops, I’ve only actually either ended up at someone's house cause I was dropped at their front door. Or was brought there to rest an injury. So being asked to stay overnight by a human throws me off a bit.

“S-sure,” the shyness in my voice was practically obvious. Upon our arrival after he pressed the button for the 30th floor, he walked me in.

“Hmm. I just realized something. You're the first person I've ever invited to my home.”

“W-w-what!? Really?” My face burned face bright red. What kind of person invites someone they've only known to their place, that none of their other friends have seen? I was not actually all that surprised by how neat it was. Though it was rather simple. It was a typical one bedroom place: small kitchen, a couch and 1 single person chair with a table in the middle. No tv though. Then again, the man that this place belongs to seems like he's not that much of a tv person. I looked to Klaus, and saw he was punching in a code on a dial pad over by the door that led into the elevator. “So, um, how did you want to do this?” I couldn't help but be a little awkward around him. After all, I've only known him really for what? Three hours? And here he was, offering his place for me to stay at.

“I'll take the couch. You may use the bed in my room,” Klaus said, already sitting on the couch. Man, he did not even hesitate to give me his room!

“Alright. Thank you, Klaus,” kindly as I said that to him, I still felt a little bad. But I didn't wanna be rude, so I walked into the bedroom, and took my shirt off. I looked around the room and only saw three pictures. And they all looked rather recent. Group pictures with a bunch of random people, different ages and gender. They looked like the kind that anybody can get from a digital camera. But the people on them looked like they really enjoyed being there with everybody. I smiled, and took off my black shirt, flopping myself onto the green blanket king sized bed. I'm not sure why, but laying on it made me really tired. Guess it's been awhile since I laid in a bed. My eyes grew heavy, exhaustion finally kicking in. And before I knew it, I was asleep.

Klaus was sitting on the couch, pondering and reflecting on the stranger’s story. Somebody inflicted a curse on him that forces him to leave any friends made in the those worlds that he was flung to. Why? What did that boy, the one that saved the city just because he was able to, possibly do to deserve that kind of fate? Klaus had finished unbuttoning his waist coat and long sleeve, leaving his exposed muscular arms and muscle shirt out in the open. But Just as he was about to lay in bed, he felt the urge to check in on his guest. As he walked into his room, he saw the boy lying in his bed with no shirt, only his pants on. He couldn't but smile, walking over to his bed. He towered over the sleeping kid, the gentle smile still shown. Or was, until he noticed Al was squirmy. Violently even.

“No. Don't.” The boy cried, cold sweat running along his head and body. Klaus lost his smile, and removed his glasses, his lime green eyes fully seen. He got into the bed, laying next to his guest. The muscled man gently positioned Al to where he was now holding Klaus, like a toddler would a teddy bear.

“It's alright, young Al. I'm here for you,” said the man, gently caressing the guest’s hair. Without any regard for whether he would wake or not, Klaus gave a quick kiss on Al's lips. Immediately though, the red haired man became a red faced man. But the boy un-phased by the kiss. However, he was more calm now. The redness of his face gone, the man smiled, and tried his best to get some sleep.

That next morning was a little awkward for us. Klaus said I was having a bad dream, but I really don't remember it all too well. What made it weird was that when I woke up, I found myself lying not only next to a sleeping Klaus, but I also found one of my hands under his muscle shirt. I could feel the tough six, no seven. Or was it an eight pack? Anyways, I couldn't stop my hand from slowly surfing along the rock hard mid rift. The moment got a bit more flustering when I looked up and saw his face looking at me, with cheeks that were blushed. The was calmly staring at me, eyes half open. My face was probably bright red, because I was freaking out.

“I-I-I'm so sorr-,” before I could finish my apology, Klaus interrupted with a kiss to the face! His lips were so soft, but his kiss felt like it wanted to attack mine before I could do anything. The moment was two minutes long, but it felt like hours. When they finally separated, the red haired man smiled, his two fangs sticking out from his lower lip.

“Good morning, Al. Sleep well?” Klaus said, not even caring about the fact that my hand was still moving under his shirt like it was a regular day! Stop it hand!

It took both of us two hours to get showered and ready for the day. Would’ve been half an hour, but Mister sexy over here thought it would be funny to come out of the shower using his towel to dry his hair. And not cover the muscular appendage that was his crotch. This caused me to blackout and have a nose bleed. Seriously, I couldn't keep up with Klaus. He was at this point just teasing me by showing off his body to this extent. After what felt like hours of recuperating and getting ready, which was a chore since the big lug kept pretending to mess up getting dressed. Like he said he needed help with his tie, but Klaus left his shirt unbuttoned revealing his muscle shirt covered torso. Before I could get another nose bleed, I buttoned up the shirt with haste. It took him a second to process what had happened and he smiled innocently.

We had gone to get some burgers down the street from where the death machine had ran through. What was shocking was that it almost looked brand new. No destruction. No blood bathed street. No corpses. Like the events that took place yesterday never happened.

“Wow. They cleaned this up real quick,” I said, walking next to Klaus as we were eating some ice cream cones. I got rocky road ice cream, while he got strawberry.

“Not exactly like we can leave that contraption lying around to be taken and rebuilt,” said the eight foot tall man, taking a lick of his single scooped ice cream.

“Which is such a shame if you ask me,” said a unfamiliar voice. Klaus dropped the ice cream, jumped a good two feet away, and prepped his Weapon in the clutches of his right hand. Standing there as casually as a normal civilian was a skinny blonde hair man with an odd silver mask wearing a fancy white suit. He was giving off an aura that if people were in the same room as this guy, they would either be driven mad. Or want to kill themselves. Whoever he was, he made me feel the urge to want to shoot him right in the head with my already manifested bow. “Well, well. Looks like somebody is a little jumpy,” the man was saying as he hummed.

“What the hell do you want, King of depravity,” Klaus asked in the form of a demand. The white suit wearing blonde man hopped over to him like he was playing hop scotch. His smile was brimming with madness.

“Why, Klaus-y. How was the ice cream?” said the king. In that moment, Klaus looked down at his dropped ice cream. And his body fell into an agonizing fetal position, groaning like he was choking on the words that the strange king said to him. Based on sound alone had I not taken a glance over at him, I would assume he was choking and coughing up blood. But I couldn't afford to take my eyes off the oddly dressed madman.

“What did you do to him you bas-,” I began to say to him, but was cut mid cussing.

“Oh no need to get so nasty. I'm just here fulfilling a favor for a, ‘mutual’ friend of ours. He simply wants you to move on in the fastest way he knows,” The man smiles maniacally as he walks around Klaus, still quivering on the floor. “See, the ice cream was laced with a special drug that was created by yours truly. It's pretty much, in a boring way, a brain control drug. Course, only works once per serving. And before you ask. No, it wasn't just his ice cream. It was every ice flavor on the truck,” said the lunatic, pointing down at what use to be my cone. “Now, pass out for me, please,” was the last thing I heard him say to me. Everything went dark, and I fell to the ground.

The king of depravity strolled over to the now still body of Klaus.

“Hey Klaus-y. I bet you're just eager to taste the little boy. And feel him squirm inside you as he is digested without mercy,” Femt said in a innocent tone. But the deed was done. Klaus had received his order and must now carry them out. His eyes that were beautiful green, are now milked over with no sign of his mind. The large man rose, shaking with effort as he walked over to the sleeping boy that he cared for just a moment ago. With no hesitation, the man grabbed both ankles and proceeded to shove both into his drooling red maw. The mad king watched with interest as Klaus was eating the boy like a burrito. Only he didn't chew, only swallowed. Femt smile with satisfaction as the creature before him was sliding in this boy like nothing, his gut only growing by the second. But the strangest thing happened that the king of depravity wasn’t expecting. As Klaus had only to push in the boy’s head, he shakingly removed the young boy’s glasses before clamping the head inside his carnivorous maw. Then, he swallowed, a sleeping face impression sliding down his neck. But as the head traveled, all the buttons on the predator's outfit popped off. Leaving the man with a four foot gut covered by a muscle shirt. That didn't last long though. Klaus placed both hands on his newly shaped gut, and began to squeeze it while rubbing it. The belly squirmed under the pressure, struggling to be free. The sound of laughter from Femt filled the air. But the only thing that Klaus was focused on, was the muffled scream coming from under his palms as his belly shrank. When the scream ended, the beast now only had a pudgy belly that was only about a foot, where there was once four feet worth of meat.

Klaus awoke on the ground. He moaned as he had a splitting headache. As he was about to finish moaning, a loud belch roared from him. Confused, he looked down and saw that where his six pack was, was now a pudgy belly. He realized he was holding something. In his left hand, was a pair off blue and black framed, rectangular glasses. For some reason he didn't know, looking down at the pair filled him with sadness. Then, a drop of water landed on the folded glasses lens. He didn't understand. Why was he crying so? Klaus believes he never seen these before, but why were they filling him with so much anguish? He placed them in his pant's pocket and rubbed away the tears on his sleeve. He proceeded to head back home. Maybe Leo could use his, ‘All seeing eyes of the gods' to find the owner of these. And possibly get some answers to these conflicting emotions inside him.