

Leo und Lou

Leo killed Lou and now has to live Lous life.

Leo and Lou have been lovers

It's an alternative reality wherein people who killed other people need to give up their lives and live on as the person they have killed. They give a life for a life.

Once a week they have to service the grave and consider their deeds by caring for a grave bearing their own name, which is empty. Reminding themselves that they are dead now.

The murdered person lies somewhere else but the murderers must never know where. They don't even get a gravestone carrying the murdered person's name and nobody ever visits it. Because this person is not considered to be dead. He's considered to be alive.

The murderer has to give up his whole life, identity, wealth to the family of the murdered person.

But there is a shadow, too. The shadow of the murdered person which will avenge this person and make him do this - maybe it's kind of magic like in Zoo City?

There is a secret about killing people nobody tells you about. After you've killed them, they follow you

around. They never leave you. You become their slave. I do not know how mass murderers do it. I only killed one and it's driving me mad.

Er schaut sie bereits an (Beschreibung, wie sie aussieht). Beschreibung, dass er sie abschätzig anschaut. I need to get rid of this thoughts. This is the life I have. And it's my own fault. Sie wacht auf, er schließt schnell die Augen und stellt sich schlafen. Maybe she's not in the mood. I hope. I pray. But of course my prayers are not heard. Not anymore. She can't get enough. The day has just begun and already she's pressing her soft body against mine. Groaning. Wanting. I feel her wetness on my thigh. Es ekelt mich. Her softness brings the memories of his hard muscles to mind. I get hard despite myself. „I want you!“ raunt sie mir ins Ohr. I tell her what she wants to her, what he would have said. I don't have a choice. „I want you, too.“ I use my hardness before the reality of this makes it go away. I think about him hard. His skin smelled of tobacco. He was all muscles and strength. It felt good to feel weak in his arms. I still can't belief he's gone. And yet, here I am. My penis softens. I put a finger up her ass to make her come before my erection leaves me. Works every time. A trick I learned

from him. Sie stöhnt und seufzt the way she has a hundred times over the last two years. I hate my life. She smiles at me. „Coffee?“ she asks and climbs out of bed. Her heavy breasts hang low, a sign of the children she fed. I avert my eyes. They are *your* children now, I remind myself. I never wanted children. I sigh and get out of bed, too. I just need a minute. I brace myself for another day not being myself. It's your own fault, I say to myself. Kopf in die Hände stützen. I don't know how much longer I can do it. I look up and see him in the shadows of the wardrobe. He's in every shadow, waiting to get me if I fail. My job is to be him. I've learned everything about him. I know him better now than I knew him before. Leave me alone, I know what to do. He just stares at me. I dress in clothes that fit me but aren't my style at all. I dress in what he would have worn, if he were still alive. I am not allowed to change even the tiniest bit. Dead people don't go with fashion. And that's what I am. A dead person. Or rather, his stand-in.

I put a pair of jeans on that are the closest to what I like, too. And a shirt. We are going on a day trip with the kids today.

The only place I can be alone is his grave. I need some alone time. There's only one place she would never follow me. It's the place where my crime is buried.

„I'll care for the grave,“ I say and I'm out of the door.

Er geht zu dem Grab. Der Schatten folgt ihm.

Auf dem Heimweg schaut er die Autos so an.

It becomes clearer to me everyday. This is not about living. This is about torture. It's about forcing me in taking my own life.

Gedanken, dass er sich vielleicht daran gewöhnt. It would be bearable at least if I didn't have to have sex with her. I could live with the rest. but she's a nymphomaniac. I am lucky if I get away with once a day.

Memories with encounters with Ed. I always loved having sex with him. You didn't mind when he did it as much with you, I scold myself. That's the other side of his sex drive. He was like that with her, too.

I look at him. His eyes accusing in the shadow. If I don't do his bidding, he will take me. Er droht mir. It was an accident, I scream. But shadows can't hear. It's a lie anyways. We both know it. So I go on. This is my

punishment and I better take it like a man. At least for another day.

That's what they don't tell you