

Change your mind, Kakuzu!

money can't solve everything

Von abgemeldet

Broken like a puppet he laid in the dirt. His last heart was beating hopelessly in his chest and he couldn't feel any pain anymore. With half-lidded eyes he saw the kid jump off into the trees. The kid that had just defeated him.

Where was Hidan? He could feel his chakra only faintly in the distance. He needed to go up and save him. The useless bastard was probably beheaded again. Kakuzu could already imagine his bitching later on. But he was so tired. So so tired.

He heard something shuffle and a pair of feet came into his fuzzy view. Glancing up he saw that it was the Copy-nin, staring at him with an odd expression in his eyes. It was of hate, disgust and something else...pity? No, it wasn't possible. More like curiosity.

"Defeated by mere kids" Kakuzu managed to croak, hating his own weakness.

"We are bound to be surpassed by our offspring" replied Kakashi in an emotionless tone and his hand started to glow, forming Chidori for the final blow.

Kakuzu's heartbeat fastened, as if the organ wanted to flee his chest and prevent the unavoidable. They heard an explosion in the distance and then the loud rumble of stones smashing on each other.

"Fuck" mouthed Kakuzu and smiled faintly at the favorite curse of his just fallen comrade. And as his young executioner was still preparing his death, Kakuzu's mind started to wander, knowing it was futile to struggle when he couldn't move a single finger.

Images of the violet-eyed zealot, his zealot, flashed through his clouded mind. When the beautiful man was bickering and whining, laughing madly, kissing his rosary. When he was angry at Kakuzu for not letting him do his bloody rituals in peace, for always buying the cheapest stuff.

Now with the end near, the stitched man wondered why he had craved money so much through out his life. It was just "a pile of fucking dirty colored paper", as his partner always said. Why didn't he give his partner the time for his religion? Back then, there was still plenty of it. A spike of guilt slashed through him as he realized they were in this mess only because of his bounty obsession, his blind longing for paper. Now how pathetic sounded that? And he could never apologize to the foul-mouthed priest.

Images of Hidan preaching to him rose from the depths of his mind, together with others of the man shouting angrily at him when he wasn't listening. What Hidan would never find out was that Kakuzu had always listened to his words. They were of doom, hell and salvation, of blood, pain and devotion. And of a single name. Jashin.

The Copy-nin seemed to have finished his jutsu, shifted his feet and slashed down at Kakuzu, to drill the chakra glowing hand into his chest and to silence his last heart forever.

Time and money, those have been the only things in Kakuzu's world that have never changed or betrayed him, with both gone, there was nothing left for him, wasn't there?

Another image of his partner, glaring with his strange eyes cross-armed in front of him appeared out of nowhere. 'Change your mind, Kakuzu, seriously, or you will be doomed and left by your oh so fucking precious money. Time will not last forever for your heathen's ass.'

The memory made Kakuzu crack a soft smile. He had nothing to lose, right?

"Jashin-sama?" he whispered with his last breath.

And as everything faded, he received an answer.

"Seriously, Kakuzu. It was about fucking time!

Let's go!"