

# Godspoken

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*Mmmm. Delicious Yaoi goodness. This story is set in a fantasy realm of my own invention. And it's totally gay. Please read it and comment, as I will not continue it unless someone asks me to. (Cat, you don't count.)*

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# 1 - Chapter One: Loss and Lament

Author's Note: Since people keep asking, Linore is pronounced *la-NOR-ay*.

Recommended Listening: "Never is a Promise" by Fiona Apple

Chapter One:

Loss and Lament

It was late at night when Linore woke to the disconcerting sight of blood running gently down Dysen's arms and falling with a soft splash to the floor.

"What's this?" he asked, vaulting out of bed and rolling up Dysen's sleeve to reveal the dozens of deep gashes crossed up and down his arm. "You've been doing it again, haven't you?"

"Stop it, Linore," Dysen said irritably, pulling out of his reach. "This doesn't concern you."

"What are you talking about? Of course it concerns me! How can you say that when you know how much I care about you?"

"You've got to stop acting like my mother when you're half as old as I am."

"I can't help worrying when you're like this. I don't want to see you hurt."

"I'm not hurt. And this is the only thing that can help me. You know that."

"Yes, well, that doesn't mean I have to like it," said Linore, wrapping a bandage around Dysen's arm.

"I don't want to talk about it," Dysen said.

"You never want to talk about it," said Linore, sounding somewhat disappointed. "I really wish you would—"

Dysen suddenly pounced on Linore, pushing him back onto the bed and landing on top of him.

"Let's do something else," Dysen said as he kissed him.

"I thought prophets were supposed to be chaste," Linore said, giggling.

“I suppose I'll have to get rid of you, then.”

Linore let the roll of bandages fall to the floor as Dysen's arms slid around him. “You're hopeless, Dysen. But I love you anyway.”

Dysen merely smiled and pulled Linore closer. “Don't talk,” he said, his voice a whisper in the dark.

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“And so, when we invaded the neighboring country of—are you even listening to me, Linore?”

“What?” Linore had been staring absently out of the window, deep in thought.

“It's him again, isn't it?” his father asked impatiently, closing the book he had been reading from and giving Linore a dark look. “That's why you're always so distracted.”

“I don't want to talk about it,” Linore said quietly, still focused on the window.

His father sighed loudly. “It's been three years, Linore. Dysen was a good man, but he wasn't the last one in existence. Have faith that the gods will send you someone else.”

“I lost my faith the day I lost Dysen,” Linore said over his shoulder as he turned to leave the room.

“Where are you going?”

“Out,” Linore said. “I don't know when I'll be back.”

“Linore—” his father began, knowing it was useless.

Linore was already gone.

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Linore was only a few miles away from home when it started raining. It quickly advanced from a misty drizzle to a torrential downpour, and within minutes Linore's clothes were soaked through. He walked on, paying little attention to where he was headed, scarcely noticing the ground becoming increasingly hard and rocky beneath his feet. Before he realized it he was standing at the edge of an enormous stony precipice, looking down into the swirling grey-green ocean depths.

“Funny, isn't it, Dysen,” he said, his words being swallowed by the storm as they left his lips, “ending up here, the same place where you died.” His hands balled into fists as he was overcome with a sudden rage. “You said you'd never leave me, Dysen, you selfish bastard!” he screamed into the wind, hardly able to hear his own voice.

He took a step forward, edging closer to the sheer drop. “I don't...I don't want to be here without you. It's not worth it. Maybe...maybe I'm meant to do what you did...we'd be together then...” He teetered

indecisively at the cliff's edge for a moment. "Yes, I think that's best..." He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, and—

"Just what do you think you're doing, Linore?"

Linore nearly fell off anyway from the sheer shock of hearing the impatient voice. He caught himself just in time, whirling around to face the miraculously dry person standing behind him.

The man had the outward appearance of someone in their late twenties, but something about the way he held himself gave of an air of control which suggested he was much older. His chestnut brown hair fell in waves to his shoulders and his dark blue eyes were lit with a mild aggravation.

"Where the hell did you come from? And how do you know my name?"

"Your insolence is not appreciated, Linore. Don't talk to me like that if you'd like to keep breathing."

"Well, I *wouldn't* like to keep breathing. That's the point. I'm going to kill myself."

"You'll do no such thing. I absolutely forbid it."

"What makes you think you can forbid me to do anything?"

The man drew himself up to full height, which was quite tall indeed. He was at least a foot taller than Linore. "Linore Dasgar," he said, his voice deceptively calm in his anger. "Do you have any idea who you're speaking to?"

"No, considering you haven't told me yet."

"You could do with a bit less sarcasm. Particularly when speaking to Onos."

Linore snorted at this. "Your parents must have been a bit pretentious, naming you after a god."

Onos raised a single, perfectly shaped eyebrow. Realization dawned very slowly on Linore. "Oh, no..."

"I am the great god Onos," said the man, his voice booming like a clap of thunder, "and you are going to help me overthrow the monarchy."

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